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SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE:

A JOURNAL

OF

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION

FOR GENERAL READING.

With Elegant Engravings.



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PREFACE.

IN launching our SEVENTH VOLUME upon the troubled and unfathomable ocean of public opinion, we must not omit our usual custom of saying a few words concerning the cargo of the good ship "SHARPE," the results of her last trip, and her prospects in the voyage she is now about to undertake.

Through the liberality of our spirited owner, the Captain has under his command as ready and efficient a crew as can be found, not only in any vessel of the same size and tonnage, but which we defy many of twice our bulk to rival. We have on board one or two Great Guns, that have already made a noise in the world, while others, whose good report has not been heard so widely, are yet calculated to make a deep impression, and well worth their powder and shot.

The cargo we have just landed has been of a rich and varied nature ; strange novelties from the gorgeous East, antiquities from the Holy Land, curiosities of savage life from New Zealand, have mingled with the most carefully selected specimens of British talent and industry. That our last trip has been on the whole a successful one, may be attributed to the fact that the public is always ready to encourage those who, with a good object in view, are zealous in the prosecution of it. In regard to the voyage now before us—but stay ; in treating of a matter so important as the future of SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE, it behoves us to drop metaphor, and write in the clearest and most unmistakeable language at our command.

In the forthcoming volume, then, will be commenced a New Tale by the Editor ; The Story of a Family will be continued ; and Harry Sumner's Revenge, and the Diary of an Oxford Man concluded ; great attention will be paid to the style and selection of the Reviews, and first-rate talent employed on them. It is hoped that this new and important feature in the Magazine will continue as popular as it has already proved to be, and tend very considerably to the increase of the circulation.

We have determined, in compliance with the wishes of the subscribers, not to make the proposed alteration in the size of the volume, and shall therefore continue to issue three volumes annually, each consisting of four monthly parts.

In conclusion, we must beg our friends, and all who consider this publication a good and useful one, not to relax their efforts in our behalf, but to endeavour, when an opportunity occurs, to gain for us new subscribers. We would particularly urge members of Book Societies to introduce SHARPE'S MAGAZINE into the club to which they belong ; and with a hint that there is no better time for doing so than the beginning of a new Volume, we make our bow.

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THE
NEW TALE BY FRANK FAIRLEGH.

ON the First of November, in the First Part of the Eighth Volume of SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE, will be commenced

LEWIS ARUNDEL;
OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

When that intellectual character, Mr. Merryman, first makes his appearance in the magic ring at Astley's, he announces his presence by promulgating the self-evident fact contained in the words, "*Here we are again*," which he usually follows up by the polite inquiry, "*How are you?*" Now, albeit I cannot pretend to rival that sapient individual in jocosity, I am by no means too proud to learn of a fool, and am unable to herald my reappearance as a candidate for public favour by any more pertinent address than "*Here we are again*." I say *we*, for the kindness which the reading public has accorded to Frank Fairleigh, has emboldened me to introduce to their favourable notice my friend Lewis Arundel, with an account of his trip along the great railroad of life.

'Tis true that men travel by different trains; some hurry on impetuously—the express train scarcely quick enough to satisfy their eagerness; others proceed more leisurely, pausing at the various stations, and reflecting on the aim and end of their journey.

There are also different conveyances: the first-class passengers know little of the jolting and shaking, by reason of well-stuffed cushions and easy springs; while those in the second and third class carriages must put up with heat and cold, sparks, cinders, dust and steam; but now and then comes a grand smash, which knows no distinction of persons, and all classes suffer together.

Still, fare as they may on the journey, all sooner or later arrive at the same terminus, "the Grave."

Should the scenes through which Lewis Arundel will pass be found to possess some interest, the line he chooses be deemed a good one, and the train which conveys him be voted anything but a "slow coach," his faithful chronicler, Frank Fairleigh, will be a proud and happy man.



SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

CÆSAREA.

FROM Alexandria to Tyre and Sidon, the coast of Palestine was always deficient in safe roads and harbours, as is indeed the whole of Syria, so that the English fleet, when on the last expedition against Acre, very narrowly escaped destruction. The port of Jaffa is suited only for small barks; larger vessels keep the offing, and even in landing there is great danger in passing the rocky reefs, if the weather is at all stormy; witness the melancholy accident that not long since occurred to a boat-load of British officers. The shores of the bay of Acre are lined with wrecks. It may be supposed that a cruise along such a coast, in a crazy Arab bark, is not altogether agreeable; yet nine travellers out of ten are tempted to adopt this plan of going from Beyrout to Jaffa, as the nearest way to the Holy City.

This was the case with myself, and I had besides the additional object of seeing the ruins of Cæsarea, the splendid sea-port built by Herod the Great, to encourage the commerce of Judea, by affording a secure shelter to vessels that would otherwise have sought more distant havens. I had expressly stipulated in taking my passage, that I should be landed there, to examine the remains at leisure. We ran past Tyre and Sidon, and on the second morning, having passed the very remarkable remains of Athlete, or Castel Pellegrino, as the sun rose behind the mountains of Samaria, were off the shapeless ruins of Cæsarea. No part of the coast is now more desolate and without inhabitant; and the dreary and blood-curdling howling of the jackal is the only sound that breaks the stillness of these forsaken plains; yet this was once among the richest parts of Palestine, the seashore even in the times of the Crusaders was studded with strong castles and towns, and the interior abounds in the sites of ancient cities.

The origin of Cæsarea is thus described by Josephus: "There was a certain place by the sea-side, formerly called Strato's Tower, which Herod looked upon as conveniently situated for the erection of a city. He drew his model, set people to work upon it, and finished it. The buildings were all of marble; private houses as well as palaces; but his master-piece was the port, which he made as large as the Piræus (at Athens), and a safe station against all winds and weathers, to say nothing of other conveniences. This work was the more wonderful, because all the materials for it were brought thither at a prodigious expense from afar off. This city stands in Phœnicia, upon the pass to Egypt, between Joppa and Dora,

two wretched sea-towns, where there is no riding in the harbour with a S.W. wind, for it beats so furiously upon the shore, that merchantmen are forced to keep off at sea many times for fear of being driven on the reefs. To encounter these difficulties, Herod ordered a mole to be made in the shape of a half-moon, and large enough to contain a royal navy. He directed, also, prodigious stones to be let down there in twenty fathom water—stones fifty feet long, and eighteen broad, and nine deep, some greater, some less. This mole was two hundred feet in extent, the one half of it to break the setting of the sea, *the other half served for the foundation of a stone wall, fortified with turrets, the largest and the fairest of them called by the name of the Tower of Drusus, from Drusus the son-in-law of Augustus, who died young.* There were several arched vaults also that served for seamen's cabins, likewise a quay or landing-place, with a large walk upon it around the port, as a place of pleasure to take the air in. This port opens to the northward, the clearest quarter of the heavens. On the left hand of the entrance was a turret erected upon a large platform, with a sloping bank to shoot off the washing of the sea; and on the right hand were two stone pillars over against the tower, of equal height. The houses about the port were all uniformly built, of the most excellent sort of marble. Upon a mount in the middle stood a temple dedicated to Cæsar, which was of great use to the mariners as a sea-mark, and contained two statues, of Rome and of Cæsar, and hence the city took the name of Cæsarea. The contrivance of the vaults and sewers was admirable. Herod built also a stone theatre, and on the south side of the harbour an amphitheatre, with a noble sea-view. In short, he spared neither labour nor expense, and in twelve years this work was brought to perfection." . . . "It was finished," says Josephus, (speaking of the city,) "in the tenth year from its foundation, the twenty-eighth of Herod's reign, and in the Olympiad 192. Its dedication was celebrated with all the splendour and magnificence imaginable; masters procured from all parts, and the best that could be gotten too, in all exercises, such as musicians, wrestlers, swordsmen, and the like, to contend for the prizes. They had their horse-races also, and shows of wild beasts, with all other spectacles and entertainments then in vogue, either at Rome or elsewhere. This solemnity was instituted in honour of Cæsar, under the appellation of *Ceramen 'quinquennale*, and the ceremony to be exhibited every fifth year."

Such was the superb seaport which Herod built, not only as a monument of his public-spirited muni-

science, but in the hope that it might long remain in the proud possession of his race. We need not dwell here upon the awful domestic tragedy, in which this passionate and unhappy monarch became the executioner of the best members of his own family, and the destroyer of his own hopes of the permanency of his line. The disputes of his descendants were terminated at no distant period by the sway of Rome.

Herod Agrippa, his successor, and the last monarch of the Jews, had reigned, in dependence upon the Roman power, three years over Palestine, when he ordered a splendid festival at Cæsarea in honour of the Emperor Claudius.

"Upon the second day of this festival," says Josephus, "Agrippa went early in the morning to the theatre in a silver stuff so wonderfully rich and curious, that as the beams of the rising sun struck upon it, the eyes were dazzled by the reflection; the sparkling of the light seemed to have something divine in it, that moved the spectators at the same time with veneration and awe. Insomuch that a fawning crew of parasites cried him up as a God; beseeching him, in form, to forgive them the sins of their ignorance, when they took him only for flesh and blood, for now they were convinced of an excellency in his nature that was more than human. This impious flattery he repelled not, but while in the full vanity of this contemplation, he beheld an owl above him seated on a rope, a presage of evil to him, as it had been before of good fortune. For immediately he was seized with a fearful agony, in which he exclaimed to his friends, 'Behold your God condemned to die, and prove his flatterers a company of profligate liars, and to convince the world that he is not immortal. But God's will be done! In the life that I have led, I have had no reason to envy the happiness of any prince under heaven, but I must still be aspiring to be greater and greater.' His pains increasing, he retired into the palace; the news flew over Cæsarea, and all the people, covering themselves with sackcloth, joined in prayers and tears for Agrippa's recovery. The king in the mean time, looking down from his apartment near the top of the palace, could not forbear weeping at the sight of the mourners that lay below prostrate on the pavement. On the fifth day after the commencement of his illness, he expired."

After the death of Agrippa, his son being too young to bear the burden of sovereignty, Judæa became a Roman province, and was governed by Roman officers.

The total loss of their independence, and their subjection to pagan masters, profoundly irritated the unsocial and turbulent Jews; and the Gentile population, especially the Greeks, with whom they were confounded, inflamed by their bitter insults the wounded spirit of the fallen people. The Roman soldiery regarded them with such insolent contempt, that to avoid collision between his troops and the more turbulent zealots of Jerusalem, the Roman prætor generally resided at Cæsarea. It was there that the events

took place which led to a final rupture with Rome. Its situation as a port had drawn thither a great number of Syrian Greeks and other strangers; and the pagan monuments with which it had been decorated by Herod, seemed in their eyes to give it the appearance of a Gentile city. Thus they contended fiercely for pre-eminence with the Jews, who, from its having been built by a monarch of their fallen kingdom, on the site moreover of an old Jewish town, regarded themselves as its principal and ruling inhabitants; or at least contended for an equality of privileges. But the struggle was unequal, the soldiery encouraged the Greeks—the feud increased daily, and the utmost influence of the moderate of both sides was found unavailing to quell it. The Roman governor, Felix, was compelled to banish the factious from the city, and upon the refusal of many to depart, he caused them to be put to death. Commissioners were sent from both parties to plead the cause before Cæsar, who decided in favour of the Greeks. Upon this their insolence knew no bounds, and the Jews were driven to despair.

At this crisis, "nothing was wanting," says Milman, "to fill the measure of calamity, but the nomination of a new governor like Gessius Florus. Without compunction and without shame, as crafty as he was cruel, he laid deliberate schemes of iniquity, by which at some distant period he was to reap his harvest of plunder. He pillaged not only individuals but even communities, and seemed to grant a general indemnity for spoliation, if he was only allowed his fair portion of the plunder." Such was the man appointed to maintain equal justice between the rival parties, and to impose awe upon the incorrigibly factious, but by whose partiality, corruption, and weakness combined, the dispute was inflamed to a fatal termination.

The immediate cause of the quarrel is recorded by Josephus:—"A certain Greek had a house close to the Synagogue of the Jews, who would have purchased it at any price; but far from listening to their proposals, he so obstructed the passage, as hardly to leave room for a single person to pass by. Some hot-headed young Jews threatened the workmen; Florus encouraged them to proceed. The old practice of bribery was now tried. Florus took the money (eight talents) from the Jews, and promised them redress, then instantly departed to Sebaste. Next day a spiteful Greek set an earthen vessel, with a sacrifice of birds upon it, before the gate of the Synagogue; at this insult the Jews flew to arms; the Greeks were prepared, and a collision prevented solely by the interference of Jacandus, master of the horse, who being overborne by the Cæsareans, the Jews took away their holy books, and retiring to Nabata, sent thence a deputation to Florus, not forgetting," says the historian, "to let fall a word, *though very tenderly*, about the eight talents. This being a sore allusion, the governor caused them to be arrested for presuming to remove their laws from the city of Cæsarea. Florus next repaired to Jerusalem, where his oppressive conduct drove the Jews to extremity, and at the instance of Eleazar, a young zealot, the

quarrel was brought to a crisis by the refusal to receive the customary sacrifices for Cæsar.

"The smothered flame now burst forth. On the very day that a Roman garrison in Jerusalem was treacherously butchered by the insurgent Jews, the whole Jewish population of Cæsarea was massacred, to the number, according to Josephus, of twenty thousand. This," he continues, "made the whole nation mad," and the Jews, spreading through the country, made fearful reprisals on their persecutors. "Moderate and mild-natured men before, were now become hard and cruel." Every passion was let loose, avarice was kindled together with revenge, and "robbery was called victory." "It was a horrid spectacle to see the streets encumbered with dead bodies of men, women and children, unburied, and even uncovered." The whole framework of society was a prey to convulsions, which were but the opening act of that tremendous drama which terminated with the destruction of the Temple and dispersion of the Jewish people.

It is refreshing to turn from these scenes of horror, these mutual cruelties of rival nations, which heaped the streets of this new-built city with the slain, and stained the waters of its port with their blood, to the peaceful arrival of Paul of Tarsus. We see him, after he had escaped from the blind bigotry of his countrymen at Jerusalem, sent down stealthily and by night to Cæsarea, in the custody of a body of soldiers, traversing the mountainous defiles of Beth-horon, and reaching in the morning Antipatris, another city of Herod's creation. Here the foot soldiers returned, and left him to be escorted the rest of the way by the cavalry. On reaching Cæsarea he is kept in "Herod's judgment-hall." "Not many days after, came down Ananias the high-priest, with some others of the Sanhedrim, accompanied by Tertullus the advocate, who, in a speech set off by the insinuating arts of forensic eloquence, charged the apostle, before Felix the governor, with sedition, heresy, and the profanation of the Temple. After St. Paul had replied, Felix commanded him to be kept under guard, yet so that none of his friends should be hindered from visiting him, or performing any office of kindness and friendship to him." And even here, amidst the hostile collisions of Greeks and Jews, lurked, no doubt, a few members of the proscribed sect of the Christians, the objects of their united hatred and contempt.

"It was not long after this before Drusilla, the wife of Felix, (a Jewess, daughter of the elder Herod; and whom Tacitus, by mistaking her for his former wife Drusilla, daughter to Juba, king of Mauritania, makes niece to Anthony and Cleopatra,) came to him to Cæsarea. Felix, Drusilla being present, sent for St. Paul, and gave him leave to discourse of the doctrines of Christianity. St. Paul took occasion to insist upon the obligation to justice and righteousness, to sobriety and chastity, which the laws of Christ lay upon men, urging the severe and impartial account that will be required hereafter,—a discourse wisely adapted by the apostle to Felix's state and temper. But men naturally hate that which 'brings their sins to their

remembrance,' and sharpens the sting of a violated conscience. The prince was so moved by the apostle's reasonings, that, trembling, he caused him to break off abruptly, telling him he would hear the rest at some other season. And good reason there was that Felix's conscience should be sensibly alarmed, being a man notoriously infamous for rapine and violence. Tacitus tells us of him, that he made his will the law of his government, practising all manner of cruelty and injustice. He was given over to luxury and debauchery, for the compassing whereof he scrupled not to violate all laws both of God and man. Whereof this very wife Drusilla was a famous instance. For being married by her brother to Azis, king of the Emisenes, Felix, who had heard of her incomparable beauty, by the help of Simon the magician, a Jew of Cyprus, tore her from her husband's arms, and, in defiance of all law and right, kept her for his own wife. To these qualities he had added bribery and covetousness, and, therefore, frequently sent for St. Paul to discourse with him, expecting that he should have given him a considerable sum for his release; and the rather, probably, because he had heard that St. Paul had lately brought up great sums of money to Jerusalem. But finding no offers made, either by the apostle or his friends, he kept him prisoner for two years together, so long as himself continued procurator of that nation; when, being displaced by Nero, he left St. Paul still in prison, on purpose to gratify the Jews, and engage them to speak better of him after his departure from them.

"To him succeeded Portius Festus, in the procuratorship of the province; at whose first coming to Jerusalem the high-priest and Sanhedrim presently began to prefer to him an indictment against St. Paul, desiring that, in order to his trial, he might be sent for up from Cæsarea; designing this pretence that assassins should lie in the way to murder him.

"Festus told them that he himself was going shortly to Cæsarea, and that, if they had anything against St. Paul, they should come down thither and accuse him. Accordingly, being come to Cæsarea, the Jews began to renew the charge which they had heretofore brought against St. Paul; of all which he cleared himself. However, as the safest course, he solemnly made his appeal to the Roman emperor, who should judge between them. Whereupon Festus, advising with the Jewish Sanhedrim, received his appeal, and told him he should go to Cæsarea.

"Some time after, King Agrippa, who succeeded Herod in the tetrarchate of Galilee, and his sister Bernice, came to Cæsarea. To him Festus gave an account of St. Paul, and the great stir and trouble that had been made about him, and how he had appealed to Cæsar. Agrippa was very desirous to see and hear him, and, accordingly, the next day the king and his sister, accompanied by Festus, and other persons of quality, came into the court with a magnificent retinue, where the prisoner was brought forth before him.

"Hereupon Agrippa told the apostle he had liberty

to make his own defence; to whom, after silence had been enforced, he particularly addressed himself. Who knows not that celebrated speech, from which, astonished at the fervid eloquence of the apostle, the Roman governor considered Paul to be beside himself; while the Jewish king was "almost persuaded to become a Christian?"

"After the conference, it was finally resolved that St. Paul should be sent to Rome; in order whereunto he was, with some other prisoners of note, committed to the charge of Julius, commander of a company belonging to the legion of Augustus. Accompanied by St. Luke, Aristarchus, Trophimus, and some others, in September, A. D. 56, or as others, 57, he went on board a ship of Adramyttium."

How interesting is it to the imagination to realise the scene of his leaving the soil of Palestine, to which he was destined never to return! We see the splendid city, with its marble houses and votive columns, its temples and its theatres, its port crowded with many-oared vessels, from every part of the Roman empire, from Italy, from Egypt, from the Syrian coast, the provinces, and Asia Minor. We hear the noisy din of various languages; and mark the different physiognomies and splendid costumes of the many subjects of the great Roman empire, who meet upon the crowded quay—some actively engaged in the labours of the port, others lingering idly in picturesque groups beneath the marble colonnades of Herod. The wind is fair—the "ship of Adramyttium" is ready—the passengers hasten on board. Among them, unnoticed amidst the busy throng, advances "the poor prisoner of Jesus Christ," weak of body, but of spirit indomitable, the intrepid, the noble Paul. A few friends, members of the persecuted yet growing Church of Christ, are around him; with swelling hearts, with tearful eyes, they invoke the blessing of their common Lord upon the departing apostle, grieving the most, like those of Miletus, "lest they should see his face no more." They watch him on board; the sails swell to the southern wind, and the splendid ship, gliding by temples, and columns, and palaces, out of the mouth of the harbour, soon appears a speck upon the blue bosom of the Mediterranean.

How changed is now the scene thus hallowed by his parting presence! As I stood upon the solitary beach, the low, monotonous roll of the surge was the only sound that broke the mournful stillness. Tower and palace were prostrate—the materials hewn for the city of Herod, and since wrought into the buildings of a later age, themselves fast crumbling, were fallen in huge masses into the sea. The numerous columns which once adorned the port, now scattered on a rocky reef, are heaped with seaweed, and chafed and worn by the breakers of the shipless sea. It is a scene of utter ruin—of forlorn and shapeless desolation. Yet, in the midst of the wreck, and rising above the waves, though portions are submerged, appear solid foundations of Roman masonry; not improbably a

part of the splendid quay or landing-place mentioned by Josephus, which Herod built, and which the feet of Paul must have trodden. It juts out far into the sea, a truly memorable relic. Upon it, at its junction with the shore, stands, ruin upon ruin, a mouldering and half prostrate edifice of Gothic construction, a memorial of the times of the Crusades. A solitary Arab was roaming stealthily among the ruins as we landed.

Ascending from the beach, we reach the enclosed site of a town, its every building prostrate, but surrounded with a fosse and a wall of solid construction, which Irby and Mangles regard as Saracenic; and which doubtless enclosed the city which, in the middle ages, succeeded that built by Herod, and was erected from its materials. Little beyond a few scattered fragments were in sight. Beyond these Saracenic walls, in the south, the same travellers found a column of marble, with a Roman inscription of the emperor Septimius Severus, but too much buried to allow a copy to be taken. The Roman remains extend beyond the limits of the above-named walls, and far to the north there are ruins of arches, and of a wall, apparently part of an aqueduct, for supplying the town. Lamartine states, upon what authority I know not, that the walls of Cæsarea were rebuilt by St. Louis.

This coast, with its castles, so famous in the Crusades, the scene of many a warlike encounter between Christian and Saracen, who have piled upon the grand wrecks of the Jews and Romans the more perishable monuments of their temporary occupation, will never more "echo with the world's debate."

— "There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which wav'd are shredless dust ere now;
And those bleak battlements shall bear no future blow."

Yet, so long as time shall spare a single relic to point out the site of Cæsarea, the pilgrim shall repair with reverence to the shore hallowed by the eloquence of Paul, and to the ruinous mole whence he departed from Jerusalem, on his last voyage, to bear the tidings of salvation to the western world.

SKETCHES AND LEGENDS OF THE ALPS.

THE CONVENT OF KÖNIGSFELDEN.

Ah! when did painter's magic pencil trace
Scenes of such gentle loveliness, combined
With beautiful and dread magnificence?
Mark how, in airy height pre-eminent,
The spiral mountains pierce the azure sky;
And now, in dropping lightness, fleecy clouds
Around them wreath and sever; from their sides
How many rills of trickling silver steal,
Emerging in white lustre from the gloom
Of the dark pine woods, whose wild branches fringe
The spotless and perpetual snows above!

REV. C. B. TAYLER.

IN one of the northern cantons of Switzerland, where mountain and torrent, hill and valley, seem to vie with each other in adding to the beauty of the landscape, extends a widely-spread tract of richly-

(1) Cave.

wooded and fertile land;—the magnificent ruins of Hapsburg overlook the vale, and the impetuous Aar, rushing from the Alps, after receiving the tributary waters of the Reuss and the Limmat, wends on its majestic way, adorning, whilst it fertilizes, this favoured district. The bold and lofty character of the distant mountain scenery contrasts finely with the gentle undulating foreground; and the mind of the spectator is at once impressed with admiration and with awe.

Amongst the many objects which, in this beautiful region, attract the gaze and fix the attention of the traveller, the Convent of Königsfelden claims a high position. Viewed from a distance, the *coup d'œil* is enchanting;—the stately pile—grand even in decay—stands out in bold relief from the luxuriant trees that cluster round it; while the sombre hues of the mountains that form the background, give a richer and deeper tone to the picture.

The building is in the lightest and richest style of Gothic Architecture;—that style which must in nobility and purity excel all others, because its first principles were dictated to the mind of man by the contemplation of the magnificent works of the Great Architect of the Universe; for who can walk through a forest, or traverse a grove of lofty trees, without being instantly struck with the sublimity and grandeur of the “cathedral aisles of nature:”—

“The glorious temple, where man feels
The present Deity!”

The site of the convent is commanding, it being raised on a gentle elevation above a small lake formed by the Aar; and when in the deep stillness of a summer twilight the whole extent of the wood-embosomed pile, softened by the mellow tint of evening, is reflected in the unruffled bosom of the clear waters;—while the silence is broken only by the hallowed and melodious sound of the vesper bell—oh! it appears to be a scene too calm, too beautiful for earth, and imagination fondly pictures it the abode of purity, and peace, and joy. Who, as they gaze on this scene, so exquisite in its tranquillity, could imagine that its greatest ornament owed its erection to murder, to cruelty, to revenge!—yet it is even so—and the fearful tragedy which these pages commemorate, was acted on the spot now crowned by this lofty structure.

In the early part of the 14th century, when the imperial sceptre was swayed by Albert I.; and when all Switzerland, excepting only the cantons of Switz, Uri, and Unterwalden, had bent beneath the overwhelming force of Austria; the Swiss in the neighbouring cantons of Bâle, Soleure, and Aargau, whose inborn love of liberty but ill brooked subjection to a foreign yoke, rose in arms against their proud oppressor. Albert, who felt that this insurrection, if not immediately quelled, might lead to the emancipation of that land which it had cost so much of the noblest blood of Austria to subjugate, resolved to march thither in person, and by the terror of his presence to awe into submission those

undaunted men, whom, in the pride of his heart, he loved to designate “a few poor shepherds.”

Many of his warlike nobles, a splendid retinue, attended their sovereign in this expedition; and amongst the rest John, Duke of Swabia, his nephew and ward, from whom Albert had for some time unjustly withheld his patrimony, and who in consequence harboured a concealed but deadly hatred against his false guardian. The revenge of John, though protracted, was not the less certain and fatal;—by a repetition of the story of his wrongs, he had attached to his side several of the young Austrian nobility, and Herman of Bâlm, and Walter of Eischenbach, vowed to assist him in any attempt he might make for the recovery of his rights. The long sought opportunity at length arrived;—and with the deadliest animosity rankling in his heart, and a vague prospect of speedy revenge animating his actions, the Duke of Swabia and his allies joined the imperial standard.

The haughty Albert, who had alike sacrificed friend and foe to his criminal desire of aggrandizing his own family, left Baden at the head of a fine army, and a chosen band of the flower of the Austrian chivalry; but the emperor was alone in the crowd, and amongst all that host there breathed not one, who, for himself alone, would have followed his commander to the battle-field. In splendid but desolate supremacy, Albert led on his troops; and wholly unconscious of the fate that so nearly awaited him, thought but of speedily appeasing the tumult, and of returning triumphantly to his capital. He knew not that the fiat of death had gone forth—that the sword which should terminate his mortal career was already unsheathed—and that the glorious sun had risen for the last time for him. Heedless of danger he passed along, like the traveller who walks fearlessly, because in ignorance, over the slumbering volcano, unmindful of the desolating fire that glows beneath his feet, and which may ere long break forth and overwhelm with sudden destruction the surrounding country.

On the first of May, 1309, the emperor and his escort (being detached from the main body of the forces) were crossing the Reuss, near Windisch, when at a given signal the Duke of Swabia rushed forward, and plunged his sword in the neck of Albert, crying out, in a voice hoarse from hatred and suppressed emotion, “Such are the wages of injustice!” His accomplices, Herman and Walter, lent their aid to the sanguinary deed; the former transfixing his sovereign with his lance, while the latter cleaved his skull. The attendants, paralysed at the atrocious crime, neither attempted to assist their master, nor to secure the assassins: but when the latter fled, scared at their own dark deed, they dispersed in consternation to spread the report of the catastrophe.

The murdered Albert, forsaken by those who in the sunny days of prosperity had watched his every glance, was left alone to die; and had not a countrywoman providentially passed that way, he would have gone to his long account without one friend to receive

his last sigh and soothe his dying agony; but she, with woman's intuitive tenderness, hastened to the wounded stranger, and endeavoured, though fruitlessly, to assuage his torment, whilst she whispered words of consolation in his ear:—

"A peasant girl that royal head upon her bosom laid,
And, shrinking not for woman's dread, the face of death survey'd.
Alone she sat,—from hill and wood red sunk the mournful sun;
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood—treason its worst had done!
With her long hair she vainly pressed the wounds, to staunch
their tide.
Unknown, on that meek humble breast, imperial Albert died!"—

The assassin and his guilty associates fled from the scene of slaughter, but whither could they turn their footsteps? It was as if they had borne upon their foreheads the brand of the first murderer, Cain;—all shrank from them, and the towns, even those which had been oppressed by Albert, magnanimously refused shelter to his assassins. Many of them perished from want, whilst others underwent the extreme penalty of the law: the murderer himself, after awhile, obtained absolution from the Pope, on condition of passing the remainder of his existence in acts of devotion and penance. He accordingly entered a monastery where the discipline was of the strictest character, and wore out the days that closed his guilty life in the severest mortifications.

Meanwhile, the empress Elizabeth, the widow of the murdered Albert, with her children, Leopold Duke of Austria, and Agnes Queen of Hungary, offered fearful sacrifices to his manes.

They seemed to breathe but slaughter, and on the slightest suspicion of an individual having even tacitly connived at the late conspiracy, his doom was irrevocably sealed; and the innocent, as well as the guilty, were the victims of their insatiable thirst of revenge. Castles were pillaged and demolished; whilst their unhappy owners, if they survived the conflagration of their homes, and the desecration of their household gods, were sent forth to wander as outcasts through the land which by right was their own, none daring to succour or relieve them, for fear of incurring the same dread sentence.

First in this "bad pre-eminence" stands Agnes, Queen of Hungary, who has been well styled the "royal hyena;" it was at the feet of this disgrace to her sex that the young and beautiful Irene, the wife of Rudolf, Baron Von der Wart, knelt and implored the life of her beloved husband, on whom the taint of suspicion had fallen. Agnes heeded not the total absence of all proof that the baron had been an accomplice in the murder of her father; his own solemn protestations of innocence—the agonizing supplications of Irene—were alike disregarded. Agnes spurned with her foot the gentle suppliant, whose shrieks of despair were heart-rending; and condemned Rudolf to be broken upon the wheel, and exposed, while yet alive, to the vultures.

The horrible sentence was executed—but the inexorable Agnes little deemed how greatly those tortures would be alleviated by the untiring love of the devoted wife; she knew not that "man can but partially

judge the treasure he possesses in the wife of his bosom, until he has passed with her through the fiery furnace of affliction:—"

"For woman's love is a holy light,
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die."

Agnes knew not—how should she know?—she in whose cold breast no feeling of sympathy ever existed, that—

"When the pale hand
Draws the black foldings of the eternal curtain
Closer and closer round us,"

those who have dearly, fondly loved in this life, experience if possible a more intimate union, even in that dread moment when apparently that union is about to be dissolved for ever; for then they look on with the eye of faith to that better land—

"Where every severed wreath is bound;
And none have heard the knell
That smites the soul in that wild sound—
Farewell, beloved!—farewell!"

Even when expiring on the rack, words of undying affection continued to drop from the lips of Rudolf, as the heart-broken Irene bent over his mangled form, and softly whispered in his ear her accents of deep love—thus through that long and fearful night she soothed his dying agony, until the last drops of existence were wrung from his tortured heart. This noble instance of conjugal devotion has been recorded by our lamented countrywoman, Mrs. Hemans, in some exquisite lines, which in their own beautiful simplicity narrate the sad tale; to add aught to them would but be adding perfume to the violet.

"Her hands were clasped—her dark eyes raised—the breeze threw
back her hair;

Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—all that she loved was there.
And 'Bid me not depart,' she cried; 'my Rudolf, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side; peace, peace!—I cannot go!
I have been with thee in thine hour of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power to strengthen me through
this!

And thou, mine honour'd love, and true!—bear on—bear
nobly on!

We have won blessed heaven in view—whose rest will soon
be won!

And were not here high words to flow from woman's breaking
heart!—

Through that long night of bitterest woe she bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye—with such a cardling cheek!
Love—Love!—of mortal agony—thou—only thou shouldst speak.
The wind rose high,—but with it rose her voice, that he might
hear.

Perchance that dark hour brought repose to happy bosoms near:
While she sat, striving with despair, beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer, forth on the rushing storm.—
She wiped the death-damp from his brow with her pale hands
and soft;

Whose touch upon the lute-chords low had stilled his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast—she bathed his lips with
dew—

And on his cheek such kisses press'd, as hope and joy ne'er
knew!

Oh, lovely are ye, Love and Faith!—enduring to the last;
She had her meed—one smile in death—and his worn spirit
passed!"—

she had lost all that bound her to earth; and soon her pure spirit took its flight, to rejoin in a happier land her martyred husband:—

"And in that world to which their hopes looked on,
Time enters not, nor mutability;—
Beauty and goodness are unfading there."

Three years after the death of the emperor, the stately convent of Königsfelden, an imperial sepulchre, arose, to point out the spot where his tragical fate had overtaken him. It was erected under the auspices of Agnes, sanctioned by her mother; and shortly afterwards, the former quitted her royal state, and sought within its cloisters that repose and peace which a guilty conscience can never know. She assumed the veil, and in the garb of penitence and humiliation, endeavoured to attract pilgrims to the shrine; but beneath that garb still beat the proud heart of the stern and cruel Agnes;—and that the illustrious trophy of her mis-called filial piety might be admired, and she, its foundress, revered, were now her highest aspirations. But the remembrance of her unparalleled vengeance and barbarity was too deeply engraven in the minds of the people, and the calamities she had inflicted were too recent and their effects yet too severely felt, for even a magnificent monument like this to erase their impression; although, in those days of comparative darkness, the foundation of a religious house was generally considered a sufficient compensation for any outrages.

Desirous of gaining, if possible, the suffrage of Berthold Strebel, who was then in high repute for his extraordinary learning and sanctity, Agnes one day led the conversation to her favourite topic, spoke of her devotion to the cause of religion, and instanced the zeal which had prompted her to erect this costly structure; when the Friar of Oftringen, struck with a pious horror of her enormities, boldly exclaimed:—"Hearken to this, O woman, as the voice of Heaven!—No devotion can be pure in one who imbrues her hands in the blood of innocence, and founds convents with the plunder of orphans!"

The haughty Agnes affected not to heed his words, but the remembrance of them pursued her to her dying day, and filled with remorse and anguish that heart which was too proud to avow its crimes, and too stubborn to repent them.

The convent, majestic even in decay, is fast falling into ruins;—the royal vault, until 1770 the mausoleum of many illustrious scions of the House of Hapsburg—the apartment occupied by Agnes, its royal foundress—and the choir of the abbey-church, with its superbly-stained windows, are now almost the only objects pointed out to the inquiring traveller;—but the deeds of Agnes are still remembered, and are, doubtless, recorded in that dread scroll, from which there shall be no appeal.

NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.—No. II.

THE SENSES, VITALITY, AND PASSIONS OF INSECTS.

INSECTS, there is good reason to believe, are endowed with all the five senses of hearing, seeing, touching, tasting, and smelling. It was, indeed, formerly doubted, whether they possess that of *hearing*;

but numerous observations have satisfactorily proved that they do. Flies move all their legs at brisk and distinct sounds; and spiders will quit their prey, and retire to their hiding places. Insects that live in society give notice of intended movement, or assemble their citizens for emigration, by a humming noise. Brunelli kept and fed several males of a not uncommon species of grasshopper in a closet: they were very merry, and continued singing all the day, but a rap at the door would stop them instantly. By practice he learned to imitate their chirping; when he did this at the door, at first a few would answer him in a low note, and then the whole party would take up the tune, and sing with all their might. He once shut up a male in his garden, and gave the female her liberty; but as soon as she heard the male chirp, she flew to him immediately. Messrs. Kirby and Spence consider that the antennæ of insects are analogous to ears; but they also imagine, that it is by these organs that insects are enabled to discover those alterations in the weather, which to them are so important, and which they seem so readily to perceive; bees, in particular, being evidently aware of the approach of a shower when we can perceive no indications of it; and hastily returning to their hives in time to avoid its approach.

The sense of *touch* in insects, also supposed to reside in their antennæ, must be of the greatest delicacy, especially in spiders, from the nicety with which the majority fabricate their fragile webs.

The *eyes* of insects do not turn in their sockets, like those of most other animals; but what is denied in motion, is amply compensated in number, for in one fly alone there have been reckoned no fewer than 16,000 eyes; in a scorpion, 6,369; and in a butterfly, 34,650! These are, of course, no other than the interstices of those crossed or scored divisions, which any one will perceive upon looking at a common house-fly through an ordinary magnifier. Each of these, it has been shown, performs the office of a single eye, although they are collected into two packets, corresponding in outward appearance to the ordinary pair of eyes of vertebrate animals.

The sense of *smell* resides in some organ in the vicinity of the mouth, and probably connected with the nose. M. Huber, desirous of ascertaining the seat of smell in bees, tried the following experiment with that view. These animals, of all scents abominate most that of the oil of turpentine. He presented successively to all the points of a bee's body, a hair-pencil saturated with it; but whether he presented it to the abdomen, the trunk, or the head, the insect equally disregarded it. Next, using a very fine hair-pencil, while the bee had extended its proboscis, he presented the pencil to it, to the eyes and antennæ, without producing any effect; but when he pointed it near the cavity of the mouth, above the insertion of the proboscis, the creature started back in an instant, quitted its food, clapped its wings, walked about in great agitation, and would have taken flight if the pencil had not been removed.

That insects *taste*, no one hesitates to believe, although naturalists disagree as to the organ of that sense; but as they have a tongue, we may, with Cuvier, conclude that one of its primary functions is to taste their food.

The *vital principle* in some insects appears to be equally strong with that exhibited by the zoophytes, and many of the tortoises. Riboud stuck different beetles through with pins, and cut and lacerated others in the severest manner, without greatly accelerating death. Leeuwenhoeck had a mite which lived eleven weeks transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. Le Vaillant caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and, after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton, and stuck a stout pin through the thorax, yet the feet and antennæ were in full play after the lapse of five months. A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognise a precipice on approaching the edge. Colonel Pringle beheaded several dragonflies, one of which afterwards lived for four months, and another for six; and, which seems rather odd, he could never keep alive those with their heads on above a few days.¹

Some curious particulars connected with this great tenacity of life are mentioned by Mr. Fothergill.² A friend being employed one day in the pursuit of insects, caught a large yellow dragonfly, and had actually fastened it down in his insect box, by thrusting a pin through the thorax, before he perceived that the voracious creature held a small fly, which still struggled for liberty, in its jaws. The dragonfly continued devouring its victim with great deliberation, and without expressing either pain or constraint, and seemed totally unconscious of being pinned down to the cork, till its prey was devoured, after which it made several desperate efforts to regain its liberty. A common flesh-fly was then presented to it, when it immediately became quiet, and ate the fly with greediness; when its repast was over, it renewed its efforts to escape. This fact being mentioned to Mr. Haworth, the late well-known English entomologist, he confirmed the truth of it by relating an additional circumstance. Being in a garden with a friend, who firmly believed in the delicate susceptibility of these creatures, he struck down a large dragonfly, and in so doing unfortunately severed its long abdomen from the rest of its body. He caught a small fly, which he presented to the mutilated insect, by which it was instantly seized and devoured; and a second was treated in the same manner. Mr. Haworth then contrived to form a false abdomen, by means of a slender portion of a geranium; and after this operation was performed, the dragonfly devoured another small insect as greedily as before. When set at liberty it flew away with as much apparent glee as if it had received no injury.

These facts, with numerous others which will occur to every naturalist, place it beyond doubt, that insects

are not only endowed with a far greater portion of vitality than vertebrate animals possess, but that they are almost devoid of pain under inflictions which to the warm-blooded tribes would prove the most excruciating tortures. In all this we see not only a wise but a most merciful provision of the great Creator. Insects, above all other animals, are exposed to the greatest casualties, not merely from ordinary vicissitudes, but from others of a peculiar nature. The felling of a tree is sufficient to destroy whole communities to whom it is a home, giving shelter and food to thousands: while the burning of a forest or the herbage of a plain, is the destruction of millions upon millions. It is further ordained that insects should be the food of nearly three-fourths of the whole feathered creation; and that numerous tribes of their own class derive their entire sustenance from preying upon those that are weaker or differently organized. Hence it is that the all-wise Creator has mercifully withheld from them that sense of pain and suffering, which is so prevalent among animals of a higher order; whose lives are, in all probability, much longer, but who feel at their death an agony which is really quite unknown to the "poor beetle that we tread upon."

Insects exhibit various *passions*, and these are not only manifested in their actions, but expressed by gestures and noises, no doubt well understood by themselves. Thus, numerous beetles, when alarmed, utter a shrill cry, which has been compared to the feeble chirp of birds. The humble bee, if attacked, will give vent to the harsh tones of anger; and the hive bee, under the same circumstances, emits a shrill and peevish sound, which becomes doubly sharp when it flies at an enemy or intruder. A number of these insects being once smoked out of their hive, the queen, with many of her followers, flew away; upon this, the bees which remained behind immediately sent forth a most plaintive cry, which was succeeded by a cheerful humming when their sovereign was again restored to them. The passion of *love*, too, as well as fear, anger, and rejoicing, seems, in insects, as in birds, to be displayed in song. The grasshopper tribes are particularly famed for these amorous ditties, which are often so loud, monotonous, and deafening in warm countries during the meridian heat, as to be productive of anything but pleasure. These sounds, however, proceed only from the males; the females, fortunately, not being provided with the necessary apparatus for producing them.

The *affection of insects for their young* is very conspicuous; but in the care which they take to lay their eggs in such substances as will afterwards afford them fitting sustenance, we shall discern more the effect of instinct than of maternal affection. Many instances, however, may be adduced, in which this natural passion is in full operation. The common sand-wasp, and others of the same species, having first dug a cylindrical cavity of the requisite dimensions, and deposited an egg at the bottom, encloses along with it one or more caterpillars, spiders, or other insects, as a pro-

(1) Spallanzani's Tracts, translated by J. G. Dalyell, Esq.
(2) Essay on Natural History.

vision for the young one when hatched, and sufficiently abundant to nourish it until it has attained its full growth. Baron de Geer tells us of a species of field-bug which conducts her family, (which generally consists of thirty or forty young ones,) as a hen does her chickens. She never leaves them; and as soon as she begins to move, all the little ones closely follow, and, whenever she stops, assemble in a cluster around her. One species of spider lays her eggs in a little silken bag, attached to the extremity of her body; and this treasure she carries about with her every where, appearing in the greatest distress if in any way deprived of it. Bonnet put this wonderful attachment to an affecting and decisive test. He threw a spider, with her bag, into the cavern of a large antlion, when the distressed mother, although she might have escaped by relinquishing the bag, preferred being buried alive, to giving up that treasure which was dearer to her than existence. The care which is taken of their young by such insects as live in societies, is well known; but it is not, perhaps, generally understood, that, among ants, as soon as ever the female has begun to lay her eggs, she tears off the four wings, which before were her chief ornament, and devotes herself entirely to the increase and preservation of her family. M. P. Huber was more than once witness to this extraordinary proceeding. Lastly, if an ant's nest should be disturbed, the whole community may be instantly seen flocking towards a heap of little white oblong bodies, whose safety they put every nerve in motion to secure. These bodies are the embryo young; and, as a proof of the devoted attachment which is exhibited for them, an observer, on one of these occasions, having cut an ant in two, the poor mutilated animal did not relax in its affectionate exertions. With that half of the body to which the head remained attached, it contrived to carry off ten of these white masses into the interior of the nest, before itself expired!

Insects experience *anger* as well as love; and, surprising as it may seem, their little bodies are frequently exercised in cruelty. The orator mantis is of so unnatural a disposition, that, if in a state of captivity, it will actually destroy and devour its own species, fighting with the utmost fury, until death shall terminate the battle. Roesel, who kept some of these insects, observes that, in their mutual conflicts, their manoeuvres very much resemble those of hussars fighting with sabres; and sometimes one cleaves the other through at a single stroke, or severs the head from the body.² The manners of the scorpion are equally fierce and revolting. Not only is it dangerous to its enemies, but also terrible to its own species; so that, out of one hundred of these insects, which Maupertuis enclosed together in a vessel, such was the bloody scene that ensued, that, in a few days, only fourteen remained alive, having killed and devoured the rest of their companions!

Q. Q.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.

BY POLYDOR.

CHAPTER XII.

"As well I trust
That fight he will, and fight he must."

Marmion, Canto VI.

As Mr. Browne was not of the party on its return, it was arranged, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Perigord and disappointment of his wife, that he should occupy the Duchess of Haroldweir's carriage in solitary grandeur, and that his own carriage should convey to Hyde Park Gardens the rest of the party. As Mr. Perigord's pair of greys whirled them through the brilliantly-lighted streets of the metropolis, Harry Sumner maintained an uninterrupted flow of conversation, which kept the two young ladies in paroxysms of laughter; her grace being fast asleep. Lady Emma was altogether bewildered. She could with difficulty bring herself to believe, that she was listening to the same individual who sat next to her at dinner. It wanted but this addition to his graceful exterior and polished manners, to blow into a flame an emotion, the sparks of which had probably fallen into Lady Emma's heart at an earlier part of the day. Pique is almost as prolific a source of love as pity in the bosom of the female sex. Harry Sumner's indifference and abstraction during dinner, prepossessing as was every thing else about him, had given rise to sensations in a lady of a jealous and vain temperament, which the profoundest homage would possibly have failed to kindle.

"What a strange fellow you are, Harry!" said his sister, as she subsided from a hearty laugh, "Hamlet's melancholy seems to have taken yours away. To have seen you an hour or two ago, one would have thought that laughing was not in your list of capabilities. I thought you never were going to laugh again."

"Tis strange," he replied, "the reaction of the mind, I suppose, after deep dejection. Man is a two-legged kaleidoscope—at one moment black, and brown, and purple, and all manner of sober hues; give him a shake, and lo! crimson, and yellow, and scarlet, and blue, and colours so bright that one can scarcely look at them. A sentiment for Hamlet, eh! Lady Emma?"

"I do not know what to think," replied that lady; "but this I know, that Mr. Sumner at the dinner-table, and Mr. Sumner now, are two different persons."

"And which of the two do you prefer?" he inquired.

Lady Emma turned her head away, and replied, "Neither!"

Mrs. Perigord had now fallen into a fit of musing; and a vision had presented itself to her brother's memory, which would probably have checked the current of his conversation for a while, leaving the snores of the duchess the sole disturbers of the silence, when, fortunately, the carriages drew up at Mr. Perigord's door. The absence of the ladies, who had withdrawn in order

(1) Kirby and Spence. *Introduct. to Entom.*

(2) Shaw's *Zoology*.

to disencumber themselves of their out-of-doors apparel, afforded Mr. Perigord the opportunity of renewing with his brother-in-law the after-dinner conversation. "Were you serious," he inquired, "in refusing to stand for Bribeworth?"

"Quite," replied Sumner; "but supposing I do, what about my examination? The election will be almost on the same day with it."

"True; that was an unlucky accident of yours, Sumner. How did you contrive it? I made certain of your first."

"Perigord?" said Sumner sternly, "you will seriously oblige me by never mentioning that subject. Information which I keep from my sister and mother, I am not likely to communicate to any one else."

"You're young, Sumner—you're young," replied Mr. Perigord; "you will not have been in parliament many months, before you will have discovered, that there are many subjects which it is the part of wisdom to keep from women, which it would be both wise and expedient to confide to a friend of the other sex."

Harry Sumner regarded his wise brother-in-law for a second or two with a scrutinizing and thoughtful gaze. At length he said slowly, and in a tone of voice slightly impassioned, "I would as soon confide my dearest secret to your wife, Perigord, as to the warmest male friend I ever had; ay—and a great deal sooner."

"Well, well," he replied, "wisdom comes with years; genius is in the cradle. You will think differently one day."

"No, Perigord, never," was his reply—"never"; and if you do not agree with me, I pity you—and I pity—"

A loud double knock at the street door prevented the conclusion of this sentence.

"Who can be coming here at this hour?" exclaimed Mr. Perigord; "It must be some message from the premier. Am I then to understand that you will be a candidate for Bribeworth?"

"If at liberty to vote according to my conscience."

"That of course," said Mr. Perigord.

The servant now entered the room, and handed a card to Harry Sumner, informing him that the gentleman wished the honour of seeing him about something very *particulier*.

"Excuse me for a few minutes, Perigord," said Sumner, as he followed the servant to the presence of his unknown visitor.

The visitor into whose presence Harry was ushered, did not leave him to commence the conversation.

"Mr. Sumner, I presume," he observed.

"I am that gentleman. Pray be seated, Colonel Flint."

"Thank you; my business will not detain me many minutes. The fact is—hem!—devilish unpleasant—uncommonly sorry to make your acquaintance in so unpleasant a business: but, my friend Mr. Browne—"

Sumner started as soon as the name of his college acquaintance fell upon his ears, and betrayed a visible

emotion. "You do not mean to say he has been so foolish!" he exclaimed, interrupting the military second.

"There is nothing foolish in defending one's honour—hem!" replied the Colonel; "I believe—did you not apply—some offensive epithets—I may say insulting—to my friend Mr. Browne? He has placed his honour in my hands—and, hem!—I think it is my duty—at least—hem! I have no option—I am to require you to name some friend with whom I may communicate on your behalf."

"Do you mean that Mr. Browne insists on a meeting?" inquired Sumner.

"I fear he is immovably resolved—unpleasant business," replied the Colonel.

"Has he explained to you fully the circumstance?"

"Fully;—'pert and vulgar,' were the expressions."

"Did he tell you that he had the moment before applied the self-same expressions, and most untruly, to a lady?"

"Untruly!—hem!—did you say untruly? He did not quite mention all those particulars. But, if you are disposed to retract and apologize, Mr. Sumner—hem!—perhaps I might—"

"Do not mistake me, Colonel," interrupted Sumner; "I have no intention of shrinking from anything required of a gentleman. I cannot certainly arrange to stand in mortal combat with one whom I have known for several years, with indifference. I would do anything to avoid so miserable an alternative. But, I am really unable to retract, under the circumstances. If Mr. Browne will withdraw the expressions he applied to a lady, I will tell him that I am extremely sorry for having said anything offensive to him; and that it is farthest from my wish to do anything of the sort."

"I am sure, Mr. Sumner," replied the Colonel, "my friend will not be satisfied with that. May I beg you to name your friend?"

"Are you walking, Colonel Flint?" inquired Sumner.

"My cab is at the door," replied the Colonel; "if you would like to see your friend this evening, and will do me the honour of accepting a seat by my side, I shall be happy to drive you wherever you may direct."

"Thank you," said Sumner; "I will do myself the pleasure of accepting your offer; I think we shall find a gentleman at the House whom I will put in possession of the circumstances, and you must settle it between you."

Not many minutes had elapsed before the Colonel and his companion reached St. Stephen's. Sumner got down at the House, and entered in search of Mr. D'Aaroni. The Colonel drove to the Parliament Hotel, and awaited the arrival of Sumner's friend in the coffee-room.

"Why, you must both of you be mad!" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni, as soon as he had heard the particulars from Sumner. "You do not mean to tell me you are going to fight upon such a pretext as this!"

"It is not my wish," replied Sumner. "Browne seems bent on it, and so does his second—a gunpowdery colonel."

"Oh, but we must see to that!" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni. "Duels are only fit for simpletons, at best; but upon such grounds as these!—'Tis childish!"

"You must not compromise me, however," interposed Sumner; "but I may depend on your not doing that. Mind, anything except retracting the epithets I applied to Browne's observations about Lady Agnes, unless he withdraws them."

Thus commissioned, Mr. D'Aaroni shook hands with his principal, observing, "I hope all will end well, my dear fellow: but a cantankerous second can always hinder a peaceable arrangement."

As soon as Sumner was left to himself, such a multitude of subjects pressed tumultuously on his mind, that it was some time before he could distinguish any particular one. At length, by way of fixing some of the phantom crowd, he embodied them in the following soliloquy:—

"Next week, perhaps, no more!—out of being. This morning on terms of amity—to-morrow his pistol pointed at my heart or head!—And she will marry, of course—Marry! Shall I be conscious of it? Psha, what a fool I am! Come what may, I fire in the air; if ~~he~~—may God forgive him and me!" And then the boundless impenetrable invisible future loomed before him, and he could not detect even a glimmer of a hope—not one faintest ray of light, streaming from that vast obscure.

The moon rode high in the calm blue heaven. The dark pile of the venerable Abbey, silent as the tomb, seemed to be mutely listening, if so be it might catch some echoes of compline chants and sweetest vigils, long since hushed within its precincts; while the still moonlight glistened upon the summits of its pinnacles and spires, like the smile of those who fall asleep in Christ.

But the upward-reaching spires, roofs and pinnacles of that hallowed fabric, the silver moonlight uniting them as it were with the heaven above, as though symbolical of the spirit of love and faith, struggling up to God from the dark material mass below, possessed no meaning for Sumner. He had never learned, alas! to look upon churches in any higher light than as convenient buildings for sabbatical prayer and preaching. As the earthly symbols of the eternal home of the Redeemed—the heavenly Jerusalem—buildings set apart to such holy uses that every stone, every beam is hallowed;—where the services of Heaven are without ceasing celebrated under material veils;—the place of the altar and the sacraments;—where the Church visible and the Church invisible hold rapt communion: never had he been taught to look upon them in such a light as this. If he had, he would not have been treading the precincts of the abbey church and the parliament-house, in bitterness of soul, uncertain whether another hour might not find him pledged to mortal combat with a fellow-man. Never would it

have cost him a moment's anxiety or doubt, whether he should obey a wretched conventionality of society, or commit a deadly sin. He would have submitted to any humiliation rather than break the law of love. Yet he experienced an irresistible repugnance and aversion to the deed he meditated; he felt it was a crime, but could not own it to himself. And this increased a hundred-fold the distress of mind with which the mere probability of having to take part in an affair of this nature afflicted him. He consoled himself, however, by the resolution not to fire at his antagonist; and restlessly walking to and fro on the pavement of the square, awaited Mr. D'Aaroni.

After waiting about five minutes, Mr. D'Aaroni approached him with a hurried step; he appeared to be in a state of considerable excitement; his face was flushed, and his eyes wore that glassy brilliancy which is often occasioned by a long and animated discussion.

"I have nearly quarrelled with that fellow myself," he said; "Gunpowdery, indeed! The fellow talks as if men were a herd of soulless brutes. I believe it would excite about as strong an emotion in him, if you or Mr. Browne were to be shot to-morrow, as if he were to see a pig killed."

"Then, we are to fight?" interrupted Sumner.

"No; he is to see Mr. Browne this evening, and meet me to-morrow here, at three o'clock," replied Mr. D'Aaroni. "I hope what I have said will lead to a reconciliation, as far as Browne is concerned: of that brute, with his swagger, and haw—haw, and moustache, I have no hope."

"The suspense is formidable. But I am deeply obliged to you, D'Aaroni, for the interest you have shown in the matter, for the trouble you have taken," said Sumner.

"No thanks, my dear Sumner," replied Mr. D'Aaroni; "if you will be in the way about half-past four, I will call and let you know the final result. Good night; I am in hopes all will end well."

And Harry Sumner having shaken hands with the celebrated man who was acting as his friend, was whirled off in a hack cab towards his sister's residence.

"And if you do not fight—or if you survive the duel, Mr. Harry Sumner," soliloquized D'Aaroni, "the son of Israel has a better chance of your vote in this precious club of fools, than the respectable and rising Mr. Perigord."

CHAPTER XIII.

"————— for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure."
Thomson's Seasons. (Spring.)

As soon as Mr. Perigord understood from the domestic, who had been commissioned by Harry Sumner with the message, that his brother-in-law was compelled to accompany the gentleman who had called upon him, and would return in about half an hour, having perambulated the room a few minutes to conclude the deep musing in which he had been occu-

pied, he joined the ladies in the saloon. Mrs. Sumner had long since retired to rest. "Her Somnolency" and daughter, having partaken of some light refreshment, were preparing to depart. The former had for some time been keeping up an ineffectual struggle with some unforeseen power, which was forcibly dragging her away into the region of slumbers. The faint raising of her eyelids, and abrupt and sonorous termination of a heavy breathing at that very crisis when in another second it must have become a snore, were the evidences of what it cost her to keep up the contest with an adversary which was evidently overpowering her. At length the failing vitality of the eyelids, and the more decided character of the breathing, afforded but too conclusive proof that her only safety lay in flight. Lady Emma, too, experienced a sense of weariness in the absence of Harry Sumner and Mr. Browne. Mr. Perigord was taciturn; Mrs. Perigord's society was for some reason or other uninteresting to both mother and daughter; so that the latter was the first to propose the expediency of moving homewards, remarking,

"That man—what is his name?—Shakespeare's plays are so fatiguing. There is no music nor dancing in them to keep one awake."

"I think as you do, my dear. I think that nasty Hamlet amongst the bones quite disgusting," chimed in her grace.

Lucy Perigord fixed her large blue eyes, with an expression of wonderment, upon mother and daughter, and bade them adieu. As soon as Mrs. Perigord found herself alone with her husband, she drew a chair close to the one on which he was seated; and, resting her clasped hands gently on his shoulder, "George, dear," she said, "how long a time Harry is detained! Did he say when he thought he should be back? I hope nothing is the matter!"

"I can give you no information. I do not reckon too great openness amongst your brother's failings," replied Mr. Perigord. At the same time he took his wife's small white hands in his own; and with a touch which shot a thrill of pleasure through her whole frame, gently removing them from his shoulder, "My dear Lucy—" he began—

Warmly she pressed the beloved hands that held her own; and upon her husband's neck she would have given some relief to the pent-up affections of her loving heart.

"No, my dear—I mean—do not you think——?" he continued, "at least, I feel the heat of the evening intolerably oppressive; do not you?" And gently withdrawing his hand, he left his wife's hands clasped, and herself transfixed in speechless astonishment. The smothered flame, unable to escape, choked back at every aperture, began to prey upon herself.

Blind man! For how can he see, who cannot love another than himself?

Even if Mr. Perigord had raised his eyes from the columns of the Times newspaper, which he chanced at the time to be perusing, he would not have observed that beauteous image of a heart, that loved even more

deeply than it expressed, a prey to the most violent emotions. She was looking a little aside from him, with a fixed and glassy gaze, like that dead calm in which the sea at times mirrors the blue heaven when a storm is gathering in the far west. The blue veins in her forehead were unnaturally swollen; the turbid life-current beat in visible pulses beneath her fair skin; her heart-throbs were audible, and her quivering lips forcibly compressed, as though some rebellious feelings were struggling for expression. For several seconds, it may have been minutes, she maintained the unequal contest. At length she found that she could do so no longer. Willingly would she have severed her right hand from her wrist, to have utterly forced back and hidden out of sight every emotion that was now rending asunder her heartstrings. But it was impossible. In spite of herself, her feelings could be withheld no longer; and, raising her kerchief to her eyes, she broke forth into a paroxysm of tears.

Mr. Perigord happened to be reading a part of a speech of Mr. D'Aaroni's in the House on the previous evening; and a slight smile expressed his relish of its humour. He raised his eyes slowly from the paper, not being quite certain, at first, whether they were the sounds of laughter or weeping that met his ear; and, observing how matters stood, he started to his feet, and dashed the paper on the table; and, with his thumb and fore-finger dangling his massive gold watch-guard, as he walked hurriedly to and fro in the room,—

"On my honour, Lucy," he said with some vehemence, "I used to fancy myself the most placid and amiable of men. You are literally changing me into a passionate one. I cannot endure this, upon my word I cannot!"

"Oh, my husband, I ask you a thousand pardons!" exclaimed the poor girl, raising her tearful eyes and clasped hands up towards him, in an attitude of anxious entreaty, and her words interrupted with irrepressible sobs. "Do—do—forgive me! I know how annoyed you must be. I will gain strength in time. Oh that you could have seen how I struggled to prevent it! I never knew myself thus before. There must be a cause. Forgive me, George! I am only a woman, you know. I cannot be as strong-minded as you."

"Well, well, my dear, for heaven's sake, clear up," he replied. "If that eccentric brother of yours had not gone dancing off at this unseasonable hour, this scene had been avoided;—what think you, Lucy?"

Such a smile as Mr. Perigord saw not struggled through her tears as she inquired,—

"What did you say, George? What has become of Harry?"

"He and I shall not hit it, I foresee," answered her husband; "if it were not for his great speaking powers, which I expect will produce a sensation in the House, I really think I should get another candidate for Bribeworth."

"In the room of Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Perigord. The observation did not appear to reach him.

"It will be all I shall be able to do," he continued,

in a half musing strain, "to oust that Whigging; he is a clever fellow, especially on the hustings. I don't believe money will do it, unless some such candidate as Sumner be pitted against him. Yes, Lucy, your brother is the man! Such speeches were never before heard in the 'Union.' I heard one myself, and own it was very creditable. But his movements are so eccentric."

"How do you mean? in what way?" asked Mrs. Perigord.

Mr. Perigord looked abstractedly at his wife for a few seconds, and then proceeded,—

"I scarcely know what to make of him; queer—very. Gets plucked instead of a first. Then there is some mysterious reason for it, to be told to nobody."

"Might he not think the same of you, George?" interposed his wife; "you induced mamma to sign some important papers; neither she nor I am to say a word of it to Harry."

"For whose benefit is that, Mrs. Perigord?" he inquired.

"Oh! yes, I know that, my dear husband; but why not think that he may have as good a reason for his reserve?"

"If you take my advice," said her husband, "you will exert your influence to make him a little more open to his *influential* friends. You seem to forget the difference in our respective positions. There is some mystery or other again this evening. Mr. Browne suddenly disappears from our party; a gentleman calls at half-past 10 o'clock, and must see your brother immediately on important business; he too disappears—is to be back in half-an-hour—he is not returned in three-quarters; and when he does, take my word for it, there will be more mystery. It will be 'out of his power to mention' the circumstances to any one."

"Oh, George! do not be so hard on poor Harry. Suppose it to be so, he cannot help it," suggested Mrs. Perigord.

"By the bye, it has just struck me," continued her husband, not noticing his wife's observation, "I can think of but one sort of business so urgent, that he is likely to be involved in. He must be arranging a duel for some one! Browne's, you may depend on it; that accounts for his sudden disappearing."

Mrs. Perigord regarded her husband with a look of unfeigned terror, dismay, and beseeching anxiety; but she dared not trust herself to unclothe those trembling lips to give utterance to even so much as an exclamation. She sat for some time perfectly mute and motionless. The silence was at length broken by Mr. Perigord.

"My dear Lucy," he said, "I have set my heart on ousting Sir Digby. The gain of that seat will be of more service to me than all my other influence together. I almost doubt our success. I tell you what I think must be done. Pendlebury must be inhabited immediately. You will be so kind as to fete the more influential electors; and Harry must go much amongst them, and make himself as acceptable as he can, if he please."

"Oh! I shall be so delighted, George, dearest!" exclaimed Mrs. Perigord; "When shall we leave London?"

"I think it should be as soon as you conveniently can, my dear; should it not?"

"But will it suit your engagements, dearest?"

"Oh! me,—no. You must not think of me; my leaving town just now is out of the question. 'Tis impossible. I ought to have been at the House to-night."

Poor Mrs. Perigord! must not even a delusion console her for more than a few seconds at a time? Why do these momentary phantom visions of happiness play before her soul at long intervals and disappear, only to make more hideous the night that is deepening around her?

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, "we have not yet been wedded a fortnight!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense, my dear," said Mr. Perigord, laying an emphasis on the last iteration, "I wonder you are not more apt at putting things in their right places. That is all very well, of course; but a state must come before a household—a state before a household."

This was too much for the already sinking heart of that loving bride, whom a splendid desolation is even now overtaking—little as she owns it to herself, bitterly as she may struggle to escape from it.

"Excuse me for a minute or two," she rapidly articulated, and, hurrying from the room, she glided up the bright and brilliant staircase into her apartment, locked the door, and, falling on her knees and burying her face in her hands and drooping hair, wept long and bitterly; ejaculating ever as her heart-deep sobs permitted,

"O my good God! support me! teach me how I may best please Thee! Am I guilty? what—oh! what should I do?"

Not as yet well versed in the blessed aids of religion, she nevertheless addressed a fervent appeal for aid to heaven, in the Holy Name; and her pent up and overflowing emotions having now experienced relief, she felt somewhat composed and reassured; and when her brother's knock sounded loudly at the door and reverberated through the house, she was prepared to return to the drawing-room, in the hope of another source of anxiety being removed.

To judge from her brother's countenance when he entered, it might have been concluded that the business that had engaged him, whatever it was, had much amused him. Her quick perception, however, instantly detected in his forced gaiety and excitement of manner a confirmation of her fears.

"Nothing is the matter, I hope, Harry?" she gently asked.

"Nothing very serious, I can see," observed her very sagacious husband.

"Nothing worse, Lucy," replied her brother, "than a wretched misunderstanding with Mr. Browne."

"Which means a duel!" (Sumner started), "I presume," suggested Mr. Perigord; "you are acting as his second?—I thought as much."

"You are mistaken, Perigord," was the reply; "I am not."

Lucy Perigord drew a deep inspiration, very clearly evidencing the relief her brother's denial had occasioned her.

"Whom has he quarrelled with?" she inquired.

"My dear Lucy, I am not at liberty to say," he replied.

"A woman's curiosity!" she said, gaily; "I ought not to have asked you; I might have known that you would have told me if there were not some excellent reason for your not doing so. The boy's not listening! Will you attend to me, sir? I am not going to be nervous on the occasion, I assure you. Light your sister's taper, Harry, and give her a kiss, before she retires for the night."

Harry Sumner hastened to obey his sister's request.

"Another mystery!" said Mr. Perigord, whilst the candle was being lighted.

A sudden flush of colour mantled over Sumner's ample forehead, as, resting the candlestick on the table, and fixing his eyes sternly upon Mr. Perigord, he said with a slow articulation,

"Yes!—You are right—Another mystery!"

"Your mysteries must be very inconvenient to yourself, one would think," said Mr. Perigord.

"You would perhaps deprive me of the selection of my own secrets?" Sumner replied, with a slight bitterness in his tone, which was not assuaged when his brother-in-law answered:—

"Proper reserve I admire; and am by no means partial to over-communicativeness. But I am of opinion, my young friend, that it would be wiser if you were to be more frank and open to some of your friends—your more influential ones, I mean."

"Perish influential!" exclaimed Sumner indignantly; and then, snapping his fingers in the air, he continued, "That is the worth of influence, as you call it, in my estimation. I have no intention of allowing society to point out to me those in whom I should confide. I purpose retaining that right in my own hands. And it may perhaps spare you the trouble of being over-curious in future, to know that you are not one of them, Perigord. A friendship of the bosom nature you speak of, is not an every-day occurrence. It is founded on an instinctive assimilation of tastes and feelings—indeed, of the whole inner being, independent of will and choice."

"Good night, Harry!" said Mrs. Perigord, embracing her brother, and hastening away to her room; contriving to whisper as she did so, "I wish, dear Harry, you would humour George more." She did not contrive, however, to escape her husband's observation.

"Mrs. Perigord, you will select another opportunity for your secrets than in my presence," he said, as a hue of sallow whiteness overspread his countenance.

"Your wife was imploring me to yield more to you, sir!" Sumner replied, with an excitement of manner and gesture which terrified his gentle sister.

The silver candlestick with its appurtenances shook and rattled in her trembling hand; and her terror was not diminished, when he continued in a still more impassioned manner: "Her exquisite gentleness may do it; but I could as easily swallow the Thames, as give in to and humour your absurd self-importance."

"Or as assume modesty and politeness, I apprehend!" replied Mr. Perigord, with perfect self-possession and calmness.

The perspiration stood out in big drops on Sumner's noble forehead, and indicated the tumult of excitement that was raging within. He swept his hair from his brow with one movement of his hand; his eyes fell; various expressions, satirical, regretful, sorrowful, doubtful, resolute, played about his features; until, raising his eyes, and directing them upon his brother-in-law with that look of openness and generosity which only they could wear, he extended his hand to him, saying,

"Forgive me, Perigord—forgive me. I expressed myself in an unpardonably rude manner. It is no excuse, but it will perhaps show you that it was inadvertent, when you know that my interview this evening has thrown me into a great state of excitement. You shall know the nature of it shortly."

"I am satisfied, Mr. Sumner," he replied, "but I must caution you, that if I am often to be subjected to this sort of thing, not even your near relationship to Mrs. Perigord will induce me to place myself within reach of it."

It was on Sumner's tongue to inform his stately relative, that there could be no imaginable distance out of reach of it so far removed that he should not rejoice to hear of his having availed himself of; but the sweet toned entreaty of his sister still lingered in gentle echoes in his ears, and he controlled himself.

"Good night,—good night, Perigord," he said hastily. "It would pain me greatly to quarrel with my sister's husband."

"A word, Sumner, before you go," said Mr. Perigord. "I want you to do me and yourself a favour; and that will explode all differences instantly."

"Anything I can do," replied Sumner.

"Shall you mind taking a little trouble during your sojourn at Bribeworth, to make yourself popular amongst the electors?" inquired Mr. Perigord. "Lucy is going down with you to help you. Unless something of the sort be done, I shall not save the borough."

"My going up for my degree, in October, will be out of the question if I do," he answered.

"Not if you have not fixed your heart on your class," suggested his selfish brother-in-law. "It is of very secondary importance."

"You did not seem to think so—" Sumner began; but, correcting himself, "As far as it concerns myself alone," he proceeded, "it is a matter of complete indifference to me; but I fear my mother and Lucy will be disappointed."

"Not when they know the reason," suggested the squire of Bribeworth. "I confess I wish you had been as successful the other day as every one made sure you would. But if our choice lies between losing the borough or your class, if you yourself are indifferent to the latter, I cannot have a moment's doubt which should yield—can you?"

"If I am to enter on a parliamentary life," was the reply.

"If you go into parliament!" exclaimed Mr. Perigord, "I should hope you do not meditate being one of the waste-their-fragrance-on-the-desert-air people."

"There is, at least, one startling obstacle in the way," he replied. "The little estate I own is too small for a qualification."

"You are already in possession of a qualification," said the squire. "I have seen to that."

"Excuse me, Perigord," replied Sumner; "I cannot hear of it. If it be a *bona fide* transaction, I have no right to expect so costly a present at your hands; and if it be not, it would be still more objectionable to me. It——"

"Not so fast—not so fast, pray," interposed Mr. Perigord. "You're lunging at windmills, friend Quixote. Mrs. Sumner has transferred to me some shares in the Huxtable and Bribeworth Railway, and I have, in return, made over to you Chipping Basset, the clear rental of which is about 210*l.* per annum."

"Well, this is a tolerably extensive transaction for me not to have heard a word of," said Sumner.

His brother informed him that he had taken the precaution of exacting a promise from Mrs. Sumner and his sister, that they would leave it to him to manage it.

"And then complain of my uncommunicativeness and mystery!" he exclaimed. "I am, then, to begin at once to pay my addresses to my native town. Nothing loth! The election days may chance just to miss the examination. If so, all will be well."

This concluded the conversation. Sumner wished his intriguing relative easy repose, and retired for the night.

The slight distraction of his thoughts effected by his conversation with his brother-in-law, seemed to increase the sinking sensation he experienced as soon as he found himself alone in his apartment.

"Here am I," he said to himself, "entering into all manner of arrangements for years to come; and the day after to-morrow I may have altogether disappeared from the scene. And is one's life a whit more secure at any time? If that quarrelsome fellow insists on fighting, I do not think I can make up my mind to place your happiness, my dearest mother, at the mercy of Mr. Browne's pistol. Have I the right, come what may to myself for declining the encounter, to run the risk of occasioning such misery to her—not to mention Lucy? The world says, Yes—I say, No. What *ought* I to do? What *must* I do? I know not. Why am I riding on the sea of life in this aimless, reckless manner? What is this complex problem of which I form a part, without a prin-

ciple—a standard—a rule, or anything by which I can invariably direct myself? It should not be thus. I wonder if that glorious curate of old Lamb's parish could give me any information? Did I feel *certain* what I *ought* to do, no consideration on earth should induce me to swerve."

As he said this he rose from the sofa on which he was reclining, and walked up and down the room for a considerable time, deeply and silently musing. He was aroused from his reverie by the sound of many clocks striking the first hour of the day; and, falling on his knees, he performed his usual evening devotion. It was a cold and inexpressive form he used; but this was his misfortune, not his fault. It was, however, whilst on his knees thus engaged this evening, that an eastern light seemed to dawn before him, and it might have been a voice, or only thoughts of unusual vividness, but it was to his mind as though one said, "Is it not the next world that you should *altogether* live for in this?"

"It is! It is!" he exclaimed aloud, as he rose from his knees. Going to the window, he withdrew the gorgeous hangings, and looking out into the night, he saw the calm moon shedding down its light upon the still metropolis, from the blue abyss of distance, and the bright myriads of surrounding worlds; and his imagination tracked the round universe of which they were all he *saw*. A deep drawn sigh escaped him—"What must eternity be!" was the question he involuntarily breathed forth into the still night air; and, retiring from the window, and re-closing the curtains, he ascended his couch, and saying, "Harry Sumner, good night," fell asleep.

A SKETCH OF ST. BEES.

ST. BEES, a very large parish on the coast of Cumberland, is so extensive, that besides the town of Whitehaven, which contains 11,854 inhabitants, it comprises several chapelries and townships; the population of the whole parish being 19,687. But although the parish is thus large, yet the village, which is more properly understood by the name of St. Bees, and which is the more immediate subject of this sketch, is comparatively small, containing only about 1,200 people.

It is here that the mother church is situated; and so much is it considered the parent by the inhabitants of the distant townships, that, if practicable, they prefer being married there; and on the joyous festival of Easter, so many resort thither to partake of the holy communion, that the clergy find it necessary to provide an extra administration to enable them all to communicate.

A tourist seeking the village of St. Bees will ere long be able to reach it by one of the numerous threads of that iron net-work which is now so rapidly dissecting our level country. The line of railway by which he will then travel, is being formed through a valley which is thus mentioned by Wordsworth: "From Whitehaven to St. Bees extends a track of level

ground about five miles in length, which formerly must have been under salt water, so as to have made an island of the high ground that stretches between it and the sea." This idea of the laureate's seems to be corroborated by the appearance of the soil, and by the fact that some years since an anchor was discovered in the vale: and in addition to these reasons, the term "Isle" is used in old documents when referring to the "high ground" mentioned above.

There is nothing striking in the appearance of the village itself, but if the day be clear, a lovely view may be obtained of the Isle of Man, rising with its gilded peaks from the dark sea, while to the north the hazy hills of Scotland may be discerned, and to the south, Black Combe rears his sable head. Again, on turning inland may be perceived the rounded crest of Dent, and the rougher outlines of the hills which encircle Lake Ennerdale, and of some other which stud the most beautiful of English districts.

A walk of six miles will be well repaid by a sight of "Woody Calder." Passing through the quiet village of Calderbridge, with its pretty church, a secluded foot-path leads the tourist to the ivy-grown remains of a ruined abbey, well sheltered by pine-trees; which, by moonlight, raise to the imagination processions of cowed ecclesiastics; though in reality those who erst trode those grounds (when the church, impure though she was, had not yet been pillaged by a godless monarch) are represented only by the broad and sombre shadows of oak or ash.

But to return to St. Bees: the place owes its origin to an Irish saint named Bega, or Begogh, who crossed the Channel A.D. 650. To preserve her memory, a monastery was built here, (probably on the site of, or near the present church,) but it was destroyed by the Danes about A.D. 873; it was, however, restored during the reign of Henry I. as a cell to the abbey of St. Mary at York (having a prior and six Benedictine monks) by William, Lord Copeland, brother to Ranulph de Meschines, first Earl of Cumberland, who resided at Egremont Castle—the ruins of which still remain.

William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle, was also a benefactor of this priory, which flourished till A.D. 1219, when it was pillaged by the Scots. It appears, however, to have been again restored; for after the rapacious dissolution of monasteries, we find that Sir Thomas Challoner held this ill-gotten spoil, paying an annual fee-farm to the king.

In the reign of Mary it was granted to the Bishop of Chester and his successors, but afterwards passed to the Wyburghs (a family of consideration in the county at the present day); but they, suffering much from the Great Rebellion, mortgaged the property to the Lowthers, and it is at present held by the head of that family, the Earl of Lonsdale, who is lay rector of the parish, paying a small stipend to the incumbent.

Respecting the foundation of the place by St. Bega, there is more than one legend in existence. That most generally known represents Bega, an Irish saint, as having heard of the heathen darkness of this part of Cumberland; on which account she

"Sailed from green Erin with bedesman and monk,"*

in hope of gathering the inhabitants into the bosom of the church. On her passage she was overtaken by a violent storm; falling on her knees, the saint vowed that should she be allowed to reach land, in the place where she first trod should rise a temple of worship in honour of the Virgin.

St. Bega did safely reach the shore, at the place which is now St. Bees, and her first endeavour was to perform her vow. Speeding her way to the lord of Copeland, she begged of him to grant her land sufficient for her purpose. The haughty owner of the soil not only refused her request, but when importuned by the suppliant maid, he tauntingly replied, that she should have just so much land as was covered with snow on the morrow. Now the morrow was midsummer. In full confidence of faith the fair saint gave herself to prayer till broke the morning's light, when she beheld with thankful eyes that those prayers were abundantly answered; for farther than eye could range, the land was white with "th' untrodden snow." Thus was there provided not only a site for building the church, but possession sufficient for supporting those who should serve it.

It is a remarkable fact that the present boundary of the parish is most irregular, and even includes some fields in the Isle of Man; this is popularly accounted for, by asserting that on those places fell the midsummer snow.

Another legend states Bega to have been the daughter of an Irish king, perhaps Donald III., who was a Christian, and who brought up his daughter in the faith. From childhood she had an ardent love for "holy virginity," and devoted her time to the study of religious books. Her beauty was celebrated, and offers of marriage were made to her by princes of all nations; but, bent on a monastic life, she refused them all. So great was her beauty, that the fame of it, together with reports of the power and wealth of her royal father, reached even to the court of Norway. The heir to the throne desired earnestly to make Bega his wife; an embassy was sent to Ireland, and was favourably received by the king, whereupon the prince betook himself to the Irish shores to wed the lovely Bega.

But his hopes, though apparently so near being realized, were destined to a far less happy end; for on the evening prior to the day on which the dreaded ceremony was to be performed, the court being sunk in riot and drunkenness, Bega bethought herself how she might yet escape. Having prayed for deliverance, it was revealed to her that a ship would be provided to take her to Britain, and a bracelet was given her. Rising to seek the promised vessel, all the portals fly open before the mysterious bracelet, and, on clearing the palace boundaries, she finds the ship in readiness.

The voyage is rough, and destruction well-nigh overwhelms Bega and her companions on that headland where, according to a vow made during the storm, she built a holy house, on the site of which now stands the church of St. Bees.

This legend places the midsummer fall of snow many years later, when De Meschines was Lord of Copeland. At a former period De Meschines had been a devout man, when, having solicited and received six monks, with their prior, from York, he had placed them at Kirkby Begogh, or Beacock, now St. Bees, and had

* The Rev. R. Parkinson, B.D., has written a poem founded on this legend.

given the town with certain lands to "God and St. Mary," building a cell to the honour of St. Bega. After a time, however, he repented, and listened to the tales that were told of the monks, and entered into a lawsuit with them on account of the lands. Midsummer-day having been fixed for decision, the contending parties met; when, lo! the whole cause of strife was covered with snow! Thus was the suit miraculously ended, and De Mesines was left to his chagrin.

Having seen what tradition says of the founding of St. Bees' Abbey, we will now look at its present condition. Of the abbey, strictly so called, all that remains is the name, which is attached to a farm-house on the north side of the church. A ruined gate-house was removed about thirty years ago, and thus the church was left sole remnant of this once substantial establishment.

Built of red sandstone, St. Bees' church consists of a choir and transepts, a central tower, and nave with aisles; its architectural styles are various, and contain Norman, Transition, and early English, together with more modern additions of a character wholly unsuited to a sacred edifice. The west door is Norman, plain and bold, but, owing to the soft nature of the stone, it is much injured by time. The aisles are divided from the nave by two arcades of early English arches, springing from pillars alternately round and octagonal, with the exception of one, which is clustered. The windows in the aisles are plain square sashes of modern insertion, and those of the clerestory are of about the time of the Reformation.

The entire building is in a state much to be deplored. The nave and aisles only are used as a parish church, being open for daily morning prayer during the terms of the college; the tower and south transept are walled off from the nave and aisles, as well as from the choir and north transept, and are used as a receptacle for the parish hearse, and also for lumber of all kinds. The tower, which stands upon four fine pointed arches, is only a square in height, the parapet being modern and embattled. There is a staircase turret at the north-east angle, near the entrance to which, in the north transept, is an ancient piscina.

At the east end of the choir, three beautiful lancets rise from a string, the centre one higher than the others; in the interior, between them, are two tiers of niches, with clustered shafts and ornamented capitals, having a common dripstone round the whole; but these windows, in common with all others in the building, are disfigured by modern sashes. The north side of the choir has lancet windows, the two nearest the east being larger and more ornamented than the others. The south side contains an arcade of well-moulded arches, evidently showing that a side chapel or aisle was formerly attached.

The font, which stands within a rail at the west end of the nave, is uncommon in its form, viz., that of a hexagon; the beauty of it, however, is marred by a coat of paint, and the ancient drain is stopped and useless.

In the churchyard are two recumbent figures, evidently removed from altar-tombs, but so much injured as to be past the hope of restoration. Besides these, there are the remains of two ancient crosses; one, from which it is probable that the funeral service was read, and to which worshippers resorted for prayer in times prior to the Reformation; the other merely the appropriate mark of some Christian's grave.

Until the year 1819, the choir of the church had been long unroofed, but in that year it was patched up, and with the north transept converted to the uses of a college for divinity students, which was then founded by the Bishop of Chester, Dr. Law, with the consent and co-operation of the late Earl of Lonsdale. The choir is divided into two parts, the larger of which is used as a college hall, the smaller as a library, while the north transept serves as a lecture-room. In the library are some good works, and also a good portrait of Dr. Ainger, the first principal, by Lonsdale, R.A., presented by the students.

Those who keep the required number of four terms, extending over a period of two years, are received from this college as candidates for holy orders. The course of study is strictly theological, and the knowledge of the students is tested by a searching examination of four days' duration at the close of each term. There are no other buildings than those already named; the men, therefore, have rooms in the village, hired under a licence from the principal, and thus afford a source of maintenance to a large number of the inhabitants. At present, about one hundred men are receiving lectures from the principal, (the Rev. R. Parkinson, B.D., Canon of Manchester, and formerly Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge,) and from the tutor and two theological lecturers. The principal is also incumbent of the parish, and the other clergymen act as his curates, as well as assist him in the college.

Dr. Ainger, the first principal, died in 1840, and was succeeded by the Rev. R. P. Buddicom, M.A. F.R.S., who had raised the number of students to about ninety, when his lamented death deprived the world of a sound scholar, and his pupils of a kind friend. This sad event took place on the 1st of July, 1846; and soon after the present principal was appointed; who possesses the advantage of intimate acquaintance with the college, having been lecturer during the time in which Dr. Ainger was principal. Under the sound instruction and judicious care of Canon Parkinson, the college promises to increase still more, as well in usefulness, as in the number of students; and in expressing our wish that this promise may be realised, we cannot do so better, than in the following lines from Wordsworth:—

"Oh! may that power, who hushed the stormy seas,
And cleared the way for the first votaries;
Prosper the new-born College of St. Bee's!"

We must not omit to make mention of a native of this parish, who rose to the highest eminence in the church; viz. Archbishop Grindal,¹ who was born in the township of Hensingham, A.D. 1519, and who through all his life bore a "tender and affectionate love towards the place of his birth." But his greatest benefaction to the parish was, the founding of "the Free Grammar School of Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury." The school was not actually founded during the Archbishop's life, but his executors carried out his pious intentions, and the school was incorporated June 15th, 1585. By his will, Grindal provided for the building, furnishing, and maintenance of this foundation, and also left funds for establishing a fellowship, and two scholarships, at both Queen's and Pembroke colleges, Oxford, and a scholarship at Magdalen

(1) See Strype's Life of Grindal.

college, Cambridge; desiring that all the said fellows and scholars be chosen from his school at St. Bees.

Many other benefactions have in later years been made to this school, which possesses a large property, though the value of it is lamentably lessened, by many of the estates having been negligently leased for as long a period as 1000 years; notwithstanding this disadvantage, however, the school is prospering, for a few years since the old building was repaired, and a new one on a large scale was added, the whole forming a good quadrangle; the main entrance being ornamented with the arms of the founder, and the appropriate motto, "Ingredere ut proficias."

The number of pupils is about 170, all of whom are educated freely; those from a distance, of course, paying for their board.

The present head master is the Rev. Miles Atkinson, late fellow of Queen's college, Oxford, and Craven's scholar; who is assisted in his "delightful task" by four under masters.

Previous to the establishment of the Clerical College, it was customary for youths, after having left this school in the regular course, to return at the age of twenty-two, and read for a year in what was called "the Priests' class," whence they were admitted into holy Orders. This, however, has long ceased to be the case.

Much more might be said, did space permit, of Grindal's benefactions to the parish, but I must use my few remaining lines to record the fact that Grindal's successor in the sees both of London and York was a native of the same township as himself; and though Edwin Sandys was Grindal's senior by some years, they lived "both in adversity and in prosperity as brothers together."

In taking leave of our subject, it will not be out of place, or unnatural, to express an earnest hope, that, possessing a school so richly endowed, a college so eminently useful, with the advantages of sea-bathing, and of railway communication with every part of the kingdom, this hitherto secluded village may become more known and appreciated, and that good days are yet in store for the erst quiet and romantic landing-place of the tempest-driven Bega.

C. M.

THE REFUGE IN DESPAIR.

BY JOHN C. BOYCE.

GRIM spirit of the nightfall! wrap thy darkest robe around thee;

Bid the fiends of desolation all, a ghastly troop, surround thee;
Bid a thousand awful thunders rouse the surges from their sleep;
Bid a thousand lightnings revel in the mazes of the deep!

Heed not the trembling seaman's cry, as, clinging to the mast,
He lifts the voice of agony, far wafted by the blast;
Be the only sound that answers him the curlew's boding scream,
Nor let one ray of comfort o'er his maddened spirit gleam!

Whilst the lurid light is flashing, 'mid the darkness and the storm,

Oh, bring before his anguish'd wife her husband's sinking form!
Then bid her, dreaming wildly, see his body on the shore,
And whisper to his little ones, their father is no more!

Do more than this: yet e'er, amid the ravings of despair,
That God, whose path is in the deep, hears the half-stifled prayer!
Seaman! be not disconsolate! though ocean be thy grave,
His arm shall shield thy friendless ones, omnipotent to save.

THE CISSOR.

"Four-and-twenty tailors all in a row."

THOUGH too well accustomed to the swaggering nomenclature of the present day to be very easily imposed upon; though fully aware that there are no *butchers* now, but that we are indebted for our shoulders of mutton and shins of beef to *PURVEYORS*; though we know well that *dentists* are never heard of, but that your aching tooth is extracted, or your carious one stuffed, by a *GENTLEMAN* who offers *PROFESSIONAL AID*; and though when we were in swaddling clothes the race of *tailors* was fast evaporating and has long become extinct, our *trousers* being fitted and our waist-coats shaped by *ARTISTS*; while pastry-cooks are become *CATE-RIERS* to the public taste (not a bad name that, by the way), and *haberdashers* rank as silk and lace *MERCHANTS*,—knowing all this, and having happened to see very frequently the "puffs"—may we use the plain English word?—poesy or prose, displaying the *shining* excellences of Warren's blacking, (written in former days, it is said, by Byron,) and numberless other advertisements, we were hardly prepared to be taken in by anything in the shape of a "puffing" placard.

But we were.

Wars and rumours of wars, distress of nations, perplexity, men's hearts failing them for fear,—all these signs seem to be brought before us now, and woe to him who scorns the warning: it is serious. We cannot look at the state of Europe at this time, and think lightly of these demonstrations.

Still we could smile, and did, at the idea of opening all the water-locks, flooding Kennington Common, and so *damping* the ardour of the patriots who were to assemble there on the widely announced 10th of April, (a delay or procrastination, as we saw pencilled by some witty person on the Lord Mayor's placard, of the 1st of April); though we feared and knew the excitement was too powerful to be quenched, however it might be damped, by the "cold water cure" propounded.

Well then, we repeat, however generally aware of the trading humbug of the day, still, our thoughts being engrossed by Chartism, Fraternization and Equality, and the expected terrible demonstration of the forthcoming 10th of April, we were startled, when plodding onward to the hospitable *rus in urbe* of a friend in the environs of London, to see printed bills in the hands of numerous persons on which our eye distinctly traced the words

"PROCLAMATION.

"A REPUBLIC IN ENGLAND."

Further we could not decipher, albeit we much wished to learn the cognomens of our English Lamartines, Rollins, and Aragons.

The distributor of the announcements—(we must not say bill-sticker) was not to be seen: we had not courage to address any of the full-grown bearded republicans (for so our fancy painted them all) who carried them; but at last we met a little girl, some

seven or eight years old, who held one with seemingly no more concern or interest than she did her spelling-book; and from her, for the bribe of one halfpenny, the offer of which made the child open her eyes amazingly wide, we obtained the bill. Thus ran the opening paragraphs:—

“PROCLAMATION.

“A REPUBLIC IN ENGLAND.

“Fellow Countrymen!

“A retrograde monopoly has been overturned by the public spirit of two citizens!

“For centuries have ye groaned under the *high prices and inferior articles* of the clothiers of London. *A revolution* has however been effected by * * * *

“The complaints of the people have happily not been made in vain. They have secured a national and popular *clothing establishment* where excellence is combined with economy, in accordance with the rights, the progress, and the will of this great and generous nation.

“A Provisional Government at the call of the people has been invested with the care of organizing and securing the national pre-eminence in dress.

“The earliest fashions; the newest patterns; the best workmen; the finest fabrics; and the most finished modistes.

“Such is the Tailoring Establishment England owes to herself.

“MONOPOLY HAS ABDICATED.”

Hurrah for tailors! thought we. This is certainly a *cut* above common; the thing is *shaped* to a nicety; this *suits* the times exactly; and cannot but *suit* the people. And so, our immediate fears for our good Queen Victoria and her charming family being relieved, we fell into a reverie on tailoring, the oldest of the arts, the most useful of the crafts, and, if its professors may be believed, one of the most philosophical of the sciences. It is not long since we copied the following paragraph from a book called “The Tailor’s Philosophy,” a kind of scientific guide-book in the art of shaping, for the use of less enlightened members of the tailor brotherhood.

“What is science? We perhaps have a right to ask ourselves this question, that we may better understand a word which we so commonly use. Truth is the soul of science, and the object we search for, and ’tis by science that we find it. Then truth is demonstrated by a demonstrating power or system, which is called science, and which, in the beauty of its evidence, is a continual yielding of a knowledge of truth, in proportion to our knowledge of science itself. Science is a demonstrating medium to truth; and truth the effect of this demonstrating medium, by which it (the truth) is made known to us.”

After this

“Be dumb, ye ralers,

“And never but in honour, call out ‘Tailors!’”

It certainly is strange, considering the ancientness of the calling, the usefulness of the trade, that the

word Tailor should ever almost be considered as a term of reproach or contempt, in a way that is never thought of as regards a hosier, a shoemaker, or any other craftsman. “Why, he rides like a tailor!” is the sneering term of reproach applied to one not remarkable for skill or grace in the most noble art of horsemanship. “Why, you ninth part of a man, you tailor!” is generally thought sufficient to annihilate any body who has a grain of pride, or a particle of feeling; and Shakspeare addresses a tailor as if he were the embodiment of only the very smallest possible portion, the very minutest homœopathic dose of humanity.

“Thou thread,

“Thou thimble
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou moment.”

Taming of the Shrew.

Now, with all deference to Shakspeare and others, this is mistaken treatment. If pride of ancestry, if a long lineage be subject of boast, who has so much reason to be proud as the Cissor himself? yet is nothing more common than to hear him railed at as a smacking white-livered sort of animal, by those who look only on the surface of things,—and tailors. Their warlike qualifications none can deny

“For tho’ no swords they draw, no daggers shake,
Yet can their warriors a quietus make
With a bare bodkin;”

and whatever might be their weapons, history records an instance of their undaunted resolution. In 1226, 250 tailors fought in a pitched battle against an equal number of goldsmiths: many were killed and wounded on each side, but not a tailor’s son amongst ’em would “give in,” till the sheriffs, with the city *posse comitatus* apprehended the ringleaders, thirteen of whom were condemned and executed.

One of the greatest heroes of olden time, Sir John Hawkwood, better known as “John of the Needle,” was brought up on a tailor’s shop-board; but hurried on by an impulse too strong for resistance, he enlisted in the foreign wars, was distinguished by indomitable valour, received the honour of knighthood from the hands of our Black Prince, married the daughter of the Duke of Milan, lived in wealth and glory, and died in honour.

The very name of the tailors, their ancient name, is inspiring. “Linen Armourers” they were called: *armourers*! the very term fills you with glowing and heroic feelings; and though not so happy in his cognomen as the “falcon of the wood” to whose achievements we have just referred, is there one in a thousand unacquainted with that magnanimous brother of the craft who rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of Feeble?

“Shallow. Franch Feeble!
Feeble. Here, sir.
Falstaff. What trade art thou, Feeble?
Fee. A woman’s tailor, sir.
Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

(1) Sir John Hawkwood.

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fes. I will do my good will, you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, 'courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor."

Nor is the tailor's craft deficient in dignity; for no other trade can boast so much royal and noble blood. Well may it be a common observation, that

"His mien is noble, and bespeaks the tailor,"

when we find that no less than ten kings of England,¹ three princes, twenty-seven bishops, twenty-six dukes, forty-seven earls, eighty-one lords, and (*mirabile dictu!*) sixteen lord mayors have courted entrance into their brotherhood.

Many controversies have arisen between the tailors and the gardeners, as to the antiquity of their respective crafts; all other trades yielding precedence to these. The gardeners say that Adam practised their profession while in a state of innocence in Eden. This the tailors strenuously deny, and assert that until the *faux pas* of Eve, the happy pair lived completely in the style of a modern gentleman and his wife (with the exception of their not having separate establishments); that they did not so much as make their own beds (garden beds, of course) until after their expulsion from Paradise; and that consequently the fig-leaf apron was the product of their first manual labour. That this was an operation connected with the tailoring department, few can doubt.

Whether Adam actually put his hand to the manufacture of this garment, we cannot positively affirm. As far as we can judge from the premises submitted to us, we should rather incline to the opinion that he merely superintended the work; for in very early times it appears that this profession was chiefly exercised by women, as is evident from scriptural and classical passages. The loose and flowing garments of the ancient world would be work suited to the soft and taper fingers of the fair sex, when dresses were

"Tho' close, yet easy; decent, but not dull;
Short, but not scanty; without buckram, full."

But when, in the progress of fashion, the male animal began to encase his legs in those "indispensable requisites for gentlemen," those "continuations," to which modern delicacy forbids any thing more than the most distant allusion to be made; and when the tail, which Lord Monboddie asserts has been worn away from the dorsal region, began by human ingenuity to be appended to his upper vestment; and when the ladies, following the example of the lords of the creation, began to distort the proportions which nature had assigned to them, to squeeze in one part unnaturally, to inflate another, in fact to take Vestris rather than Venus as their model of female perfection, and to exchange the ease and grace which nature loves for the discomfort of starch and

stays, and frills, and furbelows, and hoops, and farthingales; then indeed the manifold plaitings and puckerings, necessary to be wrought in buckram and other almost impenetrable materials, became too much for female strength to accomplish, and the whole art of dress, with the exception of the finest embroideries, appears to have been committed to masculine fingers, as is evident from the frequent mention of "women's tailors," in works of that time.

That a tailor is only the ninth part of a man—or in other words, that it takes nine tailors to make a man; and that the most heroic of them, even the valiant Sir John Hawkwood himself, could only say that "The ninth part of Brutus struts in me,"—is an opinion diffused through the wide world. It is uncontroverted, and has been embraced, not by the ignorant and vulgar merely, but by some of the cleverest and best informed men. For instance, by Curran, the Irish barrister. He is known to have been a shrewd and clear-sighted man, and therefore his sentiments on the subject cannot but be received with respect. It is recorded that on a certain occasion, he was the much honoured guest of *eighteen* tailors; and on leaving the convivial circle after dinner, he made a low bow, saying very explicitly, "Gentlemen, I have the honour to wish you *both* good evening."

Though this will doubtless be considered, even by the most sceptical, as convincing proof of the truth of the adage, that it requires "nine tailors to make a man," still it hardly accounts satisfactorily for the circumstances. Some say it is because it requires nine tailors to build up a modern dandy; but that this is not the meaning is evident from the stress the proverb lays upon the word *man*: nine tailors make a *MAN*; here it is evident the word *man* is not used in its generic sense as denoting one of the human race; *homo*, a man, or a dandy, or a woman; but in the sense of *vir*—a real *bona fide* man.

The derivation of the word *tailor* is an awkward one; it is from *tailler* to cut, or prune, and is generally supposed to bear some reference to those prunings which gave origin to the now classical word, CABBAGE. This propensity to, or rather this innate necessity for cabbaging, which influences the tailor of all ages and countries, is said to have originated in a theft of a peculiar description committed by a tailor *on himself*. The incident is detailed very circumstantially, but too diffusely for quotation, in an old work, an *editio princeps*, which we have seen. Here the tailor makes an excursion to hell, as did Æneas before him, and there loses his *conscience*. So that cabbaging is really indispensable.

The Livery Companies of London, of which the Merchant Taylors is one of the most considerable and one of the most ancient, derive their origin from the old associations called Gilds. These were both ecclesiastical and secular; but with the secular ones were combined many religious observances, formerly rigidly adhered to.

The Fishmongers and the *Linen Armourers* obtained

(1) Edward III. and IV.: Richard II. and III.: Henry IV. V. VI. and VII.: Charles I. and James II.

the first charter, which was accorded to them by Edward the First.

The tailor and draper anciently went hand in hand, not merely as members of the same fraternity, but as equally contributing to furnish the necessary articles of clothing. The cissor, or tailor, made, as we have remarked before, both men's and women's apparel. In the time of Edward the First, the king, queen, prince, and the king's daughter, the countess of Holland, had each their separate cissor.

The original gild of this company is called in the ancient licences and confirmations granted to it, "Gilda Armurarij;" afterwards "Cissoribus et Armurij linearum armurata Civat. Lond;" "Fraternitate Cissorum;" "Scissoribus et Armurarij linearum Armurata, Mercatores, Scissores," &c.; names all arising from their being anciently both tailors and cutters; and also making the padding and interior lining of armour, as well as manufacturing garments. Their first licence is stated by Stowe to have been granted 28 Edward I., when they were confirmed by the name of "Taylors and Linen Armourers of the fraternity of St. John the Baptist."

DREAMS.

BY ANNABEL C—.

STEALING through the gate of sleep
With an ever restless motion,
Like the waves upon the ocean,
Visions o'er us creep.

Voices by us long unheard
To our wakeful souls appealing,
Reaching to the depths of feeling
By a single word.

Is it then our spirits meet
Really and with mystic union;
Hold again their lost communion,—
Lost, but oh! how sweet!

Does the grave resign its power?
Soaring up on spirit's pinion;
Do we hold in their dominion
Converse for the hour?

Do the well-loved absent come,
And in spirit truly meet us,
Coming joyfully to greet us
From some distant home?

There are they who made home fair,
The deep-loving, the true-hearted;
Then it seems we ne'er have parted,
Never left them there.

Is it then in sleep the soul
Leaves the idle body lying,
And to other regions flying
Mocks at its control?

If 'twere so, how bright the dream
That the friends we loved were near us,
Hov'ring o'er our sleep to cheer us,
Bright like summer beam;

Coming forth to light the sky
That hath been all darkly shrouded,
Brighter than with tempest clouded
Heaven around doth lie!

STORY OF A FAMILY.¹

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT a poem was the childhood of Ida! It is not to be described. It was like the growth of a flower in some woodland recess by the side of cool waters—free, peaceful, beautiful,—fostered by a thousand tender influences from sky, earth, and air—yet developing into perfect symmetry under the authority of an unchangeable, though invisible law.

It was well for Percy that he had such a friend as Mr. Becket, to direct rather than to restrain his ardour; otherwise, his brother's fears, that he would experimentalize a little too freely in the course of realizing his educational theories, might have proved not wholly without foundation. The good old man, being now quite incapable of performing his regular parochial duties, resigned his living, and consented to pass the remainder of his days with his former pupil. They chose a retired and very lovely spot on the coast of Cornwall, where a small fishing village stood in a perfect nest of wood between two sloping downs, which rose steeply on either side, and terminated in precipitous and irregular cliffs towards the sea. About half a mile from the hamlet stood a solitary house, which had been built for a whim by the owner of the neighbouring estates, and left unoccupied for some years; it was the only abode above the character of a cottage which the country possessed, for Sheldon, the nearest town, though not very distant by actual measurement, could not be reached without crossing the river which flowed through that pleasant valley, and boasted but a single bridge, some three miles from its debouchure into the sea. Percy at once purchased this house and the adjoining land, and speedily enclosed a large garden, extending to the extreme edge of the cliff and bounded there by a raised terrace-walk, half a mile in length, which commanded a magnificent view of the sea and the curved and rocky line of coast. On the right, the garden was joined by a wide and irregular extent of down, stretching as far as the river, on the opposite bank of which stood Sheldon; on the left its fence skirted the top of that green slope, beneath which the tiny village of Croye, embosomed in its trees, and pointing skywards with its slender white spire, looked like the perfect representation of peace. Several other fishing-villages were scattered along the coast at various distances, but they were all comprehended in the parish of Croye, which, small as it was, was yet the most considerable of them. The bending course of the river concealed the town from view, so that the seclusion of the place was complete; and when the first wonder at Croye-house having obtained a tenant had subsided, and gossip had done its worst, in surmising the causes of that tenant's resolute though

(1) Continued from page 260.

courteous withdrawal from the social civilities tendered to him, Percy was allowed to enjoy his solitude and indulge his dreams unmolested. Mr. Becket had at first questioned the wisdom of the scheme in some particulars, but it was not difficult to remove his objections.

"It is not," said Percy, "as though my *Ida* were to live here all her life, or even any considerable portion of it. A limit is fixed; at eighteen she is to be introduced into the world. I cannot help this: if I would, and I am by no means sure that I would if I could. But till that time she is my own. I am not going to impose upon her anything like *solitude*; with our poor neighbours I mean at once to establish as familiar and affectionate an intercourse as I can, and it will be hard if we cannot find some one among them near her own age, and sufficiently capable of refinement to be in some measure a companion. But her mind, her soul, her spirit—these shall be mine—and yours—and——" he looked reverently upward, and did not finish the sentence. After an instant's pause he resumed—"And, please God, we will make her literally as happy as the day is long; in childhood, at least, this may rightly be attempted, and may even succeed."

And they *did* succeed. Save by sympathy with the distressed around her, by penitence for childish errors, few and far between, by self-denials gently imposed and cheerfully accepted, the child *Ida* knew not a sorrow. As one soft note may swell gradually into the fulness of a perfect harmony, so did her infamy grow into girlhood, losing no grace, but developing all. Her manner of life was very simple and regular. Morning and evening were hallowed by worship in the village church; the intervening hours were occupied by study, by sports, by long rambles upon the sea-shore, and kindly visits among the poor inhabitants of Croye. Almost every moment of a life like this might be said, in one sense, to be a part of religious training; the more direct instructions which she received, were simply and briefly imparted by Mr. Becket, to whom also her tearful acknowledgments of faults committed, or duties forgotten, were made weekly, as a preparation for the Sunday services. She was most sedulously trained in a habit of reverence; at the name of God her young voice would falter, and her little hands involuntarily clasp upon each other, as if in momentary prayer. One room in the house was set apart, and never entered except for prayer, or religious reading and instruction; the walls of it were hung with a few copies from the finest old paintings, which, in imitation of the remembered habit of her innocent and lovely mother, she was taught on festive occasions to decorate with garlands of flowers. Here, sitting at the feet of her father and her venerable teacher, with her whole soul glistening in her upturned eyes, she received humbly such things as she was required to know and to believe, repeated with timid earnestness the lessons she had been taught, or listened, with glowing cheeks and beating heart, to records of holy men of old, "the

noble army of martyrs," "the goodly fellowship of prophets," "the glorious company of apostles," and of Him in and for Whom these all lived and died. If she needed punishment, which was very seldom, none was found so effectual as to exclude her for a season from this chamber; the severe penalty of prohibition to attend the church service was named as a warning, but never inflicted. In all her rewards and pleasures she was taught as far as possible to associate the poor around her; on feast days there was always an assembly of the village children at Croye-house, where it was *Ida's* delight to preside at the banquet, to distribute presents to the best conducted among her youthful guests, and to join in their games afterwards, which generally were concluded by a dance upon the lawn.

Percy's only difficulty was one which did not at first make itself felt, and which afterwards presented itself rather in the shape of a natural fear that some good might be missed, than as an observation that some evil had been incurred. He needed the help of a woman for the due training of a woman, and this he had not. An old servant, who had been house-keeper at Evelyn Manor in the days of his early childhood, who had refused to leave the family in their adversity, and had received with joyful gratitude her "darling Master Percy's" summons to come and preside over his present establishment, supplied this want during the first few years. She taught the little *Ida* needlework, superintended her toilette, helped her to learn her lessons, and initiated her into sundry august formalities, which were esteemed inviolable, which were certainly harmless, and which were *perhaps* (we speak with diffidence) unnecessary. The good lady either possessed naturally, or acquired in an atmosphere where it would have been difficult *not* to acquire it, a refinement above her station; and she was never obnoxious to her master, except when she expostulated with him concerning the rents and fissures produced in *Ida's* garments by certain racings and rompings which she deemed superfluous, or mildly withstood the awful suddenness with which he sometimes proposed an impossible picnic, basing her arguments upon the state of the larder, or the chronology of market days, whereby she rose into a region beyond his reach, and was therefore secure from refutation. She was honest, industrious, and warmly affectionate, and it was therefore not difficult to bear with her little faults of temper, especially as her love of management generally rather showed itself in the form of suggestion than of opposition. However, if Mr. Becket ever wanted to tease his friend and pupil, it was only necessary to allude to Mrs. Vickars's government of him as an established fact, and the thing was done. There was just enough truth in the accusation to make it unpalatable; it was, moreover, so utterly inconsistent with all Percy's theories that it should be true, that he never could suffer it to pass without elaborately justifying himself, in the course of which justification some admission seldom failed to escape him, which strengthened his adversary's

hands. One fact was certainly remarkable, considering the lofty independence which he professed. He never changed the dinner-hour if he could help it. When such a change was unavoidable, he generally conveyed the intimation of it to Mrs. Vickers through another servant, and went out for a walk immediately afterwards.

Ida's capacity for art was perhaps the faculty which received more assiduous cultivation than any other, and which repaid it most abundantly. She was taught music before she began her alphabet. At first, and indeed for some years, she learned solely by ear. When quite an infant, her father would place her on his knee and play to her simple melodies on the organ or piano; after a while he began to accustom her to distinguish notes, and detect intervals by their sound alone. This was a species of game, and in time she became quite expert, her ear being thus trained to a very uncommon accuracy and delicacy. Then first her own little hands were placed on the instrument, and carefully guided for a while lest she should unconsciously grow accustomed to discords of her own producing. At seven years old, when she began the study of music in the ordinary manner, she could already play by ear any easy tune that was sung to her, and even accompany it with some of the simpler harmonies. Art was in Percy's view a great and mysterious instrument in the elevation of the human being; it was man's creation (let this be reverently understood, coupled with the unfailing acknowledgment, that the creative power is from above), wherein he is suffered to repair, half by instinct, half by labour, the disorders which the Fall has wrought in God's visible work, and to symbolize, if he cannot produce, perfection. That this instrument should be abused to the service of Satan, and should then become one of the deadliest weapons in the armoury of evil, seemed to him but one among many illustrations of that great law by which privileges are associated with dangers, and gifts with responsibilities.

Is it necessary to understand these things, in order to believe in them? Do we refuse to walk because we know not how the will acts upon the muscles? Life is a climbing, upwards by the help of unseen hands; if we reject those invisible assistants, we are scorning the ministry of angels, and we must needs remain upon the earth, from which they wait to raise us.

But here again, as time went on, Percy began to feel a deficiency. He wanted his child to obtain a perfect mastery over the material of her art, and he himself had neither deep science nor manual dexterity. The idea of a governess once or twice passed across his mind, and was very hastily dismissed. He shrank from it inexpressibly, yet the arguments in its favour were so unanswerable, that he did not like to consider them, and was quite afraid of consulting Mr. Becket. Sheldon was the only other resource; Ida was in the habit of going there once a-week under Mrs. Vickers's decorous chaperonage, to receive a lesson in dancing; if he could find any one there whom he thought competent, she might learn music also. But this scheme

offered no solution of his other difficulty; the want of feminine co-operation and superintendence in the training of his darling. He was getting seriously uneasy. He questioned himself sternly whether his scruples were selfish, and on this point could not be quite satisfied. There was the certainty of much discomfort to himself, the doubt of good being eventually attained, the risk of harm to Ida, whose young character was bright and delicate as the wing of a butterfly, capable of irreparable injury (so he feared) from one incautious touch. Then he began to fear that the difficulty foreseen by Alexander was really coming to pass; his theory was failing, and proving impracticable. Yet, if so, he must have unconsciously departed from his own principle. He was pacing the terrace in the glorious twilight of a July evening, weighing and re-weighing all these harassing thoughts, and secretly despising himself for the cowardice which he would not confess even to himself, and which prevented him from at once seeking his usual counsellor, and abiding by his decision. The sun had dived beneath the far edge of the broad calm sea, the sky overhead was a vast canopy of pale lustrous blue; on the western horizon rose a heavy battlement of dark cloud, all penetrated and transformed by the rose-coloured light, and occasionally sending forth a momentary and harmless flash; in the clear heaven above, the moon stood round and white, like a ball of silver. Percy stood still, and dreamily watched the passage of a sea-gull that was skimming the surface of the water; he saw the edge of its beautiful wing, a pure dead white in the shadow, crystal in the moonbeams, and radiant crimson as it crossed the blaze left by the departed sun.

"Beautiful in itself," said he, half unconsciously, "and so beautiful in all aspects and under all changes. But if the wing itself were broken or stained, neither sun, moon, nor shadow could restore it. *Now* it makes each circumstance into a new adornment—*then*—but, God forbid!" The voice of Ida broke his reverie; she came bounding along the terrace like a young greyhound, her golden curls still, as formerly, floating all unconfined about her shoulders, her dress white, her face full of bright innocent eagerness. She was now just eleven years old.

"The post, papa, a letter!" cried she, holding it forth, but catching him by both hands as she presented it, "only don't read it, please, quite yet. I have something to say of *such* consequence—there is something I wish so very much to do."

"Well, my darling, don't lose a minute; never mind stopping to take breath—now then, what is it?"

"It is not a joke, dear papa, it is something quite real. There is that lady, that pale young lady in a black dress, who has come to live at Croye; I am sure you know who I mean, because she comes to church every day, and you said how beautifully she sang."

"Yes, I remember,—what of her?"

"Every day directly after service she goes away," continued the panting Ida, "I do not know where;

but she always goes past the gate of the garden; I have seen her very often, and she comes back the same way in the evening. And she lodges at Grace Turner's, down close by the sea side; and I think she is very poor. And, you see, she cannot buy flowers for herself, and Mrs. Vickars won't let me give her some." Here Ida's voice faltered, and her eyes became decidedly "more bright than clear."

"But, my dear child—"

"Oh! papa, please don't say 'but' till I have explained. I have not explained it yet—may I tell you some more before you say what I am to do?"

"Yes, yes, pray let me have the full explanation," returned her father, putting his arm round her slight waist. "At present I own I am a good deal bewildered. Is it always right to give flowers to poor people when they lodge close by the sea-side? And what has Mrs. Vickars to do with it?"

Ida laughed.

"The reason is," said she, trying to speak very sedately, "that she has a little tiny box along the edge of her room window, with some mignonette in it; and I could see inside when I was down on the sands, and I saw two flowerpots, I did indeed, papa, and one of them had some pinks in it, and the other had a dead rose tree. I am sure she was so sorry when that rose tree died. And when she goes past every day, she always has a pink or a little bit of mignonette in her dress, and when she comes back in the evening it is always quite faded. And I am sure she is very poor, because her dress looks very old, and I saw three darns in it—only you don't know what darns are, papa—but they are very tiresome mendings when anything is torn. And I gathered such a beautiful nosegay—look here, all out of my own garden; roses and pinks, and stocks, and jessamine, and verbena, and a great many more. And I was waiting for her, because it is nearly the time that she always comes, and I was going to run out at the gate and give it to her, and Mrs. Vickars says I must not. She says that you don't visit her, and I mustn't introduce myself; and so, papa, I was thinking if you would just visit her only once, you know, it would not be a great deal of trouble, and then I might always do it afterwards. And I never meant to introduce myself, or say anything about who I am; I wanted her never to know; I meant to run out quick and give her the flowers without saying a word, and come back again just as if I was a fairy. Grace Turner believes in fairies, I know, and perhaps this lady does too; so I thought perhaps she might really think I *was* a fairy."

Percy did not think such a supposition quite impossible.

"Oh papa, papa!" exclaimed Ida, as he paused, "the time must be so nearly come, and I shall be too late."

He kissed her forehead and released her from his arm. "You may go, darling," said he. "Say nothing to Mrs. Vickars. I will explain it to her."

Rapidly returning his kiss, Ida was gone even more quickly than she came; and her father having looked

after her for a minute in smiling silence, proceeded to open his letter, which was from the fair Melissa, and ran as follows:—

"Evelyn Manor, July 3, —"

"MY DEAR PERCY,—Ellenor wishes me to write to you to explain her very long silence; she has been in trouble at home, and you know poor dear Ellenor is not one of those who can exert herself under the immediate pressure of sorrow. She is always amiable—but quite a child where strength is required. Poor Frederick has a terrible inflammation in the eyes, and the doctors fear it will end in blindness. I do not know how it first began, but I suppose it was a cold, and they did not take alarm soon enough; he is just entered at Oxford, you know, and I fancy boys are grievously neglected at colleges. It often happens that those who are most anxious in trifles are the slowest to open their eyes when there is real cause for fear; and so I suppose poor Ellenor fancied it would all go well, till it was too late. Now she is taking him to London for the best advice; but I fear, from what I hear, the evil has gone too far to be checked. I only hope, poor dear creature! she will not reproach herself for not having attended sooner to his very delicate constitution. I have long been quite sure that there was some latent disease. The emotions which this affliction to my beloved sister and her child awaken in me, may be felt but cannot be described. I doubt whether he feels more from the loss of eyesight, than I feel from thinking of his loss. To one who derives such exquisite delight as I do from the contemplation of nature in all her varying moods—the majestic sun, the timid moon, the glowing stars, it seems scarcely conceivable what life must be without the organ upon which all these glories depend. I trust under this grievous trial they will succeed in inducing Godfrey to conduct himself more amiably towards his brother. That boy is in himself a great trial to poor dear Ellenor, though she doats upon him so much, that I fear her over-indulgence is one great obstacle to his improvement. He is of a most violent and haughty temper, poor fellow! He needs a father to maintain proper discipline with him, and between ourselves (only, of course, you will not repeat this), it is said there is some probability that he will not need one long. Dear Ellenor was always the sort of person with whom emotions were rather transient, you know; and there is a Mr. Tyrrel, a former friend of General Aytoun's, now an attaché to the Portuguese Embassy, and home on leave of absence, who seems both willing and able to console her. He is a good deal younger than herself; and it is said that he has not been very steady, but I dare say that is all ill-nature. He came with an introduction to us, and seemed very anxious to be intimate; but he was not the sort of person to suit me at all, and I am afraid I rather distanced him. You know it is my way to be over-sincere. However, I hope poor dear Ellenor will make up to him for all rebuffs."

"Dear John is quite well. He is entirely engrossed by his country pursuits as magistrate and

farmer; he is growing very stout, and persists in a diet which I cannot help thinking is a little too generous. The acquaintance he has formed here do not suit me very well; indeed, there is not one congenial person. They are people without refinement—it is all the happier for them—they do not know what it is to be morbid, and to need consolation. I spend my quiet life in study in my humble way, music, and the love of nature. But, dearest Percy, it has occurred to me that your sweet Ida is now growing old enough to require female care and companionship, and I fancy that, under your eye, I might be competent to take charge of her education. John is now quite the old bachelor, and does not need the delicate supervision of a woman in his establishment; indeed, I often painfully feel that I am *in his way*. I could *never* feel this with you. If you would like it, therefore, I am quite ready to come and share your peaceful retirement. My health does not allow me to enter into much society, and your quiet lovely seaside home would just suit me. I send a lock of my hair to my dear little niece, as I think she may like to wear it in a brooch or ring; if you will have one made, and let me know the price, I will pay you when we meet. I hope you will write to me very soon; my heart has always beaten in unison with yours, and I feel it now more than ever. With best love and many fond kisses to my charming little Ida, and kind regards to that dear respectable Mr. Becket, (how old he must be growing!) believe me to remain, my dearest Percy,

"Your most attached and affectionate Sister,]"

"MELISSA LEE.

"P.S. I find both John and Ellenor are writing a few lines, so enclose their notes."

From MR. JOHN LEE.

"Dear Percy,—I have scarcely time to write a line, as there is a fellow come up out of Norfolk who has a very ingenious new manner of dibbling wheat, and I am to take a lesson of him, and I am afraid of being late for my appointment. I wish you could see this place—it is so improved; I am taking the best care of it that I can, for my pretty little niece. I don't quite know how Melissa is writing to you, but I think it is as well to let you know that she and I have had a little bit of a tiff. It was all my fault—I was always stupid about managing with women. This was how it happened. She walked five miles the other day to call upon Lady Mauleverer, for the chance of being sent back in the carriage; however, no carriage came, so she walked back again, and in the evening she was just as usual. The next day my good friend Tom Davis—he was a navy captain and is now retired on half-pay—came over here to plan a little pic-nic. There are two or three sweet girls staying in the neighbourhood, and they wanted Melissa for a chaperon, and I don't know how it is, but she never likes being invited as a chaperon. However, I forgot this dislike of hers; and when I heard her declining on the score of not being equal to the fatigue, and they were all going in

carriages, and were not to walk above a mile and a half at the outside, in I came and reminded her of her ten miles walk of the day before, and how well she was after it, and so forth. It vexed her very much, and she has been angry with me ever since; she says it was not so much *what* I said as *the manner in which* I said it which hurt her; but it really was nothing in the world but a blunder, for I thought she had forgotten it and would be glad to be reminded. However, she is a good soul, and will soon forgive me, I dare say; I only mention it lest she should have said something a little hasty, and you should fancy that we have quarrelled. Poor Ellenor—I can't trust myself to write of her. She is off for town to-morrow morning. Kiss the little beauty for me, and say everything that is kind and respectful to my dear old tutor.

"Your affectionate brother,

"JOHN LEE."

The second enclosure was very brief.

"My dearest Percy.—Melissa has written to you for me. I *really could not*. I know how you will feel for us. Pray for me—I am so *very* weak. This dear boy's patience (which never fails *for a moment*) overpowers rather than strengthens me. Oh! if it would please God to afflict me instead of him! I will write from London, as soon as I know anything for certain. Love to my little Ida.

"Yours most affectionately,

"ELLENOR ATTOUN."

With these letters in his hand, Percy went direct to Mr. Becket. "You know," said he, as his friend finished their perusal, "it is quite impossible."

"Impossible—what?" was the answer. "About Frederick?"

"I am still the most selfish person on the face of the earth," cried Percy, colouring. "I was thinking of Melissa's suggestion—most kindly intended, doubtless; and—and—it will be rather difficult to decline it with sufficient decision—but I *have* quite made up my mind to decline it *very* decidedly."

He spoke somewhat uneasily; and, but for the melancholy nature of the news just received, Mr. Becket could almost have laughed at his dilemma. They discussed the contents of the packet for a little while, and then Mr. Becket said,

"Curiously enough, while you were out, I had a visit from our friend Mr. Gray, the rector of Croye, the purport of which may, perhaps, remove some of your difficulties. He came to recommend a musical instructress for Ida; a young widow lady, in reduced circumstances, who has lately taken lodgings in the village, and who gives lessons in Sheldon. Her taste for retirement brought her here, and she is a regular frequenter of the Church services. He thinks her abilities very unusual, and told me one trait of her which I greatly like—namely, that on hearing that you were about to present an organ to the church, she offered her services as organist *gratuitously*; a thought which, coming from a person who earns her bread by her own exertions, has some grace."

"We will make her acquaintance," said Percy. "I suspect Ida has already forestalled us: Well, my fairy, what of your mysterious stranger?"

"Oh! papa," cried Ida, who entered at that moment, "she was so pleased—only she did not think I was a fairy at all; and she would not let me run away; but held me, and made me tell her who I was, and thanked me so much, that somehow, I found I couldn't say anything; and so, I'm afraid she thought me very stupid."

"Will you like to go with me to-morrow, and call upon her?" inquired Percy.

"I don't know," said Ida. "I should like to know her, very much. She is very beautiful, only pale and grave; she looks like a marble statue with black eyes. And she has such a deep, sweet voice—like F on the organ, so clear and steady. Only, if you think she will thank me any more, I would rather stay away. I do not know why it is so unpleasant to be thanked, for I wanted to give her pleasure; and I suppose she did it to show that she was pleased; but, you know, she could have done that quite as well by looking at the flowers, and smelling them; and I should have liked it a great deal better."

The projected visit was paid the next day, and Ida had the satisfaction of seeing her bouquet, in undiminished freshness, duly installed in the place of the faded rose-tree. She pressed her father's hand to draw his attention to the fact, but did not venture even to glance towards it herself, lest she should inauspiciously give occasion for the renewal of her unknown friend's painful gratitude.

Mrs. Chester, for such was the lady's name, was certainly a singular and interesting person. She could not be more than twenty-four years old; her figure was tall and distinguished-looking, stately even in her shabby mourning; and the plain border of her widow's cap set off to much advantage a marked but beautiful profile. The curved delicate nostril and short upper lip, the small head rising so gracefully from the symmetrical shoulders, the slender hand and exquisitely proportioned foot, all seemed to bespeak an aristocracy of origin strangely at variance with her present circumstances, which bore every token of the extremest poverty;—at variance, too, in some respects with her manner, which, though refined, was embarrassed and constrained; suggesting the idea either of inexperience in society of a good class, or of a natural shyness so strong that no experience could be sufficient to conquer it. Her hair and eyebrows were jet black, her complexion of that clear, pale whiteness which is sometimes seen in brunettes, and her eyes, which Ida had imagined of the same colour as her hair, were in reality of a dark blue gray, somewhat restless, very melancholy, and occasionally flashing with a fire too brilliant and too sudden to be altogether pleasing. Perfect melody of voice, and a smile of rare captivity, contradicted an expression which would otherwise have been almost repulsive, in spite of her remarkable beauty. She received her visitors rather stiffly, and, in reply to Percy's first courtesies, expressed, quite

unmistakeably, her desire for complete retirement. He apologized for his intrusion by saying that he had understood that she gave lessons in music, and was seeking an instructress for his little girl.

Mrs. Chester glanced at Ida, and her face softened, and her whole deportment changed.

"I shall be very happy to give lessons to Miss Lee," she replied; "that is," she added, checking herself, "provided; of course, that you are satisfied with my powers."

He looked involuntarily round the room. "I have no instrument," said she, very quietly, "but I will give you references to my pupils at Sheldon, and I shall be happy to play and sing to you at any time that you like to appoint."

Percy felt no encouragement to prolong the interview, and shortly afterwards took his leave, saying that she should hear from him. He subsequently ascertained from Mr. Gray, that Mrs. Chester had been introduced to him through the medium of an old and perfectly trustworthy friend, who had vouched for her respectability, but said that she had been singularly unfortunate, and that she wished for profound seclusion. Thus relieved, he invited her to Croye-house, and soon discovered that her musical abilities were of the first order, and had received the highest cultivation; her voice alone—a contralto, clear, sustained, and thrilling as a horn—would have qualified her for a much higher post than that of teacher in a small country town like Sheldon. Ida was enraptured. It was to her a perfectly new pleasure; and it required the full exercise of her habitual submissiveness, to keep her from spending her whole time at the piano. Mrs. Chester's cold and languid manner kindled gradually under the influence of her fascinating little pupil. She quitted the ordinary school instruction with which she had begun, and played to her some of the finest compositions. One day she played Beethoven's *Sonata pathétique*. Ida stood by the instrument, her lovely childish face reflecting, as it were, the emotions which the performer called forth; her cheeks varying; her eyes glistening, filling, and finally overflowing with quick tears, of which truly she knew not the cause. Mrs. Chester broke off in the middle of the *adagio*, and, suddenly clasping her in her arms, kissed her passionately; then turning back to the piano, with a half laugh at her own vehemence, she resumed, not, however, where she had left off, but at the final *rondo*, which she played with a force and an *abandon* positively overpowering. From that day, strange as it may appear, there arose between the mistress and the pupil a sentiment which, notwithstanding the difference of age and temperament, we can call by no other name than friendship. Towards Ida Mrs. Chester was never cold, though her manner still vibrated rather fitfully between languor and impetuosity, habitual melancholy and occasional vivacity. For Ida she displayed her talents; she was a good linguist, and a great reader—especially in imaginative literature; and Percy found her educational assistance so valuable, that he availed himself of it more and more,

till she had gradually established herself as daily governess to his darling. The closest vigilance, and not a few misgivings on his part, preceded and accompanied this step; Mrs. Chester became, unconsciously, the subject of many an anxious examination. Much he could not elicit, for there was a reserve about her which the most pertinacious inquirer could not have succeeded in penetrating; nevertheless, her blameless and regular life, and a certain nobleness and elevation of sentiment—expressions of which occasionally escaped her, as it were, in spite of herself—entitled him that Ida was not likely to derive harm from close intercourse with her, carried on under his own eye and that of Mr. Becket, whose great age, though slowly but surely taking from him bodily strength, had not seemed to cast one shadow upon the clear, bright surface of intellect and spirit. There was no process of ruin in that calm decay. Rather was he like the figure in the Etruscan tomb, which stood with outline unimpaired, hues undimmed, and proportions unmarred—seen, one moment in all its original stateliness and perfection, the next, at the opening of a door, ready to crumble into undistinguishable dust.

Percy answered Melissa's letter, kindly but resolutely declining her proposal; and giving, at the same time, so vivid a picture of the profound seclusion in which he lived, that it greatly diminished her inclination to come and share it. The next letter which he received from his family contained the intelligence that Frederick was hopelessly blind.

CHAPTER IV.—LAYING A TRAIN.—A CONTRAST.

"In every face," says Coleridge, "there is either a history or a prophecy, which should sadden, or at least soften, the heart of the reflecting observer." It must have been a very tender heart indeed that would have melted at the aspect of Mr. Lee senior's face, as he sat upright in his easy chair opposite to his son, while his daughter Florence presided over the breakfast-table. The expression was hard and dry when we first saw it, and it has been hardening and drying for twelve years since then. There is the high, smooth, bald forehead, with its air of benign imperturbableness; the narrow, thoughtful, never-kindling eyes; the gentlemanly nose, rising somewhat abruptly at the bridge, and compressed at the nostrils; the thin, tightly-closed, but rather wide mouth, drooping at the corners; and the square, obstinate chin. The whole face expresses, in the highest degree, that asceticism of the intellect which is, perhaps, the most repulsive aspect of humanity. Even the extravagances (if such there be) of spiritual self-denial are lovely and venerable, because they speak of the subjection of the body to the heart and soul, which are the higher part of man's nature, and suggest that *Beyond* to which man's nature can never except by self-denial attain. But the subjection of the body to the mere mind, and that mind of the earth, earthy, whose end and aim are in the present, is simply hateful; and the

power achieved by this misuse of noble instruments differs in degree only, and not in kind, from that which we attribute to Satan. Intellect, be it remembered—that is, pure, dry, unimaginative intellect, "the vase of cold water"—is *the one* of the Divine instruments which may be turned to evil purposes without degenerating in itself by the misapplication. The intellect of Mephistophiles is as perfect as his wickedness.

Mr. Lee sat upright in his easy chair—he never indulged in unnecessary repose, either of mind or body—and, from behind the folds of the newspaper which he held in his hand, watched, with a kind of pompous stealthiness, the looks and gestures of his son. The latter was a young man of two-and-twenty, unexceptionably dressed, and distinguished by all that elaborate effeminacy of deportment which a certain class of young men of the present day assume, in the hope, we suppose, that it may be considered as the veil cast by modesty over an inconvenient excess of the manly virtues. He spoke with a drawl (not with a lisp, as dandies invariably do in books, and nowhere else), walked with a mitigated swagger, and stood about rooms in attitudes. His features were regular, aristocratic, and slightly supercilious; he had an abundance of fair hair, which his enemies called sandy; and he was fully six feet high. In his countenance, languid as it was, the physiognomist might have detected signs of an understanding as subtle as that of his father; and more powerful; but its predominant expression was a kind of cool, inexorable ease, which seemed to say, "You may assail me as you like—by argument, persuasion, or reproach—you will make nothing of me. I *may* sulk, perhaps, if you are very pertinacious; but that is the only effect you will produce." At the present moment it appeared that somebody *had* been sufficiently pertinacious to drive him to the extremity of sulking; for a most forbidding scowl disfigured his handsome features, and he seemed to have made a vow of silence, though his dignified observance thereof was somewhat impaired by the fact that nobody spoke to him.

The third of this attractive group was Florence, the only sister of the sublime Alexander. We are sorry to apply the epithet "clumsy" to a young lady, but we fear that no other could adequately describe her. She was immensely tall, and disproportionately large, with a thick waist, and huge hands and feet. Her features were insignificant; her expression dull and heavy, her bearing a stoop, her walk a shambling; a Devi and a Camille united would have failed to impart the smallest grace to her figure, or to soften the hopeless vulgarity of a face which had absolutely nothing to recommend it. Her brother treated her with undisguised contempt,—her father with ill-concealed impatience; her life was a continuous and unsuccessful struggle to avoid rebuke. Indeed, how could she avoid it when every gesture was an offence against the laws of elegance and fashion? while the persons whose object it was to bring her under the dominion of that august code visited every violation

of it upon her with unsparing harshness, partly in the vain hope of effecting an improvement, partly to make up to themselves for useless labour by indulging the natural irritation of temper consequent upon failure. She was, apparently, as slow in mind as she was awkward in body; condemned to an incessant *drill* of both, she had acquired facility in the exercise of neither. No labour could teach her rebellious tongue to frame itself to French n's and German gutturals; three hours' daily practice had only sufficed to make her a murderous and violent wrestler with musical impossibilities; and the woful *cadenzas* which her restive voice had, by hard driving, been compelled to achieve, were like nothing upon earth but a street-organ in a state of delirium. Her mother was the only member of the family who treated her with a sort of slothful goodnature; but her mother was a confirmed invalid, and never stirred from the sofa in her boudoir except for a daily airing. Into that boudoir Florence was rarely admitted, for the nerves of its occupant were irritable and delicate, and the key in which poor Florence's voice was pitched was enough to make them tremble for an hour afterwards; moreover, the doors always slammed when she shut them, her shoes always creaked, and she never turned round without throwing something down. To complete her misfortunes, she had been a very pretty child, and her parents had fully intended that she should be a beauty, and should make a "*grand parti*," so that in some far corner of her misty brain there was a bright spot of memory, where caresses, and praise, and gentle tones, and all the thousand kindly seemings of love, must have greeted her like impossible phantoms in some unforgotten childish dream. Perhaps it was not wonderful that her temper should be sour, and her affections weak and cold.

"Alexander," said Mr. Lee, after he had allowed to his son what he considered a sufficient time for indulging and recovering from his uncomfortable mood, "do you know that your cousin Ida is seventeen to-day?"

Alexander quietly took up the newspaper which his father had laid down, and immersed himself in politics.

"One year more," proceeded Mr. Lee, either not perceiving, or determined not to notice his son's discourtesy, "one year more, and the independence which you so greatly desire will be ready to drop into your hands, if you will only take the trouble of stretching them out."

"Ah, Florence!" said Alexander, "here is the account of Persiani in the *Sommambula*;—you had a loss, I assure you; her last *fortuna* was exquisite. I will give it you as a subject for practice."

"Alexander!—Did you hear me?" inquired the elder gentleman, in a tone of grave upbraiding.

"Now Florence, attend," said the son; and in a feeble, but delicate falsetto, he executed an elaborate passage with perfect self-possession, repeating the last phrase, after he had finished it, to enforce a particular accentuation.

"Thank you," said Florence, crossly; "but I

assure you I have quite enough to do to practise for Signor Scappa without learning any extra lessons. Besides, how am I to know that you sang it correctly?"

"How are you to know, indeed, my dear!" returned her brother; "for assuredly your ear won't help you to decide the question. Do you ride to-day, sir?"

Mr. Lee's face flushed crimson. "I will not be treated with this open disrespect!" cried he.

Alexander put up his eyebrows, and looked inquiringly, as much as to say, "You won't?—well—what then?"

"I insist upon receiving the common attention due from a son to a father," said Mr. Lee; "your behaviour is insolent,—absolutely insolent,—I will not endure it!"

"Florence, my dear!" said Alexander, in a quiet compassionating tone, with a slight gesture towards his father, implying that he was not exactly fit company for a young lady at that moment; "I think you had better go up stairs!"

"I have not done my breakfast!" replied Florence, with manifest dissatisfaction.

Mrs. Lee's bell rang. "Go directly, Florence!" said her father; "I have something to say to your brother."

Florence rose sullenly, and moved towards the door.

"Do, for heaven's sake, child, try to hold yourself a little less awkwardly!" exclaimed Mr. Lee, who, for good and sufficient reasons, never vented his wrath on his son, save when tried beyond all power of endurance; "Will nothing break you of that unfortunate poke? There—put down your cup and saucer—Saunders shall bring you your breakfast up stairs, if that very masculine appetite of yours is not yet satisfied. Don't drink your tea while I am speaking to you, I beg!—it is most disrespectful;—put the cup on the table, and let me see if you can walk across the room a little less like a cow in a farm-yard!"

Florence coloured painfully during this address, with a mixture of anger and shame, and being somewhat bewildered, contrived to overset the cream-jug in obeying orders and placing her cup on the table.

"Upon my honour, Florence, you are the most inconceivably *gauche* person that I ever encountered!" cried her brother, drawing hastily back from the dangerous neighbourhood; "really, you ought to keep the width of the room between you and civilized human creatures; one is never safe within a hundred yards of you."

"It is almost past endurance!" said Mr. Lee, indignantly, as the offender escaped from the room.

"Really," observed Alexander, "that girl's awkwardness is positively pitiable. It is difficult to believe that she does not do it on purpose; nevertheless, I do seriously think," he added, reflectively, "that she can't help it. She is a blunder of Nature:—I am sure, sir, I feel for you when I look at her!"

Mr. Lee scarcely knew how to encounter his son, who well understood and skilfully used his advan-

tage. He was aware that his father's whole ambition was set upon his marrying his cousin Ida, and so obtaining possession of the family property. This fair scheme would be frustrated at once by a fit of waywardness on the young man's part, therefore Mr. Lee, who found to his cost that he had reared in him a will stronger than his own, was forced to the bitter expedient of soothing his humour, and avoiding, as far as possible, an open outbreak. The present difference had arisen out of Alexander's determination to have his allowance raised,—a plan which his father had strenuously resisted, and to which he had not yet yielded. An angry dispute had been the consequence, and now Mr. Lee sought a loophole for concession, without irreparably destroying his own authority,—a means of compromise which his son was determined not to afford him. The scene which ensued was not pleasing, and need not be recorded. At its conclusion the young man strolled forth to his day's amusement with a smile of triumph on his lips. It was not that he had obtained, or even sought to obtain the money for which he originally sued; on the contrary, he had baffled all his father's attempts to return to the subject, risen somewhat abruptly from the table, and quitted the room, turning in the door-way to say, with an air of nonchalance,—“And so, my cousin Ida is seventeen to-day!—Well, it matters very little to me: I would rather live on a crust than be dependent on my wife, though she brought me the riches of Croesus.”

When Mr. Lee was left alone, the passion which he had been so laboriously repressing vented itself in a gesture of impotent wrath. He stretched forth his clenched hands and shook them, as though in actual encounter with some unseen foe; then shaking his head with a half smile at his own vehemence, he rose, and twice paced the length of the room with deliberate step and upcast eyes. He felt himself so keenly to be the outraged father, that he was for the moment almost pious, and his views of reverence, duty, and obedience, were altogether changed. “He will drive me to it!”—such were the words that passed through his mind, as he paused before an escritoire and laid his hand upon the key—“he will drive me to it. Yet it is a tremendous risk. Well, what matter! Better, as he said himself, better lose *all* than be dependent on a heartless, undutiful, rebellious son.” He opened the drawer, took out Mr. Clayton Lee's Will, of which it will be remembered that he had demanded a copy, and sitting down, for the hundredth time perused it, bringing all the energies of his mind to bear upon one particular part. The result appeared to be satisfactory; he replaced the will and locked the drawer; but afterwards paused twice in his passage across the room, as though he could not satisfy his mind of the expediency of the step which he was about to take. Perhaps he never would have taken it at all, save for the accumulated irritation of temper which had this morning overflowed its limits. He rang the bell, ordered his horse, and rode forth, stopping at the Albany, where he inquired if Lord Sylvester was visible. The answer was in the affir-

mative, and flinging the bridle to his groom he ran up stairs, and was speedily admitted into the presence of his lordship, a remarkably handsome man, of about twenty-five, whose black curls and almost feminine brilliancy of complexion had established his reputation in the circle wherein he moved as “the first lady-killer” of the day. From the brief colloquy which passed between them, it was evident that the handsome marquess's affairs were in a state of hopeless disorder, and that Mr. Lee had been serviceable to him in assisting to defer the evil day for a little while. His good offices, it will be understood, had been tendered merely in the way of friendship; the late marquess, a college friend, had made him trustee to his son's property, and though relieved from the responsibility some years since, he had since been a useful and agreeable counsellor to the young lord, helping him out of scrapes when he could, and not troubling him with any objectionable morality or offensive principle. It might be observed, however, that his present tone was highly discouraging; details were obtruded before the spendthrift's unwilling eyes, which he had never before been compelled to contemplate, and it was with a face of most unwonted gravity that he pronounced his courteous “good morning” as the lawyer rose to depart.

“Hillo! Lee—stop a minute—here, come back, will you, and see what you've dropped!”

Mr. Lee's foot was on the stairs, but he returned at this sudden summons, and the young man, with an air of laughing mischief, presented him with a piece of silver paper, open, and containing a long bright tress of the softest golden hair.

“Upon my honour, Lee, it is very pretty,” said he; “I didn't give you credit for so much taste. Pray, who is the lady, if it be not impertinent to ask?”

“A little niece of mine, who will one day, I hope, be my daughter,” replied Mr. Lee. “A great prize, I assure your lordship, for she will be one of the first heiresses in England.”

“Is she as pretty as her hair?” inquired his lordship.

“She *was* when I last saw her,” was the answer; “she was as lovely a little creature as I ever beheld. She is seventeen to-day, and owing to a strange romantic fancy of her father's has been educated in profound retirement, and is not to be introduced to her future bridegroom till she is eighteen. I assure you, my mind often misgives me that some fortunate man will carry off the prize in the interval.”

“I protest,” cried Lord Sylvester with sudden animation, “I think your fears are uncommonly well founded. Seventeen, a beauty, and a great heiress—pray, where is this paragon to be found?”

“Oh, my lord, that is the last thing I should think of telling you; you are the very person to steal a march. I am afraid of you,—I frankly confess that I am afraid of you. You are too good a shot to be an old sportsman's favourite companion.”

Sylvester laughed heartily, and twisted the tip of his black moustache round his finger. “Well,” said he, “I commend your caution. But remember, I give you fair warning. I shall find out. You know

me pretty well by this time, and you know if I set my fancy upon a thing I don't easily give it up. Why, I was just dying of ennui and sheer exhaustion, and here is a positive novelty—in other words, you have done the impossible for my amusement. My dear Lee, I shall be indebted to you all my life, and I seriously advise you, as a friend, to set a treble fence of thorns round the castle of this unknown beauty, for, you may rely upon it, the true prince will find his way in, after all."

Mr. Lee joined the laugh. "To show you how little I fear your lordship in earnest," said he, "I will let you see her picture if you will dine with me to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" reiterated the young man, "I really should be very happy, but by that time, you know, I shall be half-way on my road to—where did you say that your brother lived?"

"Not so easily caught!" rejoined the lawyer, "I wish you a very good morning."

As Mr. Lee walked down stairs it would have been difficult to interpret the expression of his face. There was a mixture of triumph, doubt, fear, excitement, and discontent. He pressed the palms of his hands together, ejaculating gently, "It's done! It's done!" and then added mentally, "and, after all, I need not make myself uneasy. It *may* produce no result whatever—but if it works—and if I am right—and *I should* know something of law by this time)—why, a great injustice will be undone—that's all."

He had not miscalculated the effect of his few words; he knew right well the nature of the man with whom he had to deal, and he had chosen his moment admirably. Lord Sylvester was on the brink of ruin, and could scarcely object to the fetters whose golden links should save him from the fall. Moreover he had a spice of romance in his character, and was likely to be instantly attracted by the idea of this fair young recluse, offering, as she must needs do, so vivid a contrast to the women among whom he had been accustomed to move; he was lively, enterprising, and excessively vain—the very man of all others to enjoy hunting out a mystery, and conducting a plot the success of which should depend entirely upon his own personal qualifications. Mr. Lee had perhaps forgotten for the moment that a somewhat intimate acquaintance between his brother John and Lord Sylvester would enable the latter at once to discover the residence of Ida; indeed, he had forgotten it so completely that it never occurred to him afterwards to write and caution his brother on the subject. On the contrary, as he rode home he amused himself by building a castle in the air, one inhabitant of which was the aforesaid niece Ida, in the character of Lady Sylvester—and, *penniless*. That he should imagine her as Lady Sylvester was quite natural, because he was a man, and no man ever yet seriously contemplated the idea of a woman's resisting high personal attractions in his own sex; but that he should imagine her to be penniless, and that the same vision should present to his view an image of himself enthroned on a

pile of gold, current money of the realm, does certainly seem rather strange. However, so it was; but the only present result of the vision which we have any means of ascertaining, consists in the discomfiture of Alexander Lee junior, who, contrary to his expectation, received no submission from his father, and did *not* have his allowance raised.

The street of a great city at noonday is a scene of glare, glitter, and bustle; noise, folly, and as often, perhaps, though not as evidently, of sin. It bewilders the brain, wearies the eyes, and makes the heart faint as you walk along it. But look at that low arched portal—it is but stepping across the threshold, and you are in another world. So close does the Pure and Ideal lie to the Earthly and Actual in this world, if we would only know it; so easy is it—needing but an effort and a movement, a will and an act—to pass from the one to the other! Yet we pause, almost in fear, at the fragile bar which separates the world of din and trouble, vanity and evil, from the world of holy shadows and heavenly radiances, where, under the solemn canopy of silence, the eye moves onward, and reposes at length in the suggestive vagueness of the pillared distance. Let us pause, though but for an instant, and then enter with reverent boldness and subdued hearts!

On the evening of that same day, Ida's birthday, the second father of her happy childhood lay on his death-bed. Full of peace was that venerable face as it rested upon the pillow, settled into the composure of approaching slumber; there was the pallor of death on the cheeks, and the feeble hands could scarce lift themselves in prayer or benediction; yet no cloud had been suffered to pass upon the mind, no darkness, not even a momentary gloom, had afflicted the spirit. The kind arms of Percy supported his drooping form, and Ida was kneeling by the bed-side, bathing with her tears the hand which she held to her lips; her long golden locks lay partly across the old man's bosom, and the white veil by which they had been covered had fallen back upon her shoulders. She had just returned from the solemn rite of Confirmation: how could she more fitly seal the promises she had just renewed, and employ the strength she had just received, than here and thus—hopefully watching the entrance of a soul into paradise?

The door opened, and Mrs. Chester glided softly into the room. "Mr. Gray is come," said she, putting her arm round Ida's waist, as if to lead her away, and looking inquiringly at Percy.

Ida turned her blue, innocent eyes, now glistening with tears, also upon her father; she said nothing, but the look was full of supplication.

"She wishes to stay," said he, gently.

The dying priest raised his weak hand with an effort, and placed it upon her young bright head. "God bless my daughter!" said he, in a voice now reduced to a whisper. "Stay, if you have strength."

In a moment the tears were wiped from her face, and she looked clearly and calmly, though with pale cheeks and trembling lips, up into her father's eyes.



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AN ALLEGORY OF THE RICH.

She read permission there, and silently resumed her kneeling posture. Mr. Gray now entered, and of what followed we must not speak here. It was thus that Ida made her first Communion.

"He seems better," said Mrs. Chester, in a whisper, as Percy gently removed his supporting grasp, and the dying man lay down once more upon the bed. His face was very calm and benign. They knelt around. The breathing grew fainter and fainter, but still soft and regular; there was no symptom of pain, but it seemed like the leaving off of life; and the wan lids closed gradually over the fading eyes. Has not that feeble breathing ceased? Is it *all over*—rather, is it *all begun*? Is the body at rest? Suddenly he sat upright, and opened wide his eyes, filled with a supernatural brightness, like the last gleam of sunlight through a chancel window, and spoke aloud, in tones clear and steady as the voice of youth—

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes HAVE SEEN thy salvation!"

The accent was so exulting, the gaze so fixed and intense, that the eyes of the watchers involuntarily turned in the same direction. Was that the waving of snow-white wings?

They looked back to the bed; he was indeed at rest; his hands crossed upon his bosom, and a smile on his colourless lips.

"Papa," murmured the weeping Ida, as her father led her to her chamber, "I prayed for you, as well as for his spirit. I could not help it. Was it wrong?"

Percy folded her to his heart, and kissed her tenderly. He left her with Mrs. Chester, and returned to the solemn room of death. That night he watched beside the corpse; and in a vision, between the parted curtains, he saw the Face of his mother, with gentle eyes bent upon him, full of love and pardon.

AN ADVOCATE IN HIS STUDY.

THE fine picture from which our engraving is taken was painted by Ostade, one of the most celebrated masters of the Dutch and Flemish school of painting. It dates its existence as far back as to the days of J. Van Eyck, who was born in 1370. Two good pictures by this artist are in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and in them may be traced the first symptoms of that distinctiveness of feature and attitude which has been regarded in after times as the peculiar characteristic of the school of painting which he founded. Van Eyck has sometimes been termed the inventor of the art of painting in oil, but it is clear that he does not deserve that title, many pictures in Italy, and even in England, having been so painted before his time. It is certain, however, that he made some great discovery with regard to the use of oil as a vehicle (as it is called) for colour—probably as to the preparation of a drying-oil fit for the artist's use; a discovery so important, as regards the mechanism of the art, that we need not be surprised at the sensation it created both in Italy and in Flanders.

Adrian Van Ostade was born at Lubeck, in Holstein, in the year 1610, and studied painting at Antwerp in company with Branwer, in the school of Francis Hals, who painted portraits in so excellent a style that he has been regarded in this branch as no unworthy rival of Vandyck. Isaac Van Ostade, who was three years younger than his brother, was his fellow-student at Antwerp, and made great progress in his art; but Adrian soon surpassed all his competitors; and though he copied only the scenes around him; and took nature as he found it, he did so in a manner peculiarly his own, and gave to all his works the stamp of original genius. Isaac was not slow in perceiving this, and, rejecting the style of his master, Hals, which he had at first copied, he imitated Adrian with such success, that several of his pictures have been ascribed to his brother. They may be easily distinguished from them, however, by their deficiency in that transparency of colouring and delicacy of pencilling, and their want of that warmth and spirit which are so remarkable in the works of Adrian. Ostade left Lubeck early in life, and settled at Amsterdam, where he lived with Constantine Sennsfort, a great encourager of art. His reputation rose so high that his pictures were in great request, and the prices which he obtained for them were considered enormous by his contemporaries. He was very industrious, yet such was the minuteness of detail in his compositions, and the fastidious finish and careful study which he bestowed upon them, that he was unable to meet the increasing demand for his works. Nor can we wonder at his popularity. His models were those with which the city and country around supplied him, and his paintings were therefore adapted to the taste and comprehension of the people amongst whom he lived; while such was the facility of his pencil, and the quickness of his fancy, that he could make a good picture out of anything. That one which our artist has copied is among the best of his works, and exhibits in a high degree those peculiar characteristics for which he is celebrated,—truth of expression, skilful drawing, and effective colouring.

The first two only can be represented by an engraving, and to them we think our artist has done sufficient justice. We are here introduced to an old Advocate in his study, busied with his law papers. The post, it seems, has just arrived, and has brought him letters of sufficient importance to excite his earnest attention. We may fancy something has been communicated to him which places the issue of a heavy cause committed to his care in jeopardy, or which suggests to him some new means of ensuring its success. The stamp of a prudent and sagacious mind is on his brow, while something perhaps of the astuteness requisite to form a skilful advocate lurks about his mouth. Yet we cannot but fancy we can also trace in his countenance indications of an upright and kindly nature, more in harmony with the sacred book lying near at hand, and which seems to intimate that the fear of Heaven is ever before his eyes. We may be mistaken, but we have studied his thoughtful face

till we have grown fond of it, and we shall not easily give up this opinion. The volumes of pleas closely clasped, his open inkstand and convenient pen, the marble weight to press down rebellious papers, and the clip to hold letters, speak as plainly as such things can of "one learned in the law," whose numerous clients render every moment of his time most precious. This characteristic figure is probably a portrait, a circumstance which may be considered to give an additional value to the picture.

Ostade lived long in Amsterdam, and was widely known and much respected; he died in 1685, leaving a fame behind him which few of his school have equalled. His works are scarce, and so seldom to be met with in England, that they never fail to obtain enormous prices. Many contemporary artists solicited him to embellish their landscapes by his lively figures; and this, wherever it can be traced, adds considerably to the value of their works. Ostade produced many fine etchings from his own designs, which, like those of Rembrandt and Hogarth, are much admired and eagerly sought after. It may be objected to this artist, that his subjects are always of a low, and sometimes even disgusting kind; but this is a fault which he has in common with Teniers, and most if not all other artists of the Dutch school, while his pictures combine a force superior even to those of Teniers, with a truth of conception, a delicacy of touch, and a transparency of colour, peculiarly his own. He perfectly understood the principles of *Chiaro-Scurro*, and introduced his lights and shadows with so much judgment, that every figure seems animated. There are indeed few pictures to which we can turn our attention, which possess more real truth and nature, than those of Adrian Van Ostade.

COCOA-NUT DAY, AND THE GREAT FAIR OF THE TEMPLE.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

THE great festival of the Hindoo year falls in the month of August, and a damp, steamy, disagreeable month enough it is, more especially in Bombay; where, however, the festival of Cocoa-nuts, and the great fair of Wal'k'eshwar, are to be seen to most advantage. Among a people so addicted to the idleness originating in national holidays, as the Hindoo population, fine weather is of course anxiously hoped for, but on the fifteenth of August of the year of which I write, it appeared likely to be hoped for in vain; for after a little promising "break," the rain descended so suddenly during our morning ride, that it seemed disposed to wash all the prayerful Parsees into the waves; and a stout old gentleman, rather a friend of mine, who very regularly took up a favourable position under the lee of a wall, that skirts the fine sands of Back Bay, lost his great umbrella of oil-silk, which went skimming away like a huge sea-bird, on the wings of the wind, until I suspect it of settling among the rigging of a merchantman in harbour,

where being taken for an albatross, poetical navigators tried to remember the wild lay of Coleridge, ——— and quoted "Black-eyed-Susan," by mistake.

My old friend laughed at his accident, and raising his eyes from the little volume that every Parsee carries, as suggestive of the form of prayer proper to be addressed to the elements at dawn, said "Good morning!" as pleasantly as ever, this being his inviolable practice on espying my pony, however religiously he might be engaged at that particular juncture; and as the rain descended heavily at this moment, we both hurried to a Parsee's empty pleasure-house that was near at hand, where the fire-worshipper put up his little volume of Zendavesta, and fell chatting about many matters, the chief themes being ponies, Parsees, and Padres. He told me, that he and the people of the house where we stood were Cudmis, or orthodox believers in the true faith of Zoroaster. No one, he said, *could* respect the other sect, the Rasmis, for they were little better than Hindoos. I might have observed, he said, of a morning, near the sea, how these people dug holes in the sand, and put in grains of rice and flowers, as offerings to the water! All such follies these Rasmis had learnt from the Hindoos, and constantly brought contempt on the Parsee body. The fact was, the Parsees in India, of whom it was said there were now about 40,000, were a mixed people very much deteriorated; many of them were descendants of the three hundred Mohammedan slaves, that the Emperor of Delhi had sent as a present to Macaksa and Jandhasa, two very wealthy Jaghedars at Nowsara, being afterwards converted to Parseeism in the reign of Mulkut. Now, these people were not allowed to intermarry with the daughters of the Cudmis, to enter the holy places of the fire temples, or to go to the Towers of Silence; but of late time the Punchayet's authority had been tottering; the Parsees were in a strange state, he did not know what was coming upon them——

And, as my respectable friend chatted on, concerning the degeneracy of the people of latter days, (a favourite topic with the old,) he became excited, and having gradually loosened his *kusti*, or girdle of seventy-two threads, he was obliged to re-arrange it, which gave occasion for me to ask when he had been invested therewith, and he told me, when he was seven years old, his family being anxious to do what they knew right, but that at the age of nine or eleven it was occasionally put on. The cost of investiture by the priest usually amounted to four or five hundred rupees, in consequence of the ceremonies necessary to be observed. The cord was only removed when bathing, and while the *kusti* was laid aside, a Parsee dared neither walk nor speak, lest it should be imputed to him as sin. This remarkable part of the Parsee dress is a cord of seventy-two interwoven threads about the size of a pencil, and is passed three times round the waist over the *sadar*, or shirt; the thread is woollen, and is supposed to preserve the wearer from all evil, mental or physical. It purifies a Parsee, and keeps him from the power of Ahriman, the origin of

evil thoughts, and the agitation of his bad soul; for a Parsee believes himself the possessor of two souls, or active principles, under distinct influences, the good being wholly cared for by Hormazd. When the wearer reties the kusti in four knots, his thoughts must not wander, but be fixed on the good principle; on the truth of his religion, on the fact of Zoroaster being a prophet, and on the beauty of virtue. The elements are pleased when he ties the knots, so long as he ponders on good.

The old gentleman asked me if I had seen the new fire-temple that Sir Jemsidjee had built: as it was not consecrated I could do so. The first fire-temple erected in Bombay had been consecrated by the father of Moola Firuz; he did not know what Dastur would consecrate Sir Jemsidjee's. There was nothing to see, however, but an empty hall, he said, with a closed adytum for the sacred fire. The sacred fire the Parsees had brought from Persia, and they had it with them in the boat when they were wrecked on the Guzerat coast; it was now preserved at Nowsara, and fed night and day with sandal wood—

At this point the sky looked clear again, and a friend offering the old Parsee a share of his umbrella, I gladly cantered home. For though a low swampy garden, a sea view, and a date-leaf-covered verandah, may be matters of pleasant aspect in a sunny morn or moonlit eve, they are rather cold and comfortless during the heavy rains of the monsoon, at seven in the morning; and without irreverence, as the old Parsee chatted of his sacred fire, I rather longed for a billet from Nowsaree, with an English register-stove for the A'tishgâh.¹

Miserable as I was, however, others had long been infinitely more so, in this most unwholesome season. The Bundarries, considered as of the original Bombay stock, the present drawers of toddy, and tenders of palms, who had hoped for fair weather, again began busily to strip off the long spear-like leaves of the Cocoa-nut tree, and to double and plait them, for the general purposes of roofings and head dresses; for a native of India takes especial care of his head, whether in protecting it from heat, cold, or damp; but cold wet feet seem rather considered as an enjoyment than an evil; in this, as in all they do, appearing to reverse the customs of Europeans. The bodies of the Shigram carriages, and the turbans of the drivers, were again covered with bright green wax-cloth; and the Meer's servants walked about in the early morning, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads and over their mouths, to serve as respirators, and secure them against damp. The variety of umbrellas, too, that suddenly blossomed forth, as it were, under the season's influence, are peculiar to Bombay. There was the huge oil-skin *parapluie* of the well-dressed careful Purvoo, on his way, in fresh attire, to the merchant's office; the white cotton preserver of the neat turban of the Bengal servant, returning from cheapening pomfret in the market; the Chinese varnished paper

chitree of the Parsee, on his way from the sands, on which he has been muttering the zendavesta; and last, but not the least useful of all, the well bleached cover of plantain leaves, so curiously plaited, with which the Coolies shelter the market baskets of their employers. Bombay was on the whole as disagreeable as it could be. In the woods, the old toddy-trees, notched into weakness, came crashing down on the huts of the poor Bundarries; the bye-roads became slippery and dangerous to horsemen, from their standing pools; the rank vegetation abounding with that most offensive plant, the wild indigo, steamed forth the most noxious vapours; and while all without seemed fever-producing and unwholesome, all within was mildewed and rotting to destruction.

As I turned quickly in, at the gate of the Meer's house, my pony started violently—and good reason had he for his surprise, poor animal! for there stood Hubbeeb, or "the Beloved," Meer Jaffur's favourite peon, his crimson coat and green bands most carefully arranged, his gold-headed staff in his hand, and his zoolufs, or love-locks, shining with cocoa-nut oil, his turban particularly leaning over his right ear, and a whole parterre of oleander blossoms and jasmine buds peeping from between its folds, absolutely holding a varnished China-paper umbrella over the heads of a woman and child, to protect them from the heavy drops of rain, falling in jets, as it were, from the leaves of the palm-trees. When the Beloved saw me, he looked particularly ashamed of his gallantry, and skipped away, umbrella in hand, while the woman walked quietly on barefooted along the wet road towards her house. During the fourteen years that I have passed in India, I never saw a native offer an attention of this kind to a woman. A peon might hold an umbrella over the head of an ayah, but it would be commanded service, to protect his master's child, which she carried in her arms, from the ill effects of the morning sun; but in this case it was the woman who was to be protected,—a passing stranger, as I afterwards learned, who was overtaken by the shower just as the Beloved happened to be entering the gates; and he immediately extended the shelter of his umbrella, as if he really entertained the idea current in civilized life, that woman generally, in her character as such, had a right to all the courtesy, protection, and assistance, that circumstances might make necessary, from the stronger sex.

In private, a native treats the female members of his family with as much regard, kindness, affection, and respect, as son, father, husband, as the men of any other country, but in public disregard them entirely, as a matter of custom and etiquette. I have seen women stumbling in and out of ferry-boats, in danger and discomfort, while their companions strolled quietly forward, without even turning to glance at how matters were. I have seen men riding journeys, and women trudging behind them; men smoking, women grinding the corn; a Beloochee girl holding the stirrups for her lover, as he mounted for a foray; a Kujjuck wife pitching her husband's tent of black

(1) Receptacle for the sacred fire.

goat's skin. Such things are common, create no surprise, elicit no remark; but the reverse of the picture was altogether so new, so unexpected, that when I saw Hubbeeb Khan sheltering a native woman, my start of surprise at the novelty of the action, was little less than "Mootee's" (the pearl) when his eye glanced upon a yellow umbrella instead of a door post.

I met the woman often afterwards; for she was a neighbour, and accustomed to stroll towards the sands for air and exercise. She smiled when we met, and her dress being rather peculiar, as she was a Madrassee, I took a sketch of her one afternoon, in her pretty violet-coloured silk saree, while she was good-humouredly nursing and playing with a little rosy English baby, that the ayah had brought down for the benefit also of a fresh sea-breeze.

These sands, in fine evenings, are a favourite resort of the Hindoo women in the neighbourhood; who walk down with their servants and children to enjoy the cool refreshment; leaving their delicate little footprints on the damp sands, to the envy of all the female shoe-wearers who may be present—for Cinderella's slipper would soon have found a wearer, had the trial been made on Oriental beauties. The bright clear colours of their sarees, too, are admirable; and the glossy braids of their fine hair, decorated with rich gold ornaments, or fragrant blossoms; and the figures of the younger women are so slight, graceful, and elastic, so much like those we see cut on the cameos of old Rome, or on the fresco-painted walls of beautiful Pompeii—and the saree, stirred by the evening breeze, floats in such graceful resemblance to the draperies with which the ancients loved to adorn their nymphs and graces, that when the chill air causes the rich crimson cashmere shawl to be cast around the head and form, one cannot but regret that so much natural grace must be concealed, however admirable in itself is the fabric that enfolds it. Many of the women of the Purvoo caste, whom I have met here, are very handsome, with an expression of intelligence, also, on their fine countenances greater than is usually seen in the face of a native woman; where softness and amiability are generally more apparent than intellect. These women, however, have a brightness of eye, a smile that sympathizes with it, and a general lighting of the countenance, when engaged in conversation with each other, pleased, or amused in any way, that is very attractive; and we forget the beauties of costume, the brightness of colour, the richness of ornament, and the brilliancy of contrasts, while gazing on countenances often so expressive and so charming as are those of the Purvoo women of Bombay.

Without much abatement, until the 18th, the rains continued; and the wax-cloth covers of the little bullock hackeries were quite inefficient to protect the turbans of the riders therein; for not only did the curtains flap and beat about in a most embarrassing manner, but became so injured by friction, that the superficies of green wax only appeared at intervals, forming at those points a sort of breakwater, but

forcing a fuller stream through the sieve-like quality of the exposed *dungarees* (coarse cloth). In fine weather these hackeries are admirable conveyances; a thick quilted cover of dark cloth protects the riders, and the little Deekan bullocks trot along with a speed quite surprising, when their small size, and the heavy weight of Banian merchants, are relatively considered. These gharries are also often crowded with women and children, bent on pleasure parties, or proceeding to some favourite spot in the woods, to dine, perform certain religious ceremonies, and endeavour to gain good fortune for themselves and their families. In the rainy season, however, the green bodies and pink wheels of the vehicles appear to great disadvantage; the very tails of the bullocks being too damp to twist; and as a hackery passes from time to time, it is lugubrious enough to see the head of the driver, rolled in dirty cloths, and bowed nearly to his knees, to protect the eyes unavoidably exposed, while a sudden flap of a side curtain exhibits to the curious spectator two or three dismal-looking traders, whose organs of acquisitiveness even the rains of Bombay cannot damp into torpor.

However, the 18th was "cocoa-nut day," as it is called, when the season is supposed to open, and the native boats to venture to the ports of the neighbouring coast, laden with long required merchandise; for although the monsoon is seldom over until the end of September, and the terrific storms of the "elephants" may chance to shiver the masts of the mariner, ere the season settle into fairness, the boatmen, eager for gain, and strong in fatalism, unfurl their sails, and set forth, often to the destruction of their craft; the promises of cocoa-nut day being often as frail as they are fair.

My old Parsee friend, too, well knew that they were so; for on asking him whether he thought that, after to-day, we should have fine mornings for our exercise, he replied, with much common sense, "How can you believe what these foolish Hindoos say? If they cut down *all* these woods, and throw in *all* the cocoa-nuts, do you think the sea will attend to *them*?"

Nevertheless, this *was* cocoa-nut day; and a fair one beside, as if Nature fancied a holiday too, putting on her brightest attire for the occasion—and when a day is bright in the East, what can be more beautiful? The Germans talk of the dawning of another "blue day," but who has seen a blue day dawn, or knows what the radiance of sunshine really is, who has not viewed the azure skies, the amber light, and the violet shadows—so rich, so soft, so colourful—of an Eastern clime? Thus bright and lustrous, and bathed in such rich sunshine, proved to-day: and many a dark eye flashed with pleasure, when its clear blue dawning gave the gay promise of a happy festival.

The Sunkersett Bazaar, the streets, the roads, the highways and the byeways, were studded with piles of cocoa-nuts; one would have thought no other species of merchandise was to be had in the world, but the fruit of the palm. Every man, woman, and child that passed, had a cocoa-nut in their hand; the whole

population was, in fact, engrossed by two ideas—the sea, and a cocoa-nut.

As the day advanced, groups of people passed, in bright holiday attire; the women in new sarrees, and the little children in coloured satin caps, covered with tinsel, and singularly gay, with sprigs and tassels, bows, and flowerings, altogether purposeless; and the Purvie women wore their hair ornaments beautifully arranged; the gold *sida phul* (custard-apple), or the richer *kumal phul* (lotus-flower), being attached to the glossy braids, while *champa* and *mogree* blossoms peeped from among them, not so much for the sake of ornament as of fragrance.

At four o'clock the festival was at its height, and I drove along the esplanade to see its character. The green was covered with small tents, booths, and roundabouts, as at an English fair; and the road was so thronged with carriages, that the coachman with difficulty proceeded at a foot's pace; while the sands looked as if covered with a tapestry, worked in imitation of oriental costumes. All Bombay was out of doors; the rich Hindoos and Parsees lolling in their handsome carriages, the latter having crowded in all their little children of either sex—a Parsee loving to have his family about him; while the rest, a motley mass, lounged here and there, gazing at the booths, purchasing toys and sweetmeats, or guiding little carriages, drawn by goats, the way that they should go.

The great scene of business was, of course, the sands. Many had gone far out, and stood on portions of the rocks, where they found tiny bays, on which to embark their hopes, their cocoa-nuts, their flowers, and their cinnamon. Others cast their offerings into the retreating waves, with prayers proper for the occasion. Thus Parsees, Mohammedans, Hindoos, all had a prayer and a cocoa-nut, with faith enough on the occasion to agree in propitiating the sea, whatever differences severed them in creed—and the cocoa-nut well aloft, and fair hopes entertained that all the boats, and ships, and merchandise, and voyages with which each individual might be concerned for the ensuing year, would be right prosperous, they strolled back to the booths, amusing themselves with the display of French harmonicons, Dutch dolls, Chinese toys, English cutlery, and Surat vegetables done in ivory, that was to be seen therein. Unlike an English fair, all was order, all courteousness, all good-natured accommodation. Children found easy passage in the densest portion of the crowd; women smiled, chatted, and glided on, free from all annoyance; native coachmen, for once, drove carefully, lest the carriage poles should press against the weak or aged; and if one accidentally was pushed aside, or frightened, the native gentleman would look out, kindly encourage the passenger, and warn his servant to use greater caution. Even the Parsees respected the pleasures of the people; and one wished the habit, in their case, extended beyond cocoa-nut day; for the driving of each coachman of the wealthy fire-worshippers is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously. True, that in the crowded bazars, two

footmen run before, shouting "Pice, Pice," as loudly as they can; but the din of carriages rattling over the hard roads, added to the hum of voices, the screams of parrots swinging in the porches, the chaffering of Banians with their customers, the loud voices of boys, repeating maxims in chorus, by way of education at the schools, the disputations of women, and the barkings of the Pariah dogs, renders the warning of very slight effect; and I know nothing which, as a characteristic, appears more remarkable to the eye of the stranger, than the crowded road of a native bazaar in Bombay, and the fast-trotting horses of the Parsee carriages, which run their rapid course without creating the necessity for a single inquest.

It is not alone the coachmen who delight thus to display their powers of charioteering, but the notion of progression seems an innate idea in a Parsee's mind. He is never at rest, (if the paradox may be allowed,) until he is going ten miles an hour. The Parsee fashionable lolls back in his handsome Long-acre-built buggy, his highly polished Japan leather boots against the splashboard, and his delicate white-kid-clad fingers lightly closed over the reins, while his magnificent horse, half Arab, half Persian, dashes onwards at a pace that makes the by-stander close his eyes. The Parsee exquisite is now at rest; but his butler must do the same. So, mounted in a creaking groaning vehicle, with a pair of loose wheels, that go first out, then in, and lastly round, at every revolution on their axis; and drawn by a miserable pony, which ambles under heavy harness, his head quite on one side, to ease his mouth from the rusty bit, this worthy commences his hard labour; he stands up and lashes the poor pony, he abuses him for the slowest vagabond in Bombay, he works the bit till it rattles among the old teeth of the poor beast, becoming even louder than the ungreased wheels,—and repeats this system, until from a shamble the poor animal falls into a trot, from a trot is urged to a canter, and from a canter tortured into a sort of loose, reckless gallop: the butler feels that he too has done his duty, and, like his master, falls back in triumphant rest, till the operation requires to be repeated.

The Parsees ride and drive particularly well. They "break" horses better than any people in Bombay; break them, I mean, in the ordinary sense; for from what I have just reported of their usages, it will be imagined that they break them down more completely than any other people, except perhaps the old drivers of the English "royal mail:"—for, although there is not much galloping up hill and down, the hard roads of the Island knock a horse's hoofs to pieces, strain their muscles terribly, puff their legs, cause them to throw out splints, with all sorts of other disfigurements and injuries; but this fact is never considered, as long as a Parsee gentleman can dash along at the pace that pleases him; and we hope that he may, ere long, be gratified with the horse-power of a "special train," and consider with satisfaction, that fifty miles an hour is a pretty average speed.

The gaieties and good feeling of cocoa-nut day, gave me a zest for Hindoo festivals; and as the great fair of the temple of Mahdeo, near Malabar Point, (the Governor's summer residence,) occurred a few days after, I begged my friend, Meer Ali, a Hindoo man of business, or "Delall," as he is called, to become my escort and interpreter, and about three in the afternoon we started in the Meer's little phaeton for the fair.

The road which leads from the Sunkersett bazaar to Malabar Point, is perhaps one of the most beautiful on the Island; winding as it does to a considerable height above the shore, and commanding on one side a view of the bay and promontory of Colabah, with the wooded islands that shelter the harbour, while on the other, black rocks, now covered with foliage, flowering creepers, wild balsams and convolvulus, jut out, towering above the road, and crowned here and there with handsome bungalows. The way was crowded. We met the common bullock hackeries filled with women and children in their holiday attire, shigrams almost bursting with Brahmins, buggies heaped with Banians, horsemen cantering against footmen, and footmen always in the way: every body was anxious, busy, eager; those who pressed forward were gay, noisy, and talkative; those who were returning bore fruit, or flowers, or toys, in evidence of the fair. Poor folks, with baskets of plantains, cucumbers, or sweetmeats, were seated on the way-side, and little children played near them, with gay caps of silk and tinsel, each armed with a bow and arrow, purchased for them at the fair. It was difficult to gain the summit of the hill through all this throng, and yet more so to advance when there; for the road along the promontory to the point on which the governor's house is built, is much too narrow for festive days, and bullocks are not the cleverest animals in evading difficulties or aiding others so to do; consequently, when a little knot of hackeries stop the way, they do it to some purpose. However, by means of the delall's good driving, a few concussions, and a great deal of uncourteous language between our servants and the owners of these Bombay hackney coaches, we arrived opposite the gates of the great Walka-es-war village, and there alighted.

On each side of the road outside the gates were booths, principally filled with toys and trifling goods, which, however, gave a fair sample both of native taste and native ingenuity. Here was a stall displaying the curious and pretty ivory work of Surat, with imitations of native vegetables, backgammon and chessmen, little boxes beautifully turned, and prettily coloured ornaments, with various devices. There another covered with toys French and English, looking-glasses of all shapes, cutlery, dolls' heads, and toys of blown glass. Among the rest might be found huge cloth elephants, peacocks and baskets, both of bead-work, famous in Bombay, and ingenious Chinese toys, in great abundance. All this was amusing enough, but being anxious to mix with the groups

about the temple, and, finding that entrance was difficult, we applied to a policeman at the gate, who replied that his orders were strict not to admit either Europeans or Parsees into the village. However, after some persuasion, and comprehending at last that as I was neither a sailor, a soldier, nor a fire-worshipper, and that, consequently, disturbance was not likely to ensue, he of the indigo uniform suffered the delall and myself to pass through the great gates, which the *mahjuns* (merchants) were allowed to put up some eighty years ago, to preserve the privacy of their sacred place. Within the gates, a very large and handsome durrumsauleh overlooks a fine reservoir of water, surrounded by a wall, with steps descending to it. At the extreme end of this reservoir are two pillars, having niches for holding lamps on festal nights; and on the right side of the tank appears the great temple of Mahdeo. This reservoir is surrounded with houses, while for the festival, booths had been erected for the sale of betel-nuts, paun-leaves, rice and cinnabar, flowers, and ghee, requisite materials both for offerings at the altar and to aid in the production of a good dinner; this last being a material part of Hindoo ceremonial now-a-days.

The temple of Walka-es-war is large, but not handsome. In the sanctum I saw a rude stone image of Mahdeo, and in the verandah lounged, after their manner, jogeas, fakirs, and gosacns in abundance. Several of these men had a most revolting aspect, not so much so by reason of their superficialities of wood-ashes and smearings of cinnabar, but from the maniac-like glare or idiotic rolling of the eye, produced by constant indulgence in opium and bhæng.

Along the verandah were suspended immense numbers of rusty old bells, presented at various times, as acts of merit. Of course, they were never rung; I suppose they never *had* been rung since they were made bells, and would have been sadly confused had they been now set about doing their duty; but happily, they did nothing of the kind; it was enough for them and for the jogeas that both were there; good works did not seem required either from bell or priest; both gathered rust from the odour of sanctity, and the more useless they became, the more were they objects of reverence to the vulgar.

Walka-es-war enjoys higher repute than any of the temples in Bombay, and its history accounts for this. The great Ram landed here, it seems, from Ceylon, and, being weary and thirsty, desired to bathe. As if for the indulgence of the wish, there suddenly appeared a fine lake of fresh water. Ram, of course, felt particularly grateful, and after bathing in and drinking thereof, he took a little sand in his hand, moulded an image, and worshipped it as his benefactor, *Mahdeo*, (the giver of good). That night, spirits erected the temple, and the sand god has gradually hardened himself into stone. *Wal* (sand), *ka* (of), *eshwar* (god), in its divisions explain this.

The population of the village consists of 2,500 souls, composed of Mahajuns, Banians, Bhattias, and Brahmins. We walked about it, and saw in

almost every verandah Bhattias employed in playing pachesa, betting, losing, and remaking the game, ("Messieurs, faites le jeu,") with the rapidity of Casino gamblers at rouge-et-noir. The Bhattias delight in gaming, and during this festival stake enormous sums, mixing their gambling transactions with religious zeal, (as the Neapolitans do their lotteries,) in compliment, I suppose, to this said Mahdeo, who, we are told, had the gallantry, on the first day of the month Cartica (November), to allow himself to be terribly beaten by the goddess Parvati at a game of chance, probably pachesa.

The ceremonies of the festival consist in bathing, repeating sundry mantras, and dining; after which the folk return to their houses; the gamblers, however, excepted, for these worthies consider it a work of merit literally to consume the midnight oil in their vocation.

At the lower end of the tank, brahmins were splashing about with great glee; and on the first day of the festival the delall told me that the women, wives of Mahajuns and Brahmins, richly attired and laden with jewels, come here in crowds, and bathe, attended by their servants; a scene that must remind one of the daughter of Pharaoh and her maidens.

Although my presence did not create disturbance, it caused considerable curiosity. Here and there a Banian smiled good-naturedly, but the Brahmins, one and all, scowled most horribly, and inquired of the matter from the delall. But when he told them that I knew all about it, and did not laugh at all at such things, that, moreover, I was a friend of the Shastree's, and so on, they were more reconciled to my presence, offered to show me several places I had not seen, and many of them walked about with us, and became especially courteous. As we were returning through the gate, one old gentleman made me a very low salaam, and then, in English, but very slowly and with extraordinary emphasis, as if it had been the thing he had come into the world to do and he did it, remarked,—"Fri-day—was—a—ve-ry—fine—time—for—Ma-labar—Point!" The rest looked on as if they would have cried "Shah bash!" but they did not, and, privately wishing for my well-intentioned friend a more rapid enunciation in time to come, I left the village of Walka-es-war.

As we waited for Abdoola to bring the little phaeton out from the mass of vehicles in which it seemed entangled, a ruffianly Sowar, miserably clad, his dirty coarse hair hanging on his shoulders, but mounted on a magnificent horse, handsomely caparisoned, galloped violently up to us, and within a pace of where we stood, expecting of course to be dashed to pieces, he suddenly checked his horse, so as nearly to throw him on his haunches. The people around us were very wroth, but the delall cried out, "Go back, or I will give you to the police! Never," said he, turning to the rest, "abuse such hurrunzadehs, they will only blacken your faces with their answers; always threaten them with the police." Now, whether it was really the idea of the yellow-turbaned and indigo-coated

gentry's power, or the sight of his master that had the effect, I know not, but this "son of a burnt father," as the Moslems called him, certainly wheeled his steed, and returned faster than he came. And so ended my experiences of the great fair of Walka-es-war.

A REVERIE.

From the MSS. of a deceased Poet.

It was a place to be remembered, that ancient library, with its rich carvings of flowers, and fruit, and hanging leaves, and the delicate tracery of its Gothic windows. I was sitting there alone at evening, lost in the beauty of the time and place, watching the sunlight shining through the rich stained glass, watching the glorious colours, red, and green, and violet, that it threw upon the floor, watching them—how eagerly!—as they came nearer and nearer, till at last they fell upon the book I read, dyeing now with crimson, now with amber light, the old type and time-stained pages. What goodly books there were on those oaken shelves! not dressed in gaudy gold, but sober and solemn as befitted their wisdom: weighty volumes of divinity, written of old in some quiet cloister; strange songs of love, axe-shaped, egg-shaped, and acrostic, inscribed when fair lady might be won by anagram or quaint conceit; romances, telling of Lancelot and Guinever, and of

"The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Of which this world holds record."

All things strange, all things curious.

There were pictures, too, of mail-clad warriors, who had withstood the stout Soot at Holmedon and at dark Flodden; and of beauties now sleeping in the quiet church, once the worshipped queens of tourney and of dance. And from that ancient wall they all looked at me as they would have done in life, some frowningly, and some with smiling welcome, and some, methought, with sorrow. One there was "beautiful exceedingly," with chestnut hair, and deep blue laughing eyes. Those eyes would still meet mine when I looked from mine; till I blushed to see how like they were to certain others that I knew.

Amidst all this I fell asleep, and dreamed a dream in strange harmony with the time and place.

Methought the room grew larger, much larger, growing dim and shadowy in the far-off distance. In all I could see the ample brow, and the pale cheek, and the bright eye; on all the signet mark of sorrow; and thus I knew that they were those who had spoken song to an ungrateful world. Homer was there, a shape of majesty, blind no more; and the Lesbian Sappho, but her hair was lank and dripping, as of one over whom the ocean-waves had passed; and Anacreon too, but crownless, for the grave had waked him from his long dream of love and wine. I saw many others, and among them the ivy-crowned Pindar, and his face changed strangely as I gazed; for now his eye was bright, and his cheek rosy-flushed as

if in triumph; and now he seemed to weep, as if he sang a dirge over beauty and love. *Æschylus* too, I saw with his prophet eyes, and others whom I knew not, for earth has forgotten the names that heaven honours. Near these were more in another garb: *Virgil* with a laurel-crown; and by him a strange little shape, whom I knew as *Horace*, for his face was bright with smiles and laughter, save sometimes when a shade came over it, like a cloud over a sunny field, and then he thought of the dead *Glycera*.

Then methought the shapes grew more distinct. There was *Dante* with pale, care-worn brow, and bearing a sword; and there was one leaning over his shoulder, whispering words in his ear, comforting, soothing him—it was the angel *Beatrice*; and *Petrarch* was there with *Laura* by his side, and *Tasso* “of the sword and pen.” And *Chaucer* too was there, and *Spenser*, pale and thin, as one who died of want. And again I saw *Shakspeare*, neither joy nor sorrow written on his face, for he was above all; and *Milton* too, looking up to heaven, and leaning on the royal hand that wrote the *Eikon Basilike*, for the grave had taught them to be gentle, and forgive. More I could have seen, but the crowd suddenly divided, making way for *Homer*. The father of all song came up to me, and spoke. “Thou hast done me homage and fitting reverence; the dead can repay; look thou here.” Then opening my eyes—for I had shut them in fear—I saw three volumes. Unclasping the first, I saw various pictures, on every page a picture. There were faces of departed ones, between whom and myself the long years had rolled; and there were faces of estranged ones, a sadder sight than the dead; and, again, there were sweet pictures of scenes that I had loved, of fountains grown about with flowers, of woods glistening with glorious sunlight, of dewy fields and waving corn;—much beauty, and much sorrow. This was the Past.

Then I opened the second, but there I could see nothing on every page, but the deep blue eyes I loved, ever changing in expression, now bright with thoughtless joy, now dim with tears, now in hope, and now in sorrow. This was the Present.

And when I looked into the third, the Future, he that stood by me said, “Be wise;” but as he did not hinder me, I looked on. There I saw pictures of gorgeous pomp and triumph; in all, methought I was present, now kneeling near a throne, now myself the centre of admiring groups, gazing myself in the eyes of beauty. Thus I looked at all but four. Then he that stood by me, said again, “Be wise,” but I did not heed him. In the first, was an old man, cowering over a scanty fire, clasping his white head in his hands; and the second was a quiet churchyard, with two graves in it—one grass-grown and bright with flowers, and the other open, ready to receive its occupant; the third was an old abbey, dimly lighted, with monuments on its walls; and in the fourth were groups of men, talking, in a blessed place. But this I could scarcely see, for the place was dazzled with a golden light, and the book was quickly shut.

Then *Homer* turned towards me, and said, “I take thee to be my son; thy lot shall be one of many tears, of much glory, and of high reward.” Then he passed on, and the brotherhood of song followed him, and each laid his hands upon my head, but none spoke. I saw that many of them had by their sides the forms of beauty that had been the spirits of their song; and of these, *Beatrice* looked mildly, sorrowfully at me; and *Laura* smiled a joyous smile. Last of all came *Shelley*, and he spake with a low sepulchral voice, and his words were, “There is a God!”

From that hour I was a Poet.

Then I went where there were happy hearts, and merry faces. What a contrast was there between the joyous Present, and the solemn Past! and there I saw the same deep blue eyes. Methought there was a deeper meaning in their glance than I had ever seen before; but perhaps it was only a Poet's fancy.

Would you know what meant those two graves in the quiet churchyard—the one all grown with grass and flowers, the other open. The deep blue eyes I loved may laugh no more, and the flowers grow over them. The other will be mine, and mine too will be the monument in the dimly lighted abbey; but for that I grieve not, so that I may join in converse with the sons of song in that blessed place which I saw so dimly.

B.

A SKETCH.

REV. HENRY THOMPSON.

He stands apart, nor heeds around the city's roar and gloom:
He marks no sight—he lists no sound—he looks at one lone room,
Whence, from behind a dusky blind, a taper faintly meets
His eager gaze athwart the blaze of hundred-lighted streets.

And fresher, holier memories through that dim window come
Than with the all-gladdening sun arise on his far Indian home;
For in the gloom of that drear room a weary child he lay,
Breathing at last, as slowly passed the fever-pangs away.

And loving eyes were o'er him bent, smiling through lingering tears,
As through the cloud-streaked firmament the watery morn-star peers,
When cease to rave, along the wave, the storm-winds of the night,
And the worn deep sinks down to sleep beneath the wakening light.

Those gentle eyes, so soft, so kind, are blent with common dust;
And they have left him nought behind to look to or to trust;
For he hath loved, and sorely proved Love speaks not alway true,
And, spirit-dead, his land he fled when life and grief were new.

And he hath rear'd him kingly bowers on Ganges' gorgeous side,
Where soft Indulgence counts the hours, and Slavery tends on Pride;
Where tureful falls, 'mid jasper halls, the fountain's odorous freight,
And, at his nod, as on a god, barbarick menials wait.

Yet would he give his proud domain, with all that tend his will,
So he might press his couch of pain, a trustful infant still;
Might press again that couch of pain, yet not again to rise,
But pass away to painless day beneath those gentle eyes.

For he was of the band of those to whom Heaven's realm pertains;
His infant heart had borne no woes, his chrisome robe no stains;
And that dear eye that beamed so nigh was but a mirrored ray
From seraphim that gazed on him, nor once had turned away.

The world hath soiled his robe of light: with dimmed and shaded brow,
And drooping brands, his Guardians bright look sadly on him now;
And grief and sin have left within a canker fierce and sore,
That from his heart shall ne'er depart till that shall beat no more.

He looks behind—and life is black—all wilderness and shades,
Save where, afar, the low pale track of setting Childhood fades;
He looks before, and sees no more—all is impervious cloud—
No ray, no spark, to break the dark between him and the shroud.

He climbs a solitary stair to mount a lonesome bed:
He breathes a penitential prayer to commune with the dead;
That he may seem, in one brief dream, his childish days to see;
Or that, if not, awhile his lot forgetfulness may be.

O mother, bowed disconsolate above thy lifeless child,
Look hither! learn to bless thy fate; to change thy wailings wild
To hymns of joy, to think thy boy is freed from chance like this,
Secure from harms within the arms of Him whose sight is bliss.

Yet thou who seest thy darling's eye with health rekindling shine,
Speak forth thy grateful praise on high! no thought of gloom be thine!
Only the prayer be lifted there, that He who gives again
Thy gem to thee may guard it free from spoiler and from stain.

Life is a glorious, precious gift, which, treasured day by day,
With holy care and heavenly thrift, will endless wealth uplay;
By our own sin is wo brought in: to chasten,—yet to save;
Then thankful bow,—sow cheerily now,—and reap beyond the grave.

Rectory, Wrington, All Saints, 1847.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF GEN. SIR F. H—, K.C.B.

I WELL remember the first scenes of my existence, at least those when my young observation began to look around. I have some indistinct remembrance of a long staircase, and a small room with a sloping roof, a window, a leaden gutter in front, some old flower-pots, and my sister beating me for pulling the leaves; my mother scolding her, with the harsh voice of my father above all; and although these are bygone sensations, I verily believe, could I find out the miserable garret, I should know it again.

My next and more perfect impressions are of a neat room, with curtains at the window, and a street in front, thronged with people; my father dressed better than most of his neighbours, and my mother and sister in far different attire than I had been accustomed to see them. I, too, was well and warmly clad; had cakes, and oranges, and meat,—all I could desire.

How the change came about I did not know, but I do remember hearing that my father had been lucky, and some of his acquaintances (and he had naughty ill-behaved men always backwards and forwards,) say that he was a clever lucky fellow.

My ideas then were that men and boys ought to swear, for my father seldom spoke without swearing; but that women should not, for my mother never did, and it always seemed to vex her. She was the mildest, softest-mannered creature I ever knew, and if I then had a redeeming quality in my character, it was love for, and imitation (sometimes) of my mother's manner. My father was a tyrant in his family; we none of us dared say anything when he was at home; my mother always trembled when he came in. I remember once in the street saying something to one of my play-fellows, in which I mentioned that I was sure it was true, for I heard my father say so; at that moment I received a blow on the head, which felled me to the ground, and then I was lifted up by my clothes, and carried home. I never shall forget the fury with which my father (for it was he who struck me,) stood over me, and the threats he used even of killing me, if ever I repeated any sayings of his. I never did again as long as he lived.

Sometimes we had plenty, at others we fared scantily; and I have seen my father take the very furniture of the room, and for some days, nay weeks, it did not come back. I afterwards found out it was pawned.

"This boy must go to school," said my father, one day, "or he will never be fit for anything. I have made a good thing of that old house lately, so send him;" and to school I went. I learned to read and write, and then was taken away. My father wanted me.

"F—," said he, one day, "you must do something for me to-night; be ready when I call you, and say nothing." I did not like the tone of his voice, nor had I any fancy for what I was to do, although entirely ignorant of its nature; but with me to hear was to

obey. I had been asleep some hours, when I was roused by being shaken, and my father stood over me. He bade me dress myself; I did so; and we went down stairs, and into the street together. I observed he waited till the watchman had passed, and the sound "Twelve o'clock" struck on my ear. We walked down many streets, and at length came to a garden wall, under the shade of which stood two men, friends of my father. One said, "Have you brought the boy?"

"Yes," said my father; "is the cart ready?"

He was answered in the affirmative, and we proceeded a few steps; at last one of the men took a rope out of his pocket, and tied it round my waist; they instructed me how to untie it, when I should be in the garden on the other side, and go to the garden door and undo the bolts; if I could not, I was to come back, and tie myself up again, and be drawn back. If I was found, I was to say I had got over the wall, and not being able to get back, had hidden myself till night, hoping to get out then. I was very much frightened; but the fear of my father was above all; so they lifted me on to the top of the wall, and let me down on the other side. They gave me two or three tugs to remind me to untie the rope, which I did, and saw it run up over the wall. I felt inclined to sit down and cry: I could not have been more than nine years old; however, the fear of my father was paramount, so I set off on my walk. I had to cross the garden, pass round the glass-house as they described it to me, get into another garden, and then go under the gardener's window, where I was to be sure and make no noise. You may be certain I was like a cat after cream. At last I found the door, and contrived to undo it; at the other side I found my father and the two other men waiting with the horse and cart. They left me at the door, soon returning with an immense quantity of grapes, so as to load the cart, in which one of them drove off, the other with my father shutting the door very gently.

We walked home gently; it was half-past three as we came into our street. Again we waited till the watchman had passed, and I was soon in bed. It was a long time, however, before I could go to sleep; when I did, I dreamt that a great dog held me by the leg, and I awoke crying out.

The next morning at breakfast the other two men came in; they laughed heartily at old George the gardener, who they said was half mad; told me I was the finest little fellow in England, gave me a few half-pence, and congratulated my father on having so clever a son.

It is not my intention to detail all my adventures; how I was dropped into cellars in the day, and at night opened the doors for those abroad; or how I was at last so accustomed to this sort of life, and so successful, that I could stand behind a door without quaking while the master of the house or a servant passed up to bed. One thing I must mention: to steal was no part of my business; to open the doors and make the best of my way home, was all I had to do.

I remember being concealed in a room belonging to a jeweller in the neighbourhood, and opening the window of a back room at midnight as directed, (a matter of constant occurrence;) and that after I had been home and asleep, I heard a bustle in my father's room, and that my mother got up, and my father groaned very much; but I fell asleep again, and should have forgotten it all in the morning, had not my father kept his bed, and looked very ill as I passed through his room. However, he said nothing to me, and I walked out after breakfast as usual; I soon met a boy, a son of one of my father's friends, who, like me, was often employed in these matters. He made a sign to me to follow him, and we walked into the fields. We sat down under a hedge, and he asked me if I had heard the news? I said, "No; what news?" "Why," said he, "old miser Golding, the silversmith, is murdered."

I had lost all qualms of conscience as to robbery, for although I knew it was wrong, still the frequency of the event, my never having been found out, and my fears of my father, which I always concluded would be my excuse, had deadened my feelings. But, murder! it struck me as if I had been shot. I had, however, presence of mind not to commit myself, and only answered by inquiring the particulars. Robert, my companion, was very anxious to find out if I had been there. The old man had been found murdered, in a pool of blood, upon the threshold of his own counting-house—the very room the window of which I had opened to admit my father. I, however, denied it to my companion, and we returned together. The bill-stickers were at work—200*l.* reward!

My heart was sick when I went home. I was told to say my father was gone to M—— for a fortnight, a journey he often took on pretence of business; for he was what they called a weaver's agent, and did something in that way.

After dinner I again ventured out, and strolled into the crowd at the silversmith's door. The first words I heard were "Murder will out!" "Them as had any hand in this is sure to be hanged!" &c. &c. I passed on in a cold sweat, and sat me down on the low wall of the churchyard. I looked up at the sun-dial and read these words, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God." This was the first moment of my life that I felt any symptoms of religion. I had never before thought of a God but as a name to swear by. All day it haunted me. The gallows and hell were my tormentors; I could not get them out of my thoughts. The poor old man, murdered, I could not doubt, by my father! I had been in the same room with him only the night before; concealed under a chest of drawers, I saw him lock his boxes, take off his shoes, put on his slippers, kneel down and say his prayers, and heard him go into the next room and get into bed. Now he was *dead*, only since yesterday! Might not I die too? Nay, I must die some time or other; and again the words "Murder will out!" rang in my ear. I could not go home; I could not stand still. I did not

know where to turn ; however, I must go home, or my father would beat me. My father!—a murderer? I determined he should be my father no longer;—but how to avoid it? And then my mother, my dear mother! And so home I went.

At the door I met Robert; he was watching for me, and appeared very inquisitive to know "where I had been? why I did not come home sooner?" I could hardly shake him off; but my mother called me, and I was breaking away from his hold when I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, and looking up saw the face of the chief constable of the town; a face I knew well. I tottered and fell. What next took place I knew not. No questions were asked me. A posse of constables entered the house; my mother shrieked; all was confusion. They went up-stairs, and, in about half-an-hour, I saw my father brought down stairs upon his bed, and carried out. He looked ghastly pale, but said nothing. When he was gone I own I felt relieved, for I feared, and never could love him; all my love was for my mother, and when they made me walk away with them I cried bitterly for her. I was locked up by myself in the gaol. I slept little that night; my misery was excessive. My food was good; I saw no one but the keeper, and he was very kind. I determined, however, from that moment, never to be concerned in robbery again, not even for my father.—I believe I hated him then.

At last I was taken before the magistrates. I had been too well tutored to disclose anything; indeed, I had been in bed by half-past twelve, and not even my mother knew I had been out;—no one ever came into my bed-room, and I had crept into the old man's house after dark whilst he was at supper. I was, however, remanded. In the afternoon of that day the chaplain of the gaol came to me. He was a mild, kind, pleasant, but grave man; he said nothing to me of the late murder, but talked to me of God and his all-seeing eye,—left me a Bible, and marked down certain places for me to read. In the solitude of that cell I did read; every word seemed to enter my soul. The promises of God to the good vexed and alarmed me, for I knew I was not good. Yet I would read them again and again; and when I found the promise that, "if the wicked man would turn away from his wickedness, he should save his soul alive," I seemed as if I could not take my eye off the passage:—it was a treasure to me. I never shall forget my emotion as I read the 130th Psalm. Could I be included in this? I determined to ask the chaplain, and in the mean time, boy as I was, I kneeled down and asked God. How long I prayed I know not; but I was sobbing as if my heart would break, when I felt a soft hand touch me. I looked up; the owner of the Bible stood before me; his eyes were filled with tears. I turned and clasped his knees, and asked him if God would ever pardon me: he gently disengaged me, and sat down upon the side of my bed. We had much talk together, but he never alluded to the cause of my being there. He spoke of a Redeemer, of Jesus Christ, and then said, "I found you praying; let me pray with you,"

and he knelt down. So did I; and he prayed so mildly, so earnestly, so heavenly, every word went to my heart. I was calmed. The effect was like magic; I no longer feared the gallows so much as the anger of God. When he went away I could have worshipped him. Bad thoughts, however, returned as my excitement passed away—I would not betray! I, indeed, confess! No: I would be a man;—and then I fell asleep. Is it to be wondered that in the state of my feelings I should have dreamed? I did dream, and the impression of it still remains vividly upon my mind; every thought is now clear before me. I thought that my father and myself had been hanged; that we were dead and lay in the churchyard. Cold, very cold, it was; and I thought my father turned and tried to take hold of me, but he could not: sometimes, indeed, his fingers almost reached me, and I shuddered—oh, it was as if a serpent touched me! On the other side was my good clergyman, and he too put out his hand towards me; and I longed as much for his touch as I abhorred that of my father. Presently there came a dreadful figure, and it shook its hand at the chaplain, and told my father to seize me: I can never describe what that figure was like; it haunted me for years: I see it now, but no effort I could ever make was sufficient to describe it. As it spoke, my father again reached out his hand: I felt he must get hold of me, and by a violent effort I rolled towards the other side. The voice of the clergyman said, "If you come to me you must come wholly, entirely,—will you?" I looked at the figure, I felt the cold icy fingers of my father as they began to touch and creep up my side to grasp me, and I cried out, "Yes, yes; wholly and entirely; I will, I will, indeed!" and I awoke.

My hair was on end; a cold sweat ran down my face and limbs; for many minutes I could still but fancy I was dead, and that I felt those cold fingers touch my side; nay, even now I have a feeling of the sensation. It was, however, daylight: I got up: I walked backwards and forwards, terrified and amazed.

Again the thought of being a man, of not *peaching*, came across me; but, child as I was, I could understand the moral of my dream; I even then thought I must go wholly to God, or that figure would have me. The idea was too dreadful for hesitation; I discarded all thoughts but one; my resolution was made. From that moment I believe I may date that decision of character which has so materially conduced to my success in life. My resolution, I said, was made; "yes; wholly, wholly, I am resolved." I believe few conversions from the ways of iniquity, acting upon a mind as yet not fully imbued with the knowledge of a Saviour, were ever so speedy and so fixed as mine. I waited with impatience until my friend the chaplain came again, and then, asking him to shut the door, told him all, confessed my whole course of life, and my determination to be hanged at once; and turning to my dear 130th Psalm, asked him if God would ever forgive me. His explanation of the Scripture, of the mercy to be found in Jesus, and the reason why he

became a man, entered my heart like a two-edged sword; I absolutely devoured his words; I craved more and more; so much so, that more than once the good man stopped and stared at me as if he thought I was acting a part and deceiving him.

"And what use am I to make of your confession?" he said.

"Any use you please," said I; and he left me.

In his next visit he repeated the same question; I at once returned the same answer.

"Do you know that your evidence will hang your father?"

"Oh yes, and myself too."

"No, no, my boy," he said, "not you;" and he explained to me that the law would deal very differently with me.

I asked his advice; he said, that unless it were necessary, he thought I ought not to say anything; but that the crime was so dreadful, the offender must be punished. "Did I know anything of how the old man was killed?"

I assured him, no; I was in bed, and did not hear of it till the next morning. I did not even see my father go to the house, only I was told to get in and leave the window undone, which I did. "But if I am asked again," I said, "I must tell the truth."

"I will endeavour," said he, "to spare you that;" and he kept his word. My evidence was not called for; the goods were found upon an accomplice, who turned king's evidence;—it was *Robert's father*.

I pass over the horror of hearing my father condemned, and the little joy I felt at my own release. Turned out of the gaol, I walked straight home;—I hated the noise of the streets; every one, I thought, stared at and hunted me. I longed to return to that quiet cell where I had learned and felt so much—it appeared a blessed place. I hated liberty, I feared the faces of my acquaintances; but I longed to see my mother and my sister:—I opened the door and walked in. Alas! what a scene awaited me! I shut the door hastily, as one afraid; as if the very stones of the street would rise up against me. I went up at once to my mother's bedroom, for I could see nobody below. The sound of my footsteps brought my sister to the landing; she held up her finger as a sign of silence, and beckoned me towards her. When I came up, we fell into each other's arms, and I believe that silent embrace did more to endear us to each other than all the years of our childhood. Alas! we were alone in the world! Poor Clara had no thought of religion; my impressions were young, and although fixed, yet not strong. She took my hand, and led me into my mother's room—never shall I forget the feeling. I had been prepared to find her unhappy, ill, in tears; but I had expected to kiss her, to comfort her, to tell her my feelings, and to hear her applaud my new resolutions. My hopes of future happiness all rested upon her. I had formed a thousand plans of working for her, and teaching her all that I felt. She was so mild and placid, I was sure she would listen to me, and we should do so

many things together. And then I loved her so intensely,—it was her kind voice which stood between me and my father's anger; I had seen her take even blows for me. When, therefore, I entered her room, it was in the hope and with the purpose of laying the whole burden of my soul before her.

On the bed lay a long, very long, straight form, much taller than my mother, covered with a white sheet. Clara walked before me, and, without a word, turned down the covering of the head. There, sure enough, lay my mother, placid and beautiful as ever,—her sweet countenance with the same expression. But oh! the truth at once flashed upon me—*she was dead!* Grief, shame, and despair had done their work. She was dead indeed; and all my prospect of future exertion was, as I thought, marred. This was the severest stroke of all to my young heart. I stood like one in a trance; Clara and I remained hand in hand for some time; then we looked at each other, and again at the corpse; then we sat down on the bedside; and more than an hour must have elapsed before either of us spoke. At last I said, "Clara, let us pray." She stared at me as if she did not know what I meant. I said "Clara, God can help us." Still she did not appear to understand me; but we knelt down, and I prayed; that is, I said over and over again, "God help us!" "God help us!" &c. These were the only words I could find, but they were from the heart, and they ascended to the Father of Mercies, and we found help.

(To be continued.)

SIGNS.

AMONG the definitions of this word given by Dr. Johnson, we find that it expresses "a picture or token suspended outside a house" for the purpose of distinction. This is the definition of the word hung at the top of our article to which on the present occasion we intend to adhere. We suppose the adoption of "signs" became one of the earliest necessities of enlarged social existence. Places devoted to the purposes of trade, or contrivances for the promotion of commercial intercourse, becoming numerous in particular localities, some simple means of distinguishing each from the other, or from its competitors in the same place, became also indispensable. It was a custom necessarily consequent upon the centralization of men in the form of communities more or less dense, and in the midst of which divers arts and occupations sprang up. In circumstances where streets were often without names affixed, and oftener without any system for the notation of the different dwellings forming them, the tradesman must have early found the expediency of adopting some distinguishing prominent token, to mark his position, and to direct his customers to his establishment. The simplest sign would manifestly be the exhibition outside of a portion of the goods sold within, or a representation of them in some durable material, such

as wood, stone, or iron. Such was probably the first form of development of the sign. A woolpack would designate a woollen merchant, a wheat-sheaf a baker or corn dealer, and a bunch of grapes, by allegoric licence, would indicate that juice of the same was procurable within. Signs also served another useful purpose at a period when the dark illiteracy of ignorance reduced the reading portion of the community to an infinitesimal minority. An inscription of the name and nature of the trade was darkness itself to the mass of the people, and possibly could not be readily spelled through by the learned few. But signs were intelligible to every one. Appealing not to the mind, but to the senses, they were universally recognisable; and for the first phases of society these rude tokens were invaluable. As 'society made progress, it will be readily conjectured that trades were created, either by the wants or luxuries of men, the proper expression of which could be conveyed by no generally intelligible sign, although we shall see that an enormous outlay of ingenuity was directed to the accomplishment of this object. In such an emergency recourse was had to a system of arbitrary signs, which were simply, in fact, so many titles of houses or places by which their position should be borne in mind. Therefore, signs which had not the remotest thing in common with the business of the place signified became common, where either the occupation was inexpressible by this means, or where, for the sake of singularity, one chose to deviate from the ordinary track, and sell bread under the sign of the "sheep," or wine under the sign of the "wheat-sheaf." After enjoying a long career of usefulness, signs are now vanishing away before the advancing genius of the nineteenth century. This cumbrous mechanism for conveying a simple idea is being swept out of our streets by the far more certain and speedy method of street nomenclature and house enumeration. While the inns yet retain them, and in all probability will long continue so to do, they are disappearing in every other direction, save where some old-time loving inhabitant fondly clings to the swinging memorial, not of the light, but of the darkness "of other days." Before these too are removed by the march of time, we are sure that a little while will not be begrudged in poring over a few of these medals of the Past.

It will be seen, therefore, that signs must date from the remotest antiquity. & It is to be regretted, however, that there is great dearth of accurate information on the exact nature of early signs. It has been stated by Sir W. Hamilton, that on some of the overwhelmed houses of Pompeii the curious sign was found corresponding to our "chequers;" and the signs of other trades are also partly discernible on the walls of the city. Generally speaking, they appear to have been of the primitive class to which allusion has been above made. It is less difficult to find evidence that ships of commerce had their appropriate signs, for Herodotus mentions the *Parasemon*, or sign, as distinguishing the vessel. Frequently the sign was the tutelary divinity, and the same remark will probably

apply to the case of places for trade. An instance of this kind occurs in the sacred text, where the tutelary divinities and the sign of the Roman vessel charged with the conveyance of St. Paul, were Castor and Pollux. Ships of barthen used to have, in addition, a basket suspended on the top of their masts as their sign. Hanging of signs, originally a custom of convenience, at length took the form of a privilege; and in our researches upon this subject we have lighted upon a singular document relative to this point. In the fourteenth year of his reign King Charles I. granted a royal charter of privileges to the citizens of London; in it occurs the following curious clause, which we extract for the benefit of our readers:—

"We do give and grant to the said Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens of the said city, and their successors, that it may and shall be lawful to the citizens of the same city, and any of them for the time being, to expose, and hang in and over the streets, and ways, and alleys, of the said city, and suburbs of the same, Signs, and Posts of Signs, affixed to their houses and shops, for the better finding out such citizens' dwellings, shops, arts and occupations, without molestation, impediment, or interruption of Us, our heirs, or successors." The good inhabitants of the metropolis then, in 1638, estimated at a very different value the system of signs, to those of 1848, since, at the earlier period, it was considered of sufficient importance that this privilege should be perpetually secured by royal charter. We also learn from this extract, that not only were shops thus distinguished, but private dwellings had their signs; and the curious in such antiquities will find frequently upon such old houses as are yet alive, so to speak, either some curious hieroglyphic, or some carved monster, which in their youth served the purpose we are considering. Where a sign was not adopted to characterize a private dwelling, its place was often taken by some pointed, or pointless Latin motto, inscribed in some conspicuous part of the dwelling. The origin, progress, and full establishment of signs as a vehicle of universal language, and as a means for distinguishing places, having been thus imperfectly sketched, we may now, without following any order, because none can be preserved, select for the entertainment of our readers some of the follies and absurdities of the system.

Dean Swift says, "Wit and fancy are not so much employed in any article as that of contriving signs to hang over houses." And if it is remembered that the ingenuities and witticisms are "not of an age, but of all time," having accumulated during the long period of social history, it was to be expected that a vast mass of singularities must have collected under this head. Swift's keen relish for the ludicrous appears to have made this a favourite study with him, for we read of himself and his companion, that it was their great amusement

"Gravely to try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs."

The absurdities of the signs of the metropolis attracted

the sharp gaze of the Spectator also, and Addison, in the charming style peculiar to him, thus pleasantly attacks them: "Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. My first task," he adds, "would be to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign, such as the bell and neat's-tongue, the dog and gridiron. The fox and the goose may be supposed to have met, but what have the fox and the seven stars to do together? And when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post?" In his capacity as a reformer of signs, he proposes that now and then they might have a suitable relation to the name of the person—a sort of embodied pun, in fact. Thus, a Mr. Bell might suspend his metallic namesake over his door; or a Mr. Hogg might live under the sign of a pig. This, of course, was a little pleasantry. Charles Dickens moralises in one of his works on street-door knockers; but Addison, with equal elegance and greater justice, moralises from signs. He declares that a choleric fellow generally makes choice of a bear for *his* sign, while a man of milder disposition frequently lives at the lamb. Observing near Charing Cross a sign of a punch-bowl, with a couple of graceful little angels squeezing lemons into it, he was persuaded that the tastefulness of the composition indicated a Frenchman, and on going into the house he found his conjectures correct.

Many signs were both witty and ludicrous. At a tobaccoist's shop, in a Dutch town, was a celebrated sign, intended to display the happiness of St. Peter in Paradise. This was effected by depicting him seated at a table, and surrounded with—pipes and tobacco! How true to human nature, and to its different estimates of bliss! In the imagination of a Dutchman perfect bliss was pipes and tobacco *ad libitum*. A butcher would be merry as well as wise, and, to the great perplexity of his less learned neighbours and fellow-townsmen, caused a sign to be erected by his slaughter-house, with the portentous words, *Ex Morte Vita*, "Life out of Death," emblazoned upon it, indicating, by this mysterious expression, that human life was sustained by animal death. A French *perruquier*, in order to demonstrate in a powerful manner the vast utility of bag-wigs, conceived that the most forcible method of so doing was to have the history of Absalom painted on a sign, showing how *he* lost his life by the entanglement of his straggling hair. And a Northampton barber, animated by a similar feeling, apostrophized David's favourite but rebellious child, on his sign, after this manner: "Absalom, hadst thou worn a perriwig, thou hadst not been hanged!"

The more cumbrous wit of a Flanders grocer selected for his sign a bear routing a bee-hive for the

honey, underwriting it with, "A dangerous Adventure, but sweet Attempt." Sometimes signs were sarcastic: in a village near London was one of some celebrity; on one side was portrayed, in an expressive manner, an unhappy wretch completely stripped of his clothes and possessions, under whom was painted, "I am the man who went to law, and lost my cause!" Apparently, his opponent fared but little better, for on the other side of the sign was an equally abject-looking figure, dressed in tattered raiment, whose sentence ran, "I am the man who went to law, and *won* my cause!" There was a pointed moral in such a sign, which doubtless had its effect upon the mutual charity and forbearance, if it be not tautology, of the villagers. Now and then signs contained a witty shaft directed against every spectator. At a pretty little village, well known to ourselves, on the borders of Wales, such a sign has given its name to the place: it is called the "Loggerheads." The sign represents two clownish heads grinning, and beneath is written—

"We three
Loggerheads be."

The spectator, in reading it aloud, finds that the third loggerhead is necessarily *himself*, as the painting represents but two. We believe this is the work of an eminent artist now deceased; and we are personally aware that the honest landlord has refused some good offers for his celebrated sign. A continental surgeon, in the early days of the profession, exhibited his invaluable aid in emergencies by a sign representing a poor fellow just fallen into an apoplectic fit, and, we believe, the surgeon himself running up to the rescue; the motto was *au prompt secours*. When Hogarth would contrast France and England, after caricaturing the former country, he paints a country way-side tavern as the contrast, the sign of which is "The Duke of Cumberland. Roast and boiled every day." A humorous writer of the last century, in "The Craftsman," in a well-written paper, entitled "Bravery the characteristic of Englishmen," declares that it oozes out on our sign-boards; and in a peace-loving spirit sets up a sign-reformation. Under his new *regime* no lion was to be painted rampant, but couchant, and particular care was to be taken not to let any of his teeth be seen, without legibly underwriting, "Though he shows his teeth, he will not bite." "Bulls" were to be drawn without horns, "generals" without armour, and "valiant troopers" were to be replaced by "hogs in armour", or "goats in boots," to cast ridicule upon martial hankerings. Thus signs were to become social regenerators, for which their conspicuous position in the eyes of the people admirably adapted them. Those who would read a clever letter written in an ardent love of peace, will do well to turn to the pages of The Craftsman for this.

A very curious episode in the history of signs has turned up in our searches for information on this subject, and we believe it will prove as new to our readers, or to many of them, as to ourselves. In 1762, Mr. Bonnell Thornton, a gentleman well known in his day, took the extraordinary idea into his head, of

(1) This has been poetized by others thus:

"If Absalom had not worn his own hair
He'd ne'er have been seen a-hanging up there."

collecting a vast number of signs together, into an exhibition at his own house in Bow Street, Covent Garden. It appears more than questionable whether the caricature-loving Hogarth had not some hand in the business. The exhibition was formally announced, a witty catalogue printed, and the whole went under the assumed title of the Society of Sign-painters. The first room contained *genuine* signs, collected no one knows whence or how, and ludicrously arranged and catalogued, with the usual pendent accompaniments of bells, swords, poles, sugar-loaves, tobacco rolls, wooden candles, &c. just as they then existed in the metropolis. The following notice was placarded over the entrance to this room.

"N.B. that the merit of modern masters may be fairly examined into, it has been thought proper to place some admired works of the *old masters* in this room, and in the passage along the yard."

Beyond this room was the grand room, all hung round, according to rule, with green baize, and a multitude of the most mirth-provoking signs were arranged in the best lights, all around it, like pictures in an exhibition. A most extraordinary picture gallery it formed, to be sure! many were old signs retouched by some playful brush, and made to assume the most ridiculous aspect. Many were political caricatures, from some eminent artist; and 'tis more than half suspected, three or four of the best were productions of that inimitable satirist, the prince of social caricaturists, Hogarth himself. These were the modern masters above alluded to. The full account is to be discovered by the curious in these matters, in the "Universal Museum" for April 1762, a monthly periodical.

The origin of many signs is a curious but vastly extensive subject. Such parts of it as are likely to prove acceptable we shall select. Though amateur archæologists only, we have given some thought to our subject, and the conclusion at which we arrive is, that every sign must have originated in one of three classes: 1, The Heraldic; 2, The Historical; 3, Miscellaneous. And by carrying these three divisions in remembrance, almost all signs may be traced to their source. Some really sound information may be derived from this consideration. Let us take some examples of each, many of which are well known signs. The "Bolt-in-tun," a coach office in Fleet Street, belongs to the first class; it is simply a copy of the device of a prior, William Bolton, who adopted the expression bolt-in-tun, represented by an arrow piercing a hogshead, as his rebus. The Elephant and Castle is the heraldic device of the town of Coventry. The origin of the Talbot, as stated by an antiquarian correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, is interesting if correct. There was an old inn in the Borough, much frequented by pilgrims in their way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, which had as its sign a Tabard—a herald's coat without sleeves. After a long time, the original tabard disappeared by dilapidation, and the proprietor adopted the name talbot, as being near the original in

sound, painting a spotted dog in lieu of the herald's coat. More probably the common sign of the talbot is derived from the arms of the Talbot family. Our Dolphins, Blue Boars, Saracen's Heads, and many more, originated in the same class.—It has been conjectured that many of the ludicrous combinations upon signs arose from the circumstance of one person adopting the coat of arms or badge of his previous master, and uniting it with his own. Then for the historical. There has been great quarrelling about the Bull and Mouth. It is generally agreed to be a corruption of the words Boulogne Mouth. It is said, one Roger du Bourg took a house near Aldersgate, and, out of compliment to one of our princes, born at Boulogne, called it the Mouth or Harbour of Boulogne. A rival soon sprang up, and called his house the Gate of Boulogne. Hence arose, Bull and Mouth, Bull and Gate. A famous sign is King Charles in the Oak, or the Royal Oak, the historical incident recorded by which reduces it to the confines of our category. A celebrated inn in Aldersgate-street commemorated the execution of Charles I. by the sign of the Mourning Bush. Besides these, there are Kings, Dukes, Marquises, Lords, and so on, without number. Generally, however, the martial or naval heroes appear to have been the greatest favourites; and, as though there were some intimate connexion between bravery and the tavern, they are principally discoverable swinging on creaking hinges, at the side of or over the doors of such places.

Lastly, for the miscellaneous. An incongruous heap is this! Swans with two necks in their bills; Coal-holes; Belle Savage, a corruption of Isabella Savage, the former owner of the ground; Magpies and Stumps; Coach and Horses; Corner-pins; *cum multis aliis*. One of the oddest corruptions we know is that of the "Bag of Nails," from Bacchanals. It has been thought that the Hole in the Wall originated in the famous aperture of that kind through which the sighs of Pyramus and Thisbe breathed, according to Ovid. We confess this is too far-fetched to appear probable; especially when it is remembered that the inn of that name was only accessible by a long passage or hole in the wall. This may suffice.

It appears that signs, at the period when they attained their highest point of splendour, were costly articles of display. The more advanced tradesman of to-day lavishes upon his window-front, and internal decorations, what the less refined man of yesterday spent, and gloried in spending, upon his sign. Scarcely a trace now remains of the beautiful iron-work (of the most elaborate workmanship, as may be seen in many of Hogarth's street scenes) by which the gay and flaunting sign projected for many feet into the mid-air of the street. Flower-work, gilded scrolls, lattice, and a variety of other designs, really made the suspension of the sign a work of some art. And the sign itself, especially if it belonged to the allegorical division of our miscellaneous class, was frequently produced in the studio of an academician. A portrait of Pope, long the admiration of Paternoster Row, is

stated to have been a good work of an eminent artist; and similar instances are innumerable. Some splendid signs adorned Ludgate-hill at one period, many of which cost *several hundred pounds*. In fact, it has been declared that the money which one wealthy tradesman would frequently spend on his sign, would be amply sufficient to stock the shop of a more humble competitor. Truly this was the splendour of barbarism.

Signs began to decline. The cumbrous iron-work got rusty and fragile, and was taken down, no more to be reinstated. Signs were nailed to the wall. When the old ones lost their beauty they were not replaced. Attention was turned toward the windows. By-and-by signs disappeared from the principal streets; brazen cornices and plate-glass panes taking their place as attractives and diagnostics. In the back streets they sank through all the grades of trade, down to the "Stop and Read," "What Next?" and black doll of the rag-shops, to the graphic portraits of mangles, of singularly tinted cows, and miraculously laden wains, of the laundresses, milk-shops, and van proprietors, respectively; and there they remain. From all this a lesson of advancing intelligence may be learned. The blessings of knowledge, coming down like genial showers from on high, have descended in the face of the people, and the merest child now needs not the picture-teaching which a long-past age required. The revolutions of society are swifter, and its character too impetuous, to tolerate anything so obviously cumbrous in character and clumsy in intention, as signs; and, with the imperfections of the age they may be said once to have adorned, they have virtually passed away for ever.

CHAPTERS ON CHURCHES.

No. I.

My dear reader, I am about to make you my Father Confessor, whether you will or not. I am about to change places, individualities, idiosyncracies, with you, and forcibly to invest you with the gray hairs and dignity of my sixty years, while I endue myself with your youth and imprudence, (I presume you are the possessor of these inseparable qualities,) declaring confidentially to you that I, a sexagenarian, with one foot on the crumbling edge of the grave, and the victim of a passion—of the passion *par excellence*—of the tender passion of love.

Yes; I "nourished a flame," and blush not to avow it. No smoky, sooty pretence of a flame, but one so bright and genial, that the tough cords of my heart relax, and that shrivelled old thing itself glows again under its influences. As to the objects (for they are many) of my love, they are all aged; the older the better, say I; the more ancient, the more enticing. Oh, how that pippin aforesaid rattles in its fleshy case! how it thumps and bumps against my ribs! how my eyes grow dimmer still, and my spec-

my steps totter with emotion, when I come in sight of a melancholy and antediluvian-looking—dame? No;—Church—ivy-grown, moss-covered, rickety, tumbledown.

Age, and what some would call ugliness, are far stronger attractions for me than youth or beauty. Still, whether high or low, rich or meagre, pinnaced or embattled, musty or fusty, old or new, provided in the latter case there be a family likeness, I love the whole genus of Churches. All have to me a charm indescribable, an inviting look, a winning way, and an instructive word into the bargain. You have heard of "sermons in stones;" truly I assure you, that every lichen-mottled stone in the wall of an old church has somewhat to say to me; either a moral precept, a tittle of doctrine, or a lesson in history. I will explain to you in what way; for I would that you should understand the language of these buildings, that you should conceive an affection for them, and that in the end you should entertain a passion strong as mine. I shall not be in the least jealous; there are ten thousand of them in this favoured island.

In order to this end, I would ask you to accompany me to one of these venerable structures, that I may give you some clue to its mystical teaching. Lend me your hand, and your heart with it, and we will proceed quietly (for I pray you to bear with the unequal and perhaps feeble steps of an old man) and speak reverently as we approach the sanctuary; for any building grown gray under the suns and snows of centuries, seen from beneath the dark boughs of eternal yew, and over the swelling mounds of the dead, commands respect from every man, even though it be not to him the house of prayer, or the place where his fathers worshipped. And much more from him on whom it has both these claims for veneration; from him who also received within its walls that badge which marked him as a pilgrim through this vale of tears, and a little afterwards the staff to support his trembling steps; who near such a place has laid the bones of his ancestors, and who lives in the hope of mingling his dust with theirs. In that man's mind it is associated with all the most mournful and the happiest ties of existence; it is bound unto him, as it were, by the silver links of joy, and the iron fetters of sorrow.

Well, let us feel some respect for the old pile, and if you object not, let us evince it after the manner of peevish, yet conscientious, Dr. Johnson: verily, I could have embraced that slovenly, cross-grained lump of mortality, for this one consistent reverential act of his life, if he had in no other way shown himself superior to, and in advance of his age. As an humble imitator of his, I make a point of doffing my hat whenever I pass a church. But here we are at the simple roofed gate that admits us within the hallowed precincts of the cemetery: seated on the low wall of that sweet station, we can leisurely survey yon ancient church in detail and collectively. There it stands in the glory of antiquity, yet not altogether of a hoary whiteness; for it is dappled here and there with green and brown time-stains, and seems to me to

resemble rather the head grizzled by the fierce storms of life, than that blanched by gradual decay.

It speaks to me of the past, present, and future. Yon massive buttresses, bound together by string-like mouldings, smiling in defiance of undermining time, exclaim, "Behold how this fabric, firmly founded, and propped up by virtue of its members, hath seen ages and with them all things earthy roll by."

Yon round-arched porch, wide and open-mouthed, disclosing within its jaws a low stone seat, invitingly exclaimeth, "Enter *now*, weary, wayworn wanderer; take rest, and receive strength to carry thee through the wilderness." And the spire, springing from numerous shelvings, pointeth upwards and whispereth constantly, "Onwards—upwards—heavenwards—homewards." Now let us continue our *gradus ad ecclesiam*, and enter by the arched portal. Regard not the dampness, it arises from penitents' tears; nor think of the close atmosphere, it is formed of their oppressive sighs; despise not the dustiness, for the dust-powder sprinkled on door and window, roof and floor, monument and escutcheon, is that roused from the road of years by the wheels of Time's car; and lastly, fear not the gloominess, but believe the light the richer from the passage through the blood-red robes of the martyrs, ranged in the stained-glass windows. But I am reminded by the depth of expression in these countenances, of a slight circumstance which first induced me to attach an idea of superior sanctity to a church; and if I may be permitted, I will relate it in a few brief words.

When a child of eight years of age, a loving mother was snatched from me by the chilly grasp of death. She had been the whole world to me, and in her were centered all the feelings of affection I was capable of entertaining. Imagine then, what a dull, dead blank existence was to me; truly, the light of my day was fled, and all was darkness; for a father can ill supply a mother's place. Being of a very sensitive disposition, I drooped with head bent earthwards, my heart filled with the rain-drops of sorrow. At last, my melancholy increasing, and my relations fearing that it might injure my constitution, determined to send me to a school at some distance from home, in the hope that new scenes and companions might divert my thoughts from their usual gloomy channel. My father accompanied me to school. We passed through York; while there he took me to the cathedral. How well I remember the impression the first sight of that huge mass of traceried stone-work produced upon me! I asked, too, if it were a palace built by fairy hands, for its magnitude and magnificence led me to suppose it to be of supernatural workmanship. On entering, the sublimity and grandeur of the high-arched roof converted garrulous curiosity into mute wonder, and my little eyes wandered in astonishment from the groined ceiling to the reeded columns, grim monuments, carved stalls, and richly stained windows. When passing one of these latter in the aisle, my attention was arrested by a face depicted in it, apparently gazing at me with a peace-

ful smile of pitying sympathy, holy and refined. The features belonged to the figure of a man in kingly garments, clad in a ruby-coloured robe, falling in heavy folds, with a broad jewelled border; the right hand held a sceptre, and the left an orb and cross, and on the head was a strawberry-leaved crown. Strong brown lines forcibly expressed the features of a symmetrical countenance, which was represented with a curly moustache, and beard divided into two parts. There was something in the smile peculiarly sweet—something superhuman. In it my young imagination discovered for the first time real pity; so saintly was it, so different from the faces I was accustomed to see around me, which all had traces of earth in them not visible here. I stood entranced and rooted to the spot for a few moments, but sufficiently long to impress the whole so vividly on the retina of my mind's eye as never afterwards to be effaced; and even now, in moments of extreme sorrow, I fancy I perceive the same figure beaming comfort upon my soul, in all its majesty and grace. From that time I began to consider a church as a sanctuary from the griefs of life; even when reason taught me to reverence it for a far higher motive, that consideration tended to mingle love with reverential awe. The effect of intense and early sorrow has never been entirely rooted out of my mind; its influence has been to make me shun, in some degree, the society of my fellow-men, not from misanthropical motives, but because the roughness of the world grated harshly on and jarred with the confirmed melancholy of my disposition. What wonder then, if, acting on the bias I received in childhood, I should make those buildings my study, where I first felt some relief from bitter pangs? Yes, I *have* studied them, in the species and in the individual. I have travelled far and wide in search of churches. I have stood beneath the lofty vault of Cologne; on the *Crown* of Strasburgh; the marble terraces of Milan; the uneven Mosaic pavement of St. Mark, in Venice; and under the mighty dome of St. Peter's. Nor have I, while wandering abroad, neglected the picturesque spires of England. Odd enough, all the simple events of existence, all the small pivots on which the door of the future has opened to me, impelled by the equal forces of free-will and destiny, have been connected in one way or another with material churches. They are, therefore, like lighthouses on the wide sea of memory, casting blue reflection on the circumstances which surrounded them.

If, pardoning my abrupt adieu to our simple village church, you are not unwilling to mount behind me on my Pegasus, or hobby-horse, and take your flight with me to the north, south, and east, I will point out to you much that I hope will interest, amuse, and perhaps instruct you, in a future chapter.

LIBERALITY.

"WORDS are things." Indeed they are! and never were they more so than at the present day; not even when

"Hard words, 'jealousies,' and 'fears'
Set men together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk."

We are ruled by words. A word concludes us much sooner than an argument. Nay, it precludes all argumentation. It is a *spell*, as our Saxon ancestors called it. Its effect is instantaneous. Attack is superfluous, defence nugatory. The question is disposed of. The trial is over, and we cannot go into the evidence now.

I was lately witness to a remarkable instance of this fact. The character of a gentleman was discussed by a large company of his neighbours. It was admitted that he was upright, generous, amiable; but he had lately refused his subscription to the erection of a place of worship for persons of a different creed. This was the great point brought under the notice of the speakers. But the discussion was brief. One of the party characterized his conduct as *ILLIBERAL*. It was the last word. Our neighbour's opponents felt that, after this, the worst they could say would be tame. His champions seemed paralysed. No attempt was made to analyse the moral character of the act, or to define *liberality*. His illiberality seemed unquestionable, and the condemnation was universal—active or passive.

As I sauntered home in the quiet of the evening, I could not help reflecting on the nature of this proceeding. Though the term "illiberal" had excited so unanimous a feeling, I had my doubts whether it had been quite understood. Indeed, I ventured so far in my own mind as to question whether it did not properly apply to every individual of the party. At least, I could not comfortably assure myself of my own immunity. We had condemned a man unheard—not only so, literally, but we had superseded all arguments of others on his behalf. And why? Because one of us had applied to his conduct a certain epithet, which we had repeated like parrots. Neither the character of the transaction, nor the nature of liberality itself, had been ascertained. How then could we bring them together? I began to feel it due to myself, if too late to benefit my neighbour, at least to emancipate my own mind from the tyranny of words, and endeavoured to obtain a notion of the matter for myself.

On the consequent review, I confess I could see nothing blameworthy in the transaction which had caused so much excitement. The gentleman whose conduct had been arraigned so *liberally*, if a religious man at all, entertained strong convictions of the truth of his views. He, no doubt, entertained no less strong a conviction of the error of the parties who sought his aid. Was he to support what he believed to be erroneous? Surely this would be absolutely against conscience. It did not appear that our neighbour was at all backward in supporting and encouraging his own communion; but I had never heard him called liberal on that account;

while the refusal to support parties with whom he differed, was branded with the stigma of illiberality. Why was this? It was manifest that, right or wrong, we had formed a peculiar notion of liberality. We did not mean by it, kindness, consideration, generosity, self-denial; but we meant by it, *professing one set of opinions, and encouraging another*.

Liberality is, I presume, a virtue. But the virtue of *this* course I take leave to question. Surely, where his convictions are, there should be a man's heart, his exertions, his substance. Instead of encouraging antagonistic views, he should do all in his power to extirpate them from the minds of others. Liberality, indeed! call it, if you will, indifference; call it ostentation; call it indolence; but profane not the name of liberality with such an application.

But what is liberality? for this is, after all, the question. We should not, perhaps, greatly err in representing it as a complex idea, embracing the virtues of courtesy, beneficence, charity in judgment and self-denial in conduct. St. Paul was the first example of it, after the only perfect Example of all good. His speech before Agrippa, his Epistle to Philemon, are instances of refined courtesy; his beneficence and self-denial are alike instanced in his laborious journeys and his manual exertions to minister unpaid; his charity and kind judgment are the soul of all his conduct. Yet St. Paul would have gained no credit for liberality in our day; for he would have made no sacrifices to spread Judaism or Gnosticism, and, further, he did his best to overturn both, while shewing every kindness to the persons of those who professed them. While he commanded to "do good to others," he added "specially unto those which are of the household of faith." Nothing could be more illiberal, on the principle on which we had condemned our friend; even if doing good unto all men were admitted on that principle, we must have added, "specially unto them which are *NOT* of the household of faith."

Surely it is time we were free from the trammels of this absurdity and dishonesty; that we cheerfully conceded the title of liberal to every man who treats all with kindness, and expends his money in the furtherance of objects which he deems beneficial, though he may sometimes refuse it where he believes it otherwise; and that we resolutely refused to misapply the term to one who only seems to profess a creed, in order to show how entirely he can shame and neglect it while he is encouraging all that is alien or hostile to it. Surely too it is time we ceased to be afraid of words—to do an equivocal or injurious act because it will be commended as liberal, and the omission censured as illiberal; surely it were well we took ampler and juster views of duty than these miserable conventionalisms supply. Thus might we see the time when "the vile person shall not be called liberal, neither the churl bountiful."

I shall illustrate the subject by a *short* narrative. Dapsiles and Sophron were brothers. They were married, and had large families and noble establishments. They were, however, very different in their dispositions.

The former had the reputation of great liberality; the latter was little known beyond his immediate neighbourhood, where his kindness to the poor, and his generosity and consideration for his tenantry, if they gained him no fame or sounding titles, at least obtained for him universal love and veneration. He was beloved and respected in his home, where he educated his children in the principles which he himself professed, and provided his sons with the means of maintaining themselves independently of their fortunes, that they might be uncorrupted by idleness, be useful members of society, and be provided against the casualties of life. Dapsiles, however, had too much to do in preserving and extending the fame of his liberality, to attend much to his estate or his children. His tenants and labourers saw little of him; he was, for the most part, engaged in the metropolis in receiving the homage of obsequious admirers. The more removed were men or societies from the principles which he unworthily professed, the more largely they partook of his bounty. And when he died, his charities were the theme of universal applause. Meanwhile, how went on matters at home? His tenants were pressed for the last farthing to supply the claims of his "liberality;" the poor of the manor knew nothing of his bounties, for they could have conferred no celebrity; and his children, left all but destitute by a will which divided the bulk of his property among public objects, became dependents on their uncle and cousins. Untrained to any profession, or to any methodical application of mind and time, they had become helpless; and had at last to thank Sophron and his family for discipline and instruction sufficient to earn for them a maintenance in an inferior position.

Whatever names the world may give to things, I hope my readers will have no difficulty in determining which of the brothers was the true liberal. The maxim that "charity begins at home," is not the less true, for being but too often uncharitably applied. True liberality cannot consist with neglect of domestic duties and immediate obligations, or with the absence of any Christian virtue whatever. The virtues, and especially the charities, have an indissoluble connexion. The bad parent and landlord is not, and cannot be, liberal. The irreligious and unsettled man cannot be liberal. The ostentatious man is not liberal. "But the liberal desireth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand." Q.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN OXFORD MAN.¹

T. N. H.

July 30th.—A fierce thunderstorm this afternoon; in the evening it passed off, and we had a beautiful sunset. The air was so fresh and cool and balmy, that all nature seemed revived by it. The birds have till within the last two hours been singing with unusual vivacity; numberless butterflies have been fluttering about the hedges; and the leaves, all dewy

with the rain, look very much the better for their washing. I have not been out, but enjoying the sunset from the little window of my miniature study. These dreamy musings I fancy do one harm; they are too nearly akin to intellectual idleness. They always end in a fit of melancholy. But, I do not know how it is, I have become strangely subject to these seizures latterly. It is a great bore; for the fact is, I can't discover any possible reason for them. I seem to myself to have grown years older; and a heavy foreboding of impending sorrow oppresses me incessantly. If such is to be my lot, I trust I shall be better prepared and nerved than now. Most surely there are prophetic sadnesses within me, the low wailings that herald the angry soul-tempest. Shadowy clouds gather around, and an ominous prostrating stillness is in the air; the short pause of the storm fiends ordering themselves ere they speed to conflict. Such a spirit has come over me this evening, as I mused by the open window, yet there was nothing but joy. The jessamine buds are filling the air with a delicious perfume, as if breathing anew after the tempest. The garden too has been swelling with more than ordinary freshness; and the rain-drops on the foliage have been glittering like bright pearls of heaven in the rays of the evening sun. The boys have been playing on the village green close by; and their merry peals of laughter and rustic shouts have been unusually animated; as though they were making up for the afternoon's imprisonment. But their very merriment has made me strangely sad. My thoughts go back somehow to the time when I was young as they; and to the quiet village of my school-days, and to the memory of a happy home. And now how changed! *That* was the springtime of the heart; but now it is autumn, wherein all beauty is a message of prophetic sadness. It is the poetry of death. Oh! what would I not give to be able to run about, and share heart and soul in those boyish sports—to be a child again, and have no real cares, and to know nothing of this world's realities! Yet why should I desire this? Soon I shall be summoned to the most solemn of offices, where I must know and deal with these miserable realities. Surely I ought to think more about this, and I will henceforth.

Interrupted in these entries by two most agreeable noises in a quiet summer night like this—to wit, the barking of a dog at a farm house close by, and the whistle of a young rustic who is returning rather late from the village after work to his cottage down the road. It is strange how differently even a whistle sounds in the still night, to what it does in the day. There is a wild melancholy in the tone, which the darkness somehow gives it. All music sounds more pensively at night. It floats upward towards heaven like the breath of an infant's spirit. The poet puts the truth rather broadly in that well known passage:—

"The Nightingale, if she could sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the Wren."

(1) Continued from Vol. vi. page 32.

Darkness and sorrow are two forms of one idea. They are both a sleep and rest. In them both no man can work. Twin sisters are they. For what is night, but widowed earth's garment of sadness for the loss of her joyous bridegroom, her beloved sun?

August 2d.—The rector received another official letter this morning at breakfast from the magistrates of Dorchester, to say that there was every reason to believe that the Chartists intended making a demonstration in his parish on Friday next. They had, it seemed, paraded about in several towns near, and had done desperate damage; setting fire to hay-ricks and stacks of corn, pillaging the farm-houses and other dwellings, and completely gutting the better sort. There was a very desperate character among them, who was evidently their leader. A constabulary force had been raised to put them down, and numbers had been made prisoners; but the sedition was very formidable, especially as the military were engaged elsewhere with them just at this time, though in a day or two they expected a division. The letter concluded with the offer of a small troop of militia, and any other aid which the rector might suggest.

"And what shall you do, sir?" said Montague.

"Why, I shall trust to my own resources, Charles. I am one of those foolish old men who have outlived my generation, I suppose, and fancy that the solemnities of the faith are more likely to subdue these lawless people than physical force. I may not, as a priest, you know, use arms. It is against the Church's law. I shall trust to prayer, and the authority of my office. I purpose having a service in church in the evening, at about the hour they are likely to visit us. The Bishop has sanctioned my accommodating the Lessons and Psalms to the occasion. I think of getting the old clerk to remain here with Mary and Caroline during the service, that he may see to their safe escape in case of necessity."

"But, dearest papa," said Miss Montague, "I would so much rather go with you; indeed I would!"

"Oh yes, dear papa, do let us attend the service," said the younger sister.

"My dear children, you do not know what these men are. It is all, of course, in God's hands; but it is quite impossible for us to know how things will end."

"But you know, papa," answered his eldest daughter, "it will be the same for all of us. I would rather be with you in the danger, whatever it may be, indeed I would, than——"

"Have you forgotten then Willy, Mary my child, and your duty to him?"

Miss Montague said nothing, but shaded her face with her hands, while she rested her elbow on the table. The child was not in the room at the time, and she had indeed forgotten the little boy in the excitement of the moment, in fears for her father and brother; a very excusable oversight.

"You had better keep the child up and dressed, in case of an emergency; and I will have a fly ready to

convey you to Dorchester. I will arrange all this with the clerk."

"But, my dear papa, do you really think I can go off to Dorchester, and not know what may have happened to you and Charles? It is impossible—oh! don't, *don't* let this be." She could scarcely restrain her feelings; for they were of rather a sensitive sort, and she had not the same power of governing them that her brother and others of that sterner sex have.

"I am sure it will be only necessary for me to say, Mary, that it is my wish. Of course, I shall only arrange this as a last resource, if matters go on worse than I expect. Your remaining could do neither me nor Charles any good; on the contrary, it would greatly add to our difficulties in any case. You can trust to me, can you not? that I will make no arrangements without all due consideration for you; and I know I have a dutiful and affectionate daughter that will not hesitate to do what her father wishes—is it not so?—and not the less, because it goes against her own inclinations." Miss Montague now fairly burst into tears, and going behind her father's chair, circled his neck with her arms, kissed him more than once in the forehead, while a burning tear fell on his face. She then as suddenly left the room.

"Poor girl!" the rector said as she left the room, "I knew she would not like this plan of mine. It may be a dreadful time for all of us, but we are in God's keeping."

Here for the time the matter ended.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF SURNAMES;

OR, GLIMPSSES OF A FAMILY THROUGH BYGONE AGES.

THE etymology of family surnames is a subject replete with such deep and varied interest that it seems to deserve a larger share of attention than has hitherto been bestowed on it in the literary world.

To pursue this investigation aright would require a mind of no ordinary stamp;—one addicted to the study of ancient chronicles, and familiar with the hidden treasures of antiquarian lore; one in whom are happily combined a clear understanding and a vivid imagination; who can unravel truth, when wrapped up in many folds of error, and who loves to trace out the romance of daily life, even when its haunts are to be found among the humblest walks of society.

Having thus stated our views of the qualifications needed in one who might venture to explore this vast field of domestic literature, it will readily be believed that we are not about to attempt any investigation of its resources. But, without entering this region of antiquarian research, the merest tyro in historical literature will now and then meet with curious facts which make him yearn after a more intimate acquaintance with the early history of families, who are now passing peacefully along the highway of life, unmindful of those deeds of goodness or of renown which first obtained for them the name they bear.

These thoughts are suggested to us by some glimpses recently had of a French family, named Anjorrant, who although not belonging to the "*Noblesse d'Épée*," were, during many successive ages, regarded as one of the most honourable houses in France. The Anjorrants were one of the three great Parliamentary races, for whom the *haute noblesse* in that country always professed the utmost veneration; and who enjoyed the hereditary dignity of the magistracy, long before the Parliament of Paris had been permanently established. It appears that until the middle of the 13th century their family name was Vanvres; but in the days of the sainted sovereign Louis IX. this monarch observed, during his daily devotions in the Holy Chapel of Paris, that some of the worthy magistrate's family were always to be found in prayer before the high altar of that church: whereupon he expressed his desire that they should assume the surname of *Anges-orant* (angels praying), and gave an authorization to that effect.

About 300 years later than this period, the Angeorants having gone to pass the Easter vacation at their manorial residence of Claye-en-Brie, it chanced that Francis the First, being engaged in the pursuit of a wild boar, found himself on the approach of night in the vicinity of their castle; and, being wearied by the chase, resolved to demand hospitality of his loyal and esteemed subject. On entering the mansion, he found the venerable magistrate surrounded by his children and domestics, in the midst of whom he was reciting the evening prayers; and (writes an ancient chronicler) "none of the household even turned their heads, so as to look towards his Royal Majesty, until the last amen of the complines had been uttered."

... This service being concluded, the magistrate hastened to offer his glad and duteous welcome to the royal visitor. . . . "By my faith, counsellor, said King Francis, you have a just right and title to this name of Angeorant which you bear. Honour be unto each man unto whom honour is due!" and straightway conceded to them two angels clothed in tanies, as supporters to their arms, of three lilies on a field of azure."

Time passes on; and, at the distance of two hundred years from Francis the First's reign, this worthy family is once more brought to our notice in the person of a little girl, who had been placed by her parents, for the purpose of education, at the Abbey de St. Antoine in Paris. With many good and amiable qualities, she occasioned considerable disquietude to her teacher, who could not by any means find out in what way she spent her pocket-money, consisting of a louis-d'or a month, which she regularly received from home. She was suspected of *gourmandise*, or of some other unseemly propensity whereon her allowance might secretly be squandered.

The lady abbess having communicated her fears and difficulties to Massillon, the bishop of Clermont, who was an intimate friend of Mademoiselle Anjorrant's father, he undertook to clear up the mystery. Accordingly, after a long and earnest conference with

the little girl, he discovered that she spent all her allowance in procuring masses of requiem for all the kings and queens of France regarding whose salvation she felt uncertain; not forgetting the Ultragoths and the Dohdas; the Fredegondas and the Brunehauts.

"But, Monsieur de Clermont," said a young and free-thinking courtier to the bishop, as he related this anecdote; "can you not picture to yourself how surprised and delighted Fredegonde and Brunehaut must be to find that there are good people now-a-days in Paris who take any interest in them? Are we to suppose that these two princesses are still in purgatory? and do you think that this little girl's money was well employed?"

"Sir," replied the great and good Massillon, "I am not in the habit of speaking theologically, save in the pulpit or the confessional. Come and meet me there."

Far be it from us to join in the self-sufficient sneer of the French courtier, for we count it an indifferent mark of piety to ridicule those who are sincerely devout, because their form of faith happens to be a less enlightened one than our own. Rather would we avail ourselves of the hint given by the excellent Massillon, to leave theological language to the pulpit; and only express our hearty desire that the same spirit of affectionate loyalty and fervid piety which seems to have been characteristic of the Anjorrant family from age to age, might become more prevalent in these more enlightened days and in our own more favoured country.

Reviews.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

THIS is not a book to be skimmed and cast aside like most modern novels; it deserves a careful perusal; and though, as a work of art, we cannot but pronounce it a failure, it contains passages of rare beauty, and pictures vivid and powerful. The dedicatory letter acquaints us (so we think) with the secret cause which has broken the unity and overlaid the interest of the romance-chronicle, if we may coin a name for a book which partakes of two classes, without properly belonging to either. In the somewhat ostentatious parade of labour and learning, we find a sufficient reason for artistic inconsistencies; under the weight of those ponderous folios to which Sir E. Lytton refers with such gusto, how was it possible for him to execute with his wonted agility the *pas d'exalté*, or glide with becoming grace into the *mazurka de sentiment*? In his elaborate vigilance of manners, pedantry of expression and allusion, consultation of authorities, comparison of dates, how

(1) Harold; or, the Last of the Saxon Kings. By the Author of *Rienzi*, &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

could the Man and the Story miss of suffering injury? Not that we would be supposed to countenance the idea that genius is sufficient to itself, and can create a world out of nothing. There must, doubtless, be materials for the work, and he will of course be the highest genius whose capacity for collection bears the nearest proportion to that for production; but, nevertheless, we hold it for an undeniable canon of art, that the moment of creation must also be one of liberty and unconsciousness. The act must be unembarrassed and spontaneous—deriving its grace and strength from former achievements. You cannot be mason and architect in the same moment. You cannot study a theory of tactics while you are fighting a battle—at least, if you do, the chances are ten to one that you will be beaten. It is the root of the plant, and not the blossom, which needs to be watered and nourished.

It is not uninteresting to observe how "Harold" has been injured by the infraction of this rule. Everything in it is work, not development—it is an accumulation rather than an outpouring. Detached scenes and brilliant episodes alternate with wearisome details and heavy commentaries. No character stands forth prominent and complete—it is made up of accessories without a principal; it is like one of Maclise's multitudinous pictures. Yet the artist pants under the self-imposed burden, and from time to time essays to throw it off and breathe freely. There are at least a dozen *beginnings* in the three volumes, each of which deceives you into a fresh hope that you are fairly in the romance at last, and each of which merges afresh into dreary and uncomfortable cleverness. Nothing can be finer than the first picture of Earl Godwin and his stately sons; nothing sweeter than the opening sketch of Edith the Fair at the feet of her stern grandmother, who, by the bye, is as indifferent a copy of Norna of the Fitful Head as we ever remember to have seen. So, too, in the young Norman, Mallet de Graville, we are reminded of Sir Piercie Shafton, and of the inimitable Osric, who suggested both. But it is in the character of Harold himself, on which the chief labour has been bestowed, that we think the failure is chiefly perceptible. The first conception was original, but unpleasing; it appears to be intended for the type of the practical Englishman, idealized by the process, more simple than satisfactory, of enlarging the natural proportions. This is, perhaps, not an uncommon blunder; though surely it must be a fatal one. The Spanish giant is not the Apollo Belvidere, neither is a prize ox a picturesque object in a landscape. We can bear a great deal, but we cannot bear that our noble Saxon Harold, whom, with all his shortcomings, we cannot but love, should be made to talk like a modern Whig. And we frankly avow that we would rather have a school-girl's hero, all fury and sentiment, than a hero in whom "common sense is carried into genius (?):" a very long way to carry it, by the bye, and patient, strong, and very sanguine must have been the porter who started on a pilgrimage of such doubtful issue. However, such is the view of Harold presented to us at the outset, and we are reconciled

to him chiefly by a serene nobleness of aspect, which has in it something consolingly heroic; and a mixture of generosity and affection, from which we are led to hope better things than do actually come to pass. But the writer has wavered so often in his conception, that we have no definite whole to contemplate. A fine tragic subject was before him, and it is singular that he has contrived to come so near, and yet (as it seems to us) to miss it after all. The corruption, and final repentance of a character originally great, are the truest and most touching theme which the artist can possibly select; and in the traits of magnanimity recorded of Harold, in the extorted oath of fealty and its subsequent infraction, in the retributive justice which punished the sin of ambition by defeat, and in the lovely tradition of his penitence and reconciliation to the Church—which, if it rest on no assured historical foundation, is surely plausible enough for all purposes of art—this theme was abundantly suggested. But the writer appears to want the same faculty which is likewise deficient in his hero—the faculty of faith. Throughout he shows himself afraid of seeming to believe too much. He appears unconscious that the element of faith is necessary to a heroic character—that whosoever this is lacking, the grandeur of the character is irrevocably lost. Setting aside altogether the question of the truth or falsehood of the system under which a man finds himself, we may venture fearlessly to assert, that the temper which receives is loftier than that which rejects—that the man who embraces the idea of his age, and works by and through it, is greater than he who stands apart to measure and to criticise it. The fanatic is the corruption of a nobler nature than is the sceptic.

We need only point to the contradictions of the book before us, to illustrate what we have advanced. The author is perpetually unsaying as philosopher what he has asserted as artist; he is for ever stumbling upon truths, and spurning them out of his way. The sceptical temper of Harold is at one moment held up to our admiration as proving him to be in advance of his age; at the next it is made the source of all his errors and misfortunes. The cool practical sense of a mind which ever subjects enthusiasm to reason, is at first presented as one of his noblest characteristics; yet in the end, the lesson is taught, almost it would seem unintentionally, that a mind of this stamp is specially liable to deteriorate and be corrupted by intercourse with the world. Again, the incredulity which was held, as we have said, to be a sign of intellectual superiority, is made to manifest its weakness and produce its own chastisement, by yielding to a superstition which does indeed show dark and foul beside the sweet and generous beliefs which it has rejected; and the self-reliance which was made the prime element of Harold's greatness fails him utterly in his time of need, and preaches more forcibly than most sermons, "that grand and subtle truth which dwells in spiritual authority," in a scene, perhaps the

finest in the book, where, prostrate at the feet of the gentle Bishop Alred, he pours forth his agony of soul and makes confession of his guilt. Again, by hints of previous deterioration of character, and by the careful assemblage of a host of almost irresistible temptations, we are led to suppose that the author considered Harold's oath of fealty, taken with deliberate purpose of deception, as great a sin as in truth it was; yet so fearful is he of the charge of superstition (?) that he takes an immensity of pains to show that he sees no sin at all in the breaking an oath so taken, and thus we lose altogether the grand idea of the tragedy in the retribution of his fall; while the history of his subsequent penitence and seclusion, which is so absolutely *necessary* to the character and the tale that we defy any reader not to keep mentally adding it as an appendix, is altogether omitted, and cast aside as a fable unworthy of attention. The key to all these inconsistencies, destroying the unity of the conception and utterly marring the pathos of the story, must surely be found in some master-inconsistency in the mind of the writer, which perpetually keeps his creed and his art at variance the one with the other; for Art, purely objective, and in so far as it escapes the colouring of the medium through which it makes itself known, is ever the handmaid and twin-sister of Truth. It is as the pure lake, which indeed, by much toil and stirring, you may render muddy and turbid, but which when left to itself ever returns to mirror the wide blue sky, and crystallize in its depths the steadfast images of trees and hills. Many are the passages which we might glean from this book, expressive of the highest truth, but not one finds its adequate or consistent developement, and scarcely one fails to be contradicted by some parallel passage of a wholly opposite kind. The way in which Sir Edward constructs, destroys, and re-constructs the same idea, reminds us of nothing so forcibly as of our friends the French, who in the Revolution of '92 spent all their energies in turning the Champ de Mars into a huge basin, and now in this, which we suppose is the fourth or fifth revolution since then, (we have not kept a strict account,) are busy in filling up that same basin with the very earth which they so laboriously cast out of it. We will, however, give one reference to a definition of Faith, which may perhaps help to solve the difficulty. It is at page 238, vol. i., where it is said of Harold's character, that "beautiful and sublime as it was in many respects, it had its strong leaven of human imperfection in that very self-dependence which was born of his reason and his pride. In resting so solely on man's perceptions of the right, he lost one attribute of the true hero—*faith*." Here, thought we, is indeed the truth—after all, Sir Edward thinks as we do. But we might as well depend upon the veracity of a sign-board as a pantomime—which at the very instant in which we are reading on it the address of Mr. Morison the Hygeist, changes, we know not how, into an enunciation of the Points of the Charter,—as repose with any hope of permanence on an assertion of the author of

"Harold." The instant we set our foot on it, it glides from beneath us and leaves us in the mire. The very next paragraph defines the faith which Harold wanted in a "more comprehensive (?) sense" than religious faith; to wit, "he did not rely on the *celestial something* which pervades all nature!"—and we wonder what would have happened to him if he *had* relied on it; that is to say, if it had been his sole reliance. Alas for the goodly strain so marred! for the sweet bells jangled and out of tune! When an indifferent player sits down to the piano and tortures us by inevitable blunders, we stop our ears, laugh, and are angry; but when a deaf Beethoven works his wonders of harmony with one hand while the other lies unconsciously on the keys and turns the whole to discord, we hide our faces and weep.

On the portrait of Edward the Confessor—defaced as it is by an abundance of dull jokes whose only point is in their irreverence—we will make but one observation, namely that it appears to puzzle Sir Edward, and to annoy most historians, that a character whose strict asceticism, visionary credulity, and profound simpleness, are of course inseparably associated with weakness and folly, should be found to utter so many wise sayings, and do so many admirable deeds. They do not know what to make of it; and having given their view of the man, are perpetually apologising for the odd exceptional actions which come in their way, and which somehow or other do not agree with that view.

There was another great theme before the author, apart from delineation of character, and personal interest; the enslavement of a race once indomitable, the conquest of a country, the end of a great dynasty, and that race our forefathers, that country our own, that dynasty the line of the Saxon kings—why, the baldest and briefest abridgement of the history of such a period that ever lay cold and heavy on the imagination of a much-enduring school-boy, has power to make the eyes fill and the heart quiver. But here too, strange to say, our sympathies, which might so easily have been kindled to the highest warmth of which they are capable, are suffered to lie dormant. The balance between the contending parties is so nicely adjusted that we cannot tell which way we wish it to incline. No passionate loyalty substitutes the resolves of a glorious instinct for the deliberations of a sober judgment; no high devotion turns defeat into triumph, and death into martyrdom; the Saxons are made by Sir Edward actually to deserve the epithet applied in scorn to their descendants—they are a "*nation of shopkeepers*," and our reluctant sympathies are given to the Norman conquerors, who have the faith and the unity which are wanting to their enemies. Hear the following dialogue:—

"Ye are still in your leading-strings, Norman," replied the Saxon, waxing good-humoured in his contempt. "We have an old saying, and a wise one, 'All come from Adam, except Tib the ploughman; but when Tib grows rich, all call him dear brother!'"

"With such pestilential notions," quoth the Sire de Graville, no longer keeping temper, "I do not wonder

that our fathers of Norway and Daneland beat ye so easily. The love for things ancient—creed, lineage, and name, is better steel against the stranger than your smiths ever welded.

"Therewith, and not waiting for Saxwulf's reply, he clapped spurs to his palfrey."—Vol. ii. p. 125.

And we, the reviewer of this uneasy colloquy, wished heartily that we also could have clapped spurs to our palfrey and escaped; but this was impossible, so we sat still and endured the following instructive passage. It is the same Norman who speaks:—

"Look you, my friend, everything is *worn out*! The royal line is extinct with Edward, save in a child, whom I hear no man name as a successor; the old nobility are gone; there is no reverence for old names; the Church is as decrepit in the spirit as thy lath monastery is decayed in its timbers; the martial spirit of the Saxon is half rotted away in the subjugation to a clergy; not brave and learned, but timid and ignorant.

By the bye, this strangely contradicts the context, wherein one grand difference between Saxon and Norman is made to consist in the fact, that the former were *not* submissive to their spiritual superiors, while the latter *were*—

"The desire for money eats up all manhood," &c. &c.

In these words lies a great truth. Perhaps no people is ever really conquered until the idea by which the national life is bound together and on which the national unity is built, be extinguished; and as an inevitable consequence, paralysis and division have fallen upon the land. This is a great and a grievous truth—a painful lesson—a solemn warning. But if this were indeed the reason of the subjugation of our Saxon fathers, we may admit that it is necessary that we should know it, but we must also maintain that inasmuch as it destroys our sympathy with them, it renders their downfall no meet theme for art—it is in fact excluded from the domain of art. They fail to interest us as a nation,—and no strong sentiment of personal devotion or enthusiasm is offered to us as a substitute for the national feeling: we are therefore (if we admit this view) very glad to be rid of them, and so of course the tragedy loses its pathos. Moreover, if this view be true, there can be no doubt that it is unpleasant, and we do not like unpleasant facts in a romance. Quinine is strengthening and unpalatable, champagne is stimulating and delicious. Both are (we will maintain it) necessities of life. But in the name of charity let us have them separately; we can take our medicine as bravely as any one when we have made up our minds to it, but we protest against that cheat, as old as the days of Tasso, which betrays us into swallowing it when we are off our guard and intend to enjoy ourselves.

And now we would fain wind up with a little praise.

There is much that is beautiful in the opening love of Harold and Edith, though somehow the character of the maiden fails, on the whole, to win our affections; and the scene in which she implores her beloved to abandon her, which *might* have been magnificent, has an *un-~~celestial~~ something* about it, an ostentatiousness of self-sacrifice, a pathos upon stilts, which

is disagreeable. But the story of Sweyn, the criminal and repentant brother of Harold, is told with irresistible power and beauty; from first to last a deep and touching interest gathers around it, and, though our space forbids us to quote largely, we must needs give the close of the scene, in which, in presence of the assembled nobles, he answers the charges brought against him. It is Sweyn himself who speaks:—

"Think not that I seek now to make less my guilt, as I sought when I deemed that life was yet long, and power was yet sweet. Since then, I have known worldly evil, and worldly good—the storm and the shine of life; I have swept the seas, a sea-king; I have battled with the Dane in his native land; I have almost grasped in my right hand, as I grasped in my dreams, the crown of my kinsman, Canute;—again, I have been a fugitive and an exile;—again, I have been outlawed, and Earl of all the lands from Isis to the Wye; and, whether in state or in penury, whether in war or in peace, I have seen the pale face of the nun betrayed, and the gory wounds of the murdered man. Wherefore, I come not here to plead for a pardon, which would console me not, but formally to discover my kinsman's cause from mine, which sullies and degrades it;—I come here to say that, coveting not your acquittal, fearing not your judgment, I pronounce mine own doom. Cap of noble and axe of warrior I lay aside forever; barefooted and alone I go hence to the Holy Sepulchre; there to atone my soul, and implore that grace which cannot come from man! Harold, step forth in the place of Sweyn the first-born! And ye, prelates and peers, militia and ministers, proceed to adjudge the living! To you, and to England, he who now quits you is the dead!"

"He gathered his robe of state over his breast, as a monk his gown, and, looking neither to right nor to left, passed slowly down the hall, through the crowd, which made way for him in awe and silence; and it seemed to the assembly as if a cloud had gone from the face of day.

"And Godwin still stood with his face covered with his robe.

"And Harold watched anxiously the faces of the assembly, and saw no relenting.

"And Gurth crept to Harold's side.

"And the gay Leofwine looked sad.

"And the young Wulnoth turned pale and trembled.

"And the fierce Tostig played with his golden chain.

"And one low sob was heard, and it came from the breast of Alred, the meek accuser,—God's true but gentle priest."

Then follows the parting between the pilgrim Sweyn and Harold, who accompanies him a little way on his journey:

"The outlaw heard, as if unmoved. But when he turned to Harold, who covered his face with his hand, but could not restrain the tears that flowed through the clasped fingers; a moisture came into his own wild bright eyes, and he said—

"Now, my brother, farewell, for no farther step shalt thou wend with me."

"Harold started, opened his arms, and the outlaw fell upon his breast.

"No sound was heard save a single sob, and so close was breast to breast, you could not say from whose heart it came. Then the outlaw wrenched himself from the embrace, and murmured,—

"And Hæc—my son—motherless, fatherless, hostage in the land of the stranger! thou wilt remember—thou wilt shield him—thou be to him mother, father, in the days to come! So may the saints bless thee!"

"With these words, he sprang down the hillock. Harold bounded after him, but Sweyn, halting, said mournfully,—

"Is this thy promise? Am I so lost that faith should be broken even with thy father's son?"

"At this touching rebuke, Harold paused, and the outlaw passed on his way alone. As the last glimpse of his figure vanished at the turn of the road whence on the 2d of May the Norman duke and the Saxon king had emerged side by side, the short twilight closed abruptly, and up from the far forest-land rose the moon."

Beautiful too, though we have not space to quote it, is the scene in which Harold hears of the death of his unhappy brother, who died, as the Norman says, "shriven, and absolved, and calm, and hopeful, as they ever die who have knelt at the Saviour's tomb."

Bre we conclude, however, we must needs extract the following true and eloquent observations, which, coming from such lips, must surely have a force that no commentary of ours could give them.

"There are sometimes event and season in the life of man the hardest and most rational, when he is driven perforce to faith the most implicit and submissive, as the storm drives the wings of the petrel over a measureless sea, till it falls tame and rejoicing at refuge on the sails of some lonely ship—seasons, when difficulties, against which reason seems stricken into palsy, leave him bewildered in dismay—when darkness which experience cannot pierce wraps the conscience, as sudden as night wraps the traveller in the desert—when error entangles his feet in its inextricable web—when, still desirous of the right, he sees before him but a choice of evil; and the angel of the Past, with a flaming sword, closes on him the gates of the Future; then, Faith flashes on him with a light from the cloud; then he clings to prayer as a drowning wretch to the plank; then, that solemn authority which clothes the priest as the interpreter between the soul and the Divinity, seizes on the heart that trembles with terror and joy; then that mysterious recognition of atonement, of sacrifice, of purifying lustration, (mystery which lies hid in the core of all religions,) smooths the frown on the Past, removes the flaming sword from the Future. The Orator escapes from the bounding furies, and follows the oracle to the spot where the cleansing dews shall descend on the expiated guilt. He who hath never known in himself, nor marked in another, such strange crisis in human fate (!) cannot judge of the strength or the weakness it bestows. But till he can so judge, the spiritual part of all history is to him a blank scroll, a sealed volume. He cannot comprehend what drove the fierce heathen, cowering and humbled, into the fold of the Church; what peopled Egypt with hermits; what lined the roads of Europe and Asia with pilgrim homicides; what, in the elder world, while Jove yet reigned on Olympus, is couched in the dim traditions of the expiation of Apollo, the joy-god, descending into Hades; or, why the sinner went blithe and light-hearted from the healing lustrations of Eleusis."

An irreverence of expression, doubtless unintentional, prevents us from extracting the end of the paragraph.

The whole episode of Gryffyth, the Welch king, is exceedingly fine. It is told with a fire and a pathos which make us long to have another story from the writer's hand;—a real, true, genuine, honest story, not a make-believe compound of history, antiquarianism, and fiction; such a story as he was wont to write in times of old, only with the improvement of moral

tone and refinement which we are glad to recognise in him now.

As a parting courtesy, however, we beg to ask a writer so scrupulous in his scholarship and chronology, whether it is quite probable that this aforesaid Welch king Gryffyth should quote Shakspeare? We should also be glad to know on such good authority what is meant by an "imageless crucifix," and what is the precise number of feet and inches attributed to Hilda, when it is said of her, with mystic significance, that she was "of the height of a statue."

THE ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.¹

If we search through the world for materials out of which to weave *the Romantic*, we shall scarcely find, in any region, records, whether written, sculptured, or legendary, richer in these materials than those of the British aristocracy. A writer who is well acquainted with this subject, need not forsake, for an instant, the path of recorded fact, to run after any pretty fictitious addition; he knows well enough that he can invent no tales so wonderful, criminal, touching, terrible, exemplary, admonitory, or elevating, as those which are positively true. Every individual has his romantic history, if one had but "the gift to know it;" a history that would seem to run, not parallel, but at right angles with his outward and visible life, with its cut-and-dry common-place, and unmitigated business forms. Every family, from the humblest back attic to the royal palace, has its historic curiosities and strange romance, needing but the recording pen (more efficient than strongest fairy-wand,) to send it abroad thrilling all hearts with its melancholy or its marvels. In addition to the interest which everything human awakens in our hearts, the family history of the British peerage has other claims upon our attention. In the first place, it is fuller than the history of any other class, of "those moving accidents by flood and field," those changes of fortune, those daring deeds of magnanimity, of crime, of state policy, which have made, in great part, the history and the glory of England. In the second place, the family history of this class is almost the only family history recorded, and therefore the only one which presents us with the romance of reality in past times.

It may not be the fashion to laud the aristocracy in the present day; still what has been done is done, and no earthly power can undo it. What the great men, the old aristocracy of England, have done for this country will ever command the grateful acknowledgments of all right-minded people in it; no matter whether they belong to the higher, the lower, or the middle rank. The memory of those men gives a peculiar interest to the time in which they lived; their history is involved in the national history; and their lives are the richest sources of poetry and fiction. Such, at a first glance, appear the advantages and

(1) *The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History.* Vol. I. 8vo. By George Lillie Craik. Chapman and Hall.

important points of the present work, and further, (to quote the author's own words)—

"This work offers itself as, in the first place, a contribution, however slight and imperfect, to the history of society in England. And being that, it must be, further, a contribution to the history and philosophy of human nature. The great antithetic poet has pronounced that 'the proper study of mankind is Man.' It is fortunate that it should be so, for this is also under one form or another the most popular of all studies. In the present age the favourite medium or vehicle from which its lessons are imbibed is Fiction. What is the modern novel but the philosophy of human nature and human life, teaching more or less wisely by example? And is not a novel also usually a family history? Real history, of whatever kind, with its indispensable alloy of the prosaic, and its incompleteness and comparative shapelessness, will always show to a disadvantage in many respects, beside its brilliant rival; yet its more unpretending qualities, too, have their value and their claim to attention in relation to this matter. For one thing, the real must ever be, to a certain extent, both the standard and source of the ideal. The more that the former, therefore, is studied and known, the better for the latter. And after all, with whatever deficiencies it may be chargeable, there is that in the truth which is never to be found in fiction. There is something in it which holds even the imagination with a more forceful grasp."

By the "Romance of the Peerage," the author does not mean fictitious tales about high-born historic characters, but the romantic portion of the real history of the peerage,—the private and little known history of many noble families, collected from innumerable authentic sources, which are not within reach of the ordinary readers of history and biography.

It will be at once clear to the reader's mind that a man must be more than a diligent student of red books and pedigrees, more than a proficient in heraldry and archaeological documents, to be able to write a romance of the peerage. He should be a man who is capable of reanimating past ages, and of carrying his reader into the midst of the state of things which he, by careful study of documentary lore, has been able to conceive of distinctly in his own mind. He must be more learned than most men, and more sagacious in his judgment of character and action. Mr. Craik is all this and somewhat more. He is well known in the higher circles of the literary world for his vast amount of information, which is almost encyclopædic, (not using the word in its *French* signification,) and he is also known to the majority of the public as the Editor of the "Pictorial History of England," and as the author of "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties;" the "History of Literature in England;" "Spenser and his Writings;" and "Bacon and his Works." He is also recognised among the initiated as an acute and refined critic in various literary periodicals. He has never been very active in politics, we believe, but seems to entertain no extreme opinions, and to be able to appreciate the good in all parties. If our estimate of the author's mind and its acquirements be correct, (and we think this estimate is the general one,) it follows, that few men in the country are better able to write the work of which the volume before us is the beginning. It appears, from the Preface, that the

whole will be completed in about four or five more volumes.

This first volume contains a great deal of valuable and interesting matter. Indeed the ordinary reader of romance will probably complain that the book is hard to read because it contains so much matter. Here we have nothing like a "neat little rivulet" of fact, "meandering through a meadow," of mere fine talking or writing. Without being an ordinary reader of romance, one may easily find fault with the author for not giving us a little more of his own *talk* about the characters and events which he has so carefully elucidated by means of facts and dates and collations. The little that he has given us in this way is so good, that we cannot help fancying the book would have been improved by more. It is not sufficient in these days of "reading made easy," to lay a true statement of facts before the general reader, he requires to have his mind made up for him as to the conclusion he is to arrive at; or at least, he requires considerable prompting and helping in that business. However, a very little mental exertion will make this book as entertaining as it is instructive to the cultivated reader. In beginning to give some account of the contents of this volume, we cannot do better than quote its opening passage:—

"In such an undertaking as this it is not possible to follow altogether the usually reasonable and convenient rule of beginning at the beginning; whether it is to be taken as resting on the authority of the Giant Moulineau, "*commencer par le commencement*," or on that of Aristotle, in the *De Poetica*,—*ἀπὸ τοῦ κατὰ φύσιν πρῶτον εἰς τὰς ὑποθέσεις*. The subject has no proper beginning. Our narratives will run as often parallel to one another as in succession. Yet the one to which the reader's attention is now to be solicited, takes so wide a sweep that it will serve better than almost any other would do to open the subject, and to lay a general foundation for the work.

"Under the present title it is proposed to trace a chain of family history, extending, from first to last, over not much short of a century, that most picturesque of our English centuries which lies between the Reformation and the Great Rebellion. The story has many curious links, and involves some of the most noted figures of the age of Elizabeth and James, as well as many others that are now generally forgotten, but whose memory has perished rather for want of an historian than of a history. With some shorter sketches which will naturally grow out of, and follow it, it will carry us a long way through so much of our subject as lies in the sixteenth century, beyond which it is matter of curious antiquarianism rather than of what has any living interest for the general reader. But that century, or at least the latter half of it, was the morning of the day in which we still live. No night divides that time from our own. Our present more advanced civilization is the same that then existed. There has been a progress, but no interruption of the continuity. The sun has mounted higher in the heavens; that is all. Nearly all the more conspicuous, not only of the things, but of the persons of the present day, are derivations in a direct and unbroken line from those of that age. It was the birth period of our actual social condition; if not that in which its seeds were sown, or in which they took root, yet that in which their growth first showed itself above the ground. We feel our predecessors of this Elizabethan age to have been our progenitors. We hardly look upon our early progenitors as more than our predecessors."

The story here alluded to is that of Lettice Knollys, her marriages and her descendants—which occupies

two-thirds of the book; the remainder is devoted to the history of the earldom of Banbury. The latter is extremely curious, and has attracted the attention of a great many people besides peers and lawyers, whom it would seem, at first sight, to concern exclusively. But the story of Lettice Knollys is of universal interest. Dear reader, you need not be ashamed to ask, "Who was Lettice Knollys?" Such a question will reflect no discredit on your knowledge of English history, since it may be very good without including the maiden names of all the ladies of high degree who are in any way connected with state personages. Yet was Lettice Knollys a very remarkable individual. To begin with the most important of all things in a woman—beauty, Lettice had far more than the ordinary allowance of that evanescent but powerful commodity. She was transcendently beautiful; "Mais, enfin, d'une beauté de tous les anges et de tous les diables." Oh! for a sight of that fair Lettice Knollys we would sacrifice, yea, make a bonfire of all the books of beauty we are acquainted with. Lettice Knollys (the name should be pronounced as if spelt without the y) was the first cousin of Queen Elizabeth, and the wife of Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex. Soon after she became Countess of Essex, she attracted the attention of the Earl of Leicester, who won the love of her excitable and somewhat frivolous nature, and led her into crime. She was unfaithful to her noble-minded husband, whose life she made wretched, and whose death she was popularly believed to have contrived, in conjunction with the abandoned Leicester. But of that crime at least she seems to have been guiltless, since it is pretty certain Leicester achieved it without her connivance. Two years after the death of the unfortunate Essex, Leicester married his widow, who retained her influence over the royal favourite till his death. Mr. Craik shows that the groundwork upon which Scott's glorious fiction of Kenilworth is built, is made up of anachronisms and misrepresentations of fact. Amy Robsart was not a poor knight's daughter, but an heiress, and of a distinguished family. Amy Robsart never was Countess of Leicester at all, since she was dead before her husband was created Earl of Leicester. They were not married in secret, for fear of the vengeance of the jealous lion-princess; for they were married eight years before she came to the throne, and in the presence of the whole of the court at Sheen, as the poor young King Edward has recorded in his journal. She was not murdered by her husband's order within a year after their marriage, but ten years after. Mr. Craik publishes an original letter which he has discovered, written by this most injured and foully murdered woman, the Lady Robert Dudley; it is an interesting document, though it is only a letter of business. It overthrows one's former ideas to hear of Amy Robsart writing a letter about the sale of some sheep on one of her estates! but it is here, in black on white, and proved satisfactorily to be genuine. This letter shows that Amy was a capital manager and understood business, as well as that she was a dutiful and affectionate wife.

But to return to her successor as Leicester's wife. Lettice revenged the death of Amy; for she and Sir Christopher Blount contrived to poison that wholesale poisoner Leicester. The countess was then about forty-eight years of age, and within twelve months after the death of Leicester she married Blount, who was a young man. Lettice Knollys was the wife of one of Elizabeth's favourites, and the mother of another; for her eldest son by her first husband was the celebrated Earl of Essex. Her darling son Robert was the pride of her old age,—for her light nature seems not to have been bent down by the weight of her crimes,—and she enjoyed like a mother the brilliant reputation of her son. Some of her letters to him, given in this work, are full of affection; ay, and of piety too, strange as it may seem thus to gather grapes of thorns. But the hour of retribution came, as it ever comes. Truly spoke the great German poet, "*Alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erde.*" Every crime is surely avenged on this earth, if we knew all. The punishment of Lettice Knollys was signal. She lost her third husband, Sir Christopher Blount, and the idol of her heart, her brilliant son Essex, at one blow. Even Elizabeth could not pardon that wild insane plot of her favourite's devising against herself and the government; and the axe cut off his beloved head. Rash, hot-brained Essex! Young, vigorous; the hope and glory of many hearts! He died, and of all who mourned for him, there were none whose agony could compare with that of those two proud women, Elizabeth and Lettice. Aged, desolate, with life's last star set, the two cousins come before the mind's eye as pictures of the most awful misery. The haughty old queen was heart-broken; her last faith in human gratitude and affection was shattered, and she died. The old Countess of Leicester was made of more elastic and less passionate material. She lived yet many years; lived to see another tragedy in her family—the unhappy marriage of her grandson, the Earl of Essex (son of Elizabeth's favourite), his divorce, and the trial of his wicked wife and her paramour (subsequently her husband) Carr, Earl of Somerset, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Strange as it may seem, this Lettice Knollys was esteemed a good and pious lady for the greater part of her life, and died full of honour at the age of 94, A. D. 1634. She lived to see the grandchildren of her grandchildren! She died at Drayton Bassett, at present the seat of Sir Robert Peel, where she had lived during more than fifty years of her eventful life.

These are the main facts in the life of Lettice Knollys; connected with it is that of her no less beautiful daughter by her first husband, Lady Penelope Devereux, the friend and political assistant of her brother Essex, and the object of Sir Philip Sidney's love. She was married early—at the age of fifteen or sixteen—to Lord Rich, whom she hated. It was through some fatal and inexplicable mistake that she was not married to Sidney. Sidney has given the world a veiled but very intelligible account of the progress of his passion, in his "Astrophel and Stella." Mr. Craik has drunk deeply of "the pure

well of English undefiled;" and he dwells willingly on this part of his work, for he rates Sidney's poetry very high. For refinement of thought, and grace and finish in the execution, few of our sonnet writers can compare with the author of the "Arcadia." We hope our readers will thank us for quoting the following from "Astrophel and Stella," in which he shows plainly that the lady of his love is Penelope, Lady Rich.

"My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:
Listen them, lordlings, with good ear to me;
For of my life I must a riddle tell.
Toward Aurora's court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see;
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise saying she doth excel:
Rich in the treasure of deserved renown,
Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
Rich in those gifts which give the heavenly crown;
Who, though most rich in these and every part
Which makes the patents of true worldly bliss,
Hath no misfortune but that Rich she is."

Sir Philip Sidney in spite of his passion for Lady Rich married the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and she, after his lamented death at Zutphen, married again, and married Essex, the brother of Lady Rich, so that she and Stella were now sisters. A year or two after that event Edmund Spenser published a poem entitled "Astrophel; a Pastoral Elegy upon the Death of the Most Noble and Valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney," which "is nothing else than an elaborate celebration of the loves of Sidney and Stella," and is dedicated—to whom does the reader guess?—to Sidney's widow! who, by the way, is never once mentioned in the poem. Mr. Craik's remarks upon this are worth quoting.

"Here then is a state of things somewhat perplexing to modern notions. A recently deceased gentleman, most probably married at the time, has passionately loved and been beloved by a lady who was then, and still is, another man's wife; and the published celebration of him and her, in strains of the most enthusiastic admiration, on that account is respectfully dedicated to his widow! It is a style of social morality that is now quite gone out. The age, moreover, was eminently a religious one,—one not of religious profession only, but beyond all dispute, also of religious belief. The principal parties to the present transaction were distinguished as religious characters. Sidney had died a most pious and edifying death. Lady Rich, as we have seen, is lauded as, among her other gifts and graces, "rich in those gifts which give the eternal crown." Sidney's sister, Lady Pembroke, had in conjunction with her brother composed a mutual version of the Psalms. Spenser was a most religious poet. A singular spirit of what may be termed Platonic Puritanism runs through all his poetry. Lady Essex was probably not behind her neighbours in this respect.

"It was a strange, self-contradictory time, difficult to be understood or imagined in our day, when the violent agencies then in operation have long spent their force, and all things have subsided into comparative consistency and decorum. Religion was a mighty power, was indeed universally confessed and in general undoubtedly believed to be the thing that was entitled to carry it over all other things.

"Men, almost without exception, looked upon the truths of religion much in the light in which we now look upon the laws of nature, as evident necessities, escape from

which was wholly out of the question. A person would have been held a fool or a lunatic who had appeared to think otherwise. This explains, not merely the universal profession of religion, by persons of whatever character or manner of life, but the generally manifest sincerity of the profession. The blight of unbelief had scarcely yet touched men's minds. The common faith, Protestant or Catholic, was as much the sustenance of all alike, as the common air. It was in this respect almost as in the palmy days of ancient Paganism, as in Greece in the time of Homer, or indeed for ages afterwards, when he, who did not discern and acknowledge a present deity in any one of certain common natural occurrences, would have been deemed not to see or hear aright, not to have the proper use of his senses.

"If this had been all, one might envy a time when the earth, thus gorgeously illumined by imagination, and hung with splendours not its own, might be thought to lie so near to the gate, so close under the crystal battlements of heaven; and when men, unsubdued by sense, walked so much in the light of the spiritual and invisible, and were exalted and upheld by so much that has now for ever passed away. But the actual effect was considerably different from what a lively fancy might picture it. It would almost seem as if religion had lost instead of gained in practical power and efficacy, by being thus universally received and submitted to, as a matter of course. In accepting its doctrines with the same dead acquiescence, as we may call it, with which the mind surrenders itself to the propositions of the mathematics, or to any simple physical truth, the less scrupulous spirits of the first age of the Reformation seem many of them hardly to have connected more of sentiment or affection with their religious belief, than with their belief in the law of nature, according to which, a stone dropt from the hand falls to the ground. They even appear to have considered themselves entitled to treat the religious truth and the physical truth on many occasions in the same way; and as they could arrest the action of the law of gravitation at any time by the application of some opposing force, in like manner, by some analogous contrivance, to suspend or neutralize any principle or precept of religion whenever they chose. The principle, indeed, was not to be overturned, or for a moment gainsaid or questioned; but still it was to be kept under management and control, just as if it were a principle of mechanics or chemistry. The fierce and all-absorbing contest between the two rival forms of Christianity had hushed all disputation, had stopped all doubt, all reflection, all investigation about Christianity itself; had made that on all hands be simply taken for granted;—and this was the result."

Truly, a state of things to which we hope never to return; but which is extremely interesting to inquire into as matter of history. These then are "the golden days of good queen Bess." This is the history, the truly romantic, almost the incredible history of the private lives of some of the brightest ornaments of her court.

The descendants of Lettice Knollys,—and they are, as Mr. Craik shows, very numerous among our aristocracy,—will, doubtless, be very curious to see this account of their common ancestress, since every word is true, as far as documentary evidence can testify.

All careful readers of the "Romance of the Peerage" will be struck with an idea of the vast amount of work got through by the great men in those days. Essex, and Leicester, and Cecil, and Walsingham, and such men, aristocrats as they were, formed the working classes of society. They performed a very fair amount of labour for us and for our country; and

we strongly suspect that the statesmen, and governors, and generals of the present day will also be able to show a pretty good life's work when they leave the world. Whatever may be said about a "partridge-shooting aristocracy," there is a tolerably large working aristocracy in full activity among us. The bulk of the English people are sensible, and know this well enough; they do not believe that because a man wears dirty linen and a fastian jacket, talks incessantly about "the Charter," and abuses every one who is cleaner and richer than himself, that he is a better man, or a harder worker for the general good, than a peer who remembers the deeds of his ancestors for the cause of English liberty and strives to emulate them in his generation. Even now the Romance of the Peerage goes on, and will go on as long as there is a history of England, mingling with the romance of other classes as they rise into the refinement and civilization which were once exclusively its own, and which constituted its real superiority. We would fain hope that our present queen may attain the green old age of Elizabeth, who after she was turned seventy went out riding and hunting just as if she were seven-and-twenty. In conclusion we say, that if the subsequent volumes be executed with the accuracy, judgment, and thorough mastery of the subject displayed in the first, "The Romance of the Peerage" will be a valuable addition to our literature, and indispensable as a commentary on, and animated illustration of, the history of England. The portrait of Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex, prefixed to this volume, is a striking and characteristic picture. The engraving is very well executed. We hope the next volume will not be long before it makes its appearance.

SIR THEODORE BROUGHTON.*

UNDER this title Mr. James has produced yet another novel from that fertile book-making machine, his brain. The son of Gorgias, king of Phrygia, possessed the gift of converting every thing he could lay his hands upon into gold: if rumour speaks truly, the author of "Ehrenstein," "The Convict," and half a library besides, is endowed with a somewhat analogous power; only the acquisitions ("conquests," we believe, is the term Monsieur Dumas applies to such captured waifs and strays of literature) of this modern Midas are first transformed into three-volume novels, in the course of the alchemical process. Shall we be deemed unfairly severe, if we hint our opinion that, like the babbling reeds unwisely selected as confidants by the barber of the Phrygian monarch, the leaves of the golden legends in question occasionally publish to the world a certain fatal secret? The "conquest" upon which the work now before us is founded, seems to us scarcely worth the trouble of achieving, being none other than the well-known story of Sir Theodosius Boughton, of Lawford Hall, who was supposed to

have been poisoned by Captain Donellan, his guardian and brother-in-law, by exchanging a bottle of medicine for one of laurel water, which he had previously distilled with that intent; for which crime Donellan was tried and executed. For various reasons, however, into which he enters fully in his preface, Mr. James comes to the following conclusions:—First, there was no sufficient proof that Sir Theodosius Boughton died by poison at all; secondly, that if he did die by poison, there is no proof that it was laurel water; thirdly, that if he did die by poison, and that poison was laurel water, there was not sufficient evidence to show that Captain Donellan administered it, or put it in his way for the purpose of procuring his death.

In spite of these deductions, Mr. James does not attempt to carry out his own views in the use he makes of the story, which is simply that of a string whereon to hang the characters and incidents of a modern novel. These, allowing for the necessary change in names and places, remind us forcibly of the last dozen or two of Mr. James's works. We have the usual high-principled, gentlemanly, tepid young man, rather above the middle height, but elegantly formed and exactly five-and-twenty, for hero,—who talks about "the soft aerial perspective of memory," and the "irrevocable fiat of fate," as a hero should do,—pitches head foremost into love with the heroine on the slightest possible provocation,—lauds virtue and rebukes vice through the first two volumes,—shams dead through half the third, with such innocent transparency that any reader out of his spelling-book would see through him at a glance,—and very obligingly revives at the wind-up, to marry the heroine with a cheerful resignation, which it is touching to peruse: We have the usual heroine, made to match, who, like all our author's young ladies, is so loudly anxious to fulfil her mission that she scarcely waits to be asked, and who, having by looks and sighs, if not in actual words, told her love ere she has been acquainted for three days with the hero, (by whom she is aware her father has been wounded in a duel,) passes through all the needful vicissitudes of hope and fear, joy and doubt, despair and ecstasy, until, having obtained final possession of her resuscitated lover, she indelibly daguerrotypes him on her heart, by the sunbeam of matrimony. Besides this happy couple, we have the usual funny man, (and very funny we think him,) who rejoices in the name of Major Brandrum, and the alias of the Ravenous Crow, and whose wit consists solely in the repetition and inversion of two adjectives at the end of every speech: *e. g.* "The horse fell, and rolled upon our young friend, which was both painful and detrimental, and not the less detrimental because it was painful, nor the less painful because it was detrimental." "'I wish it could,' said Major Brandrum with a sly smile; 'but it is an important and troublesome affair, and not the less troublesome because it is important, nor the less important because it is troublesome.'" "'I lent him a hundred guineas into the bargain, which he was to pay at the same time, but he has done neither the one nor the other, which is dishonourable and unfriendly;

(1) Sir Theodore Boughton; or, Laurel Water. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Smith, Elder and Co. Cornhill. 1848.

and not the less dishonourable because it is unfriendly, nor the less unfriendly because it is dishonourable." Of him we will only say, that if he were less like Bagnal Daly, in Lever's "Knight of Gwynne," he would be more original, and that if he were more original, he would be less like Bagnal Daly; and for Mr. James's sake we hope we have said something very droll.

There is, moreover, a *seconda donna*,—an unfortunate young lady, the whipping girl of the book, who is persecuted by adverse fortune throughout the whole of the three volumes, until at the end of the last chapter she is rewarded by being happily united to a virtuous highwayman. This amiable "minion of the moon," who because he is a colonel is not the less a highwayman, nor the less a highwayman because he is a colonel, (we are enamoured of that mode of expression) is, to our poor thinking, about the most interesting personage in the whole book, being an extremely well-drawn, and, we believe, for the time of day, not an unnatural character; but we confess to a weakness for fascinating highwaymen. In addition to these, we have the usual proportion of benevolent old men who turn out to be millionaire uncles exactly at the right moment, astute lawyers who affect singularity, and work the necessary legal machinery of the book, weak mothers, jovial fathers and a sufficiency of greater and less villains.—All these worthy gentry make love to each other, quarrel, rob, become the acting and suffering parties in no less than three separate horse-whippings, and are the victims of a fire, a fever, an abduction, two highway robberies, a shipwreck, and, strange to say in a book of Mr. James's, only one murder, and that a very little one, quite at the end of the third volume; and this brings us back to the point whence we set out, viz. the unfortunate Sir Theodore Broughton and the laurel water.

Whether the author has adhered strictly to facts in his sketch of the young baronet, we are unable to say, having only a general remembrance of the story as we originally heard it; but as a work of art the character appears to us unnatural. A lad of nineteen, weak, but amiable in disposition, who is introduced to the reader pausing in the act of plucking a blue-bell to address the flower in the following terms, "Nay, bloom on, why should I condemn you 'to wither before your time?" and who proses sentiment-and-water with the hero in a strain which does infinite credit to his morality, is suddenly taken vicious, and in obedience to a hint thrown out by his profligate servant, insults a virtuous young lady (the whipping girl) in an inn passage, goes to bed in a state of intoxication, and becomes a complete reprobate from that moment. There is, no doubt, truth in the adage, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*,"—the first step in vice crosses a barrier, which once overpast, the downward course is rapid, but not so rapid as Mr. James has delineated it. Men do not become entirely good or evil at once: we have little faith in sudden conversions of any kind; but in a sudden change from passive amiability to

active and deliberate vice, persevered in in spite of the undisguised censure of his associates, (for even the magnanimous highwayman reads him a lecture on his unmanly conduct;)—in such a change we profess our utter disbelief. It may be urged that we rather overstate the case, that Sir Theodore is led on step by step, and that although, having once engaged in the pursuit, his obstinacy will not allow him to relinquish it, he is constantly a prey to feelings of compunction; in reply to which we would ask whether, after the moment in which he first insults Kate Malcolm in the inn at Dunstable, he performs any one right action? whether every step he takes does not advance him still farther along the path of evil? and whether his feelings of compunction are not rather produced by the shame of detection than by the more beneficial workings of penitence?

Contrary to his usual practice, and rather oddly in a story the main interest of which (we are speaking of the true history, not of the novel) lies in its catastrophe, Mr. James devotes but little space or labour to the murder and its consequences. Donellan, or Donovan, as he is called in the novel, is represented as a common-place scoundrel, a gentleman as to his birth and manners, who, so long as he can keep up appearances in the eyes of the world, is careless what means are made use of to obtain his object; which, as he is the next heir, is simply to get Sir Theodore out of the way, before he comes into his property. He naturally tries fair means first, altho' the fair means of such a man as Donovan are not perhaps those which we should so designate: accordingly, he despatches his ward to London to see a little of life, and sow his wild oats; in the course of which unprofitable operation he entertains a vague hope that the sower may also get himself deposited in the bosom of mother earth; no improbable consummation in the days when the gentleman highwayman who allowed you to ransom your life with your money on Shooter's Hill, was as likely as not to render the investment a very unsafe one by quarrelling with you at the gaming table in the purlieus of St. James's, where you sought to repair your losses, and pinking you with a small sword in the newest French fashion, before breakfast the next morning at the back of Montague House.

Provokingly enough for Captain Donovan, however, these fair means fail, and he finds himself compelled either to throw up the game, or attempt stronger measures; accordingly, he applies himself to chemical studies, distils the laurel water, and—does *not* administer it, for at the last moment his heart fails him. Sir Theodore's profligate servant, however, having quarrelled with his master, and burning to revenge himself, guesses Donovan's intentions, tests the poison on a cat, and substitutes it for a phial of medicine: thus the catastrophe is brought about. Donovan, arrested on suspicion, is tried, convicted on the circumstantial evidence, and executed.

We have commented freely on the faults of this book; it now remains for us to point out some of its redeeming qualities. Starting with the drawback

which must necessarily weaken the interest of a work in which the author "conquers" instead of inventing his plot, viz. that the reader knows at the beginning how the tale will end, Mr. James has contrived to render his story interesting. Again, as it has the faults, so it has many of the virtues of its predecessors; there is the same high and delicate sense of honour, the same excellent principles, the same bright and happy spirit by which the sunshine of his own mind is reflected in that of the reader, which have rendered the earlier works of this writer so deservedly popular.

To realise a year's income by writing a thousand of the skeleton pages of a modern novel is doubtless a strong temptation, but Mr. James will do well to reflect whether, even as a matter of policy, it is expedient to multiply, *ad infinitum*, tame and feeble copies of those more vigorous productions of an unbacked imagination, by which he originally gained his well-merited fame. That this is not the first time such unpleasant but kindly intended truths have met his ear, may be gathered from the following extracts.

"Upon my life! here are four or five pages devoted to a description of a very common, old fashioned country inn! Was there ever such a tiresome fellow in the world!"

"That is the worst of James's books; he is so fond of long descriptions."

"I always skip the descriptions in your books, papa."

"I always skip the love."

"Very well, dear reader; very well, dear critic; very well, dear children: whoever skips anything, omits that which was not written without an object; loses an emotion or a fact, and will in the end, perhaps, be obliged to turn back because he does not understand the story which he has been running after so eagerly."

Despite the awful warning contained in this last sentence, we confess we are often inclined to agree with the readers, critics, and children, and skip the long descriptions.

There are many minor improbabilities in the novel before us; but our limits forbid us to do more than glance at one or two of those which struck us most forcibly. For example, a trial of skill between the Ravenous Crow and Colonel Lutwich, the magnanimous highwayman, to prove the superiority of the tomahawk over the small sword. They are taking their ease and a magnum of claret at the Black Dog, at Stratton, when the Crow stakes a guinea that he will disarm the colonel in five minutes. A tomahawk not being attainable, he rings the bell for a *hatchet* and a pair of slippers, and the "monomachia," as he is pleased to call it, begins. But we will let Mr. James speak for himself:—

"With easy grace and a light confident smile his adversary (the Colonel) took his position at the other end of the room, drew his sword, and placed himself in an attitude of attack. It was evident from the very first movements that he was a master of his weapon; but while the landlady and her maidens exclaimed, 'Why, surely they are not going to fight

really?' and Sir Theodore Broughton ventured to remonstrate in a low tone against such dangerous pastime, Major Brandrum coolly placed his watch upon the table, saying, 'Five minutes, you know, Colonel; now begin. Mark the watch, Sir Theodore.'

"Thus dared, Colonel Lutwich advanced cautiously upon his adversary, made a feint, and then a lunge; but his blade was instantly met by the hatchet, and parried successfully. A little mortified, and a little puzzled, for he did not apparently wish to hurt his opponent, the younger gentleman lunged again, and then again, but still the hatchet met him; till at length, both becoming more eager, their movements grew rapid; the hatchet and the sword flashed about in every direction; and spinning round upon his heel, like a dancer in a ballet, while his weapon whirled round and round him, dazzling the eyes that attempted to follow it, the Ravenous Crow seemed not alone animated by the spirit of the Cherokee, but actually to have eyes in the back of his head, for wherever the lunges, now become fierce and rapid, seemed likely to strike him, there the invariable hatchet met them, and turned them aside. The landlord laughed, the women screamed, and Sir Theodore Broughton sat in wonder and terror, till at length, with a fiend-like whoop, the Indian sprang upon his adversary, seized his right hand, and both rolled over upon the floor together; but the sword was in Major Brandrum's grasp, and with another yell that shook the whole house, he waved the hatchet over his opponent's head."

Had the chief actor in this scene been the immortal "Widdicombe," and the venue laid at Astley's, we should have delighted in a description so true to (circus) nature; but as a real *bona fide* transaction, claiming the same degree of belief which we accord to the moral doings of the good young hero, or the tender sighings of his inflammable lady-love, we consider it in the highest degree forced and improbable.

Again, a plot is conceived by Sir Theodore and his myrmidons, for the abduction of that foot-ball of fortune, the unlucky Kate Malcolm, which being overheard by the benevolent highwayman, is by his means frustrated. Having a slight previous acquaintance with the damsel, and a supernatural presentiment that it is her mission to reform him, he represents to her the advisability of taking shelter for the night at a hunting-box which he happens to possess in the immediate vicinity: she consents, and they pass a delightful evening together; the robber discoursing eloquently upon men and things, facts and feelings, and his fair guest behaving as though to make tea for a pleasant thief had been the aim and end of her existence. A butler's wife, purveyed to ensure the respectabilities, breaks up the *tête-à-tête* by arriving with a bed-room candle, the robber votes for an early breakfast, and they part for the night. At seven the following morning, the young lady makes her appearance, (we wish young ladies out of novels could be persuaded to follow such a laudable example, though perhaps, were the same inducement held out to them, even this might be accomplished,) and is rewarded for her punctuality by receiving on the

spot an offer of the hand and heart of the highway hero, whom she accepts without a moment's hesitation.

One other specimen, and we have done. At the very beginning of the first volume, before the will is made, and when Captain Donovan fully believes himself secure of the property, he is introduced studying a book on botany—a delicate foreshadowing of the laurel leaf catastrophe, more subtle than probable. Assuredly Mr. James is great at touches of nature. In conclusion we beg to offer that gentleman one little bit of advice: the next time he is driven by poverty of invention to "conquer" the plot of a novel, let him be careful to select a story which has not, as in the present instance, been used already for a similar purpose. Any reader not satisfied with Mr. James's account, may study the history of Sir Theodosius Boughton by reading Mrs. Thomson's amusing novel, entitled "Widows and Widowers."

ROLLO AND HIS RACE.¹

HAD this work received a name commensurate with its merits, it would have slipped quietly enough into oblivion. It would have been sent out in every book box from the libraries, and for a short time, perhaps, an early return would have been requested. It would have formed part of the litter of the drawing-room table. Men would have left the book unopened. Women, those who make lions and unmake them, would have been charmed with the dedication. But if they had read on, they would have been willing to tell Mr. Warburton that woman is apt to prefer as a votive offering, originality, to compilation, poetry, to prose, the outpourings of a heart, to the pilferings of a book-shelf. They might finally have thought it rather droll that a gentleman should parade the state of his heart, in the preface to such books of a circulating library as these; talking of places every one has seen, and histories every one has read.

The extraordinary magniloquence of the title, however, and the sedulousness with which the note of preparation has been sounded, has doubtless tempted many to look into the book. It has provoked us to put our impressions upon record.

Mr. Warburton makes his appearance off Treport, on the deck of a British yacht, and from thence addresses to us a couple of chapters upon Eu, Louis Philippe, our own Queen, and the Teuton race. He labours, as if no one had ever read Tacitus, to prove the undisputed fact of the superiority of these hardy sons of the North to the miserable races they displaced. He erects Rollo into a demigod. His followers are "the élite of Norway," "the flower of the Norwegian nobles, the chivalry of Western Scandinavia. They sought not gold, they came not for plunder; they came to lay the foundations of empire, to seek a theatre whereon to work out the great destiny for which they were reserved. To Rollo and his companions

what does not Europe owe! They were the founders of a new order, the order of gentlemen," &c. From all this we beg to dissent. Rollo and his followers were neither much better nor much worse than any other of the hordes which the teeming North had for so long a time sent forth. The only circumstance which distinguished Rollo's departure from Norway was that he was exiled, according to the native chronicler Snorro (Haroldo Saga Ems Harfagra), for cattle stealing. Neither was he chief among his countrymen. So late as A.D. 900 the Northmen proudly boast, "We are all equal." It was not till after his marriage to Popæa that he was elected leader, and determined to found a state rather than lead a band of pirates.

As to this marriage, by the bye, Mr. Warburton weaves a soft tale of love, which as contrasted with the simple truth is worth extracting.

"In Popæa, the daughter of Berenger, Count of Bessino, Rollo met his first, last love. From that hour (*teste* Warburton) their hearts never faltered in mutual loyalty. And here is the grave of Rollo! But, O time and change!—where is Popæa sleeping?"

"Soon afterwards Charles offered Rollo the hand of his daughter Gisela (or Giselle) and required only in return that Rollo should be baptized and offer homage for his province as a fief of the crown."

Then says Mr. Warburton—

"Hard was it for the pride of his spirit to put his own within the hands of Charles, and repeat the words of homage to him as a chief; but harder far, for it touched the truth of his soul, to place them within the hands of Charles's daughter to take the vow of fealty to Gisela as a wife while his heart was in Popæa's keeping. . . . Few political marriages are fortunate. This of Rollo and Gisela was no exception to the rule. With all truth and honour Rollo kept his vow, but the heart that was Popæa's he could not share with her. That noble being (!) in loving could not but fulfil what Lorenzo de Medici has well said to be the conditions of an exalted affection, 'to love but one, and to love that one always.' And so their union was not happy. Ere long Giselle died. Need I say that Rollo afterwards married Popæa? She bore him a son who succeeded to the dukedom, William surnamed Longsword."

This is all very pretty. But it is sad twaddle, besides being not quite true. The real fact of the matter is that Rollo married Popæa very soon after he had made her acquaintance by killing her father. Orderic Vital, in his *Histoire de Normandie*, says—

"Il assésage Bayeux et s'en empara, tua Béranger qui en était Comte, et prit pour épouse sa fille Popa, dont il eut Guillaume surnommé Longue-épée."

Now William Longsword was assassinated in A.D. 943, aged 42, and it was not till A.D. 1000 that Rollo married Giselle, and he wedded Popæa very much as Napoleon did Josephine. Gisella died of grief, and the Norman "gentleman" publicly executed two officers whom Charles sent to inquire into her fate.

We must add a few lines from Sismondi, vol. iii. p. 326, as to the supreme gentleness of the mild Rollo, who with his companions "hated the sword:"—

"Il traita les provinces qu'il parcourait avec une cruauté inouïe; ses Normands brûlaient les églises,

(1) Rollo and his Race; or, the Footsteps of the Normans. By Acton Warburton, Esq. London: Bentley. 1848.

massacraient les prêtres, et de toute la population, n'épargnaient que les femmes qu'ils emmenaient captives."

But Rollo and his Normans, though they did burn churches and massacre priests, eagerly adopted Christianity, and Mr. Warburton looks on them with an eye of great favour for so doing. But Rollo did no more than every Norman chieftain did or was ready to do if he could gain anything by it. In this manner, under Louis le Debonnaire and his successors, many acquired lands in Friesland, and many under Alfred in England.

The tour in Normandy is the most readable part of Mr. Warburton's book; it is neither so good nor so bad as to provoke criticism. There is very little of it, however; and what there is was no more wanted than a tour in Middlesex. No one but a woman or a humourist should write home tours. The authors of *Eothen*, or *Vanity Fair*, might be trusted in Normandy; but the author of *Rollo and his Race* must go further afield than *Roamelia* or *Grand Cairo* for his next book.

The remainder of the work is made up of little bits upon the Norman style of architecture, which we might have been spared after Mr. Gally Knight and Dr. Whewell; forty-odd pages are devoted to the Normans in Sicily, a twice told tale; twenty-one to a life of Louis Philippe! thirty to an account of the war in *La Vendée*!! and finally, seven or eight to *Warren Hastings*!!! Were ever scissors or pestemore innocently used? As to the title which so attracted us, we have done Mr. Warburton some injustice. For such a book, so made up, the choice of a name must have been no easy thing. "An account of a few days spent in Normandy, illustrated by copious digressions upon other subjects," would have been a true, but not a "taking" prefix. Mr. Warburton has chosen one that is "taking," indeed. There are certain timber books with taking titles which sometimes ornament the upper shelves of the library in a country house. To their manufacturers we recommend "*Rollo and his Race*; or, the *Footsteps of the Normans*." The name, if not the book, will thereby receive some prolongation of its natural existence.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

BUILDING castles in the air is, with many people, a favourite mode of employing those emissaries of Satan yeapt "hours of idleness." Closely akin to this aerial pastime, is a practice, so common to human nature that we believe it would be impossible to point out any man, woman, or child, properly so called, (by which restriction we mean to except those little amalgamations of flesh and Flanders lace beloved by the mothers of England, whose ways are milky, and whose manners, engaging as they are popularly considered, appear to us to incline a little too much to the purely natural to deserve unqualified approval.)

who has not, at some time or other, indulged in it. The practice to which we allude is that of forming vain and unattainable wishes. There is scarcely an article of woman's gear that some lover tender and true (knowing the passion for dress which monopolizes the heart of every damsel unattached) has not wished to become, in order to enjoy the society and affection of his mistress. With this class of wishes we have no very deep sympathy, considering them as compliments in disguise, and valuing them accordingly. Much rather do we agree with the worthy who wished he

"Was a brewer's horse,
One quarter of the year;"

his object in this *Houyhnhnm* transformation being to

"Turn his head where was his tail,
!; And drink up all the beer."

And a very legitimate object we consider it; though Messrs. Barclay and Perkins would, we fear, scarcely approve of their horses adopting that method of drawing beer.

There is a tale on record, which bears such intrinsic evidence of veracity, that we ourselves have never thought of doubting it. About that remarkable and definite period, once-upon-a-time, a certain beneficent fairy granted an elderly couple in humble life three wishes, her probable design being to keep them thereby out of the Union workhouse. Her kind intentions were, however, frustrated. The imagination of the old woman, a true daughter of Eve, depicted a black-pudding—she desired it—and clothing her wish in words, "Lo! a pudding smoked upon the board." Her husband, suddenly recalled from visions of ermine and strawberry-leaves by his wife's folly, very naturally wished the pudding was stuck to the end of her nose,—and ere you could mention Jack Robinson, so it was. The prospect of gradually sinking into the vale of years with a black pudding immovably adhering to the tip of your nose, is one, few women, even of the very strongest class of mind, could calmly look forward to. Cleopatra might have done it but for her vanity. Semiramis would have dreaded the diminution of her political influence. Elizabeth of Hungary, convinced that the black pudding lay in the path of duty, would certainly have attempted it, and afforded a new and striking incident for the Saint's Tragedy. Mrs. Trollope would have been tortured by a constant desire to eat it with onions and bottled porter, in order to describe the repast minutely in her next novel. The only woman who could and would have gone through with it, we believe to be Miss Martineau, and for her sake we regret that so signal an opportunity of proving herself above all feminine weaknesses is never likely to be afforded her. The elderly cottager in question, only too painfully conscious of her inability for the situation, appealed to her husband's affection; and their united wishes prevailing, the pudding detached itself from its strange resting-place, and was devoured with much gusto by the worthy couple, who seem to have been

superior to any little prejudices which "*les antecessors*" of the evening repast might have suggested to more fastidious minds. The ill use made of her bounty appears to have disgusted the good fairy, for we do not find her or any of her kindred affording such facilities for ameliorating the condition of the labouring classes in the present day. But the wish of all others, with which in this lovely season we sympathize most cordially, is that of, we believe, Haynes Bailey—yes, reader, absurd as it may appear to you, we would fain be a butterfly; that is, we would fain, preserving our own identity, assume the external form and proportions of a butterfly,—sport wings, and eschew waistcoats,—take to down, and dispense with broad cloth,—in a word, exchange our outward man for an outward insect. Only fancy! how glorious it would be in the early dawn of a bright summer morning, to rise, not exactly with the lark,—for that feathered vocalist, who, like Jenny Lind, goes up so very high, might consider we were taking a liberty by intruding upon his exalted station, and hint his opinion by breakfasting on us;—to spring from our moss-rose bed, wash our *antenne* in a dew-drop (no shaving), dispatch something minute and ethereal by way of tea and bread-and-butter, and begin the day's amusement. Ah! that "roving for ever from flower to flower," very pretty pastime, on my word! and the "kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet"—pleasant, but—no, *not* wrong in a butterfly—it is his proper business, his mission, his "vocation, Hal," the aim and end of his ephemeral existence. Then in the heat of the day, wearied with the pursuit of Beauty under her thousand flower-shapes, conceive reclining in the bell of a water lily, and shaded by the fragrant petals, gazing up into the pure blue sky, soothed by the murmurs of the rippling stream. How entirely at such a moment should we forget the gnawing cares and deeper sorrows of life! and musing dreamily on well-loved faces of gentle friends, the young, the true, the loyal-hearted, whom absence cannot estrange, nor death deprive us of, save for a time, think that though their path on earth may indeed be apart from ours, we may hope to meet again in that distant spirit-land, so aptly symbolized by the calm blue arch above us, which would not be perfect heaven were those loved faces wanting. Reader, what say you—have butterflies such day-dreamings?

But the mention of your name, dear reader, has aroused us to the recollection, that just at present we are not a butterfly, but an editor, (we cannot imagine a much greater contrast!) and that you are expecting us to attend to our duty; we will do so without further preamble.

We must apologise to the admirers of the Oxford Diary for the very short portion we are able to present to them—in August, however, we shall hope to be more liberal.

Amongst the books which have lately come under our notice, we may mention the "Artist's Married Life," being that of Albert Durer, translated by Mrs. Stoddart

from the German of Leopold Scheffer. As a translation it is no ordinary production, for Scheffer's admirable imitation of middle-age German is extremely difficult to render into equivalent English; and Mrs. Stoddart has, as we imagine, satisfied the most fastidious critic on this point. The work itself is in the form of a diary, supposed to have been kept by the renowned Nürnberger during the greater part of his life. It unfolds the innumerable subtle causes of unhappiness which spring up in an ill-assorted union. The refined, delicate spirit, and warm, genial nature of Durer, were tortured daily by contact with the precise hardness, and the irritable disposition of his beautiful, but thoroughly prosaic partner. Agnes could only estimate Durer's genius by what it would fetch in the money market; and during the first years of wedded life, which were one continued struggle with poverty, the artist's warm soul was chilled by the cold, unsympathizing wife, who was unable to recognise merit in pictures, or fine fancies that brought in no money. We recommend this work to our readers, in the full persuasion that they will thank us for pointing out so rare a treat.

The "Stumble on the Threshold," by Mary Molesworth, is an interesting account of the short career of a promising young man, who stumbled on the threshold of life, over a challenge and a court-martial, and who was of too sensitive a nature to be able to forget in his after success the unfortunate false step at first. It is, we believe, Miss (or Mistress) Molesworth's first appearance on the stage of literature; and, judging by the work before us, which, without containing evidence of any very deep or original thought, is full of agreeable matter and clever writing, we pronounce her a promising débutante.

Lastly, we have been delighted with a charming little book for children, entitled, "How to win Love, or Rhoda's Lesson." The authoress, Miss Mulock, is a young lady who possesses talents which only require development to entitle her to a very high place among the female writers of the day. She is a close and accurate observer of men and things, and has obtained an unusual insight into that complicated mystery, the human heart. Her style is simple and graphic; her characters are well defined, and true to nature, and in the pure feeling and bright happy spirit which pervade her writings, we recognise evidences of a mind well calculated for the task she has undertaken in the little work before us, viz. to teach children how, by the influence of a sweet unselfish temper, affection may be gained under circumstances apparently the most adverse. We strongly recommend the work to all parents and guardians plagued with the care of pugnacious juveniles; and if they like to read and apply the moral themselves, so much the better, for, if we mistake not, there are a great many grown-up boys and girls who would be none the worse for diligently taking to heart "Rhoda's Lesson."



Interior of the Library of the University of Cambridge

W. H. P. 100

YÈRÈ-BATAN-SERAI; OR, THE TRAVELLERS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It was at the commencement of the glorious spring of 1831, that Reginald Leslie and Henry Drayton left England, for the purposes of travel; and never was an European tour undertaken by two individuals under brighter or more happy auspices. They had been college chums, and, better still, firm friends for a considerable period; had read, boated, and cricketed together; and finally, had completed their academic career with honour and credit, only to follow up, in the bosom of their respective families, a friendship which had become necessary to their mutual happiness. Moreover, Drayton was not long ere he discovered that Leslie Grange contained a second attraction even more potent than its heir, albeit he had ever been the very *beau-ideal*, in his eyes, of all that was manly and high-spirited; and in truth he might well be forgiven, for Celia Leslie, the sister of his friend, was lovely both in mind and person; and while he listened enraptured to her clear ringing laughter, or her sweet voice as she warbled some of the simple ballads to which Englishwomen alone can give their pure and true expression, he did not fail to remark the rosy lips which yielded them utterance, or the soft beam of the blue eyes by which their charm was doubled.

It is a trite and received axiom that "love is blind;" but the figure is a mere fallacy, or pretty women would not be so constantly at a premium. In any case it is certain that Drayton, enthusiastic and imaginative as he was, would have found Miss Leslie, with all her accomplishments and fine qualities, much less attractive, had they been illustrated by a snub nose or an obliquity of vision. Such, however, was far from being the case; and as the prospects of Drayton were highly satisfactory to Sir George Leslie, and his suit by no means unpalatable to Celia, they became ere long acknowledged lovers; but both were still too young for the responsibilities of a married life, and it was consequently arranged between the elders of the two families that their sons should travel for a couple of years, during which time a correspondence might be kept up between the betrothed lovers, while at its termination the marriage should take place.

There were, under these circumstances, many tears shed when the hour of parting arrived. Lady Leslie wept over her son: and, as she was of an essentially nervous temperament, she annoyed and distressed herself by the anticipation of a host of accidents and adventures, such as she occasionally read of in sundry books of travels; and did not cease, until the very moment of their departure, to impress upon both the young men a thousand precautions impossible to be taken, and a thousand remedies impossible to be applied. But all this was done so kindly, with so much matronly grace and so much motherly affection, that they listened with deference, and contrived to leave her almost happy in the belief that her instructions would be followed to the very letter. Poor

Celia had no advice to offer; no measures to recommend; her heart was steeped in tears. Never before had she known sorrow; and now she felt bewildered by the intensity of the trial. At one moment she wept over her brother—her only one—the playmate of her girlhood, and the friend of her youth; in the next she sank sobbing upon the shoulder of her lover. She seemed to live a year in that one long, long day.

But at length all was over: the last whisper had died upon the lips that uttered it; the last embrace had been given, the last look of love exchanged; the light travelling carriage with its four swift postmen whirled from the door, and Celia threw herself into her mother's arms, unable to sustain unaided the bitterness of her grief.

Woe be, in all such cases, to those who are left behind! The happy home at once becomes monotonous and dreary. There is nothing in long-accustomed scenes to relieve the tedium, or to lighten the sting of separation. The very rooms, with their favourite nooks and corners, compel the memory to a tenacity which forbids comfort: the season-changes, with their peculiar sights, and sounds, and scents, are full of busy associations: regret almost grows into a duty, and sorrow into a luxury, for the forsaken; while those who have, on the contrary, abandoned these *lures* and *penates*, soon learn to replace them by strange gods, and to bow the knee to a new worship. Every hour brings its excitement, and its novelty; the thousand trivialities which, each inconsequent in itself, nevertheless compose an aggregate that operates powerfully upon the mind, tends to weaken the memories of the past, and to knit the thoughts to the present.

Even thus it was with our two young friends. First came the whirl of London, with the crowd of minor but essential preparations for their long absence; then the short and pleasant passage to the charming, quaint old city of Antwerp, where they suddenly found themselves in a new world. Even its ugly gates and turrets were attractive from their novelty. The tall gilt crucifix of the "*Place de Meir*," formed of the bronze which had originally composed the statue of the Duke of Alva, and sculptured by Cortels de Malines, at once arrested their attention; enclosed as it was on all sides by a framework of picturesque and time-tinted buildings, where roof rose above roof, and gable intersected gable; while in the distance, masses of rich forest timber cut darkly against the sky, above the summits of a range of majestic residences. The cathedral was, however, the great object of their curiosity; and amply did it repay the interest which it had excited, with its elaborately carved galleries, and its graceful tower rising up four hundred and sixty-six feet from the ground; its gloriously-carved pulpit and confessional, its immortal paintings, and its richly-stained windows.

The travellers were spirit-thrilled in Antwerp for a whole week. They were never weary of visiting its picture-galleries, its convents, and its churches; but at length they tore themselves away from the ancient city, which had seemed to throw them back for the

time upon a buried century; and, with a firm resolve to refresh the pleasant impression on their return to England, they hastened on to Brussels. Here they again paused. The gladsome gaiety of aspect so peculiar to the Belgian capital formed a second striking contrast, to which they were not insensible; and they found themselves ere long once more absorbed in the contemplation of magnificent public edifices, royal palaces, and cabinets of art.

Their third resting-place was Paris. Who can forget the first impression produced by that emporium of fashion, luxury, and pleasure? Paris, with its thousand associations and its thousand temptations: its great memories and its marvellous refinements; its national monuments and its fickle population; its fêtes and its follies; its perpetual turmoil and its intoxicating dissipation! At the period of their advent, its Boulevards were still intact, and its palaces were the abodes of royalty. Paris, (and in speaking of Paris we necessarily include all the rest of France, to which it ever acts as the heart, whose pulsations regulate the temperament of the provinces,) was, or appeared to be, once more at peace. The hotels were crowded with guests, and the streets thronged with equipages. No wonder that the communications which periodically reached the Grange from the two wanderers, were full of enthusiastic descriptions of the gay and fascinating city, where the only want of which they complained was a deficiency of time to enjoy to the full all the brilliant opportunities for which they were indebted to influential letters, youth, wealth, and good spirits.

Still the charm of novelty lured the travellers onward, after a residence of three months in the "Capital of Europe," as the French somewhat presumptuously designate their metropolis; and ere long they found themselves in Vienna, standing beneath the shadows of the palace of the Cæsars, threading the pleasant mazes of the Prater, waltzing in the Volks-garten, and ascending to the giddy summit of St. Stephen's marvellously-constructed tower; breathing the elastic air on the bastions, and loitering among the lordly shades of Schönbrunn.

A month sufficed for this survey of the Austrian capital; and then, anxious to abandon Europe for the East, they pushed on to Hungary, whence they determined to embark in one of the flat-bottomed boats which at that period plied to Galatz; where they were to take ship for the Bosphorus, in order to visit Constantinople, and, subsequently, Egypt.

New and strange once more was everything about them when they reached Buda-Pesth; and their resolution to hurry onward at once gave way before the aspect of the singular and interesting country in which they now found themselves. Fiction, with all its cunning, would assuredly fail in striving to paint a more striking and even thrilling contrast than that presented by the sister-cities, which, linked together by a bridge of boats upwards of twelve hundred feet in length, heaving upon the rapid current of the impetuous stream of the Danube, and constantly crowded with carriages and foot passengers, form the

metropolis of modern Pannonia. On one bank rises imperial and time-hallowed Buda, bristling with a palace-laden fortress—the Acropolis of the regal city—stern, and still, and almost solemn in its grim antiquity, as it spreads its houses and convents along the dark heights which command the river; where the stately monastery with its elevated spire and gilded crucifix, is contrasted by the grim old tower which was once a Turkish fortress. Buda is full of memories, both glorious and melancholy; and is like the shadow of the past linked to the realities of the present, as the eye wanders on, over the heaving bridge, to its laughing, lightsome rival on the other shore. Italian-looking terraces stretching along the river-bank, and hemming in a noble quay, where all is life and movement; a vast extent of buildings erected on the lip of a wide plain, stretching away, far as the eye can reach; a picturesque peasantry, a rich display of female beauty, and a general frankness and urbanity of manner not to be exceeded any where on earth, make of Pesth one of the most attractive places in the world.

More and more enchanted with a wandering life, Reginald Leslie had long ceased to sigh for the quiet happiness of home; and had not his companion remembered that every league of ground over which they travelled widened the distance between Celia and himself, he would have been equally careless and light-hearted. Occasionally, however, he sighed at this conviction forced itself upon him; and a strange foreboding, for which he was unable to account, but by which he was nevertheless painfully oppressed, made his spirits sink, and drew down upon him the playful reproaches of his friend.

Leslie was very susceptible of female loveliness; and his unoccupied heart, which had been interested by the fresh cheeks and bright eyes of the fair ones of Belgium, bewildered by the studied graces of half a dozen Parisian belles, and almost subjugated by the high-bred beauties of Vienna, was near losing itself at Pesth: and it was consequently fortunate that his less impressionable fellow-traveller, after a week's sojourn in the Hungarian capital, suggested the expediency of their further progress.

Their voyage down the Danube was replete with enjoyment. The magnificent character of the country through which they passed; the animated appearance of the river banks, occasionally crowded with herds of wild cattle; the multitude of aquatic birds which peopled the islands among which the current whirled them on; the massy ruins of old feudal fastnesses; the stretches of corn-land, extending far into the distance, succeeded by primæval forests, and these again by high and hoary rocks, through which the stream roared and boiled as though it deprecated their intrusion upon its limits; the Christian towns, succeeded by Turkish villages, where the minaret replaced the spire, and the shrill voice of the muezzin became a substitute for the silvery sound of the church bell; all these objects succeeded each other with so much rapidity and contrast as to keep the attention and

interest of the travellers constantly upon the stretch, until they reached the small and gloomy trading town of Galatz; where meeting with a Greek felucca, which had just discharged its cargo, and was about to set sail for Constantinople, they at once secured a passage, and in a few hours found themselves in the Black Sea.

We must not linger upon the voyage: suffice it that it was rough and comfortless, as every voyage upon that most uneasy of all seas ever is, even when undertaken under far more favourable circumstances than those of our travellers, who soon discovered that the Symplegades are by no means the only "vexed" tenants of the heaving and capricious Euxine. The wild, shrill, discordant cries of their Greek crew; the miserable inefficiency of their commander; the wretched state of the little vessel, and the oppressive effluvia left by her late cargo, all conduced to render their approach to the Ottoman capital the very reverse of enviable. It was, as Leslie declared, like passing through purgatory to paradise.

Once landed, however, they were amply repaid for all their sufferings. As they slowly sailed up the Bosphorus, all their senses appeared to be absorbed in the one faculty of vision. They neither spoke nor moved. Their very breathing was impeded; and the past was blotted out in the all-engrossing present. And yet, when they at length cast anchor in the Golden Horn, no detail of the glorious scenes through which they had just passed remained with them. A confused mass of painted palaces, and spiral minarets, and gleaming mosques, and cypress groves, and latticed casements, and hanging gardens, was all that they had retained: for the "ocean-stream" cannot be read at once: every page is so replete with beauty or with magnificence, that it requires a separate study; nor does the fact that its many abrupt windings render this absolutely necessary, constitute its least charm. Could the spectator embrace the whole line of the channel, from the hill-seated city to the shores of the Black Sea, half its attraction would be lost; for the eye and the taste would alike become satiated; whereas its capricious course presents a series of panoramas, each admirable in its character, and novel in its distribution. At times it flows on in a regular stream, like a broad river rushing to the sea; and anon a fine bay swells boldly within the bosom of the overhanging hills, and it assumes the aspect of a blue and tranquil lake, laving the marble terraces of a range of palaces, or giving freshness to a mass of forest-timber, or girdling a cypress-planted cemetery. Gilded kiosques crown the heights, and are mirrored in the clear water; formidable fortresses are seated on the rocks; and at intervals the needle-like summits of lofty minarets, touched at their points with gold, surmount the luxuriant foliage of the mighty trees which conceal the mosques to which they belong, and glitter like daystars in the deep purple sky.

The first inconvenience and difficulty of settling themselves once overcome, (and they are far from trivial in a semi-civilized country,) the travellers did not lose an instant in exploring the new and marvellous world into

which they had intruded. The blue and limpid sky, only flaked at distant intervals by fleecy vapours so daz- zlingly white that the eye ached to dwell upon them; the glittering sea, peopled with fish, which fearlessly fed and sported among the shipping; the harbour crowded with the vessels of a hundred lands—the stately brig of America, the graceful schooner of England, the war-frigate of Austria, the trading-craft of Belgium, the Greek felucca with its lateen sails and sharp prow, the Arab bark with its carved and gilded bulwarks and elevated stem and stern, the noble ships of war anchored off the Arsenal with the Turkish flag flying proudly at their peak, and through all, and amidst all, the swift and arrowy caiques dashing along the water like aquatic birds,—made the Golden Horn for a time the object of all their attention.

And well might it arrest their gaze, and hold them for hours spell-bound, for a more magnificent *coup-d'œil* is not perhaps to be found throughout the world. The land-locked harbour sweeping like a crescent round the base of the surrounding heights, which are crowned with mosques and palaces, the bright sea of Marmora forming the second distance; and afar off, looming out against the horizon, the lofty and snow-clothed summit of the Thracian Olympus, dominating the whole mountain chain of which it is the monarch; to the left, Scutari, overhung by the stately shadows of Burigurlu Daghi, and reflected in the rapid current of the Bosphorus; and to the extreme right, the groves and gardens of Eyoub, the "Holy of Holies," in whose thrice sacred mosque the sultan is on his accession girt with the sword of empire. Nor must mention be omitted of the lovely glen through which flows the Barhysea, a sparkling but inconsiderable stream, which, after traversing the "Valley of the Sweet Waters," (a beautiful glen shut in by a range of arid hills, and carpeted with the greenest and most luxuriant of grass,) empties itself into the Golden Horn, mingling its pure and pellucid tide with the vessel-laden and saline current of the land-locked harbour; and exchanging the velvet banks and glittering palaces of the Kyat Khana, for the more stately panorama of the "Seven Hills." This little *débouchure* is, in fact, an important feature in the scene; particularly during the hot months, when the Imperial palaces of the valley are the temporary residence of the favourite sultanas, whose caiques shoot at intervals across the port like bright-winged and snow-crested birds, freighted as they are with their closely veiled occupants.

In fact, the whole scene is one of enchantment; and the traveller lingers long in the vicinity of the Golden Horn, ere he remembers that it is only one among the "lions" of the "City of the Sultan," and begins once more to experience a craving for novelty. On then to the Hippodrome, with its Roman column, its Grecian tripod, and its Egyptian obelisk; to the mosques and palaces; to the crumbling walls laved by the billows of the Sea of Marmora; to the hoary aqueduct of Valens, and the ruined palace of Belisarius; to the far-spreading, sombre, and stately burial plain of

Scutari, where the gilded and turbaned head-stones of thousands of true believers are overshadowed by the dense foliage of a forest of cypress; to the Bends of Belgrade; to the Giant's Grave, and the deep bowery glen rendered historical by having been the spot upon which was signed the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi; and finally,—for life, like art, must have its lights and shadows,—to the prison-fortress of the Seven Towers, and the mysterious cisterns by which two-thirds of Stamboul are undermined.

The remains of a great Roman work, they are now all, save one, diverted from their original purpose of supplying the city, in case of siege, with water, artistically conveyed from the heights of Belgrade. These wonderful cisterns, or *Boudroums*, as they are called by the Turks, are always an object of great curiosity to strangers who are fortunate enough during their stay to learn their existence, and resolute enough to undergo the fatigue consequent upon their inspection, as well as free from the fastidiousness which would render them averse to traversing for this purpose some of the most unsavoury and uninviting portions of the city. Of this number were our friends Lealie and Drayton. Young, active, and enthusiastic, they had left unvisited no object of interest above ground; and previous to their departure, they resolved to investigate also the subterranean wonders of the Moslem capital. The sketch-book of Drayton, a parting loan from Celia, to whom it was to be restored enriched by the able pencil of her lover, was already rich in fairy landscapes and glittering palaces, in glimpses of the wild and strange, as well as the bright and beautiful, but it yet contained a few unappropriated pages; and these dim vaults, with their countless columns, and unexplored recesses, offered a tempting mean of completing the volume.

Accordingly, having procured a guide, and accompanied by old Mustapha, their hired dragoman, they traversed the Golden Horn, embarking at the pier of Galata, and landing at the Gate of the Garden, under the shadow of the picturesque palace which mirrors itself and its overhanging groves in the sea of Marmora, just where its bright green waters pour themselves into the harbour.

It was with light laughter and gay jests that the two young men threaded the foul and narrow streets along which they were compelled to make their way. The vessel by which they were to proceed to Smyrna, their next point, was to sail in a few days, and thus they had not a moment they could afford to leave unoccupied—not an instant they could waste upon *ennui* or indolence. But even their buoyant spirits were checked by the solemn and novel aspect of the first vault, into which they slowly, and with some difficulty, descended. The *Bin-Vebir-Direg*, or "Cistern of the Thousand-and-one,"—a vast subterranean hall, supported in reality by 336 pillars of coarse marble, each formed of two or more blocks, is lighted only by narrow grated windows level with the roof; while the columns are buried to one-third of their height in the earth,—the vault having been appropriated to

the reception of the soil which was flung out from the foundations of the great mosque of St. Sophia, and the water-courses turned into another cistern. Much of the grandeur of the original effect is consequently lost; but the immense space, with its long lines of circular pillars, the dim and uncertain light which falls partially, and as if reluctantly, in dusky and yellow patches upon the most prominent surfaces, leaving all the remainder of the vault in deep and mysterious shadow; the hollow and prolonged echoes that, as they roll away, appear to take fresh and more thrilling voices as they penetrate into the mystic depths, which defy the most searching gaze; all these accessories conduced to temper the exuberance of light-hearted gaiety with which the travellers had set forth.

Upon Lealie the sensation of awe, which he could not altogether conquer, obtained, however, only a temporary hold, loosened by the first glimpse of the bright blue sky which greeted him as he re-ascended to the surface of the earth; but it was far otherwise with Drayton. More imaginative, and, consequently, more impressionable than his friend, not even the glory of an Eastern sun could dispel the vague and shapeless feeling of foreboding terror which had fastened upon him; and thus, while Reginald, who was essentially practical and utilitarian even amid his enthusiasm, was discussing with Mustapha and the dragoman some statistical point on which he was interested, Drayton pursued the train of morbid thought into which he had fallen, and by which he was strangely fascinated. It seemed as though the gloomy vault whence he had just emerged had been formerly familiar to him; revealed, it might be, in a dream, but still a matter of memory. And then he searched his mind keenly, and endeavoured to retrace when and where the dim vision had formerly been made manifest; but he could recall no pictured representation or printed description of the place, with which he nevertheless felt that he was linked by some occult and nameless spell. Could he have done so alone, he would at once have returned, and plunged into the farthest depths of that mysterious subterranean, in order that the painful sensation to which he had become a prey might be either explained or dispelled; but trammelled by the companionship of others, to whom he could neither admit nor excuse the feeling by which he was oppressed, he walked forward, surveying every object about his path through a thick mist, as the mountain-crests are seen through the vapours by which they are surrounded.

Ten minutes sufficed to bring the party to the entrance of a second cistern, considerably less extensive than that which they had just quitted, but infinitely more beautiful as a work of art, the columns by which it was supported being at least three times the girth of those of Bin-Vebir-Direg, and uncovered to their bases, as well as perfectly revealed by a strong light from above. Here, however, they lingered only a few seconds, the fetid nature of the atmosphere forbidding more than a hasty survey; and thence they

hurried, insensible to both heat and fatigue, to the great subterranean wonder of Constantinople,—the *Yerè-Batan-Seraï*, or “Swallowed-up Palace,” anciently called *Philoxmos*—the most vast and impressive, the most dim and mysterious, of all the great Roman remains beneath the city. The roof of this immense cistern, like that of the *Bin-Vebir-Direg*, is supported by columns of marble, distant about ten feet from each other, but of exquisite proportions, and each formed of a single block, surmounted by elaborately-wrought capitals. No regular opening gives entrance to this singular subterranean, roofed with Roman bricks, and floored by several feet of water; nor has its exact extent ever been ascertained. All that is known of its limits has been revealed by the falling in of different portions of the fabric in widely separated quarters of the city; and in each instance the same endless perspective of dusky columns and waveless water has baffled the speculations of the curious.

It was through the medium of the most extensive of these fissures that the two friends were now enabled to examine the watery waste by which so considerable a part of Stamboul is undermined; and for this privilege they were indebted to the courtesy of an aged Effendi, in whose court-yard an enormous plantain had shot its roots so deeply into the earth, that they had reached the roof of the subterranean, and pressed so heavily upon the masonry that several of the pillars had yielded to the superincumbent weight, and thus revealed to the astonished owner of the house the somewhat uncomfortable fact that his residence was poised above the formidable excavation, of whose vicinity he had been previously ignorant.

The first glance which the travellers were enabled to throw into the mysterious abyss before them was not obtained until they had, with some difficulty, scrambled to the base of the fallen fragments of masonry, and disturbed from their recesses several generations of enormous and bloated toads, which were established among them; but once on a level with the surface of the water, the scene which presented itself exceeded the wildest anticipations of their excited fancy. The astonishment of Leslie as his eyes wandered on into the deep darkness of the columned wilderness found vent in a stifled exclamation, which rung through the dim arches, and died away like distant thunder, after leaping and plunging in rapid but sullen echoes, that for awhile appeared interminable; but no sound escaped the lips of Drayton. Upon his sensitive mind the effect produced was too deep for outward demonstration; and thus he remained for a time standing beside his friend in silence: but as he marked the flickering light which fell upon the nearest columns from among the dense foliage of the partially prostrate tree, and saw on every side the long lines of sculptured pillars stretching away beyond the reach of human vision, based in what appeared to be a subterranean lake, and supporting upon their stupendous capitals the foundations of a city, his cheek flushed, and his heart heaved.

Moored to an angle of the ruins lay a small boat, barely large enough to contain a single individual, and perfectly motionless upon the surface of the sullen water. The silence was unbroken, save when occasionally the foot of one of the party detached a fragment of the masonry, which fell with a hollow splash into the tideless reservoir, disturbing the echoes of the mysterious vault, and producing the effect of distant artillery; and once more the dim and mystic spell by which the mind of Drayton had been already thrallèd at *Bin-Vebir-Direg* darkened over his spirit.

Leslie after awhile became sated by the grim majesty of the scene, and reascended to the sunshine; but his friend still lingered. Every reply which he received to his eager questioning only sufficed to increase his morbid enthusiasm; and he ultimately declared his determination to explore, through the medium of the boat, the actual extent of the subterranean. The objections of the stately old Effendi were silenced by the offer of a larger sum of money than he had resolution to decline; but the objections of Mustapha and the dragoman were less easily overruled.

“Of what avail will be such an attempt?” asked the former; “Only last year one of your countrymen was seized with the same fancy, and put off from this very spot, after attaching a string to this pillar on our right, which he unwound as he proceeded. He, too, paid heavily for the privilege. And what was the result? Simply that he rowed in a straight line for two mortal hours, after which he worked the boat back by drawing in the cord, and rejoined me here with his hands skinned from the wrist to the fingers, having seen throughout the whole time nothing more than you see from the stone on which you stand—long lines of pillars, a roof of Roman bricks, and a floor of stagnant water.”

“That very fact decides me,” said Drayton earnestly; “Had the columnar avenues been succeeded by a natural excavation; had the Roman bricks yielded to a roof pierced in the living rock, and the glassy surface of the water to the agitation of an underground current,—then, indeed, I should be ready to admit that the investigation which I propose might be attended with danger; for in such a case it would be impossible to assign any probable limits to the subterranean: but as it stands, there can be nothing to apprehend; for is it not, after all, the work of men’s hands? And is it not morally impossible that the result of human labour can be illimitable? No proper and efficient means have yet been tried to ascertain the real extent of this wonderful structure; and thus its dimensions are gradually growing into a vague and idle legend, unworthy of so great and stupendous a production of human industry and art. In my own country such a doubt could not have existed for twelve months; and let me only be provided with half-a-dozen torches, and it shall also cease to exist here. Moreover, I am resolved, and you have now only to obey.”

Reluctantly did the two attendants prepare to

fulfil his wishes; while Leslie was no sooner informed of the quixotic intention of his friend, than he hastened in his turn to expostulate. All was, however, vain. The wild fascination to which Drayton had yielded earlier in the morning now thrall'd him beyond the power of resistance. A voice seemed to call to him from the unexplored depths of the black and gloomy vault—a hand appeared to beckon him onward from the deep and dreamy darkness; he was like one labouring under the influence of delirium; his eye burnt with light, his whole frame quivered with excitement, and a mocking laugh was the only answer which he vouchsafed to the deprecatory comments of his friend.

"Are you also scared by a nurse's tale, my dear Reginald?" he exclaimed, as he grasped his arm; "Pooh! Pooh! Do you not see that our long-bearded host and our equally long-winded Mustapha are only anxious that we should not take their most stately lion by the mane, and so teach him to 'roar softly as a sucking dove?' Give me five or six hours—and I will be careful that my torches shall suffice for that time,—and I pledge myself that Celia shall be provided with such an antique for a neck-ornament as shall merit the best skill of the jewellers, if not for its intrinsic value, at least for its singularity."

"It will be, at all events, too dearly purchased."

"Not a whit! You will, depend upon it, imitate my example to-morrow. But here comes a servant with the torches, and a second with the sculls; I shall be off in five minutes."

"Beware of foul air, Drayton."

"Never fear: with four ascertained openings, the cistern must be well ventilated. Tell the worthy Effendi to provide you with a soft carpet, a good *chibouque*, and a goblet of sherbet; and await my return as cheerfully as I shall make my subterranean voyage. One thing, however, Leslie; I will leave this ring with you, for it holds *her* hair, and may be injured by the pressure of the oars—I have her portrait here, on my heart, and so can spare it for an hour or two. And now give me your hand and your good wishes; and you will be ready to laugh with me on my return at your idle forebodings."

"But should you be subjected to any danger, Celia will never forgive me; and the size of the boat renders it impossible that I should share the risk."

"Believe me, there is none. Has not every nurse a bugaboo for her obstreperous charge? and do you not see that Yèrè-Batan-Seraï is the bugaboo of imperial Stamboul? Lo, the first torch is lighted! How grand is the effect as it burns upon the most salient columns, and fades gradually yonder through the dim vistas! This is an epoch in my life, Leslie, and will make a glorious tale for the winter's hearth hereafter. Should I emerge upon the dome of St. Sophia, I will despatch a carrier-pigeon with the tidings—you know there are enough there to do my errand; and should I land in the garden of the embassy at Pera, I do not doubt but Lord P— will be courteous enough to despatch a human messenger to apprise you of the

important fact: meanwhile, as our Moslem friends would express it, *Inshallah*—I trust in God!"

And so saying, Drayton sprang lightly into the little bark, waved a last farewell to the anxious watchers in the gap, seized the oars with a skilful hand, and was soon lost to sight, save that a long streak of light lying upon the surface of the water, and defining at first brightly, but ere long more and more indistinctly, the outline of the pillars over which it glanced, still marked out the direction in which he progressed; and so long as that light remained visible, Leslie shared in some degree the confidence of his friend; but when it totally disappeared, and the vault relapsed into utter darkness, his anxiety returned, and he threw himself down upon the mat which had been spread for him, and began to reproach himself for having so easily yielded to arguments that now appeared alike idle and unconvulsive. He thought of Celia, to whom he had promised that he would never lose sight of her betrothed; and of Henry's father, to whom his only child was dearer than his own existence. How should he justify himself to them, should this wild and reckless adventure terminate fatally?

Nor did his companions attempt, by word or sign, to interrupt his meditations. Seated like himself upon their separate mats, and with each a chibouque between his lips, they smoked on in silence, only broken at intervals by the arrival of an attendant with a tray of coffee; and thus the hours wore away, and at length the rich beams of the setting sun flooded the watery cavern with light so far as they could penetrate into the thick gloom. Lower and lower sank the golden glory of that Eastern sky, and fainter became the reflection of its rays. At length it disappeared behind the mountains; a pale yellow gleam played over the whole horizon for a moment, and then suddenly, without the warning of that soft twilight which in less fervent climates seems to prepare alike the eyes and the mind for the coming obscurity, down dropped the thick darkness of night,—and Drayton had already been gone six hours!

"Torches!" exclaimed Leslie, as he started abruptly to his feet; "Bring torches, and light up as many as can be placed in the gap; they will serve him as a guide. This suspense is maddening. Tell me, Effendim, did you not say that the roof of the cistern had given way in several other places in the city? If gold can purchase the privilege of lighting those also, do not spare it, but despatch messengers at once."

As the dragoman made this appeal intelligible to the Moslem, he shook his head gravely. "The Frank raves!" he said, stroking down his white beard; "One of the fissures is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Sublime Porte, another within a stone's throw of the mosque of St. Sophia, and a third within the walls of the Record Office. Is he aware that these spots are leagues distant from each other? *Meshallah*! It is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible! Nothing *shall* be impossible!" retorted Leslie impetuously. "See you

to this, Mustapha; or, better still, I will accompany you: one of the Effendi's servants can keep watch here—But no, no,—” and the agonized young man once more threw himself down upon his mat; “I cannot leave this place, for he may return during my absence. Away with you, then, at once; scatter gold if it be needful, but do not return unsuccessful, and you shall be well rewarded for your zeal.”

Mustapha departed, and another hour went by. The aged Turk withdrew into his harem: the dragon slept soundly with his pipe still between his lips; and Leslie sat crouched upon his mat, glaring with dilated eyeballs into the impenetrable darkness of the vault; listening with an intensity which strained the nerves of his head, and made his temples throb almost audibly. Suddenly a thought struck him, and leaving far over into the gulph he shouted with all the power of his lungs. The arched roof beat back the sound in thunder, and then the pillared avenues drove it on and on in a thousand echoes, which grew more and more sullen as they were lost in space. A shudder passed over the frame of Leslie, and a cold dew stood upon his brow; but again and again he screamed out the name of his friend, and again and again he listened for some reply.

Morning broke: the torches were nearly exhausted; the sound of human life was upon the surface of the earth, but all was still dark and silent in that vast subterranean. Mustapha appeared at noon to report the ill success of his mission; and hoping even against hope, Leslie ordered that the lights should be kept burning for three days and nights. With his own hands he renewed those beside which he watched; and having procured a rifle from his host, fired it down the vault at regular intervals, in order to guide the progress of his friend.

But why prolong the melancholy tale?—All was in vain. The presentiment of Drayton had been fatally accomplished; he was seen no more; and whether his light had failed, the frail boat become swamped, or that he had bewildered himself among the endless lines of columns, and so perished miserably by famine, was never destined to be ascertained.

A week subsequently, Leslie was on his melancholy way to England; and since that period no boat has ever floated on the mysterious waters of *Yerè-Batan-Serai*.

THE NINETEENTH ODE OF ANACREON.

W. BRILLIANT.

Ele vò deia gressin.

WHEN the dew falls from the sky
The black earth drinks refreshingly;
While from earth's bosom herb and flower
Inhale a renovating power.
The sea, too, quaffs the wanton gales
That erst had filled the swelling sails;
Then from the ocean drinks the sun,
Soon as he comes, day's course to run;
Diana, empress of the night,
From solar rays imbibes her light.
Since then all nature drinks, kind friends,
This law through all the world extends,
Why thwart an elf who but desires
To do what everything requires?

A BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

PART I.

It was Alice Wynyard's wedding-day.

I had had a weary two months—for our household atmosphere was full of storms. My good cousin John Wynyard long withstood all my arguments and his daughter's tears, before he would take Mr. Sylvester for his son-in-law. I could never clearly understand how Alice learned to love her betrothed, but love him she did; and I saw it was breaking the heart of the child—what is seventeen but late childhood?—to part her from him; so I threw all my influence into the scale, until at last we gained the point. And yet I did it more for the sake of my Alice—the motherless child who had been my darling for fourteen years, than from regard towards her chosen. I could not teach myself to love that wayward, fitful, dark-faced Arthur Sylvester; yet perhaps it was only a vague jealousy—and one feeling more.

I knew that my nephew Everard—my treasure next to Alice—loved her with every pulse of his true and noble heart. She never guessed it,—no one in the world did, but I. Alas! they best can read another's heart, who have once fathomed the deep fountains of their own. From my soul I pitied that poor desolate boy.

I went into Alice's room late on the night before her wedding. She had been reading in the Bible,—her dead mother's Bible,—her forehead rested on the open page, and her hands were clasped together. I stayed at the door,—I could not choose but look at her,—so beautiful was she in her attitude of graceful abandon, her white drapery, and her long, loose-falling hair. I heard her lips murmur—she was praying for him.

“Bless my Arthur—my own—my husband!”

“Amen!” said I softly, as I touched her shoulder, and she started from her seat. Her eyes sought mine with a doubtful look, as if they would pierce into my soul.

“You think he has need of blessing,” cried Alice suddenly. “Ah! I know, there is no one here who loves him but I.”

“I said not so, Alice.”

“No! but you thought it, aunt Susan,”—she always called me aunt.—“Well, I care not, my love will atone for all. My Arthur, my noble Arthur! How dare they doubt him?” said Alice proudly, as she drew herself up, and her head was thrown back, and her lips curled, while from her eyes beamed ineffable love. Oh, how perfect was that young heart's faith in its idol! My eyes swam in tears; I shrank abashed before that gentle child, so strong in her loving trust. I would at that moment have staked my life for Sylvester's worth, who had excited feelings so deep and so true. The shadow of her angel-nature was reflected upon him too.

In my dreams that night, Alice's bridegroom seemed to me the very ideal of all that was noble, and good, and beautiful. But I had no time for dreaming—the

wedding-day was come!—O ye romantic damsels! know that a wedding-day brings other thoughts than those of trembling happy love, and cupids, and rose-fetters. Scorn not the old maiden housekeeper if she confesses, that while her first thought was of sweet Alice, her second was of the wedding-breakfast, lest aught should mar the effect of the whole, and change to wintry storms the passing autumn-sunshine which we had brought to Mr. Wynyard's countenance.

I did not go with them to church—I could not.

"Miss Susan never thinks about such things; her time for lovers and weddings is past, if it ever existed," I heard one of the bride-maids whisper. "She never cared for any one, or any one for her."

O heart, be still! what is the babble of foolish tongues to thee? Thou hast throbbed and grown calm; let the days of thy youth be like a troubled dream. With thee the night is passing—it is near morning! Be still—be still!

When Alice Sylvester entered her father's doors, I was there waiting for her. I took her in my arms and kissed her; she wept a little, but it was only a summer-shower; her very lips trembled and dimpled with happiness. I unfastened her white bonnet, and smoothed her hair; but she said she would come with me until breakfast was ready, and unlinked her arm from her bridegroom's. He looked restless and uneasy, his wild black eyes wandering from one to the other with a troubled gaze.

"You will not go, Alice?" he said, holding her hand fast.—"I must not lose you."

"Only for a few moments, dear Arthur," she answered; and then, seeing how agitated he appeared, she laid her hand on his with a soothing smile, and whispered, "No more parting, no one can part us now, my husband!"

He took her in his arms, kissed her, and ere she was out of sight I saw him dash into the garden, leaving the wedding-party to think of it as they would. "Truly, a strange bridegroom!" muttered some of them, and the father's face grew so dark that I trembled for the consequences.

"Thank heaven, Alice is right, no one can part them now," I thought to myself, as I followed the bride up-stairs.

She was very quiet and composed, thoughtful for me and for all in the house; leaving messages and tokens for friends and dependents, and forgetting no one.

"I should have been less sorry to go, aunt Susan, if my father had not been so kind latterly. He will learn to know my Arthur in time, I think. I am glad that we are married thus peacefully with his consent; it is much happier. But," she added, while her cheek flushed, and her eye dilated, "had it not been so, no power on earth should have parted Arthur from me; I would have married him, and followed him to the world's end. I dare say it now, for I am his wife, and God only knows how I love my husband!"

How fondly the girl's lips lingered over those new, sweet words, "*my husband!*" I could only press her

to my heart, and inly pray that such a love might know no cloud.

"There is Arthur, walking in the shrubbery!" cried the bride, as her quick eyes caught a sight of his figure. "He is weary of waiting for me,—I have kept him too long alone. Forgive me, dear aunt Susan," she continued, hesitating, and slightly blushing, "it is not that I love you less—but—but—"

"Go to your husband, my Alice," said I, trying to smile through my tears; I felt a light kiss on my forehead, and in a few moments more I saw a white dress fluttering through the trees leading to the little summer-house. "Ah, well! I ought to have known before now, that a maiden regards all the world as nothing, in comparison with him she loves."

"Where are the bride and bridegroom? we want to cut the cake over their heads," said the sportive damsels who had attended their late playfellow to the altar.

"Ay—where is Alice? she might think of her old father a little," grumbled Mr. Wynyard.

"She is walking in the garden, for I sent her." I hastily apologized.

"You, cousin!—What business had you to do any such thing! Go and fetch her directly." And I hurried away.

The summer-house was at the end of a pleasant shady walk. I knew I should find the young lovers there, for it was a place they both loved—the place where their hearts had first broken the spell of silence, and poured out their secret, each to each. There was something sacred in the spot ever after. I trod softly, and lingered on my way; but ere I reached the summer-house, there arose from it a woman's cry, long, shrill, terrible. O God! I hardly knew my Alice's voice. I rushed forward—the door was fastened—I burst it open with superhuman strength.

There, on the floor, crouched the bride; her eyes starting with fear, her face frozen into an expression of the wildest terror. Blood was flowing from her arm, drop by drop falling on her white dress. Over her stood the bridegroom, glaring upon her with his frenzied eyes, while in his uplifted hand sparkled a dagger. I sprang in—he let it fall—and dashed, with a yell like that of a wild beast, across the fields.

Arthur Sylvester had gone mad on his wedding-day!

* * * * *

It was not until many weeks after that fearful bridal, that my Alice lifted up her head from the pillow to which I had borne her like an infant. She had received no wound except the slight one in her arm, which had probably intercepted the first blow of the maniac, and thereby saved her life. But this we could only conjecture, for she never revealed to human being what passed in that fatal summer-house. When she became convalescent, Alice never uttered her husband's name, nor, by word or look, gave any sign that she remembered the past. Only once, when she lay regarding her wasted fingers, a sudden thought seemed to flash across her mind—the wedding-ring was not there. I had taken it away by the physician's

order, that during her illness there should be no connecting link to awaken thoughts so terrible. Alice looked at me earnestly, and pointed to her third finger.—I would not understand her.

"Another time, my child, when you are better," I whispered. "You must not think now. Try to sleep, my Alice."

But still she kept her hand stretched out, with her imploring eyes fixed on mine. It was impossible to resist. I took the fatal circlet and placed it on her finger: she seized it as a child would its toy-treasure; kissed it, and then folding the wedded left hand in the other, laid it in her bosom, and turned her head away. God knows what vague thoughts passed through the weak and still confused brain of that young creature. I watched her as she lay, and fancied I saw tears starting from under the closed eyelids; but she seemed calm, and soon fell asleep through feebleness.

From that time Alice gradually improved. Her shattered mind and body gathered strength together, and, by slow degrees, she became almost herself again. In the early days of her convalescence, we had taken her far away from the home which had witnessed so terrible a scene; and had made our abode in a quiet, lonely sea-side village—Alice, her old father, and I. We would not let the world's curiosity torture the desolate bride.

My cousin Wynyard was almost as much to be pitied as his child. At first he had been nigh frantic with anguish, not unmingled with anger; had cursed his own folly in ever consenting to the marriage, and poured terrible anathemas on the head of him whom a higher power had so fearfully stricken. Many were the causes assigned for the sudden paroxysm which had left the admired Arthur Sylvester that awful spectacle, a living body without a reasoning soul. Some whispered of the power of conscience, and of some mysterious sin, thus justly punished. True, the world said Arthur Sylvester had lived, in his early youth, a gay, thoughtless life—but the world is a harsh judge over the unfortunate. It could not be that Alice, the pure angel-like maiden, had loved one who was a sinner of so deep a dye, that his own conscience had been to him as the thunderbolt of Heaven's vengeance. It was a mystery too deep to penetrate. My very soul shuddered when I thought of the proud and handsome bridegroom—a howling maniac in his cell; the noble form degraded—the lofty mind, which Alice had so worshipped, shattered and sunk into idiotic weakness. Oh, Alice, Alice! hadst thou but heard what I heard of that unfortunate—nay, even thou, stern John Wynyard, whose heart was so full of bitterness against the destroyer of thy peace, even thou wouldst have melted into tears, hadst thou listened to the tale.

It was my nephew, Everard Brooke, whom I charged to bring me tidings of Alice's husband. He did so—he sought out the maniac, who had fled wildly over the country—watched over him, and guarded him from doing injury to himself or to others, until he was

restored to his friends. When Everard told me how he had left Arthur Sylvester, idly playing with straws, talking to his own shadow, and calling it Alice Wynyard, while his aged mother sat weeping over him, I felt thankful that his name had never been uttered by Alice, so that I could still keep her in ignorance of his mournful state.

With Everard only could I talk calmly over what had passed, and what was to be done for the future. My cousin Wynyard would bear no allusion to the unhappy man; the moment I mentioned Arthur's name he would burst out into invectives and imprecations, that made my blood run cold.

"God's curse is upon him, and mine; therefore it is that he bears the burthen of his sin," John Wynyard would cry. "His name is hateful in my ears—utter it no more!"

"But Alice loved him—he is her husband."

"He is not!—I madly gave her to him—and I reclaim her: I made the bond, and I will break it." Thus raved Alice's father; and, at the time, I did not heed his words, but I soon found out their purport.

One day, when he came to pay his daily visit to Alice's chamber, she, in talking to him, laid her left hand on his arm. The wedding-ring shone brightly on the thin white finger. It caught his eye; and immediately his whole countenance darkened. He put the hand aside, and walked out of the room. Immediately I was summoned to his presence.

"Cousin Susan, how dare you let Alice wear that accursed ring? Did not Dr. Egerton take it from her finger, and say she was never to see it?"

"But the poor child entreated. Oh, cousin, if you had seen her look! I could not keep it from her; I cannot take it away."

"But I say you shall. The very sight tortures me. I would that it were at the bottom of the sea, with him who gave it. Take it off, Susan; hide it—steal it—or I will not come near my child."

"It is cruelty, to take from a wife her wedding-ring."

"I tell you, she is no wife. I can free her; and I will." And the storm of passion began to rise so violently that it was a joyful escape for me, when Alice's maid summoned me to her mistress.

She was weeping—my poor child! Oh, thou stern John Wynyard! I almost hated thee at that moment.

"Why did my father go away—is he angry? Ask him to come back again, aunt Susan," said Alice, now rendered doubly sensitive by weakness. "What have I done to offend him? Do not deceive me—tell me the truth; you always do." And her eyes were fixed so earnestly on mine that for my life's worth I could not have framed an excuse.

"You must not feel pained, my dearest," I whispered; "your father will get over it in time—but now he does not like to see this;" and I touched the ring.

I expected Alice would have wept more than ever; but not so. Her tears ceased, and the low complaining tone of sickness became firm and composed.

"What does my father desire, aunt Susan?" she said, almost sternly.

"If you would take it off—and not wear it for a little."

I started to see the sick girl rise from her pillowed chair, and stand upright on her feet, in an attitude of almost fierce defiance.

"How dares my father ask this? can he expect a wife to give up the symbol of her marriage? I will not do it. I am a wife without a husband—a wife only in name; but I will keep that name while I live. Go, and tell my father so!"

She sank back in her chair, and I saw she trembled like an aspen leaf, though her words were so firm. I laid her head on my bosom, and soothed her like a child. Then her feelings burst forth in one long, mournful cry.

"Oh, aunt, you knew my heart was broken—why did you torture it thus?"

A wretch that had committed murder could not have felt more guilty than I did then.

After a time Alice's words became more calm. "It is well, perhaps, that the ice is now broken, that I dare speak of what lies day and night upon my heart, like a leaden weight. Aunt Susan, answer me truly, tell me, where is Arthur? where is my husband?"

"He is safe at home—but—"

"I know it—you need not utter the horrible word. Oh, my Arthur—my own! Why did I live to see this day?"

She said no more, but lay back in her chair. For hours she remained motionless, with folded hands and closed eyes, looking like a marble statue. I sat beside her, pondering over life and its mysteries, and thinking, with a trembling heart, of the long, dark future which lay before that young creature: widowhood, without its patient hopelessness—without the calm and holy shadow of death, which in time brings peace to the most bruised heart. I thought of her, and then of *him*, and I knew not which was the most bitter lot, that of the maniac husband, or the worse than widowed wife.

After this painful scene, Alice became so much worse that her father was considerably alarmed. I told him what had passed between us, every word; and he did not make a single reply. I led him where Alice lay, in a heavy slumber, approaching to insensibility, and I saw that he was touched. He wished to send for Dr. Egerton; but I told him it was useless, that calmness of mind alone was necessary for Alice's recovery. He could not understand how any mental agitation could have made her so much worse—men never can. The wise ones! they can feel for the agony of a broken limb, but they have no sympathy for a broken heart. Well! I am an old maid—I have a right to speak of the other sex as I list; and I can truly affirm that I never knew one man living who had a really feeling heart.

Yes—I except one; and that was my dear good Everard. He was a comforter and a strengthener to me, in all this sad time. To an almost womanlike tenderness, he united clear sense and firmness such as

few men can boast. In Mr. Wynyard's first paroxysm of anger and despair, Everard's influence over him was marvellous. My own, alas! was considerably weakened; for it was hardly surprising that, in the blindness of his wrath and sorrow, my cousin reproached me for this marriage, which I had urged through love towards my sweet child. Perhaps I was wrong—and yet, were the time to come over again, I think I should do the same. Everard stood manfully between me and the torrent of wrath; he was an angel of peace and consolation. Yet this was he whose heart the arrow had pierced; and I knew it was there still, and must remain for ever. Noble, self-denying Everard! When, as Alice recovered, I saw him watching her like a brother, (poor girl! in her unsuspicious nature she considered him as such,) striving to divert her thoughts, soothing the conflicting passions of father and daughter, and never by word or look giving sign of what I knew was in his heart, then I felt rejoiced that there was one man in the world who loved truly and unselfishly. It restored my faith in the whole sex.

After the little episode of the wedding-ring, John Wynyard's anger seemed to lull. He said no more on the subject; and, after a time, Everard persuaded him to visit his daughter again. What innumerable feminine contrivances did I use lest the obnoxious ring should again catch his eye! such as hiding the poor erring left hand in my own affectionate clasp, or finding out the prettiest pair of gloves in the world, to keep the thin, pale fingers warm during winter-time. Whether he yielded to Alice's determination or not, I cannot tell; but he said nothing. However, by degrees, his manner grew harsh and bitter; he would sit for whole hours in silence, and spend morning after morning in consultations with his lawyer. Somehow or another that man's entrance always boded evil; he was a bird of ill omen—the creature! with his wiry voice, his hooked nose, and his sharp black eyes. I disliked him heartily, for I knew there was some fresh vagary dawning in John Wynyard's brain. At last the storm burst!

We—that is, Everard, my cousin, and I—were sitting round the fire, after Alice had retired; poor thing! she always crept away early, and said often and often that during sleep was her only happy time, seeming to yearn for night to come and bring forgetfulness. How sad it was, this longing for even a temporary oblivion! I wondered not at those who seek repose in another and a deeper sleep.

"Susan," said Mr. Wynyard, suddenly breaking a dead, uncomfortable silence which had fallen upon us, "has Alice given up that foolish notion about the ring?"

I hardly knew what to answer, but Everard spoke for me.

"Surely, sir, you will not revive a subject so painful. Let it rest, for Alice's sake."

"It is exactly for her sake that I will not let it rest. And now, cousin Susan, and Everard, I will tell you what I have been long thinking about, and what I intend to do. My girl shall not be tied for life to a villain, a madman."

"Hush, hush, cousin!" I entreated; "speak not thus of him; remember, he is Alice's husband in the sight of God and man."

"But the marriage can be dissolved, and it shall; my child shall not bear the name of a wretch, an assassin. The law shall make her free. If it costs me half my fortune, I will get a divorce; by Heaven I will!" and he struck the table violently, uttering a stronger asseveration than I dare write.

Trembling in every limb, "My poor Alice! it will break her heart!" was all I could say.

"Pooh, pooh! girls' hearts are not so easily broken. Five years hence she will thank me for this. At eighteen, to be bound for life to a maniac; a widow, without a widow's freedom; it would be like chaining together a dead body and a living one. No, cousin; neither law, common sense, nor justice, can sanction that."

There was reason in what he said: I could not deny it. Alice was only a girl; and girlhood's love, warm and gushing as it is, will change sometimes. If the time should come when she might find the nominal tie, to which her riven soul now clung so fondly, a burthen and a galling chain—if she should love again, or another should love her—I turned to look at Everard. His face was ashen; his lips were compressed, as if in a spasm of acute pain. A hope—wild, mad, as passing as a meteor—but yet a distinct hope—had entered his soul; and the reaction from despair to even a glimmer of joy, was such that it became almost suffering. He was like a man brought suddenly from freezing cold to light and warmth, to whom the change gives sharp but momentary pain through the entire frame.

God forgive me if, when I looked at him, I forgot even Alice's sorrow! If she could be free—if she could be brought in time to love him—so noble as he was—so faithful—so true-hearted; superior to Arthur Sylvester in all things save in outward appearance: nay, to me, he seemed as handsome as Alice's chosen; but then it was not young Everard alone that I saw in the clear brown eyes, the soft curling hair, so dear and well-known of old!

"Have neither of you a word to say?" cried John Wynyard, impatiently, after a long silence. "But perhaps it is as well; for I tell you my mind is made up; this very day I have taken the first legal steps in the affair. Everard Brooke, you are a man of sense, though you are but young; tell me, am I not right?—Alice must consent."

Everard lifted up his head like one roused from a dream. "It is so sudden—I can hardly say;—you must consider this well before you act, Mr. Wynyard."

"I tell you I have considered, and fully: you are a man, and will at once see the justice of the case; but as for cousin Susan there, with her womanish nonsense about feelings and broken hearts, why, she must e'en get over them as fast as she can, and persuade Alice to do so too. A fine thing to have a madman for a son-in-law!—and my pretty Alice pining

her life away in her father's house, neither old maid, wife, nor widow, when she might have the best men in England at her feet. I will endure no such thing; Arthur Sylvester is hateful to me; I will not suffer my child even to bear his name. I tell you, I will have a divorce!"

Louder and louder grew John Wynyard's tones; his vehement gestures and excited looks engrossed the attention of us both, so that neither Everard nor I observed that the door opened, and a fourth person stood among among us.

It was Alice; and she had heard all!

If a ghost from the dead had risen up in the midst, we could not have looked more aghast. And, truly, the girl's own appearance was like that of the dead rather than the living. She walked up to her father's chair, caught his arm convulsively, and looked into his face with her stony eyes until he seemed absolutely to quail beneath them. At last there came from between her white lips words terribly calm:—

"Father, you say my husband is mad—I know it—but I am his wife still. If you tear me from him, I will curse you to your face, and then die."

When she had said this her whole frame seemed to collapse, like that of a corpse suddenly animated and then sinking down again, cold, still, and dead, as before. Her arms fell, her eyes closed, and Everard carried her out totally insensible.

My cousin Wynyard was not on the whole a harsh man, still less an unkind father, but he had vehement antipathies, and was obstinacy itself when he once determined on a project; nay, such are the ins and outs of human nature, that generally the worse the scheme, the more bent he was upon it. His hatred for poor Arthur Sylvester outweighed even his love for Alice. In his determination there might have been some lingering of care for her future fate, as he had stated, but I verily believe he thought of himself first and his child afterwards. He would have moved the whole world, have sacrificed everything he loved, rather than the blot of Sylvester's name should ever darken the family pedigree of the Wynyards. Scarcely had Alice recovered, when he began the attack again. This time, however, he put me entirely out of the question, regarding me as an ally on the other side, and tried to enlist my nephew in his cause.

Now came the struggle in Everard's breast. Day after day he listened to Mr. Wynyard's arguments, until hope—vague as it was—whispered to him that there was reason in them, and that the cold-hearted father might be right after all; and then, on the other hand, when he saw the face of the broken-spirited girl, he hated himself for conceiving this wild hope, the fulfilment of which must be purchased by such torture to her. Poor Alice grew paler and paler every day, but neither threats nor arguments could induce her to give her consent to this divorce; and without her will Mr. Wynyard knew it could not legally be accomplished. He entreated Everard to seek to persuade her.

"You were children together," he said one day,

when in Alice's absence he was discussing the usual agonizing subject with Everard, and while I sat in a corner, my lips closed, but my ears open. "Everard, Alice would always listen to you,—she was so fond of you;—you two were like brother and sister, as one may say. If you would persuade her, she might consent. The lawyer comes to-morrow, and I want to do things quietly. We might soon get the formalities over, and Alice would be free."

"Alice free! Alice free!" muttered Everard; and his whole countenance brightened. But in a moment it fell again. "Mr. Wynyard, this is cruel!—I cannot—I dare not urge her. Do not ask me!"

"You are a fool, Everard Brooke;" angrily returned Mr. Wynyard. "Don't you see it is for Alice's good?—A woman is no use in the world at all unless she has half-a-dozen children and a house to be mistress of. I want to see my girl really married to some one I like,—some one who will make her happy,—in short, just such a fellow as yourself, Everard!—Who knows but she might choose you?"

Everard grew very pale, and his lips trembled, but he drew himself up, and said, almost proudly—"Mr. Wynyard, I do not understand this jesting."

"Pshaw! you foolish boy,—you are standing in your own light! Do you think I cannot see as far through a stone wall as most people? You and Alice used to play at husband and wife when you were babies; and you, at least, would have kept up the game now, but for that man,—I wish he had been dead before Alice saw him! But, to speak plainly, Everard Brooke, I see you would be well content to have Alice for a wife; and you may take her with my good-will and blessing."

Everard covered his face with his hands. Oh! how bitter was the strife!—Love fighting against love—the earthly passion which desires its own fulfilment, against the holy, pure, divine essence, in which self is absorbed and annihilated, which seeks only the happiness of the beloved one! Everard!—dear Everard!—how my heart clung to thee in that struggle!

Mr. Wynyard's coarse voice broke the dead silence: "Well, my dear boy!—you see I am right now—and you will help me,—gain the best little wife in England into the bargain. See, there she is, walking in the garden. Go and persuade her, and we will have all right directly."

Everard lifted up his head, and saw Alice as she slowly passed the window. Her gait, her attitude, wore marks of utter dejection; there was no life, no hope, in the marble-like face that drooped upon her bosom. Her eyes had no expression save that of vague apathy;—she looked the picture of stricken despair. Everard started to his feet in a burst of indignation:—

"Mr. Wynyard—if you have any feeling—look there! Is that the girl you would make an object of barter—a bribe—regarding her own free choice as little as if it were your horse, instead of your child, that you were disposing of? I will not do this. I

would not be a party to such cruelty—no—not for the world's wealth."

"Then you scorn my daughter—you despise her!" muttered Mr. Wynyard between his set teeth.

"Scorn Alice?—despise Alice?" repeated Everard.

"Yes; you came here with your girl's face, and your pining and puling, and it was all false! You love her, indeed!"

Every muscle of Everard's face quivered, and yet he tried to speak calmly:—"Mr. Wynyard, I will tell you, what I never breathed before, because I knew it was in vain—that I do love Alice,—that I have loved her from boyhood,—that I would give my life and soul for her. And, because I loved her, I never told her this, lest it should cause her a moment's pain. Can I torture her poor broken spirit now? No; it would be cowardly—dishonourable. To win Alice, I would sacrifice everything—save her peace and my own honour."

Oh noble spirit of true love—the earnest, the self-denying,—how thou didst shine out in every lineament of young Everard's face as he spoke! Surely the good angel which had triumphed in his soul stood behind him invisibly, and shed upon him brightness and glory from its heavenly wings. Alice! Alice! how couldst thou not love Everard?

My cousin Wynyard stood a few moments, confounded; he was unprepared to meet such firmness. It incensed him beyond endurance. In a burst of anger, such as I had rarely witnessed even in him, he forbade Everard's ever entering his house more, and rushed to his own study, locking the door with violence.

Then I crept out from my corner, where Mr. Wynyard's commands had sealed my tongue, and went up to my dear nephew. I laid my hand on his shoulder:—

"Everard, my own good noble Everard,—take comfort!"

He seized my hands, pressed his forehead upon them, and wept like a child.

My life has been lonely: it was my destiny. No child has ever nestled in my bosom, and called me mother!—the yearnings, the mysteries of maternity, were not for me to know;—and yet, had it been otherwise, there is love in my heart's depths that would—I feel it would—have answered to the call. But if ever I experienced the faint shadowings of what mother-love must be, it was when I bent over Everard Brooke, and tried to pour comfort into his bruised spirit. In that hour I could have shed the dearest blood of my own heart to bring peace to his.

Everard went away, and Alice was not told of the cause of his departure; even John Wynyard had sufficient delicacy and good feeling to agree to this; but not the less did he persevere in his constant endeavours to win over Alice to his will. And I—my heart was torn by conflicting feelings: on one side Alice and her sorrows—on the other Everard; why, oh! why was it, that these two had not loved one another and been happy? At times I was almost ready to acknowledge that my cousin Wynyard had

the right on his side after all, and that his persecution was only the rough but kindly ministering of the leech, who wounds for a time in order to heal at last.

The wisest of all wise men says, "A continual dropping weareth away the stone," and so it was in the case of my poor Alice. Yet, perchance, her consent might never have been gained to the act which parted her from her husband, so passionately loved, had not fate overruled matters so as to win from grief, and filial duty, the concession which would never have been yielded to threats and harshness. Mr. Wynyard fairly stormed and argued himself into a severe illness; and then, like all men, he grew alarmed, felt sure that his doom was come, and took most touching farewells of all the household. My poor Alice, struck with terror and remorse by what she believed the result of her own opposition to her father, promised solemnly to fulfil his dying injunction, (I must say this for my good cousin, that he really thought himself *in articulo mortis*.) and be separated from the unfortunate Arthur Sylvester.

The deed was done—that evil genius, Lawyer Doubletongue, effected it without delay—and Alice was free. By her father's commands, even her maiden name was to be reassumed, that the marriage might be utterly blotted out from all men's minds. I shall never forget the day when that hateful Doubletongue first addressed Alice as *Miss Wynyard*.

She had moved about the whole day, pale, dreamy, and silent, only seeming conscious of herself when beside her invalid father. But the instant that name struck on her ear—the signal that all was over—that she was Arthur's wife no longer—it had the effect of a thunder-clap. She drew up her tall stature with icy haughtiness, and looked at the mean shrinking reptile before her as though she could have trodden him beneath her feet.

"This to me, sir! you forget yourself!" And then her tone changed—she glanced wildly round, pressed her hand to her brow; "No, no! I see it now! it is I who forget. Ah me! ah me! all over!" She fled from the room, and I found her lying crouched on the floor of her own chamber in strong convulsions. It was the most fearful struggle, and the last. Alice and her husband were parted by a legal divorce. Alas! this was of little moment to the poor maniac, who was doomed to spend his life in darkness—the most awful darkness, the darkness of the soul. But with all my pity for the unhappy man, I felt a vague relief, that, whether he recovered or not, Alice could be no more to him than the stranger in the street: they were husband and wife no longer—not even in name.

(To be continued.)

WHY SHOULD WE STUDY THE CLASSICS?

"WHY should we study the classics?" exclaims the young city wit, as he lounges over his desk, "and of what advantage to us is the knowledge of these old-wives' tales of 'heroic Greece?' Why should we

weary our patience, and overload our memory, with the languages of a people now wisely forgotten, whose arts and manufactures were at no time worthy of much consideration, and whose commerce at the height of its glory was little better than the successful plunder of weaker or more peaceful states? *Our* daily intercourse is with the great nations of modern Europe,—the French, the Germans, the Russians, and the Italians: how much better that their languages should become familiar to us as household words, than that our best years should be spent in the slow and painful acquisition of what can never be of practical use to us in our after-life!"

Such, or something like this, is the common language of a large portion of modern society, and especially of persons devoted to mercantile pursuits. The opinion seems widely spread, and continually growing stronger, that a change in the principle of English education is imperatively demanded; that what might once have been good is now no longer so; and that to pursue the study of the old tongues is a useless remnant of the monastic system, in other cases so wisely discarded. Practical men, as they love to be called, look to the present; they see that the literature of the Continent has a daily increasing demand on the energies of our youth, and they wonder, not altogether without reason, at the time devoted to what we call the dead languages.

Now, without discussing the character of the early education at present existing in England, and without denying that much might have been done to render it more successful than it is or has been; admitting, that from the practical habits of the English mind our scholars have been rather celebrated for the variety of their general knowledge, than for their profound acquaintance with individual branches of learning; and granting that the tendency of the training of some of our larger schools has at times led men to value the husk more than the fruit of ancient learning; it still appears to be a subject well worthy of consideration whether the study of the Greek and Latin, even with the defects to which it has been liable hitherto, is so wholly useless as it is asserted to be, and whether there be not sound reasons for maintaining unchanged in its principle that course of studies which has so long prevailed among us. The question is, simply, Are we justified at the present day in continuing to the ancient tongues the same rank in the education of the country which they have had up to this time?

Now, it were enough, on my principle of faith, to reply, that what hath been so long the practice of the country ought not lightly and without due thought to be given up; at the same time that they who have been so free in their complaints against the present system, in adopting the tone of radical reformers rather than that of men who wish calmly to reconsider the whole matter, have in great measure put themselves out of court; that, of old, our "merchant princes" deemed not a knowledge of the ancient literature less valuable because not directly bearing on the affairs of modern commerce,—that our Greshams,

our Cannings, and our Raleighs were not exceptions but rules; and that it was not the mere rude sailor who breasted the waves in his frail bark, but the courtly student and the polished gentleman, who forgot the comforts of his English home, and the luxury of repose, that he might open new worlds of well-earned wealth to his countrymen, and bid them vie with the "adventurers" of Italy and Portugal in the generous rivalry of new discovery.

Yet I fear such arguments as these would weigh but little with the commercial men of the present day, who, above all who have lived before them, seem careless of the records of the past, and devoted in their nightly musings and day-dream imaginings to the one engrossing object of money-getting; a race who, if they read at all, have no apparent end in view but temporary excitement and the relief of ennui, and who love the easy flowing style of Dickens, the pert Man-about-Town-isms of Albert Smith, or Thackeray's chronicles of street and ball-room, because it costs no labour to comprehend at a glance the meaning of such writers. Let us see, then, if there be not some reason, why the *practical* student of the languages of modern Europe should acquire some knowledge of these ancient tongues before he attempts the study of the continental languages, and some proofs of their utility, such as would pass current, if need be, even in the unpoetical halls of the Stock Exchange.

Now let any one look but cursorily at the best known languages of Europe, the French, the German, and the Italian, and consider how much they are indebted to the Greek and the Latin, not only for the idiomatic peculiarities and delicacy of thought and expression in which their chief beauties reside, but even for the very words of which their staple consists.

In French at least two-thirds—in Italian, as it is usually spoken (apart from the peculiarities of local dialects), nearly four-fifths of the words belong to the ancient dialect of the "Eternal City," while in German, perhaps one-third of the elementary words are due to the Latin and the Greek combined together. How difficult must be the acquirement, how slow and tedious the progress, in learning these tongues, to those who, wholly ignorant of the ground stems from which they have sprung, come to their study as to that of Turkish or Chinese, with no other previous information than their native English can provide! If, therefore, there were no other reason assignable for the study of the classical languages, the fact that they render those of Europe so much more easy of attainment, would be sufficient inducement with a reasonable man for their acquisition.

But there are other reasons which ought to weigh strongly in favour of the pursuit of classical literature, and which will be appreciated by all who do not look upon learning with the cold eye of the utilitarian, as something which must give a certain money-value for the time the pursuit of it may take. Suppose these languages mastered so that their more ordinary difficulties should have been surmounted, still, how much of their intrinsic merit must be lost

to those who have no previous knowledge! how many of the finer shades of meaning, how many of the nicer and more elegant turns of thought, must fail to meet with due appreciation! how many curious resemblances, which, like the image of an ancestor in the features of his late descendants, have been transmitted from the parent dialects of the Old World, must be passed by without just regard and consideration! Were the ancient literature swept away altogether, or its study entirely given up, it is hardly too much to say, that a large portion of that of modern Europe would become unintelligible and meaningless. Nor is this confined to Europe only: for a long period of English history, our own writers framed their sentences and moulded their style almost wholly on the classical models; and in later times some of our most eminent poets and divines have added to the primal Saxon base of the language large quantities of Latin and Norman-French words. How could these be duly understood without some acquaintance with the elder tongue—or if in our youth teachers were not ever at hand, to whom the language of ancient Rome had been long familiar? If, even now, with all the advantages derived from the knowledge of the kindred dialects of the French and the Italian, complaint is often made of the obscurity of our Spenser, our Shakspeare, or our Milton, arising partly from the inverted character of their sentences, but many times more from the peculiar use of strange and unwonted words, how vastly must these difficulties be increased to those readers who do not recognise in their phraseology or sentences the reference to the classical idea which was present to the mind of the divine or the poet at the time when he was writing!

But, after all, to suppose that the only, or even the main use of studying the dead languages, is the facility such study would give for the attainment of the modern tongues, is to form a very limited and narrow estimate of its real value: were this all that could be said in its favour, I fear that the continuance of the study of Greek and Latin in our schools would not be of long duration. But they have a higher and a grander office, to be the basis of all sound knowledge, and, by a logical training of the mind, the foundation-stone of everything that is acquired for other than merely mercantile purposes: to be, in short, the sub-structure on which we *must* raise any system of teaching which is not purely mechanical. It is because such study is so important for the carrying out any real system of education, that the habit of inuring the youth of this country to Greek and Latin, before they proceed to other studies, can be most successfully advocated. For what is education, rightly so named, but the development of those faculties wherein man differs from other animals; the careful training of the reasoning powers, so that he shall be able to express, with clearness and precision, whatever views he may have on the subject he is investigating?

To this end, two things, at least, are necessary; one, a knowledge, more or less profound, of the sources whence our language has arisen, so that the original

meanings of the words themselves, and some of their subsequent changes and modifications, may be fresh in the mind of the speaker or writer: the other, the power of expressing logically, in outward language, the internal workings of thought, so that the exact conception of the orator, or the author, may be conveyed to the hearer or reader;—in fact, some practical knowledge of *Etymology*, or the *History of Words*; and *Grammar*, or the *Method of Language*, whereby the expressions of our ideas are combined, classified, and arranged in sentences. For it has been well remarked by Coleridge, in the third volume of "The Friend," that the man of education is at once distinguishable by the evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing in every sentence the whole of what he intends to communicate, so that there is method in the fragments of his conversation even when it seems most desultory.

Now, there can be no doubt that *some* knowledge of both *Etymology* and *Grammar* is necessary for a sound education, and that an acquaintance with the origin of words is as requisite for him who would use them appropriately, as a knowledge of the structure of the language he is employing: but the latter is the most valuable as a system of training; because, by its logical character, it is more immediately connected with the operations of the mind. I will pause for a few minutes to examine this part of my subject rather more fully, as it may not be quite clear, at first sight, to every one, in what way Grammar (the laws of the structure of language) is the result of the exercise of a *logical* process.

There are only two ways in which the mind uses its reason scientifically, namely, by acquiring habits of *induction* and *deduction*; yet the first is not a subject for teaching, though the skilful use of that power will, in this as in all other cases, follow from continued practice and perseverance. It belongs to the man of genius, and to him only, to eliminate the general law pervading and animating a crowd of particulars,—to discern the hand of order in the confusion of the elements, and to note resemblances and similarities where common men only see the differences. The *inductive* quality is innate, if it exists at all. It is, however, possible to teach *deduction*; at least, to give the young mind the power of acquiring deductive habits; for deduction requires attention chiefly; and attention has for its object the order and connexion of thoughts and images, each of which is previously ascertained. Such habits may be taught in many ways; for instance, by the study of Geometry, which, at least in its elementary parts, demands attention only. But it is best taught by learning languages. How is it, then, that this study produces this result? Let us reflect for a moment on the nature of language itself. Language is the external expression of ideas existing previously in the mind, by the means of certain general symbols. Hence, words have been defined to be the signs of thoughts; arbitrarily chosen at first, subsequently compounded, altered, and modified, according to the genius, the temper, and oftentimes the local

peculiarities of the people so employing them: they are *general* terms, expressing *general* ideas;—the first attempts in the mind at the classification and arrangement of thoughts: and the *method of language*, or *general grammar*, is nothing else but the *formation of sentences* (as distinguished from the formation of words, which is the business of *Etymology*)—an operation altogether logical, and the first effort of the young intellect to exercise that reasoning power which elevates the man above surrounding animals. The acquisition of such a method, if possible, must be of great value: it only remains for me to show how the learning of it is aided by the study of the dead languages.

What, then, well arranged cabinets of minerals are to the lecturer on the component parts of our earth,—what the remains of the animal forms of the Old World to the student of comparative anatomy, and to those who are investigating the normal types of animal structure,—such to the student of the modern tongues are those elder sisters of our languages, retaining as they do, in their written memorials, the permanence of their ancient forms, and the original perfection of their grammatical system; and offering to the intelligent student or lecturer specimens of peculiar excellence, which he may scrutinize, dissect, and analyse. They lie before us, as has been well observed, in gigantic and well preserved remains, and we may compare them with as much certainty as we should feel in experimenting upon the objects of any branch of Natural Philosophy. It is not, indeed, enough for our purpose that we have existing languages for our study; for the study of the logical order and connexion of sentences must depend on the logical sequence of the pre-existing thoughts. It is, therefore, general as the universal mind of man, and independent of the particular significations of individual words. It cannot but be, too, that the mutability of spoken languages will be an impediment in our way, and the attempt to get from them any fixed ideas on the analogy of language little better than the copying "the fantastic pictures of an ever revolving kaleidoscope." We must go out of ourselves, as the Germans would say, if we wish to know anything of ourselves: we must see somewhat of foreign travel, if we would appreciate the excellences of our own home. And so it is with the study of languages. The words of our mother tongue we acquire insensibly and we know not how—we have learnt its use, its force, and its propriety, ere we have thought on the analysis of the words to which its excellence is due. To do this well we must have external aids; we must compare the specimens of other lands: and the reasons given above seem to me convincing in favour of the selection of the ancient tongues of Greece and Rome, as those on which our experiments can be most fruitfully made.

But a few more words, and I have done. I have already stated, that I have no intention of maintaining that the system which has prevailed in England is either the best that could have been devised, or that, such as it has been, it has produced the fruits its most earnest advocates have desired: I wish but to urge

the truth of the great principles of that system, and to show that we have not played the part of fools in insisting on a classical education as preliminary to subsequent and more extended studies. It may be, that, for many years, too much time has been given to what I would call but the elements, though, I think, the *necessary* elements of education—that our system has been too narrow and exclusive, in that it has, in great measure, excluded from our youth the early acquisition of the great languages of modern Europe. It may be, that a judicious combination of the two classes would have been the best course of study for young minds; and that they who have submitted with doubtful pleasure or a subdued reluctance to the “flowery yoke of Horace,” would have relished his poetry the more, had they learnt it in company with the merry song of Schiller and Goëthe. Yet these are faults easy of remedy,—errors which are, now at least, present to all the better class of teachers; prejudices, arising in great measure from our political position, and the long absence of any effectual communication between our own and foreign lands, but which thirty-three years of peace have done much to dissipate: while the real cry which has been raised, and still prevails, is not so much against the system of teaching which has been adopted, as against any study of those languages,—it is the assertion of *monied ignorance*, that valuable time is lost in their acquirement. Finally, I think but little acquaintance with the ordinary popular writings of the day demonstrates, but too clearly, how inadequate for the expression of great ideas are those writers who have had little or no training from the ancient sources. The popular style of the day shows often much of wit and cleverness, sometimes much wildness of imagery and a rich poetical imagination;—yet the incongruous connexion of ideas, the heaping up conceptions drawn together carelessly at random, and intended to tell upon the minds of the readers rather by weight of words than the power of the thoughts they are intended to convey, prove to the calm and studious peruser of antiquity, how little of real education or knowledge has ministered to the pleasure or the amusement of the readers. The tinsel and the ornament have attracted the gaze, because sight was easy and cost little labour; the colours of the painting were bright, and the enduring light of time had not yet dulled the limner's outline, and so they have carried with them the admiration of the many, because the many must be thoughtless; for thought and reflection, the painful acquirement of many silent and undistracted hours, as they are the merited reward, so they are the privilege, of the few.

Nor is it a fair objection to such studies, that a certain hardness of outline has sometimes distinguished the writings of those who have been much imbued with ancient learning. If, indeed, of old, our great writers sometimes dealt in unmeaning subtleties,—if our Andrewes would sometimes tarry with a tedious minuteness upon individual words, or our Souths, our Barrows, and our Burtons play, in a joyous sense of their native power, on the elementary meaning of a

word, till its sense was almost lost in the wit and the jocose acuteness of the writer;—what, after all, was this but a good quality somewhat overstrained,—an ingenuity and mastery of materials rarely overstepping the proprieties of their subject? How different from the affected style and strutting point of these modern complainers, who too often seem to write, as a great poet of this country once said of them, as though they thought that all their readers were troubled with the asthma! At least, let not such as these condemn these ancient tongues as useless;—if they will not study them, at least let them not revile what they have not wit to admire and to appreciate. Let no rude hand assail these ancient monuments of the human speech; but let them be preserved, alike from the cold gaze of the sneerer, and the profane wit of the modern jester; let them dwell, so it please this all-acquiring age, in their old monastic seclusion, apart from the garish eye of day, in the dusty time-hallowed tomes of the old and now forgotten learned; so only, they may rest there in peace and undisturbed tranquillity,—silent witnesses to the neglect of an age which has scorned their excellence and despised their truth, and whose popular literature, fleeting as the advertisements which announce each new novel to the world, and aimless as the intellectual weakness which now panders to the popular taste, demonstrates, and that not doubtfully, by its absence of method, its contempt for logical arrangement, its careless use of metaphors, and its lavish expenditure of unmeaning expletives, how well it has thriven on its *own lean time*.

Z.

AMUSEMENT.

“Come, thou goddess fair and free.”

THE following passage occurs in Mr. Smith's admirable translation of Fichte's “Characteristics of the Present Age:” “In this empty void of time, everything disappears which is adopted for the purpose of mere amusement; or, what is the same thing, for the satisfaction of curiosity, founded upon no earnest desire for knowledge. Amusement is altogether a void and empty waste, which intervenes between the periods of time devoted to earnest occupation.” With all due submission to the lofty intellect of the German transcendentalist, we venture to offer a word in remonstrance against this view of the matter.

Life is a very serious thing; most sensible people are fully aware of that fact. No sane Briton, at least, ever considers it as a joke; on the contrary, both young England and elderly England seem to look upon life as a lugubrious affair enough. *Old England*, chronicles tell us, was “merrie,” and contrived to get a good deal of amusement in the intervals of business. The race may have changed a little, as well as the climate; but we do not believe that those old men, like

“Those old Mays, had thrice the life of these.”

Nor do we believe that there is so much hard work to be done among us now, that there can be no time for

amusement. On the contrary, we cannot help believing that people in England have energy enough, and time enough, to amuse themselves. Now, to do so thoroughly, we must do it with an easy conscience; for we are, upon the whole, a conscientious nation, and love to be satisfied with ourselves. Here, then, comes the question, Is amusement a profitable and proper thing for rational beings to indulge in; or is it indeed altogether "a void and empty waste?" We do not deny that from the high supersensual region of philosophy, whence Fichte looked down upon mundane matters, *l'art de s'amuser* appears a very contemptible art; but on this very account it is necessary to remind the disciples of his school, that, viewed from the lower level of practical philosophy, this same *art de s'amuser* no longer seems despicable, but strikes the observer as a matter of importance, and as one worthy to engage his best attention. It is from this region of practical philosophy that we are considering the subject of amusement at present.

Amusement, nothing better than "a void and empty waste, which intervenes between the periods of time devoted to earnest occupation!" Hear this, ye laughter loving, eager-eyed pleasure seekers! ye admiring youths and admirable maidens! ye lotus-eating dreamers! that stretch your "listless length," at "noon or eventide," "under the shade of melancholy boughs!" Hear this, and help us to do honour to amusement; and let us show all cynical and sceptical objectors, that this "void and empty waste" may be made to "blossom like the rose."

An allegory is an old-fashioned form of illustration, but we are not aware that it is any the worse for that; and although we do not assuredly aim at rivalling our grand old masters in that style of composition, we will yet venture to offer a species of trifling allegorette to the reader, that he may thereby apprehend our meaning the better, and remember Addison with the stronger admiration. In the earliest ages Labour was recognised as a deity; and civilised men in all succeeding times have agreed in saying, "labour is divine." There is no reason to fear that the clear-eyed, hard-handed goddess will lose any of her true divinity now, after being organized by M. Louis Blanc, crowned with the cap of liberty, and girded with a tricolor cestus. Few of the *Dii minores* would be less affected by a change in costume. The goddess Labour had two sisters, younger, and as many think fairer, than herself. The eldest of these was Sleep, that with folded hands and sealed lids, reclining between the wings of Night, was borne ever after the steady steps of Labour. The youngest was Amusement, who was brought up in the household of Venus, where she was tutored by the Graces, and became the nurse and favourite companion of Cupid. She was beautiful, bright, and amiable, as became a nymph so nurtured. She was sent upon earth to interpose between her two sisters. It is her duty, by gracious smiles and animated gestures, to remind mortals that they have within them a spirit which needs more than alternate toil and rest for its full development and gratification; a spirit that would fain

rejoice. This fair goddess shows clearly, to all those who can understand her teachings, a world beyond the present, where this spiritual appetite for celestial joy shall be thoroughly gratified. Without pushing our allegory any farther, we will just quote these exquisite lines from Coleridge, in conclusion,—

"Oh, pure of heart! Thou needst not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
What and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous lady! Joy that ne'er was given
Save to the pure and in their purest hour;
Life and life's effluence, clouds at once and shower;
Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power
Which wedding nature to us gives in dower,
A new earth and new heaven;
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud.
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud!
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight;
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light."

It is a foretaste, however feeble, of that celestial joy, not low sensual excitement or empty frivolity, that the bright-eyed goddess Amusement should awaken within us. In plain English, allegory and metaphor apart, what we mean by the word amusement is no "void and empty waste," occupying the intervals of serious labour; it is time profitably as well as pleasantly spent.

True, labour is indeed *divine*; but amusement is divine also. The heroes and great workers of the world deserve not more gratitude and honour than do its amusers. Such, at least, we may presume to have been the opinion of the philosopher who prized the song-making of a nation above its law-making; and such is the opinion we would fain press on the reader's attention. We are all so easily duped by high-sounding names and lofty pretensions, and so apt to believe that want of pretension is want of sterling worth, that it is well to consider sometimes the claims of those who seem to have no higher aim than to fill up agreeably the intervals of actual business. Bowing, then, with due reverence, before the solemn, somewhat stern-featured demigods who occupy the adytum of the historic Pantheon, we leave their praises to loftier pens, while we linger in the less sacred parts of the edifice, that we may look on the smiling faces of those whose mission is to gladden the heart, or beguile it of its load of earthly care.

Poets, literary men, musicians, painters, sculptors, actors, artists of every kind, and of many grades, these are they who fill up the intervals of labour among the cultivated classes; these are they who furnish amusement to the world, and whose business it is to spread and popularize truth and beauty. Perhaps the most numerous and most powerful classes of amusers at the present day are the novelists and writers of fiction on the one hand, and the newspaper and magazine essayists on the other. Some persons may think we claim too much honour for novel-writers, when we rank them with poets and artists; persons, too, not very narrow-minded, persons who are indignant when they read the story about the pious archbishop who

refused interment to the body of Molière on the ground of his having been a writer and actor of plays. "*Eile mit weile*," as our friends the Germans say. Society has enlarged its views a little since the time of that good archbishop. We do not call our Garricks and Siddonses, our Bouffés, Rachels and Macreadys, "mountebanks" and "vagabonds;" and when they die, we do not cast their bodies out of the pale of the church, along with the monkeys and the dancing-dogs; but we bury them in cathedral aisles, with fitting accompaniment of "storied urn and animated bust." For the sake, too, of these great artists, society is more respectful towards actors and acting generally. So will it be with our story-tellers of all kinds. The demand for fictitious literature, for what are called *novels*, is greater now than it ever was, and the supply is adequate to the demand as regards quantity, and is becoming superior in quality every season. An average novel of the present day, historic, domestic, or philosophic, is far superior to an average novel of thirty years ago. In fact, fictitious literature has become an important element in the daily life of a great portion of the middle and higher classes. What newspapers are to busy practical men, novels are to idlers and poetic speculators; what newspapers are to men in general, novels are to women in general. The amount of talent expended on a single novel, newspaper, review, or magazine, is highly creditable to both writers and readers of such ephemeral objects of interest or amusement. Some people may say, "What a pity that so much wit and wisdom, so much poetic and philosophic eloquence, should be frittered away in novels, and newspapers, and magazines!" Indeed, this is, at a first glance, a very natural thought; but a little deeper acquaintance with the nature of the age would show us that it is not a wise observation. The regret implied in it is unavailing; nor is it desirable that it should be otherwise. It is unavailing, because it cannot restrain the daily, weekly, monthly outpourings of the national mind, through the thousand channels that the press has made for it, nor force the flood through one or two grand canals, into any mental Moeris Lake, however vast or wonderful in structure, whence the whole population might fetch water at their need. Such a system of irrigation might have a more imposing effect upon the theoretic looker-on, but could not be attended with the same beneficial results to the people, as the present system of watering the whole country by means of innumerable literary dikes and canallettes, trenches and pipes, so that each man may set one of these flowing through his own little plot of mental ground. We need not fear that this great water privilege will fail us, in consequence of the present lavish use of it. It is in the nature of things spiritual to gain power by action, to increase by expenditure. Let our daily and weekly writers be as clever, as profound, as subtle and as penetrating in intelligence as they may; let us call forth all their powers, and use them fully; there is no fear that we shall exhaust the resources of the human mind, and come to a dead

stop. We do wonders in the way of intellectual exertion for amusement's sake, just now, certainly; but the national intelligence is not nearly "used up" yet, and the greater part of us may go on reading or writing in perfect security. There is an inexhaustible fund of knowledge and beauty as yet untouched by popular hands, which must be made familiar to every one. In the mean time, God's chosen few, the creators and inventors, the lofty geniuses, ever and anon strike out some new truth or sudden beauty, which will in time be made the property of all, by means of the promulgators of knowledge, whose name is legion. These are the direct teachers, and the *amateurs* or indirect teachers of the nation at large. Their mission, when rightly understood, is sacred, though their office may seem more humble than that of the great originators, whose "audience" must ever be "few." And of the various promulgators of truth among ourselves at the present day, not the least in real importance are those who furnish us with amusement.

J. M. W.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.¹

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream."

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act i. Sc. 1.

"But oh! gentle friends,

As times of quiet and unbroken peace,
Though for a nation times of blessedness,
Give back faint echoes from the historian's page;
So in the imperfect sounds of this discourse,
Depressed I hear how faithless is the voice
Which those most blissful days reverberate."

WORDSWORTH. *The Excursion.*

A SUCCESSION of casualties prevented the immediate explosion of Colonel Flint's mine of internecine intentions. A long interview at the Horse Guards, respecting the recent court-martial on ensign Medwin, (the decision of which had not as yet been confirmed at head-quarters), occupied that sanguinary veteran until several hours after the time appointed for his interview with Mr. D'Aaroni. It may be observed in passing, that had "Thou shalt hate thy neighbour" been the Gospel command, it would not have been easy to find a better and more consistent Christian than Colonel Flint. An abstract love of being upon snarling terms with everybody, appeared to be the gallant colonel's animating principle. Promptness and decision, and a by no means contemptible amount of strategic skill of a peculiar description, of which a dash of malice was the most formidable element—a kind of strategy adapted rather for the arena of private life than for the battle-field,—had generally procured him the victory over any luckless wight who chanced to provoke his hostility; so that he might be said to be, in a domestic sense, "the hero of a hundred

(1) Continued from page 15.

lights;" and there were lieutenants and ensigns, together with an army of ruined non-commissioned officers, not to mention drummer-boys, who still rued the day on which they first provoked reprisals from the invincible and inexorable colonel of the —th. But most of the great conquerors of history have experienced, at some time or another, an unlooked-for check. So it was with Colonel Flint. His promptness, decision, and strategic skill were being threatened with a failure. Throughout every moment of his interview at the Horse Guards, the violent struggle of a fly he thought he had destroyed, threatened his web with instant dissolution; and his efforts to prevent the escape of his victim detained him so long, that it occasioned his warlike palate the tantalizing and most disappointing postponement, at least for several days, of a delicious little tid-bit of private murder.

The following day was the one fixed for the charring of Mr. Browne at Cantingbury, for which place the Colonel was to set out in the company of the honourable member very early in the morning. On the next day they were bidden guests at a great prandial spread of Mr. Browne's constituents. Then came Sunday—a day on which not even Colonel Flint felt disposed to make arrangements for a duel. On Monday they must be present at a very large and highly popular ball given in honour of the successful candidates,—a ball at which every animosity excited in the recent contest was to be trod beneath the light fantastic toe. Liberal gentlemen were to polk with Tory girls, and the honourable members were to show the most marked attention to the fat wallflower, who, blooming against the wainscot, exhibited that beautiful mixture of martyr resignation and magnanimous forgiveness so becoming in the better-half of a defeated candidate. Mr. D'Aaroni was on a committee which was sitting daily upon the Bribeworth and Huxtable Line. So that six days must elapse before any final arrangements could be made. Six days of suspense in such a matter! For six long days must Colonel Flint smack his lips in expectant relish of a duel to come, swearing, like a true-born British trooper, at the temerity of events which dared to obstruct his plan of operations.

No excuse has Harry Sumner for precipitation. A deep inner feeling—vague, but very decided—has been remonstrating with him from the first. And he has nearly a week allowed him for a quiet chat with his conscience. Now, whether a duel after so long an absolutely unavoidable postponement should have been fought at all, according to the laws of duelling, it is impossible for one entirely unacquainted with that occult science to decide with any positiveness. Certain minds, highly superstitious no doubt, (such at least they would be pronounced by that "vox" which has been said to be—save the mark!—the "vox Dei,") would have been disposed to regard obstacles so simple, yet so insurmountable, as so many impediments, lovingly thrown in the way of a detestable purpose by Him who said from the beginning, "Thou shalt do no murder:" and, under a dispensation of

closer nearness to Himself, requires all who have a desire to be pleasing to Him to "Love their enemies." At all events, the circumstance that so long a period must intervene before the aggrieved parties could possibly enjoy the satisfaction of endeavouring to drill a hole through one another's bodies with a pistol bullet, afforded an opportunity of an amicable arrangement, without the smallest compromise of the *brute* courage or *conventional* honour of either party; an opportunity of which it is supposed that any second would have availed himself, saving and excepting the determined Colonel Flint. A member of that learned body which meets from time to time at various taverns in the united kingdoms, in the pursuit of truth—a believer in the doctrine of the metempsychosis,—had introduced this celebrated character in a most elaborate, striking, and original paper, which he read to the literati after dinner, as an illustration of his favourite theory. And whilst one listened to his ingenious and acute reasons, it was difficult to resist the conviction that Colonel Flint had begun life as the mineral his patronymic indicated, and had been saved from being melted into glass, by his promotion to the lock of a duelling pistol. In this congenial position, he revelled in fire and gunpowder, to the great "satisfaction" of numbers whom he assisted out of this world. But at length, disgusted with a flash in the pan, entirely owing to himself, when two bosom friends were firing at one another over a pocket handkerchief, he lost all acuteness from that time—his scintillations of genius, or genius for scintillations, grew fainter and fainter; when one day, as his owner was practising at a plaster of Paris figure, he went all to pieces at half-cock. His next state of being was in the vegetable kingdom, where he flourished in a solitary, sandy little swamp, in a gentleman's park in Dorsetshire, as a sun-dew. And it was to be concluded that he must have acquired whatever strategic skill he possessed during this stage of his metempsychosis: brute courage and wiliness being two qualities not usually found in combination. They may have received their present amalgamation in the gastric juice of a donkey; which having been cudgelled into a very indiscriminating appetite by some urchins on their road to school, ate him up, between some nettles and thistles, in a sort of vegetable sandwich. He is now, said the learned associate, in his third and last stage of metempsychosis, exhibiting in a state of very perfect combination the qualities which he held in sublimation during the other two.

And all these united powers were now concentrated upon the congenial object of exasperating Mr. Browne to the highest possible pitch of determination not to be done out of his right to exact satisfaction. Truth to say, however, the Colonel's skill was not very highly taxed. His thoughtless, reckless principal, was but too glad to leave the whole matter in other hands. He had quarrelled in a moment of irritation with a man whom, if he were to see at this very moment in circumstances of peril, he would risk his own life to save. Innocent of malice, he would now have shaken

hands with him more heartily than he had quarrelled, if he could have but once resolved to emerge from the hurrying stream of events, and, seated on the shady bank of solitude, but for one little quarter of an hour, have reviewed what had passed, and decided how he would act. With one of the seconds and one of the principals willing to do anything in reason rather than be driven to an alternative they abhorred, a reconciliation must have been the result. But the young M.P., just emancipated from heavier mental toil than he ever thought of undergoing again, and fast abandoning himself to an intense realization of *present* pleasures, could not trouble himself to think. If the subject ever came into his mind, it was dismissed with, "I suppose we must fight it out, and there will be an end of it." And as, in spite of all his dashing recklessness, an impending mortal combat with Harry Sumner of Oriel could not but be continually coming into his thoughts, and molesting him considerably, he quaffed the cup of excitement all the deeper, which chairings and public balls and dinners presented to his lips. Thus, while Mr. Browne, nothing doubting but that the duel must be fought, committed his entire being to the torrent of sensuality; and in its foaming, eddying turmoil, drowned all thought of it, save flitting memories which *would* importune him, and *would not* be put off: Harry Sumner spent the anxious interval amidst circumstances which, although they did not seem to be attended with any immediate beneficial results, may have been, as is often the case when least we think it, the turning point in his destiny. The work of tracing their by no means uncertain effect, through the black and lowering events that followed, must be left to the sagacity of the reader. Be it ours faithfully to chronicle events. Warning our readers, however, as knowing *the end*, that often—very often—in human life, *the moment of sinking is the one of rescue*. Those circumstances were, indeed, so long as they lasted, propitious in the extreme; but the calamities that immediately succeeded them became the more intolerable in consequence.

The state of mind into which he was thrown by recent events, and in which he remained up to the morrow's engagement at Clifton House, was one of more painful excitement than Mr. Browne's; although not of its tumultuous and debasing nature. Conflicting emotions struggled for pre-eminence within him; incompatible with one another, one by far the strongest, but all refusing to be put aside altogether. First and foremost was that one emotion (by what words to be described?) which had just been born within him. Another being had on a sudden appeared to share his very existence: one who seemed to have descended from another and a higher world, to complete his own personality; incomplete, as was now clear enough, before. Nay, his own individual existence appeared to be absorbed into hers. Unlike other objects of loveliness, this never faded from his retentive sight. If the ordinary laws of material nature were still unsuspended in his case, he was unconscious of them. Whatever might be the objects

the rays of light described upon his "retina," *her* face and form were what he *saw*: although the still air were voiceless, he heard the melody of her words in distinct articulation, and he never tired of their repetition. A few hours before, life had appeared to him as a thing in which he scarcely cared to share; he had gazed around upon it mournfully, as upon a funeral pageant of hopes and interest, and pleasure, dark and gloomy, heavily moving on to — whither? On a sudden they had all become invested with a tenfold brightness. As yet, however, it was nothing definite within him; it admitted of no expression—scarcely of being deliberately entertained; it was a vague, dreamy, exquisite sensation, which escaped him if he attempted to realize it. Bashful as a timid girl; if he essayed to look at it, it was gone! Yet there it was—a golden, mist-like, glistening light—embracing and pouring itself into every object of life, felt in its reflected lustre: but in a manner so subtle, it seemed he dared not be fully conscious of the feeling, lest it should be lost. Neither was it without a tinge of graceful jealousy. It did not struggle with the other importunate emotions, but retired at their approach; only, however, to resume shortly afterwards a more monarchical sway.

Of the other feelings which struggled for pre-eminence within him, it would be difficult to decide which was the most powerful. They enjoyed their short rule in turn. Grief for the loss he had suffered, and the shocking event of which he had been an eye-witness in Lionel Roakes's rooms at Oriel. Then an aversion, deepening from day to day, to his sister's husband; and a suspicion, fast ripening towards a conviction, that a marriage which had appeared to be so auspicious was likely to turn out a source of deep unhappiness to one whom he loved second only to his mother, and—but let it pass.

How keen, too, was the silent suffering to a disposition chivalrously honourable, of labouring under an imputation not reconcilable with the strictest notions of honour; but from which he was unable to clear himself without shifting it upon a dear friend, now no more. And very miserable did the thought of the possible encounter with Mr. Browne make him. This, however, became febler and febler, almost every hour. Every hour of its postponement seemed to him to increase the probability of an amicable arrangement. It so happened, that Lord Clifton was glad to improve the opportunity their accidental meeting had afforded him of confirming the strong attachment he had formed at school for Harry Sumner, and which their subsequent separation had not obliterated; and, it may be conjectured that the latter gentleman was by no means averse to find himself from day to day with an engagement of some kind or another at Clifton House.

Gloomy forebodings did not flourish in this new happy world into which he had been suddenly transported. Beneath the warm sun, by the clear stream, amongst the bright flowers, they grew fainter and fainter, until as the day drew near on which some

arrangement must be decided on between the two seconds, he had come to look on the last alternative as rather a remote probability than otherwise. Meanwhile, the feelings which gushed from his heart, at the first sight of Lord Clifton's sister, had expanded to a deep sea of love. No longer vague and impalpable, a radiant halo of which he durst not even admit a consciousness lest it should disappear; an emotion, bright and thrilling, penetrating to the inmost centre of his being, had taken possession of every faculty, and engulfed his whole existence, as it were, in a new element. As all nature lives in the light and warmth diffused from the glorious orb which is the centre of its particular system,—so a definite object, a peerless vision of material and spiritual loveliness, was now the instrumental source and centre of his whole [mortal] life. As we see every object as the sun-light, which is the medium of our own being, presents it to us,—in bright golden lights in spots most favourable to it; in shade deep or gentle in places where it is more or less withdrawn,—so the element of his new existence, emanating from that dark-eyed girl, of gentle graceful soul and loving heart, tinged every thing to Harry Sumner. But why attempt to describe such love? When summer morning dawns over the hills, with how rapid, yet how imperceptibly gradual a glow the tide of radiance advances! Our emotions scarcely keep pace with the burst of light; and almost before we are aware, the sun is up in the exulting heaven, flooding the blue expanse with a light so dazzling that, if we dare to scan it, it must be with rapid glance and shaded brow. Happiness!—rapture!—nay, what verbal sign stands for that state of intense sensation which was Harry Sumner's portion during these five golden days? when every emotion of thrilling bliss of which the human heart is susceptible was collected and concentrated, as it were, in one focus of unutterable enjoyment:—

“Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh;
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy.”

And thou must learn, noble, loving heart, undisciplined, instructed as yet only by the goodness which is thine innate gift, that this is *sin*. Thou must learn through many a hard lesson, and at times when least thou thinkest of it, that this is an intoxication of love, a sensuous intemperance, an idolatry of the creature. There is but One Being to the love of whom thou canst innocently *abandon thyself*: but one whom thou canst not love immoderately:—thou shalt one day love Him, Harry Sumner!

It was impossible that a feeling so absolutely overwhelming should escape the notice of Lord Clifton. He knew his sister; and if she forbade it not, he was rather gratified than otherwise at his friend's devotion. This young nobleman differed very remarkably from most of the fashionable crowd amidst which he moved, beloved by every individual of it, although not sympathizing with one of its tastes or customs. He regarded the plighted love of man and wife in a very

deep and solemn light. It was to him a high mystery of heavenly import. He indulged not, therefore, in funny allusions and pleasant hints, sly and knowing, to his sister. He carefully abstained from affording any indication that he had even noticed the sentiment with which she had evidently inspired his old school-fellow. He saw that Sumner's attentions were not absolutely declined by her. She received them with exquisite grace, reserve, and delicacy. One great advantage she possessed over her admirer: loving, warm-hearted, confiding, simple, impetuous, and yet retiring by nature; her very beautiful character had been *disciplined* in a high school of psychology: the development of the inner lives, both of herself and her brother, had been the care of a divine whom to know was to love and honour; she was therefore prepared to restrain and rule her soul, even amidst feelings so tumultuous.

Whilst then Harry Sumner, ignorant of the very duty of *systematic* self-control, committed himself unhesitatingly to the passionate torrent of his emotions, Lady Agnes, not less fascinated, was striving her utmost to keep herself from being carried away by a feeling which, if *once misplaced*, must, she well knew, be misplaced *for ever*.

She could not, however, disguise from herself that her love must be bestowed *there*, or nowhere. She perceived that, in spite of all her efforts, she was unable to come into the presence of her brother's friend without emotion, admirably as the least indication of it was suppressed. A feeling of deep satisfaction *would* spring up within her at each fresh engagement which promised a speedy renewal of his presence and society. His manly generosity of sentiment, his unaffected genuineness, his noble fresh enthusiasm, his depth of feeling, appealed with resistless effect to every feeling of her own ardent nature, cast in a mould not dissimilar. He scarcely spoke but his words appeared to touch some chord in unison; it thrilled intensely to the innermost depths of her spiritual being, and died away in gentle echoes like the soft murmuring of an *Æolian* harp. When alone he would be ever recurring to her memory, although she had recourse to all kinds of expedients to divert her musings. First one peculiarity that had attracted her, and then another, persisted in absorbing her attention—his graceful form, his noble bearing, his polished, yet simple manners; but of all the external accidents of this sort, not one had struck her so forcibly, of none did she retain so faithful an impression, as the ever-varying expression of his deep blue eyes—now beaming with intelligence, now flashing with the fire of high-wrought emotions, now melting to the softest gentleness and sympathy.

Nay, rise not so impatiently, fair girl! Cast not aside so petulantly thine embroidery! Hast thou indeed done all wrong what thou didst appear to be so intent on working? Well, no one sees thee; be content;—thy hands have only been too faithful to thy heart.

On the Tuesday morning after Mr. Browne's de-

parture for Cantingbury, Harry Sumner and his sister were breakfasting at Clifton House. The latter was seated by the side of Lady Agnes, who had already learned to love her tenderly. It was one of the fête days at the Botanical Gardens; and a party had just been arranged to proceed thither in the afternoon. Mrs. Sumner, whom the united persuasions of her children had easily induced to lengthen her visit at Hyde Park Gardens, was to be of the party. Harry Sumner had left directions with his sister's servant, that any letters that might arrive for him should be brought to Clifton House immediately. The time of general-post delivery had long passed.

"Don't look so melancholy, my dear fellow!" said Lord Clifton. "I fear you expected some important letters to-day. Is your brother subject to these attacks, Mrs. Perigord?"

"He has been much changed of late," she replied; "ever since his return from Oxford; but I have fancied he has been gradually recovering his usual spirits the last few days."

Lucy Perigord had not the smallest intention of conveying any allusion in this answer; neither did Lady Agnes think any was intended; and yet she felt that the pulsations of her heart were playing the rebel, and that her blushing face was betraying the treachery.

A letter was at this moment handed to Harry Sumner by the servant, who informed him that the messenger was waiting for an answer. He also conveyed to Mrs. Perigord the intelligence that her carriage was in waiting.

"Oh, how early you have ordered your carriage!" exclaimed Lady Agnes, and added, coaxingly, "Pray, do not run away from us so soon!"

"I thank you, dear Lady Agnes," said Lucy Perigord. "It is very kind of you to wish us to stay longer. I should be delighted to look forward to doing so another day, if you will permit me; but not to-day,—mamma's visit is so short, that I do not like to be away from her very long."

"I beg a thousand pardons!" was the reply of the affectionate girl, at the same time clasping Mrs. Perigord's hand between both her own, "I had quite forgotten. I am so selfish! I do so hope Mrs. Sumner will be of our party this afternoon."

This little dialogue ensued immediately upon the announcement of Mrs. Perigord's carriage. It was not until it was almost concluded, that Harry Sumner vouchsafed one look even at the letter that had been handed to him. This effort of unconcern, for he had little doubt of the subject of its contents, cost him less than it might have done, by reason of the deep interest he felt both in the subject of the conversation, and in the speakers. He now inspected the direction, and with many apologies begged for permission to withdraw, in order to peruse its contents. He was rising from his chair for that purpose, when Lord Clifton, laying his hand on his shoulder, desired him to keep his seat.

"Come, don't be formal with us, Harry," he said,

"open the letter and read it where you are. No—no excuses! you are so disagreeably polite! If a *written* answer is required, I will let you go. There is my library, as you know, where you will find every thing you want."

Afraid of exciting a suspicion of its contents in his sister's mind, Harry Sumner obeyed his friend's genuine kindness; and, opening the letter, he resumed his seat, and began to peruse its contents. One glance informed him what they were. And that one sudden, unexpected certainty, seemed to freeze up every drop of the life-current within his veins. His face became ashy pale—his lips quivered—the veins in his forehead stood out as if on the point of bursting—the letter shook in his hand. They were but momentary symptoms. In an instant, he had recovered his composure. He folded the letter leisurely up, turned his head slowly to the servant who waited his answer, and desired him to give the message, "very well," to the messenger. He then, with admirably assumed composure and gaiety, resumed some indifferent conversation.

Lucy Perigord had perceived but too minutely the effect this letter had produced upon her brother. His first appalling change of countenance filled her with such dread and consternation, that by an involuntary movement, and altogether unconsciously, she cast her hand into the lap of Lady Agnes, and grasped her wrist. And did that deadly hue of ashy paleness, which overspread, for a second, Harry Sumner's face, escape another gaze? With timid half-raised eyes, dark and brilliant, another's heart is yearning to read his who is thus moved. She feels his sister's fearful grasp, and gently clasps her fair soft hand, *as though she felt not*. When Lucy Perigord had somewhat recovered her composure, she turned towards Lady Agnes, as though she would seek some comfort or sympathy from her. But she saw only the beauteous profile, half-shaded by its rich profusion of raven hair drooping forwards; and the richly shaded eyes, gazing musingly upon a vase of flowers, with which she appeared to be unconcernedly and somewhat abstractedly toying with her disengaged hand.

"To-morrow morning, at half-past four o'clock."

This line had caught Harry Sumner's eye. Such were the words that burned within him to his very heart's core. Not even his sister saw one rapid look of deep despair and unutterable fondness, with which he glanced at her whom he might now be about to say farewell to *for ever*. Nevertheless, he contrived to maintain the conversation for several minutes, with an appearance of unusual animation. At length he rose with his sister to leave.

"I fear I shall be unable to keep my engagement this afternoon," he said, addressing Lady Agnes. "It is an intense disappointment to me, but one quite unavoidable." This was spoken with deliberate and perfect composure down to the last four words, when his voice perceptibly shook and faltered.

Resolved rather to sink to the earth, than to betray the smallest symptom of the mental agony he was

suffering, his efforts to that effect caused him to pronounce the word "adieu!" as he shook hands with Lady Agnes, in a tone so deep and solemn, so stern and boding, that the small white hand he held in his closed slightly, by a mere muscular contraction, much to the discomposure of its timid owner, with a more decided pressure than she could have at all desired.

That ashy paleness again! like a winter's blast, sweeping across the gay verdure of spring. Unspeakable was the agony of that moment: as unspeakable as the bliss it supplanted. Unfathomable mystery of the human heart! Anon, like the lark at its utmost flight, hovering on the wing at heaven's gate of spring-tide happiness, as though borne aloft by its efforts to chant forth all its rapture; beat a few pulses, and it is down upon the earth dumb and stricken; convulsed with the agony of its sudden fall, sad and reft of hope. Thus *must* it be, when our *greatest* pleasure depends on what is mortal and mutable: when our *spring* of happiness gushes from a created reservoir, and not from the eternal source!

Lucy Perigord's gaze was fastened upon her brother. She saw how deeply he was moved. She saw that phantom-paleness. She saw a part—a very small part, but too much—of the struggle that was raging within him. She saw the iron hardihood of his inflexible resolution. And she saw, too, that last look upon the idol of his passionate devotion, when that stern solemn adieu fell from his lips. It was almost a keener agony than he could bear. It was as though every nerve, and every fibre in which dwelt the acutest and most exquisite sensations, were being scorched, torn, and lacerated. He too was obliged to salute *that* hand with a closer pressure than he would willingly have done, in order to conceal a slight trembling which overpowered all his efforts of self-command.

He turned to take leave, and what a tale of untold agony was concentrated in that look. It was as though he were for ever leaving happiness behind him; as though the door that would shortly close upon him would for ever shut him out from hope. His sister's heart was now full to overflowing; amply sharing the family impetuosity of temperament, every other consideration save what she witnessed in her darling brother, vanished from her. Even where she stood, she cast her arm around him, and looking imploringly up into those features of deep dejection, besought him with eyes filled with tears to tell her what had happened.

"Lucy! Lucy, dear! what *do* you mean? Nothing has happened," replied her brother, adding in an under breath, "recollect yourself, my darling sister—we are not at home." That gentle affectionate arm that encircled him fell instantly, but just as they were passing out of the door Harry Sumner suddenly recollected that he had taken no farewell of Lord Clifton. He instantly returned, and shaking his noble friend warmly by the hand, "My dear Clifton," he said, "the idea of my conducting myself in this manner! I cannot tell what you must think of me. Good bye—I mean good morning! Would that I could contrive to be of your delightful party this afternoon."

"Say not a word, my dear fellow;" said Lord Clifton, "I perfectly well see you have received unwelcome intelligence. I am delighted, however, that you have given me an opportunity of entreating you to make use of me in any way in which I can be of any service." And so saying, he advanced gaily to Lucy Perigord, and offering her his arm, conducted her to her carriage.

One more parting glance Harry Sumner took at her of whom he now felt as if he were taking a *final* farewell; her face was cast down, and he remarked that it was deeply flushed. With polished deference he advanced towards her, and once more extending his to her not unwilling hand, again uttered that depressing "adieu," and hastened to his sister.

To-morrow!

CHAPTER XV.

Don Pedro.—"And hath challenged thee?"

Claud.—"Most sincerely."

Don Pedro.—"What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!"

Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1.

"It were all one,

That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me,
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere."

All's well that ends well, Act 1. Sc. 1.

WHEN the gates of Clifton House had closed upon Harry Sumner, and his sister's carriage bore him away in her company, from the object of as deep a love as ever swelled within the heart of man, he experienced a considerable reaction of feeling. The despair which on the receipt of Mr. D'Aaroni's note seemed suddenly to bury in a night of pitchy darkness the bright day that had dawned upon him, and eclipse in one heart-sinking moment a bliss more thrilling than he could realize, was succeeded by struggling gleams of hopefulness. Treacherous anticipations whispered within him that the duel might yet be avoided. If not, "no harm can by any possibility come to Browne," whispered his sinking spirits, as ever and anon they rose to the surface, "as, of course, I shall fire in the air. As to myself, even if I be injured, the chances are very much against my life's blood being on poor Browne's head." These topics of consolation, such as they were, occurred most opportunely; they helped him to adopt such a manner as should best allay the suspicions that had been aroused in his sister's affectionate heart, by the slight exhibition of feeling he had been unable to suppress, at the first moment he became conscious that he must stand face to face in mortal combat with one who had been his friend. He contrived to accomplish this effectually. The week's interval had served to obliterate all recollection even of the fears that filled her mind on the preceding Wednesday evening; and when she deposited him at the Athenæum, Mr. D'Aaroni's club, where he was to meet that gentleman by appointment, no anxious misgivings distressed Lucy, as far as *her brother* was concerned. The turbid stream of phenomenal life was bustling along

through the various channels of "the great modern metropolis;" its multitudes of puny ripples, each rearing its own minute crest of individual consciousness, gone as soon as seen, now jostled one another in the crowd, now hurried on in passing and re-passing currents, now eddied round a corner, now chafed at some massive obstacle, divided into two currents, and glided onwards on either side, now plunged into mysterious recesses of turbid depth, and now reposed in open spaces, shallow and diffused.

Amidst it all, indifferent to it all, like some under-current, which is sometimes observed to streak a running water with a deep dark line, Harry Sumner and Mr. D'Aaroni walked arm-in-arm; wholly engrossed with a subject of, to the former, life and death.

"It is *unavoidable*, my dear fellow," said Mr. D'Aaroni.

"What made you and Colonel Flint fix on a spot so far off?" inquired Sumner, with a calmness and confidence which was not once disturbed throughout the conversation.

"We thought that if either of your weapons took a truer aim than your intentions——"

"Do not imply such a thing," interrupted Sumner, with considerable earnestness.

"Now, you need not be sensitive with *me*, my dear Sumner," said Mr. D'Aaroni; "you cannot suspect me of intending to impeach the courage of either of you?"

"Oh no, not that. I was not thinking of that," replied Sumner. "What you implied is *impossible*, as far as it depends on me. But never mind. You have not told me why you have fixed on so distant a spot as Delcombe."

"Free from interruption," said Sumner's second; "handy to Southampton, whence you can cross to the continent in a certain contingency. We get there by rail in an hour or so. 'Twas that ruffian's arrangement."

"Whose?" inquired Sumner; whose thoughts, truth to say, were at that moment with his mother and sister.

"That precious colonel, to whose tender mercies Browne, with his usual wisdom, has entrusted the guardianship of his maiden honour. Forgive my laughing."

"He is a brave officer, is he not?" inquired Sumner.

"Remarkably!" said Mr. D'Aaroni, with a bitter emphasis on that word; "if an absolute insensibility to a moment beyond the one present be courage. A future exists not to him, any more than to the siliceous lump whose namesake, and perhaps kin, he is."

"You don't seem to like the colonel!"

"Like, indeed!" ejaculated Mr. D'Aaroni; "please not to tell him what I am going to say: not because I should not like him to know I think so, but because he would call me out, if he heard it; and he would call uncommonly long and loud before I came. The fact is, in mind, heart, and manners, the man's a *brute*; a two-legged, two-armed, lump of matter, utterly devoid of spirit. He is scarcely an animal; for the

inferior order of soul within him, he is all but unconscious of."

"You are too bitter," remarked Sumner, gravely.

"Not a bit of it. 'Tis true—true to a word."

"But it is likely to injure yourself."

"How?"

"That indiscriminating bitterness against every one who may not chance to suit your taste, seems to me to be likely to find a man a crowd of sham, and few, if any, real friends."

"Why so?" inquired Mr. D'Aaroni.

"Because most of those who listen to you are likely to wish to be on terms of friendship with you, from motives of self-interest."

"There are no friendships on any other terms," observed D'Aaroni.

"What a horrible notion!" exclaimed Sumner. "Is it to your interest to befriend me in this miserable affair?"

"Oh, that is an *argumentum ad hominem*! Now we will change the topic."

"And now I must leave you, my gallant second," said Sumner, gaily. And as he wished his friend farewell till the following morning, he informed him that he should be very sorry to think he really believed the proposition he had advanced; for it might cause him to be suspicious of his acting in accordance with it.

"At three o'clock, at the South Western station," said Mr. D'Aaroni, as he parted from his principal; "and keep your spirits up. 'Tis an ugly amusement. If the brave siliceous colonel," he continued, smiling, "were a principal, instead of a FRIEND, crimson consequences might be anticipated. Keep up your spirits! Adieu."

Physical languor was added to mental torture in Harry Sumner, as he wended his way alone amidst the restless multitudes. Solemn thoughts engrossed him. His individual being acquired an importance to himself he had never experienced before. He appeared to himself to be isolated from the living mass amidst which he moved, by a fatal, overwhelming destiny. He felt as though he did not belong to them; as though he were absolutely invisible to all he saw with such vividness. Every thing and every body, and all the actual life, and intimated action, about and around him, dwindled into ridiculous insignificance as he looked out upon them from the unfathomable recesses of his own emotions. He felt at times almost disposed to laugh or to sneer at the rapid steps, and panting breath, and eager faces, that passed him continually; all so intent on their own particular object, as though it was the great affair of the metropolis, and the huge life torrents were heaving, and foaming, and eddying, and murmuring, through its streets, entirely in its behalf and service. But no subject of reflection caused him such intense anguish as the misery he was running the risk of occasioning his mother and sister. Now that the duel was unavoidable, he bitterly reproached himself for having so little regarded them. In the agony of the moment he took it for granted that but one fate awaited him. He quite forgot the

other alternative; and that it was quite possible he might come off scatheless. "Oh, that dearest, gentlest mother!" he groaned, almost aloud; "what will be her feelings when she learns the fate of her only son! Brute that I am!" And then he saw her limbs stiffen at the intelligence, her eyes grow fixed and glassy, and her body fall lifeless, speechless, to the earth. His scared imagination witnessed as vividly as though they were really happening, in the space of a few seconds, scenes which it would take pages to describe. Forgetful for a moment of every thing around him, he stopped in the middle of the street, and violently covered his eyes and forehead with his outspread hands. Recovering himself instantly, he wandered awhile up and down streets, he knew not and cared not whither, glad only to be moving. And then he thought of the consequences to his sister Lucy. Now he felt sure of what, until now, had been only a very distant surmise, that she had not a happy married life to look forward to. He had seen enough of Mr. Perigord's disposition lately, and knew enough of his sister's, to feel a terrible certainty to that effect. He knew that he had already been an indirect cause of unhappiness to her, through her husband. What would it be now? How overcast would be that face which this morning was smiling so brightly at his side at Clifton House! Then he grew wholly absorbed in other thoughts. He became lost in the recollection of Lady Agnes; the duel was forgotten; he lived over again, from the beginning to the end, the last five days. His hopes rose as he thought of her. "I have been taking a very despairing view of things," he said within himself; "it may be all over by six o'clock to-morrow morning, and no one any the worse or the wiser." Then again a cheerful light broke into the thick darkness that had overtaken him. He became conscious of the passing multitudes, of carriages of all kinds creeping on or whirling past him, of shop windows, of street cries, and of all the busy life and traffic that surrounded him; and to which he had been a minute before as profoundly insensible as if he had been soundly sleeping, far away and in the recesses of some trackless forest.

He soon became aware that he had wandered to the top of the street in which the Lambs resided. A perfectly inexplicable, but as irresistible impulse led him on to the house. Once more immersed in absorbing memories of the last five days he had spent, abandoned to the ecstatic feelings with which the very thoughts of her who had been to him the bliss—the whole existence of those days—inspired him; there was scarcely a perceptible depression of spirits when he found himself with his hand upon the knocker of the door.

"I may never see them again," he murmured to himself, as he struck the forehead of a brass lion, with a decidedly comic expression of countenance, several violent blows with a queer-shaped instrument of torture, resembling a very bandy-legged pair of sugar-tongs, turned topsy-turvy. His mind had now taken another bias; and the combined force of the two sub-

jects of his thoughts took such absolute possession of him, that he continued battering the lion's skull with the reversed sugar-tongs, for he knew not how long; but it was until a male domestic made his appearance, with a countenance of moving consternation, and an unloosed apron clinging by one string around his ankles so desperately as to have nearly pitched him head foremost, as he came tumbling over it to the door, into the arms of Harry Sumner.

A visitor was in the drawing-room, with her daughter; the former of whom was thrown into a paroxysm of delight by an announcement so extremely "the go." The rap at the street-door had been prolonged for the full space of a minute and a half; and when the servant opened the drawing-room door to announce the visitor, Mrs. Roakes was all eyes and fluster upon his entrance, being inwardly certain that the visitors, whoever they might be, must be the greatest people of the Lambs' acquaintance; a snug little hypothesis being treasured up in a retired corner of her sagacious mind, that it was not impossible to be a distant relative of the royal family.

The fidgetting, the hurried uncourteous extension of her hand, and the whole vulgar betrayal of annoyance, when Harry Sumner entered, and, after exchanging a few words with Mrs. Lamb, advanced to greet her, were nothing new to him. He was well aware that he was not a favourite; nor was he more unconscious that he cordially reciprocated her sentiments.

"Just like his conceit," she whispered *audibly* to her daughter, who was at the time in conversation with Miss Lamb. And in a whisper of a more subdued tone, "Such a rap for a young man!" she continued, "I'm sure I think it is quite rude. A youth at college!—just plucked too!"

Then turning to Sumner, who now came towards her, one of the usual forms of greeting fell almost instinctively from her lips.

"Good morning, Mr. Sumner. I'm so glad to see you. I thought we were *never* going to see you again."

"Never is a long while, Mrs. Roakes," said Sumner.

"You were determined we should *hear* you, at all events; he! he! he!" chuckled that lady, who imagined that she was giving Harry Sumner what she called a sharp hit; so sharp indeed, that it seemed to her only merciful to assuage its keenness somewhat, with a little pleasant giggle.

"It was very forgetful," he replied, but most unintentional. "I hope I have made my peace with Mrs. Lamb. I believe she has quite forgiven me." And turning towards that lady, he took a seat by her side.

"Oh, pray,—dear, yes, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Lamb, who was really exceedingly discomposed at the bare idea of being supposed to have been offended at such a trifling accident, "Quite undertenshunnall! Please not to think of it!"

Harry Sumner was not aware that Mrs. Lamb had,

in the course of her history, gone through two distinct stages of promotion; one, from the office and dignity of a wealthy cit's lady's maid, to the headship of a millinery and dress factory in Langham Place, Regent Street; in which responsible position, her suavity of manner and disposition, the hearty patronage of her former mistress, and the architectural skill she displayed in the decoration of the various portions of the female anatomy, met with such success, that in a few years she was mistress of 15,000*l.*, "stowed in various vestments," as the good-natured lady expressed it, ready to assist in maintaining the dignity of the next promotion she enjoyed—viz., the sharing with Mr. Lamb of the Inner Temple the care and bliss of a connubial administration. He had discovered an extraordinary unconcern about grammatical accuracies, and a slight variation or two upon well known words: but her manner was so quiet and unobtrusive,—and there was so much self-possession in her humility and genuine kindness, that his attention had not been very strongly arrested by it. When, however, an emergence of this sort led her to speak unreservedly,—when her goodness of heart got the better of her recollection of her husband's injunctions, "*not to speak an unnecessary word in society*," he certainly did begin to wonder whether his friend's mother could be an importation from one "United State" to another; or, if not, where she could have come from.

"I am really rejoiced it was your door I made such an attack upon," said Sumner to her in reply. "Some ladies would never have forgiven me. But wherever it had been, I could not have helped it. I was thinking about a subject that happens to interest me very deeply just now,—and until the servant opened the door, I really did not know I was knocking."

He was then proceeding to address his conversation to Miss Roakes, when he was interrupted by Mrs. Roakes.

"Absent! eh? Oh, you sly absent man! He! he! Very complimentary to Mrs. Lamb, indeed! Somewhere about Clifton House, perhaps, were you, eh?" and these knowing observations were accompanied with a highly nervous manner; being a compound of half-irritation—half gay and easy banter.

The following little history will suffice to account for the extremely exasperated feelings which the lady cherished in her bosom towards Harry Sumner. They had been known to each other now for nearly three years. A great part of Sumner's first vacation she had spent with her family at Bribeworth, the doctors having recommended the air of the neighbourhood to her daughter. Lionel Roakes was of the same college, and of the same year, as Sumner; he had been acquainted with Lamb before they went up to the University; and to these circumstances he was indebted for an introduction to Harry Sumner, and the not very intimate acquaintance that subsisted between them. When his mother and sister came to sojourn in the native town of his college acquaintance, he of course seized the first opportunity of making them known to him.

From the very first period of his introduction, Sumner became sensible of a very great regard for, and interest in Laura Roakes; an interest which, if it did not altogether originate in, was at all events indefinitely strengthened by the unappeasable disgust he felt for her only surviving parent. Her patient, quiet deportment, contrasted with the coarseness and vulgarity of the latter, threw around her indeed a peculiar and very fascinating interest; for it was impossible for the most insensible not continually to be keenly touched by the very evident suffering she uncomplainingly endured from time to time, at certain very piquant exhibitions of her mother's astounding idiosyncrasies. This sentiment of pity for her position, not unmingled with admiration of rare qualities, which bloomed in secret in a neighbourhood so uncongenial, led him to show her such marked and considerate attention, that Mrs. Roakes, at one time, had positively stated to every member of her circle of acquaintance, that Mr. Harry Sumner "was the most delightful young man she had ever met,"—"that he was heir to a coronet, and 11,000*l.* a year,"—and "that he and Laura were engaged," accompanied with the most minute detail of every circumstance, which she at length talked herself into believing had taken place, connected with his asking her permission, and the proposal to Laura.

Laura Roakes herself, overborne by her mother's positive and reiterated representations, almost permitted herself to believe that there might be in Mr. Sumner's attentions a higher meaning than that of mere friendship. Her own feelings were very soon wholly beyond her control. The first genuine kindness she ever remembered to have been the object of, accompanied as it was by exterior fascinations of no common order, enlisted her sympathies too deeply. Too soon she discovered that any reciprocation of such a sentiment on his part was not in the least probable; but she had no disposition, even had she been able, to retrace the path of love. Her estimation of herself, whether of her personal charms, or of her grace of character, was humble almost beyond belief. "No one," she thought, "whom I can love, will ever love me; situated, too, as I am." And so, in the silence of her own desolate heart, she consented to abandon herself to all she felt, to love on silently and deeply, to hide her passion within her own bosom, like the deep waters in a nook of verdure-covered rocks; to love unto death without a hope of its return; and because she did not feel worthy even of his warm-hearted attentions, much more of his plighted love, to lavish on him all her own.

Not even her mother had the smallest suspicion of the state of her feelings; happy and true as were, accidentally, many of her coarse allusions. Indeed, as she was wholly incapable of the sentiment herself, she could not conceive of others really being consumed by it. Her daughter's state of heart, if she had been told of it, would have appeared to her funny, or wicked, or idiotic, or *ungenteel*, according to the mood in which she heard of it.

Now it was quite impossible that any one of Sumner's generous, but slightly satirical disposition, could have witnessed, many times, the rude shocks inflicted on a retiring, humble-minded girl by such a person as Mrs. Roakes, without being provoked at times to the utterance of bitter sarcasms. He put upon himself the most powerful restraint he was able, from consideration for Laura Roakes's feelings; but not unseldom the occasion was too much for him, and some withering sneer, expressed in polished phraseology, would curdle every drop of milk of human kindness that might linger in detached spots of Mrs. Roakes's system. So long as the smallest hope remained within her that an alliance she so much courted for her daughter was not entirely out of the question, she seemed to relish these sharp sayings as excellent jokes, so that Sumner was once or twice on the eve of confessing to himself that he did believe Mrs. Roakes must at least be good-natured. But not one escaped her—they sank deep within her memory, were treasured up in a well-furnished storehouse of malice, and rankled for years; so that when she was at last driven to renounce her favourite matrimonial theory, to the keen disappointment she experienced was added these unfortunate recollections, which seemed to be so satisfied with their quarters that they never showed any disposition to move.

Now it so happened that Mrs. Lamb was one of those numerous friends to whom she had mentioned in the strictest confidence, not to be hinted at for all the wealth of Mexico, or the Great Mogul, that "Laura was engaged to be married to Mr. Harry Sumner of Bribeworth," &c. &c., and to whom she had consequently spoken of him in terms of enthusiastic admiration; she now, therefore, felt the necessity of being guarded and cautious.

"And pray, Mrs. Roakes," inquired Harry Sumner, in a tone of haughtiness, which to any other lady would have been, it must be owned, offensive, "may I ask, what can you possibly know about Clifton House?"

"Oh! how well you do act a part to be sure!" replied Mrs. Roakes in her usually nervous manner; but evidently endeavouring to appear extremely amused, "I know all about it—a fair lady in the case. For the last five days, *every day*!—I have been looking in the Post for 'Marriage in High Life.'"

The excitement under which Harry Sumner had been labouring during the last few hours, the unutterable disgust he felt at hearing *her* name even alluded to by Mrs. Roakes, threw him into such a paroxysm of indignation, that for a few seconds he dared not trust himself to reply. His lips quivered; his eyes flashed; he started from his seat, and prepared to take his leave of so uncongenial a company. Laura Roakes failed not to detect exactly the nature of his emotion, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Certainly, you have great gifts, Mrs. Roakes," he said, with a bitter laugh, suddenly turning to address that lady, as he was just about to shake hands with Mrs. Lamb. "What a reporter of fashionable intelligence

you would make for the papers! when facts were deficient they need never be in want of fiction."

Love is ever a keen sharpener of the perception. Its impulses often resemble inspiration. Laura Roakes saw distinctly the state of high excitement into which Mr. Sumner had been thrown. Well she knew her mother's violent disposition, and how bitter she could be if provoked; actuated by a sudden impulse of fear of what might ensue, she rose slightly from her chair, and extended her hand to Harry Sumner, who was now standing near her, as though she had thought he was waiting an opportunity to bid adieu. Indeed, she was not far from correct in this extempore hypothesis; unluckily, however, the keen eyes of her mother perceived the movement.

"Laura, my dear!" she exclaimed, "really I am surprised: sit down immediately."

The poor humiliated, abashed girl, sat—or rather sank—down upon her chair instantly, and shading her face with her hand, her whole frame showed evident signs of the struggle it was costing her to repress her tears.

Harry Sumner thought it would be the most considerate course to take his departure immediately, and having wished Mrs. Lamb and her daughter good morning, he pressed Miss Roakes's hand so warmly, that the poor girl was more than compensated for what she had suffered; and bowing distantly to Mrs. Roakes, quitted the apartment.

"Puppy!" ejaculated that lady as the door closed upon Mrs. Lamb's visitor, of whom other thoughts immediately took possession, as he wended his way towards his sister's mansion, there to drag through the weary hours on that last heavy night before the duel.

LETTERS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

LETTER V.

MY DEAR A—,

In my last I endeavoured to give you an outline of some of the main customs, which certainly bespeak a vast deal of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition; but however we may condemn these people for their grossness of manners, and, on some occasions, their savage brutality, yet the candid inquirer will find, to his surprise, many amiable qualities that are worthy of the imitation of some, and the encouragement of all.

The native disposition is a strange compound of cruel passions, with kindness of heart; social affection, with moral debasement; high principle, with low cunning; and a dash of pride, obstinacy, and selfishness, which renders their better shades of character less distinct. In their ordinary occupations, a stranger would consider them the happiest people in the world. So long as they can get sufficient to eat, and tobacco enough for their pipe, they are perfectly contented; care and sorrow, petty troubles and vexations, which mar the happiness of most other people, pass by them like the "idle wind;" they never seem melancholy

nor desponding, and their momentary sullenness can only be excited by withholding their darling gratifications. At all other times they are happy and cheerful; singing, jesting, laughing, and enjoying their frolicsome humours, at the expense either of one of their own party, or of an European, who is a far more desirable mark for their diversion. Yet, notwithstanding they so much delight in passing their rude remarks and rough jests on strangers, they do not practise them with any ill-will; and though they would feel no compunction at giving offence by their conduct, yet it would make no alteration in their behaviour after the joke was over. They think that your feelings subsided with their own, and they would approach you in the same terms of familiarity as if nothing whatever had transpired to ruffle your temper. If they find, however, that you are easily offended, your case is desperate; for they will watch every opportunity of crossing your inclinations and exciting your anger, and you will ever be subjected to some annoyance or other.

But in general, they are as civil to white strangers as can be expected of an ignorant and barbarous people, who know nothing of the etiquette and delicate ideas of politeness which civilized classes entertain. Many of them delight in showing their hospitality, though they may have very faint prospects of an immediate return; so that a person might travel almost through New Zealand, and stop and refresh at every settlement in his way: but should he remain any time, they would not fail to evince their covetous propensities, by frequent hints for payment in some shape or other; and should he flatly refuse, or requite their importunities in a niggardly manner, they would not hesitate to lighten his *pikau* (load or baggage,) by abstracting whatever pleased them. Their generosity, however, is for the most part considered by them as another term for barter, and whatever they give away, they expect an equivalent in return at some time or other; and should you fail to satisfy their anticipations, they do not scruple to declare to all their acquaintances, that you are a *pakiha kino*, or in other words, that "you are no good." It is a very easy thing to keep on friendly terms with them, if you are indifferent to any kind of acknowledgment for your little favours, but you must not look for any thing like gratitude; the word is not in their vocabulary: whatever you may do for them, they consider it no more than their due, and it only excites them to ask for more; nay, such is their audacious and unconscionable spirit, that if you do them a personal kindness, they will often demand payment for submitting themselves to your will and direction. An intelligent missionary here, writes, "Formerly, I never administered a dose of medicine, without the native who had taken it coming after his recovery to demand payment for taking my medicine." It was precisely the same when the missionaries first visited the island; the natives actually sought their *utu* for attending prayers and receiving instruction. Their cupidity is extraordinarily great, and they think nothing too bold or too mean which may

obtain the object of their covetous desires; yet, withal, they have evidently some slight shade of delicacy; for I have observed, that when their begging has been unusually frequent, and they think you may be offended at their requests, they will approach you in the humblest manner, and whisper their wants so as scarcely to be heard or understood.

Like children, too, they are excessively fond of novelty; a new object,—a new piece of work even, will so excite their fancy, as sometimes to conquer their sluggishness, and even cause them to lose sight of their own interests; nor can any grateful feeling for past kindness subdue their love of change. They will leave their best friend with the utmost indifference, to gratify their ardent desire for change of face and place. Faithfulness cannot therefore be attributed to the Maori character, as regards their association with white people, nor indeed is it very conspicuous amongst themselves, unless they be in some way under the immediate interdict of their solemn *tapu*, which binds them inviolably to all duties thus authorized by their *ariki*. In their engagements with Europeans, there is no dependence to be placed on either their word or deed; like most other savages, they are deceitful, selfish, and surprisingly indifferent to their master's interests.

It is but fair to say, that they are on the whole very affectionate one to another, and pay due regard to their several stations. To old age I observed they show marked respect, and to their children the majority of them appear very affectionate; yet I have seen instances of brutal conduct to these young creatures, when in a state of utter helplessness, that would make the hardest civilized heart to shrink. If a child require more than ordinary care and attention, from natural causes or accidental ailments, their love of ease takes the alarm, and when repeatedly disturbed, they will discover the most inhuman disposition towards it. They have no idea of the comforts and advantages of careful nursing, of the little soothing attentions and fond endearments which are natural to an English mother; instead of this, the little sufferer is handed over to a slave girl, taken out perhaps into the cold and wet, or anywhere, so that it be out of sight or hearing of its pitiless mother, who, if disturbed by its cries, will inflict punishment of the most furious and fiend-like character, instead of endeavouring to pacify the helpless being by redoubled attention and fondness. At other times, if the children be in good health and give little trouble, a Maori mother seems doatingly fond of them, and is delighted by their being noticed and fondled by the white people. Their natural indolence is unquestionably the cause of their occasionally opposite behaviour, and not any want of affection. There cannot well be a stronger proof of their unconquerable laziness, and repugnance to any kind of exertion. So far as my observations have gone, the men here display much more real affection for their offspring than the women; but perhaps this may be accounted for by their being less constantly exposed to annoyance from them. They are frequently

seen carrying their children about, but as for nursing, in the true sense of the term, they are as stupid and clumsy in their attempts at it as the mothers, though perhaps not so easily and ferociously excited by every petty violation of their own ease. I have generally remarked, that both sexes are very excitable, their passions soon roused, but as quickly subdued, and often followed by an evident sense of shame. They seem to be extremely cautious, however, in marking their anger towards their children, when in the presence of other relatives; for the time has been, when excessive punishment inflicted upon a child has been the cause of bloody contention: sometimes, therefore, for want of proper discipline and a little wholesome chastisement, their children may be denominated spoilt. In cases of sickness, it is not only towards their children, but towards white men, that they display such a total want of feeling, indeed in all cases whenever any extra trouble is called for.

From the peculiar nature of their *taps* this may be somewhat excusable among themselves, but it is difficult to look over their want of humanity to their civilized neighbours. The more deplorable the condition in which they see a white person, the more it serves them for their rude mockery; they will much more readily sympathize with one of their pet dogs or pigs, than offer any condolence or assistance to a suffering stranger.

The most preposterous observation that I have yet seen published on the New Zealand character is, that these people "have no cunning." Now, I am convinced, no one can live amongst them many days without discerning this propensity to be extremely active. Selfishness is the root of their disposition; and it is often surprising to witness the artifices which they adopt. It is true they have not the ingenuity and adroitness to do a "clever trick," like your home-bred, accomplished, legerdemain gentlemen, and their cunning is therefore of the lowest stamp: the meanest subterfuge is resorted to for the pettiest measures, and the boldest impudence called in requisition when they wish to carry a point of interest. Whilst I am writing, one of them has just made an application for a white man's canoe; on being sharply questioned how he dare ask such a favour without any offer of payment, which they themselves so rigorously exact on all occasions, he coolly replies, "This is always our way towards the white people; we first try to get what we want for *nothing*; if we can't do that, then there is time to talk about payment."

This speech is quite characteristic of the conduct of these people towards Europeans, but in their behaviour towards each other they are scrupulously free, open, and undisguised. They appear to think that a white man's means are at the Maori's disposal; though when disappointed in their unconscionable desires, they rarely show it in anger or ill-feeling, but stoically submit to it as a result they had anticipated. When they do succeed, however, which is not often, their exultation is beyond bounds, and they ever afterwards designate their dupe *porangi* (fool).

They also manifest a considerable degree of personal, national, and family pride. You can seldom persuade a New Zealander that he is not able to do anything quite as well as yourself; and even though the fact of his ignorance stares him in the face, he will be very loth to admit it. It is in vain to remonstrate with him on this or that impropriety, for he will be sure to commit the same fault on the very next occasion, tacitly and doggedly inferring that he has a greater reliance on his own judgment than on yours. These people uniformly hold that none can excel them, as a nation, in affairs of war, in political regulations, and in utility of customs. Their pride and prejudices in these matters seem thoroughly rooted, and it will doubtless require many years to disabuse their minds of such erroneous impressions. They sacredly treasure up in their memories the great actions of their forefathers, the number of chiefs they have slain and eaten, the several tribes they have worsted or destroyed, and the number of slaves they have captured. Such themes constitute the burden of many of their rude songs, in giving expression to which they work themselves up into a state of ferocious enthusiasm, which gives them the appearance of so many sanguinary demons.

There is much difference of opinion as regards native courage. From frequent observation, I should incline to the belief that they are naturally timorous; but their passions being readily excited, their almost instinctive love of contention, their strong attachment to their country, families, and chiefs, and particularly their desire to appear valorous in the eyes of the other sex, all conspire to rouse their sluggish energies to something like bravery and magnanimous deportment in times of danger. But this is only while they have a chief over them whose warlike conduct and reckless daring has gained him a name that is in itself a host. Should he fall, or if by some unlucky chance they have the worst of the fight, their heedless courage quickly evaporates. A Maori alone is no match for an Englishman of half his dimensions. He will dance about, flourish his tomahawk, foam at the mouth, sputter out his vociferations in mad fury, and show every other fearful demonstration of savage passion; but still he is withheld from molesting you, either by a consciousness of inferiority, or a fear of the consequences. Occasionally, however, these people do evidence something like courage when they are well supported by numbers, and when they feel, as I have before said, an enthusiastic reliance on a favourite leader. Then the love of life seems to be their last consideration, and rather than be disgraced by not having killed an enemy, they will undertake the most hazardous enterprises, and not unfrequently come off successful; though more from foolhardiness, I apprehend, than from true bravery.

The late unfortunate catastrophe at Wairau illustrates very correctly the kind of revenge which inhabits the Maori breast. The panic of the disorganized European band gave the necessary spur to

native courage, and on this occasion they would appear the brave people which indeed, for the time, they actually were. But more of this in a future letter.

The natives cannot reconcile themselves to the idea of the British nation submitting to be governed by a woman; and they insist that their own chiefs' wives are far superior to any queen on the throne. Family-pride is very remarkable in them all, so that a trifling insult to any one member thereof is an aggression upon all, and is resented with the utmost indignation. Certainly, the white people too often treat them with undeserved contempt, as an inferior race of beings. Such conduct is only calculated to keep alive their worst passions, and ought to be severely censured, if only on the grounds of humanity; and while it is the opinion of many, that the New Zealanders cannot be led, but may be driven, these people often appear to the humane and benevolent eye to be much abused. Hardship and rough treatment undoubtedly effect what kindness fails in doing, for the latter only encourages their natural apathy, and disposes them to all manner of extortion; and they truly verify the old adage, "Give an inch, they'll take an ell." In the conduct of Europeans, however, towards these people, an unwavering resolution, firm decision, just and impartial dealing, and, above all, a persevering good example, will best counteract their numerous failings, and will produce the happiest result to both parties.

The foregoing observations on the Maori character will obviously show that it is inordinately selfish; but this is not to be wondered at in savage life, where the animal instincts must predominate, and passions and desires are centred on individual welfare and comfort. Left as these people have been for a long series of years to their own resources, and now exposed to the allurements of novel practices and unknown objects, it would be much more astonishing did they at once enter into the notions of their civilized brethren, and discard their own. Thanks to the light of Christianity, they have rapidly risen in the scale of human nature; and when we consider the restrictive tendency of their singular custom of *tapu*, it is almost incredible what advances they have already made in intelligence and social improvement. It is encouraging to us to think, that we may be the agents of Providence in carrying the blessings of education and religion to a people, who are not only desirous of knowledge, but whom nature has endowed with talents and capabilities which will enable them to profit by our instructions; and it is gratifying in the highest degree to remember, that England has had the exalted privilege of being the first to dissipate the mists of ignorance and superstition by the light of Truth, and to enlighten their hitherto darkened hearts by the glorious revelation which God has given to us in His Gospel.

Notwithstanding their natural indolence, the New Zealanders are capable of any kind of labour; for their bodily conformation is of so muscular a character, and so supple are all their limbs, that they are equally well adapted to every description of exercise. Indeed,

the great diversity of their occupations, from their earliest years, conduces to this accommodating condition of the system. Apparently almost amphibious in their nature, they scarcely leave their nurse's arms before they are taught to swim; then climbing, walking, running, leaping, swinging, follow in rapid succession; some light burdens are early accommodated to their youthful backs; and as soon as their strength permits, their hands are employed in tilling land, chopping wood, pulling canoes, practising their war instruments, and a vast variety of exercises which tend to give vigour and activity to the whole frame.

Their first efforts in husbandry were probably employed in the cultivation of the "kumera," or sweet potato, which they appear to hold in high veneration, both because of its early introduction by their forefathers, as well as the various superstitious rites with which they accompany its planting, production, and gathering.

A portion of ground is selected as a plantation, solemnly consecrated by the "Tohungara," while divers ceremonies and songs are made use of, adapted to this grand occasion, and in which the virtues of the plant are highly extolled; then, by some solemn incantation, it is committed to the care of the great deity whom they supposed to preside over the vegetable kingdom. In gathering the produce at the end of the season also, similar ceremonies are observed, being either of a lamenting or exulting character according to the quality and quantity of the crops. They are then stored away, and placed in charge of the *tapu* functionary, who alone is privileged to enter the store and distribute them.

The potato which they seem next to prize, is usually planted twice a-year, but I do not observe that they pay the same solemn respect to this root as to the kumera; it may, however, be considered their standard article of food, the other being regarded rather as a luxury. They grow potatoes in very large quantities also for bartering with Europeans for articles of clothing, agricultural utensils, tobacco, &c. In the planting of this vegetable we see a striking instance of the laziness of these people, and particularly in digging the ground. This operation they perform sitting on their haunches, and not in the English fashion; they therefore employ a spade that has no handle, but provided only with a long stick. Formerly, before these instruments were known to them, they made use of a pointed stick with a cross piece lashed about a foot or eighteen inches from its end. With either of these implements they will work very expeditiously for a short time, particularly if they observe you looking on; but this excitement being removed, this burst of activity is succeeded by long intervals of rest or childish buffoonery. They simply raise the earth with one hand, while with the other they throw in a potato, letting fall the clod upon it, regardless of any kind of order, thereby increasing their subsequent trouble in cleansing and weeding, which employments are usually consigned to the women, girls, and boys.

Besides the kumera and potato, they also cultivate maize, pumpkins, the tara, water-melons, peaches, and a sort of gourd, of which they construct their calabashes; some of them also grow the tobacco-plant and different kinds of grain. Since the introduction of wheat, they have, in imitation of Europeans, paid some little attention to its culture, but they do not seem to like the trouble attending its planting, threshing, and grinding. These operations are far too laborious for their habits of ease, and it is not unlikely that in a short time, as soon as the novelty has subsided, they will decline the cultivation of this valuable grain, and content themselves, like the Irish, with the less troublesome potato. In several parts of the island, however, the natives have subscribed among themselves for the erection of water-mills, the common steel hand-mill being beyond all native patience and exertion. These occupations, being in a great measure compulsory, are no criterion of their general perseverance and industry, as some people are disposed to maintain; for if their immediate subsistence did not enforce them, they would even neglect their agricultural employments. A Maori will never do any work if he can get anything to eat without it. Their chiefs, too, who do nothing themselves in the way of manual labour, insist upon these duties being performed in their appropriate seasons.

Those natives who are connected with the establishments of Europeans are engaged in a variety of ways, such as cleansing and tilling land, making fences, cutting wood for fires, sawing, feeding, driving, and killing of pigs, travelling, and many other offices; but the same slothfulness is always apparent, for nothing is done in time or place without the continual cordial of tobacco or some kind of *utu*. I am not aware that any of them are paid periodically for their labour, as our servants are at home, nor do I think such a system would answer with these people, whose patience and diligence are exhausted as soon as their supplies are momentarily suspended—a circumstance of great annoyance and inconvenience to an European settler, who knows that the very soul of business is despatch and punctuality.

Next to their agricultural pursuits, fishing occupies a large portion of their time at certain seasons. It is usually practised by netting, spearing, or sinking a long line with bait; but angling, in the common acceptation of the term, is very rarely exercised among them. In spearing, they go out at night with large torches, and a bayonet fixed to a long pole; or a stick armed with several sharp wooden prongs serves the purpose of a harpoon, with which they dexterously strike their prey as they are attracted around them by the light. Flat fish, which lie sleeping at the bottom of shallows, are abundantly caught in this way, and are often to be bought by scores for a trifle of tobacco or a pipe. But their netting affords them the most gratification and the most profit, and in this employment they really do sometimes show a remarkable degree of energy and resolution. No weather seems to abate

their ardour, and they swim and drag through the cold water with the utmost composure. Their seines are composed of strong bands of flax, admirably well knitted together, and accommodated with light sticks and heavy stones as floats and weights: some of these are hundreds of yards in length, and being attached to two or more canoes, are drawn through the water by the natives, partly by their efforts in pulling the canoes, and partly by dragging through the water, and they rarely fail of an immense draught of fishes of various descriptions. Their favourite are the sharks and skate, which they generally appropriate to their own use, but they are very liberal in supplying any white men they know in the neighbourhood with any other kind of fish. Their nets and fishing places are often under a sacred *tapa*, a disregard to which has caused many of their wars. Eels also they highly esteem, and are very careful of their preservation in the numerous creeks, swamps, and lagoons. For catching them, they let down a conical shaped basket made of the *mongumonga*, which they bait with worms, &c. and leaving this trap for some time, they are frequently rewarded with an abundance of delicious food. Many natives are very expert in diving for the larger kinds, and the length of time they can remain under water is truly astonishing.

Bird-catching is also another of their favourite pastimes, both for the purpose of profit and amusement. In this they are singularly clever, and are equally dexterous in calling, spearing, or snaring them. Some of the natives can imitate the note of many birds so correctly, that they can call them to any particular bush or tree, while they conceal themselves, and by a snare at the end of a rod, or even by a stick alone, they will catch or kill them with the greatest facility. In this sort of pleasurable work they will spend many hours, and will even disregard the calls of hunger, while thus employed. Their canoe-making, carving, weapon and pipe making, and many other more trifling performances, require much perseverance; but time to them is no object. I have seen some samples of their pipes, made out of indurated clay or hard flint stone, in a style which, I am convinced, a civilized person would think impracticable without very appropriate tools; so also their war clubs or *meris* are cut out of the solid stone, with an infinite deal of trouble, and are worked up with a nicety and degree of exactness perfectly surprising.

The employments of the women consist principally in flax-dressing, mat-making, and a variety of minor occupations incidental to the cultivation of the land and to the duties of the house. The first of these appears a simple operation in their hands; they separate the fibres of the flax by means of a shell, drawing it quickly through the leaf, and leaving them silky and glossy; they afterwards tie them up in small bundles, for their several uses. I have not observed that they ever make use of any machine for the purpose, though several have been proposed, but on trial have not been found to work so well as the native method. Their mat-making is really a pleasing performance; they execute many different patterns with great nicety, their busy

fingers plating and knotting with remarkable precision and celerity. The better kind of mats, which they call *kaitakas*, are prettily ornamented with black, white, red, and blue threads and tufts, as may please the fancy of the designer. The natives do not now manufacture their mats with that beautiful finish which they formerly did, nor do they make so many of any kind, which circumstance may partly be assigned to their present use of blankets, but especially, I think, to their indolent indifference to these matters since their intercourse with foreigners. Most of them prefer blankets, and they will readily exchange very handsome mats for them. Their *kokas*, or rough capes, are made up with the flax in its green state, only partially dressed; and when completed, are sometimes immersed in a strong decoction of the *kenau* bark, and afterwards in dark mud, which together communicate a black and glossy hue; but most of these garments are worn in their original grey state.

The women, who are by far the readiest at any kind of work, are often seen employed in agricultural pursuits, particularly in weeding, dressing potatoes and maize, gathering produce, and other trifling jobs; even digging, fencing, hoeing, which are more particularly the occupations of the men, are not too hard for their delicate hands when circumstances call for their assistance. They also, in common with the other sex, are frequently employed in pulling canoes; and I have observed, they exercise far more perseverance and steadiness in the application of their paddles, and far more discretion in the use of their strength, than the men. I should certainly prefer a crew of these ladies to one of men, for they have none of that nonsensical play and childish mummery which the latter are apt to display as soon as they are a little tired, whatever may be the urgency of your business. It is very amusing, however, to witness the frolicsome humour of the lads in their different styles of paddling; now with a deep, strong pull, alternately with a gentle dip; sometimes with a rapid and vehement stroke, pulling you through the water as if life depended on their energy, then deliberately drawing their paddles, as if fearful of disturbing the finny creatures below; but all this is done in the most exact time, to a song or measured tune, sung by one or more of their party. It is useless to expostulate with them in these moments of folly; they will have their own way; so that a stock of patience is as necessary as a store of provisions in journeying with Maories.

In bad weather, when you would wish to get to a place of shelter, they are invariably most indolent and annoying, continually changing their positions or places, regulating their garments, eating, and doggedly refusing to pull at all, but would rather cover themselves over with their blankets, and lie at the bottom of the canoe until fine weather revived them. Their dilatory habits are again exhibited on starting to any place, whether in a boat or canoe; they spend half the day in rigging, refitting, and other preparations of the most trifling importance. As before remarked, they seem to have no notion of the value of time, and

all your hasty remonstrances but make them more determinately listless and obstinate.

The women are likewise much engaged in household duties. Those of superior rank spend most of their time in making dresses after the European fashion, sewing, netting, and various kinds of fancy-work; but the common people and cookeys undertake the principal share of menial drudgery connected with house work. Fetching wood, lighting fires, carrying burdens, cooking, washing, &c., all fall to their lot. It is truly laughable to observe the uncouth manners of the native women when attending European families, in their several little domestic services. In laying the table for dinner, for instance, they are scrupulously exact in placing the plates, knives, and forks, but in regard to the latter they are often not a little puzzled to know the right hand from the left, and you may observe them changing and re-changing the position of these articles several times before they can feel assured they are in their right places. In sweeping the floor also, they invariably begin at the door, and thence proceed to the upper parts of the room, never considering that they thus cause themselves twice the trouble.

I have just time to mention one remarkable peculiarity amongst all these people,—that when intrusted with a letter or message, they will approach you as on any other ordinary occasion, and perhaps delay the delivery of the one or the other for several hours, however urgent the communication may be. This, I have heard, arises from their diffidence and a wish not to appear bold and intrusive, but if I may judge from their general indifference to the affairs of others, it would not be asserting too much to say, that delicacy of feeling, like bashfulness, is incompatible with the Maori character. Whatever civility and politeness they may observe amongst themselves, or however cautious they may be in not hurting the feelings or infringing on the rights of each other, it is certain, that in their general conduct to Europeans, none of these amiable traits are conspicuous. It can scarcely, however, be expected that these barbarous minds should evince anything like what we call delicacy of feeling; yet they hold certain forms, which, according to their manner of thinking, express something of the kind. Certainly they have no such word as *thanks*, nor yet any very lively emotions of gratitude; but they endeavour to show that they are pleased, by a grunt or a grin, with the expletive *kapi* (very good). If you would confer a gift, they look upon it as more respectful if you toss it at their feet, instead of giving it into their hands: in the latter case, they think you show your superiority over them; but in the former, that you consider them your equals. Their usual mode of recognition on meeting with any of their acquaintances (white or coloured) is to toss up the head and elevate their eyebrows, which they deem far more dignified and even friendly than our formal bow and stiff bend of the body.

But here I must conclude, or bear the reproach of being unnecessarily tedious. Yours, &c. K.R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF GEN. SIR F. H—, K.C.B.

I PASS over my mother's funeral, which took place the next day, and the concourse of people which attended it. I pass over the lamentations o'er the poor woman and her babes; and the execrations uttered against my father, all of which went to my heart.

My sister and myself went home, where some kind neighbours had prepared for us a few necessaries; and we passed the rest of the day in walking from room to room, and talking over with wonder what we should do. The next morning, as soon as we had finished our mournful breakfast, some one knocked at the door; I opened it, and who should walk in, but my kind friend, the chaplain of the gaol! He took me by the hand, and sat down in our little parlour, my sister and myself standing before him. He asked me if I had heard anything of my father. My exclamation in answer was, "Is he hanged?" There was an abruptness in my manner which I never could account for, but suppose that he had touched upon the string which was uppermost in my mind; and I could but think that the good man must know, I was impatient for the information he had to impart; and, besides, I had lost all feeling of affection for my father, and was little more than twelve years old. The clergyman looked at me with astonishment. "Have you heard anything?" said he. We assured him we had not; and he then, in as guarded a manner as possible, told us he was dead—not hanged, but that he had destroyed himself in the prison. I remember that he was some time telling us all this, and that before he left us he made us kneel down round a little deal table, and prayed for us. What a good man I thought he must be!

Of my father, how he destroyed himself, or was buried, or any other particulars, I never heard, nor indeed wished to hear. Our friend then said, "And what is to be done with you, my poor children?" I never seemed to have thought of this, but was very soon made to understand we could not remain where we were, for my father's creditors would take everything; and besides, we could easily understand that we could not keep house. All at once the thought came into my head, that I had heard of boys seeking their fortune, so I said, "I will go and seek my fortune." But then I said again, "But my sister!" This, too, my good friend had thought of, and I found that a place with a connexion of his own had been provided for her, many miles off. I blessed him.

At this time I was a strong, steady, quick, active boy, between twelve and thirteen years of age. "And, F—," said he, "what will you do?"

Again I answered, "Why, seek my fortune, to be sure; never mind me, sir, I shall do."

He looked at me very earnestly, and said, "Not as you have done, I hope." I blushed till my face and hands glowed, but felt quite indignant at the impu-

tation, and for the moment almost hated my friend because he could not understand the full conversion of my mind. The feeling was but for a moment, for I took his hand and kissed it, and solemnly assured him I would never do any thing which should disgrace myself, but that I had made up my mind to be God's child. He smiled, and the tears came into his eyes, and he looked for a moment as if he prayed. He then told me that my father's name had been an assumed one, and that we had a right to another: this was, he said, fortunate. In spite of all his offers of providing for me, or of getting me into some service, I determined to go away; and the very next day I found myself on the road from —, with 17s. 6d. in my pocket, and with no idea where I should bend my course, or what I should do. I had in my pocket the direction to the situation where my sister was going, and had taken a very affectionate leave of her. I was full of hope, and feared more for her than myself, for although she would have a good home, I did not think she trusted in God. I started at four in the morning, for I did not wish to be seen by any one, and at nine was many miles away; further than I had ever been before. My supper had been saved, so I sat down upon a heap of stones by the way side, to eat it for breakfast, and then took out my Bible (for my good friend had given me one), to read a chapter. In doing so, out dropped a note; it was directed to me; these were the words: "F—, pray earnestly and constantly; God will help you. Your friend —."

I felt in my heart the impulse, and at once by the way side kneeled down and prayed for help and strength. I was aroused by a slight blow of a whip across my shoulders, and by an exclamation of "What the devil was I about?" I started up and saw a very good-looking well-dressed man standing before me. I answered at once "Praying, sir."

"What, in the road?—Why don't you pray at home?"

"I have no home, sir."

We walked together, and he entered into conversation with me. He was pleased with my frankness, and before we parted gave me his card, and wrote a direction for me to a friend at a seaport twenty miles off; and when we parted he wished me good luck, and at the same time said, "But remember, do not pray in public."

I answered, "Why not?"

The question seemed to puzzle him for a moment, and in fact he gave me no answer, but turned away, and I think I saw a tear in his eye. Before he left me he gave me half-a-crown.

I continued to walk on, and evening found me still some miles distant from the sea; so I walked to the door of a little inn, and asked if I might come in. The landlord said, "No, he wanted no boys there." I turned round, but at the same time said, "I could pay for what I wanted."

"Well, then, if you have any money, you may." So I went in, and laying down my half-crown, received a good meal of bread and cheese and a mug

of beer, and one shilling, with an announcement that my bed was paid for.

I went and sat down upon the settle, and very soon fell asleep; the kitchen was full when I awoke. I found that some one had thrown a cloak over me, as I lay in the corner. I was soon aware that some people were whispering near me; and being, as I said before, a very sharp boy, did not move; the more so as I soon found the voice of one of the speakers was familiar to me. I had heard it too often at my father's. I was well acquainted with their manner of talking, so that I could understand their meaning. The whole plan was laid to rob a house at the seaport to which I was going; and, if I remembered the name on the card, it was the very house I was directed to. I lay quietly till they went away, and then went to bed. On my entering the town of—the next day, having breakfasted on the road from a roll I bought at a baker's, my first impulse was to go to the sea side. I pass over my astonishment at the sight of the ocean; I am detailing facts, not sensations. I then walked to the jetty or quay, by the side of which a river flowed in with a rapid tide; all was new to me, and for a time I forgot everything in the amusement and wonder of the scene. I was recalled to myself, however, by being violently taken off my legs by a rope which was in use for hauling a ship into the basin, and a horse laugh accompanied by an oath at my blindness. I was but slightly hurt, and if I felt angry for the moment, I remembered my promise to my friend, and without saying a word, hopped away as well as I could.

A very mild but firm voice, however, took up my quarrel, and rebuked the sailor for not calling to me. I looked up; my friend was a tall fine-looking young man with a benevolent countenance; he came up to me, and asked if I was much hurt. I assured him I was not. "Let me see your leg," said he. In stooping down to untie my stocking, the card I had received from the stranger the day before fell out of my pocket. He took it up, and looking at it inquired how I came by it. Upon my giving him the particulars, he said, "We were looking out for you to-day." I stared. "Yes," he said, "Mr. — wrote about you to my father. Come along with me."

I limped after him. We entered the town, and passing down two or three streets, came to a very handsome house, and turned through a gateway into a large yard, three sides of which were warehouses, and the fourth, the back of the house we had passed. He stopped at a door, and giving it a swing, entered. The door swung back, and I was left alone. Whilst I stood here, two or three ladies passed me, with a beautiful little girl. One of the carters was putting a horse into a cart. Just as the child passed, the horse backed, and the little girl was in imminent danger of being crushed under the wheel. I sprang forward and pulled her away, but not so quickly as to disengage myself. The wheel passed over my leg, and I was unable to rise. The pain was intense, but I did not cry out. Not so the ladies; the last thing I heard was their scream.

When I was next conscious, I was laid upon a bed; many persons were about me, and a surgeon was setting the bone. I remember then calling out with the pain, and being kindly comforted. When all was over, I was left under the care of an old woman, and well tended; the bed and the room were something more grand than I had ever before seen. About the time of lighting the candles, and when the glare of a large lamp in the court-yard showed that the night was closing in, all at once the conversation I had heard at the alchouse the day before came into my mind. I asked the old woman where I was. She did not seem inclined to be communicative, and upon my more earnest remonstrance bade me be quiet, and left me. I began to be very anxious. I could not doubt that I was in the very house intended to be robbed. The clock struck seven, and again eight, and then nine. I fell asleep, and awoke to hear it strike ten. Unable to move, I was really in agony. During my sleep some one had been in the room, for the candle had been moved. I called aloud, but no one answered. For nearly an hour I lay listening to every sound, and the pain in my leg was nothing to the anxiety of my mind. I was again, however, dozing, and dreaming of robbers, when I was aware that something moved near me. I looked up. Something white passed my bed. I spoke; no one answered. I entreated whoever it was to come to me. At last, a very gentle voice said, "Are you in pain?"

It was the little girl whose life I had saved when my leg was broken. She had been told not to disturb me, but had not been able to resist the feeling of gratitude, and had risen from her bed to steal in and see if I was really alive. I spoke to her, and begged she would send her father to me.

"She dared not, he would be so very angry."

"But, my dear, I must see him."

"To-morrow," said she, "you will."

"But I must see him to-night."

She assured me it was impossible. I entreated, and at last said, "If you do not, you will all be murdered."

The child looked very frightened. "You won't murder me, will you?"

I could but smile, in all my anxiety, at the dear child's face. She was a lovely girl, with the most beautiful blue eyes I ever saw. I did not, however, think of these then: their impression, in after years, was the source of many a heart-ache. They were then filled with tears, and shone in the reflection of the glare of the lamp in the yard. I at last made her promise to fetch the nurse to me; as she reached the door for that purpose, I again enforced her promise. At that moment a voice on the stairs said, "Who is that?"

The child slipped back in a fright; the door opened, and a middle-aged man in a dressing gown entered the room. His surprise at seeing the child was very great; but he seemed so pleased at the motive, that he spoke to her with the utmost kindness, and took her up in his arms and kissed her; scolded very little, said she could do no good, called up the nurse, and

sent her to bed, and then, to my great satisfaction, came to my bedside. After the usual inquiries and promises that I should be well taken care of, he was about to go out, when I at once told him that in another hour his house would be robbed.

"Poor child!" he said, "you need not fear, no one will hurt you."

I said I was not afraid, but that there were those who would enter his house at midnight.

He laughed, and said, "Let them come, if they can."

I begged him to listen to me; he took his candle and said, "Lie still, my boy; I will see you again in the morning." I entreated, but he passed on; just as he reached the door, I said, "You keep your money in a closet in your bedroom?"

He stopped, and said, "What then?" "Is it not behind your bed's head?" He returned and put down the candle. "The key is like three keys." He came to my bedside. I then explained all I had heard, how they intended entering, and their number, six of them; and more, that they were determined to succeed, by fair or foul means.

The clock struck eleven.

"Did you say twelve?" he said. I answered, "Before twelve, before the watchman goes his rounds."

What happened more, I know not. He left the room, and I remained in darkness, except that the lamp in the court-yard flared with the wind, and that the rain battered against the window. My leg ached very much. Sleep I could not. I lay and listened for every passing sound. Tick, tick, tick, went the great clock, which was fixed outside the wall of that part of the house where my chamber was, and which between the gusts of wind I could distinctly hear. One or twice I thought I heard whisperings on the staircase. Could it be the robbers? Had the gentleman neglected my warning? Oh, how I longed to be able to creep to the door! The clock struck twelve, but there was no noise but the continual tick, tick, tick of the clock, and the pattering of the rain. Could they have given over the attempt? I was sure I had not been mistaken in my information. All at once I heard, in the room over mine, the window opened, and a man step down upon the floor; another followed, another, and another. They struck a light, the window was gently shut, and I could distinctly hear them walk lightly across the room, towards what by the shape of my chamber I conceived the door. I was right; the door opened, the sound of their feet was upon the stairs. I lay in agony. What would be the event? I did not wait long in suspense. A violent outcry and the firing of pistols succeeded—struggling, swearing, blows and screams. This lasted some four or five minutes. Presently some one entered the room over head and opened the window, and then rushed back again. It must be, thought I, that they had cut off his escape! As I afterwards learned, the ladder had been removed. He returned to the staircase and ran down. My door opened; some one entered and made for the window: it was barred: he had not much time

to undo it. The master of the house and two others entered—he fought well, and once was nearly on the bed. I shrieked with apprehension for my poor leg. At last he was overpowered and led out of the room. There was no more quiet in the house that night. Every one was moving about. The court-yard sounded with the voices of many persons. All was confusion and uproar. I did not fail of my share of attention; I soon found I was an object of no common feeling.

The surgeon came to me again in the morning, and the whole family visited me in the course of the day. I learned that one robber had been shot and badly wounded, another beaten almost to death; one escaped by opening the street-door and joining some companions, who drove off in a cart; and one taken in my room. Such were the events of the night.

One of the porters was much hurt, and another dislocated his wrist by a fall on the staircase. The master of the house and his son escaped with only a few slight bruises.

I lay some weeks in my bed, during which I was furnished with books, and indeed everything I could require; and at last, for it appeared a weary time, was permitted to go about upon a crutch. My little blue-eyed friend was all attention to me, and in a few more weeks I was well, and again wandered down to the quay and about the town.

One day, the master called me into his private room, and said, "Well, F——, you are now well: What do you intend to do?"

I answered, "I am sure I don't know."

"Perhaps," he said, "you will make a friend of me, and tell me your history?"

I hesitated.

"You need not fear. You have done me two services, and I never forget. Tell me all, candidly; you shall never repent it—no one shall ever know it from me."

"What, no one?"

"No," he said; "not even my wife."

"You will never speak to me again, when you know all."

"Again," said he, "I tell you, not to be afraid."

And so I made a full confession; and, when I had done, I looked up with shame and confusion, expecting to see him as an enemy, and to be turned out of his house. To my surprise, he took me by the hand, and said,

"I thank you for this confidence. I had, indeed, expected as much. I knew that you must have been in very bad company; for, although you did not observe it, you told me the names of those men, whose voices you could only have heard when you were aroused from sleep in the alehouse; and when I talked with them in prison, and intimated that I had notice of their attempt from one who knew them and their language, one said, *It must have been, then, either the devil or that hang-dog of a murderer's son who told you.*"

I felt as if I must sink into the earth; for although

I had told him all, the very mention of it again from his lips seemed to paralyze me. But he reassured me, and offered me a situation in India, which he had procured for a sister's son who was dead—a clerkship in an office, where, he said, if I would be attentive, I might make my fortune; and moreover, that I should go out as captain's clerk in a ship of which a relation of his was captain, who would have me instructed during the voyage, to fit me for my situation. His kindness did not stop here; he furnished me with everything needful, and I sailed amidst the good wishes and the bounty of the whole family.

These particulars were told me by my friend, General Sir F—— H——, as we rolled along in his travelling chariot and four to his magnificent mansion in — Square.

"This," he said, "was my early history. You, my dear Archibald, know how I sped in India—how, from the mercantile, I became a volunteer in the famous expedition under —; and how, by one stroke of what men call fortune, I rose above my fellows, and far above all expectation. I thank God—He has always been *my God*. He it is who has helped me. *Trust in Him*. You are young yet, but the mercies of the Almighty, through his blessed Son, are fortune enough for any—for all."

"And your sister, General?"

"She died young. I never saw her more. I have, indeed, been but once in England since that time. My benefactor was dead—my secret died with him—you are now its only depository. It was in that visit to England that I married; and—I will let you into one more piece of my history—Lady H—— was the fair blue-eyed daughter of my friend, the child I saved from the cart-wheel at —, nearly at the expense of my own life."

It was many years after this that I obtained permission to publish these particulars. The General's last words were—"I am wifeless and childless; you are the inheritor of my property, due to you as the preserver of my life in India. The history may do good—it can harm no one. Let the public have it after my decease."

LA CAMERARA-MAYOR.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH, 1701.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

THERE is more truth than at the first glance appears in the sweeping assertion of La Rochefoucault: "Rien n'est impossible: il y a des voies qui conduisent à toutes choses, et si nous avons assez de volonté, nous aurions toujours assez de moyens." We have implicit faith in this sentiment. The gay sayer of sparkling aphorisms, of daring and unpalatable truths, built his opinions on the strong foundation of long observance of his fellow-creatures, and experience in the forte and weakness of many a cultivated mind. He considered life and character in a vast and brilliant studio,—the court of Louis XIV.; and

a distinguished modern writer, who studied men and things moving in a very different arena, and looking on himself with a mental vision far more clear and searching, has yet arrived at nearly the same conclusion: "What is of greater value than that which often receives the name of genius, is not to be considered as an original quality, but a habit of the mind. It is nothing more than intense mental activity, steadily directed to some leading pursuit. *This*, call it by what name you will, is the source of all distinction."

This strong volition, consistently and perseveringly maintained, is the secret of success, and in right or wrong is nearly certain to secure it. It was a most unwearied and pertinacious ambition that made Anne Marie de la Tremouille, Princess Orsini, for many years, in fact, though not in name, ruler of Spain; and would have placed on her escutcheon the many-quartered arms of that kingdom, had not Time, merciless Time, stamped on her yet fair brow a few of the traces usually acquired in a passage of some sixty years through the tortuous ways of this troublous world. As our old friend La Rochefoucault writes, "Il ne sert de rien d'être jeune sans être belle, ni d'être belle sans être jeune." To this saying, however, neither experience nor history gives the strong corroboration and support which both lend to the maxim we quoted in a previous passage.

Female influence was then at its zenith amid the courts of Europe. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, swayed the councils of the good-tempered bon-vivant, Queen Anne. "La Vieille," as her aristocratical enemy, the Duchess of Orleans, persists through her memoirs in calling Madame de Maintenon, held entire rule in the policy of Louis XIV. He, whose youth had been devoted to the worship of beauty, surrendered the years of middle life and old age to the domination of a devout prude, older than himself, with some comely remains of good looks, but without high genius or brilliancy; possessing sound sense, and a marvellous and most unfeminine talent for keeping silence and a secret when it was politic so to do. We cannot enter into the prejudice that exists in many minds against Madame de Maintenon, her prudish airs, her fifty years, her long prosperity. The extended period of her life certainly divests her memory of the charms of sentiment, even with the help of Madame de Genlis's novel. We cannot feel any romantic interest about her. It would be by no means fair if we did: that kind of posthumous attraction belongs to the unfortunate, the beautiful; those who "die betimes;" often—we are sorry to write it—to the pre-eminently wicked. We are afraid the lives of Lucretia Borgia or the Marchioness de Brinvilliers would be formidable rivals, as public taste runs at present, to the memoirs of far more respectable historic personages. Madame de Maintenon seems to have used unlimited power with great moderation, and often exercised sound judgment in the use of her influence. She was above many feminine vanities and weaknesses, among which we may men-

(1) Abercrombie, "On the Culture and Discipline of the Mind."

tion that she never sought to appear younger than she was; she held the king bound in the substantial but unglittering iron chains forged by habit, good common sense, and a reasonable placid temper. She offered a harbour of rest to a monarch wearied by the passionate virulence of De Montespan, the silent reproaches of De la Vallière's tears, the frivolities, the infidelities, the passing excitements of a dozen other transient liaisons. The selection of a Camerara-Mayor for the young Queen of Spain awakened many discussions in the little boudoir, where Madame de Maintenon sat quietly at her work, ostensibly attending to it, but in fact, with consummate cleverness, directing the counsels and influencing the determination of the great king.

Charles II. had breathed forth his troubled spirit after bequeathing to his young kinsman, Philip, Duke d'Anjou, those many realms, which had never been to him a source of pleasure: "God is the disposer of kingdoms; I am already nothing," he exclaimed, while signing the unwilling testament, wrung from him by French intrigue.

It seems as if a weight of gloom and woe, of madness or imbecility, attends the possession of the Spanish throne. The young Philip soon began to show such unpromising and spiritless indolence, that his wise grandfather hastened to try the effect of matrimony in giving him new objects of interest. His choice fell on the sister of the Duchess of Burgundy, the daughter of Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy. She was a bright and gentle creature, hardly fourteen years of age, possessing all the charming qualities that made her sister the delight of the French court, and almost the only object of love and hope amid the dreary splendour and heavy afflictions of Louis XIV.'s old age. Fair, and fresh, and graceful, like a wild flower of her native mountains, looking even younger than she was, Marie Louise of Savoy came to the pompous and solemn grandeur of the Spanish court. The coterie at Versailles selected, as her chief lady-attendant, the Princess Orsini, whose duty it was to secure the young queen to the French interest, and jealously to watch the influence which a wife was so sure to possess over a character like that of Philip V.

The previous history of this lady is curious, and has afforded matter of scandalous comment to those charming gossips, the French memoir-writers.

Anne Marie de la Tremouille sprang from a race fertile in warriors and heroines. She shared the exile of her first husband, the Prince de Chalais, who was compelled to flee the kingdom on account of his share in the famous and unfortunate duel with the La Fret family, which ended fatally to one of the parties concerned. Spain was his place of refuge, and here his beautiful young wife acquired that knowledge of the language and manners of this nation which laid the foundation of her future greatness.

They next took up their abode in the Venetian territory. Here they separated, and she went to Rome to solicit the patronage and assistance of the French cardinals there, De Bouillon and D'Estrées, and the

Cardinal Portocarrero, then Spanish Ambassador at the Papal Court. Shortly after she had secured the protection of these powerful men, not without some reports arising injurious to her fair fame, the Prince de Chalais opportunely died, and left the widow-exile dependent on the pecuniary assistance of her new friends. "Why should we condemn any man's meanness when we know not his destiny?" says Bishop Hall. The hand that now gratefully received the old Cardinal's bounty was designed to dispense the resources and honours of a vast kingdom. These prelates negotiated for her an alliance with Flavio Dei Orsini, Duke of Bracciano and grandee of Spain. He was of the race of the Orsinis, so famous in modern Roman history,—of that family whose frequent feuds with their rivals the Colonnas alarmed the city with conflicts as bloody, and about as profitable, as those of the gladiators in her arenas of old.

This marriage, founded solely on interested motives, was unhappy; but it endowed the lady with the wealth and high station she coveted, and enabled her to shine amid the most envied and admired in the courts of Rome and Versailles; there she improved her former acquaintance with Madame de Maintenon. This intimacy was commenced in far different circumstances. The fair and portionless Widow Scarron was then residing in the Convent of the Ursulines, Rue St. Jacques, on very limited means, yet commanding the notice and contriving to keep up the acquaintance of a portion of the brilliant society that frequented the house of the witty old writer whose widow she was. We do not find that the Princess de Chalais bestowed tokens of friendship more substantial than kind words and occasional friendly notice; agreeable doubtless to the recipient, coming from so high a quarter, and of no cost to the gracious donor. Of these small attentions, however, De Maintenon in her days of power and prosperity retained a grateful remembrance; and she supported by her all-powerful influence the petition of the princess to accompany the young Queen of Spain to Madrid in the capacity of Camerara-Mayor, or superintendent of the royal household. St. Simon gives a very animated sketch of the lady destined to play a part so distinguished on the stage of history: "She was above the middle size, dark in complexion, with fine blue eyes; in manner and appearance extremely interesting and ingratiating"—so attractive that this denizen of courts declared he had never seen her equal. Her voice and manner were most pleasing, and her conversational talents of the first order; sparkling with anecdotes of the different countries and distinguished personages she had seen and associated with in her migratory life. She possessed a simple natural eloquence, and the power of pleasing all whom it was her will to attract. With an ambition so pre-eminent, and a spirit and ability superior to most men, she yet shared largely in feminine weakness; she was excessively fond of admiration, vain of her personal and mental attractions, and retained in extreme old age a taste for dress of the most youthful character. She was

proud and haughty, a zealous and jealous friend, a most implacable and persevering enemy.

There would seem to be a singular charm in the favour of kings and the atmosphere of courts, for the desire of possessing the former, and existing in the latter, has subjugated some of the most powerful minds, and placed them in a frivolous and unworthy bondage. This rich, highborn, and imperious woman succeeded in acquiring the right of taking off the king of Spain's dressing-gown when he went to bed, and giving him his slippers when he rose in the morning; of placing the night lamp in the royal bed-chamber; the oil from which utensil the princess declares she almost invariably spilt over herself—and no wonder, considering the heavy sword and other necessary but not ornamental articles with which she describes herself as being laden. Her popularity, despite this awkwardness, became so great, that she had to pay the penalty which the possession of this sort of favour commonly entails; she became so necessary to the comfort of the royal pair, that she was roused two hours earlier than suited the taste of the luxurious widow of the Orsini, and had to take her meals *en courrant*. Through this agreeable and powerful agent, Louis XIV. intended governing the court of Spain; and Madame de Maintenon, through the means of this old friend, determined to inform herself of all the secrets of the Spanish correspondence;—a knowledge which she could not exactly gain through the spirited and faithful Torci, who was entirely attached to Louis XIV., but would never subject himself to the humiliation of communicating his despatches to Madame de Maintenon, whom he pertinaciously regarded as the Widow Scarron,—animated by the same aristocratic prejudices that provoke a smile over the pages of St. Simon and the Duchess of Orleans.

The early part of the Princess Orsini's court life was chequered by many public trials; and her fidelity to the young queen more severely tested than that of most mistresses of the robes. The War of the Succession was raging. The Italian dominions of the Spanish monarchy were first assailed; and thither Philip went, leaving his fair young queen to head the Regency of Spain. Amid many privations and trials, Marie Louise and her able camerara-mayor acted with a decision and wisdom which drew forth the praise of Louis, and extracted a compliment from the bitter Louville: he expressed his astonishment, that such a union of reason, love, and strength of mind could exist in a being so young and gentle; and the King of France assured his grandson that he considered his marriage with one so wise and good, the greatest blessing of his life. They had pecuniary difficulties of no common order to contend with. The riches of Peru and Mexico strangely vanished from Spain; she never appeared so impoverished as since the cruel acquisition of those vast colonies. The "mot" of Boccacini was true to the letter: "L'Espagne est à l'Europe ce que la bouche est au corps: tout y passe et rien n'y reste." It was during these days of

sorrow and difficulty, that the first wife of Philip the Fifth laid that foundation of love and tender recollection in the hearts of her people, which found so discordant a voice for the ears of the successor on her husband's throne—the astute and grasping Elizabeth Farnese. "Viva La Savoyana," sounded in the streets of Madrid during many a royal procession, long after the fair mortality that once owned the designation had mouldered in the vaults of the Escorial. The infatuated obstinacy of old Cardinal Portocarrero, unequal to discharge his duties as minister, and yet most jealous of any assistance and interference, was only rivalled by the annoyance occasioned to the court of Spain, the most punctilious in Europe, by the easier manners of the French, and the light consideration vouchsafed by the young queen and the camerara-mayor for the momentous etiquette of ancient Spanish usages. We all know that one of their kings died in consequence of being partially roasted alive, because there did not happen at the time to be present a grandee of sufficient rank to wheel back his chair. The queens have not been more fortunate; their lives and daily comfort have been placed in jeopardy and destroyed on the same frivolous grounds. Mariana of Austria, queen of Philip IV., was thrown into serious trepidation on her wedding progress by the stern etiquette of her new subjects. The citizens of one of the principal towns through which she passed on her way to the capital, went out to meet her laden with presents, selected from the richest commodities and manufactures for which their town was famed; gorgeous brocades and silk stockings were among these. The sight of the latter articles so incensed the punctilious major-domo in attendance on the royal bride, that, furious with passion, he flung the stockings back in the face of the well-meaning burghers, and screamed forth this memorable sentence:—"Aveis de saber que las Reynas de España no tienen piernas!" ("I would have you know, gentlemen, that the Queens of Spain have no legs!") We are told that the young princess, in a burst of nervous agitation, inquired if amputation of her legs were a necessary preliminary to taking possession of the Spanish throne. The life of the first wife of Charles II., the beautiful and equally unfortunate daughter of Henriette D'Angleterre and Monsieur, was nearly sacrificed on a similar occasion. It was high treason for any subject to touch the feet of the queen of Spain, save the chief of her *meninas*, or little female pages, of ten years of age. It chanced one day that the royal lady was thrown from a fiery steed of Andalusia, in the very court of the palace, which at the time was filled with grantees, and the helpless little *meninas*. Her foot caught in the stirrup, and she was dragged several times round the court, while the nobles were considering, if they stopped the horse, how they should release the royal foot. At last, and just in time to save her majesty's life, two young knights, De las Torres and Sotomayor (for their names deserve recording), dashed forward, and rescued the

queen, in doing which the hand of one was dislocated; but without pausing one moment to receive the thanks so well earned, they mounted their horses and fled the vengeance of outraged etiquette. It may be a satisfaction to the reader to know, that, for once reason prevailing, a free pardon was sent after the gallant delinquents.

The easy cheerfulness of the Princess Orsini was indeed a novelty in a camerara-mayor, whose duty it was to persecute the queen-consort with court usages and Spanish prejudices. The Duchess de Terra Nova filled this office under poor Louise d'Orleans, and rendered a principal part of her short life a scene of tedious trial. She was a woman of the highest birth, of a ferocious pride, and more than suspected of instigating murder. This beldame, hideous in person as in mind, was always either at the elbow or the heels of her unhappy charge, or following her abroad, mounted on a mule, in lugubrious widow's weeds, and a high Mother Shipton sort of hat. She contrived to persuade the king that an improper meaning lurked under the queen's naive inquiry, addressed to a native Syrian Christian, as to the habits of females in the East, and whether they were kept as strictly prisoners at his birth-place, Muzal, as in Madrid. When a slight difference had occurred between the royal pair, and the young wife was impatiently awaiting at her window the king's return from hunting, resolved, at the earliest moment, to remove the shadow of displeasure that might yet be lurking in his mind—this persecuting old crone was near, to inform her, in shrill and dictatorial accents, that "the queen of Spain ought not to look out at the window."

It speaks highly for the tact and ability of the Princess Orsini, that she was really able, in a great measure, to modify these extravagances. She even persuaded many of the nobles to attend the toilette of the queen, and the king led forth some of the ladies in the dance.

As in this personal sketch we have little to do with politics, it is unnecessary to dwell on the events of the Italian campaign. It began unpropitiously; for the blood of St. Januarius obstinately refused to liquefy in compliment to king Philip, to whom, however, its termination was rather favourable than otherwise, but of no very decided advantage; and from Italy the melancholy young sovereign brought the seeds of that hypochondriac disorder which increased almost to insanity in his later days.

While the War of the Succession was harassing Europe, the influence of the clever camerara-mayor was hourly gaining strength and solidity: she promised to be greater in Spain even than De Maintenon in France; at least to be more *ostensibly* powerful; for she had not the wise quietude of the widow Scarron in gaining and carrying out her objects. She set up and cast down ministers, strong in the affection of the queen, who ruled the king. She spoke of "her administration" in her letters to Torci; she quarrelled with the ambassador of France, the Cardinal D'Estrées, a man of proud birth, consummate diplomatic skill, and probity and erudition; but the very splendour of his

qualifications unfitted him for the post of ambassador in Spain, though supported by Louville, the satirical confidant of Philip, and D'Aubenton, the king's confessor. Continual quarrels arose, and daily occurrences piqued and aggravated both parties. The princess and the royal pair were true to each other; while the irascible cardinal demanded if it was necessary for him to bring his baptismal register to show who he was, and what in consequence were his pretensions; and, in his despatches to Versailles, designated the princess as "the woman who beset and governed the king." These representations drew a most angry letter from Louis. He had not expected that the instrument of his own selection would ever exercise an independent influence; he did not deign to listen to her explanations, nor the entreaties of the king and queen of Spain, but angrily besought his grandson not to shut himself up in the disgraceful effeminacy of his palace, and dictating to him rules for his future conduct, threatened to withdraw from Spain the Princess Orsini; but this the Great King failed to effect.

The able tool rose up a power that for the time defied the master's will. The queen's health failed; every thing fell into confusion. The cardinal continued quarrelling and scolding like an angry old woman, and the princess came off victorious. Louis was compelled to indite to her, with his own hand, a letter expressive of confidence and friendship; and so far from the recall of the haughty favourite being required, he assured her that her continuance at court would be for his service, and the good of the young king his grandson. She, therefore, and her two "Freedmen," as D'Estrées indignantly termed the clever financier Orri, and her favourite and secretary D'Aubigny, continued in high power and favour. They, with the princess, wielded the whole power of the state, triumphant over Spanish prejudice and the authority and anger of Versailles.

And very ably the government seems to have been conducted; to the advantage of the nation governed, and the discomfiture of French policy and interference, always so fatal to the peace of Spain. The cardinal was withdrawn; and his nephew, the abbé D'Estrées, filled, with the approbation of the princess, his post as the ambassador of France. And so friendly was the understanding between them, that on one occasion the intriguing, entirely unmindful of her usual caution, allowed herself to be persuaded to sign an official despatch, in company with Orri and himself. This glaring informality and public recognition of her power and influence, again drew down the indignation of Madame de Maintenon's cabinet. That lady never so far forgot her position; great as was her power, it never appeared in state documents.

The cardinal D'Estrées seized this opportunity to be avenged on his nephew the abbé, and privately informed the princess, that though the public despatches of the French ambassador were crowded with praises of her talents and conduct, his secret and private letters teemed with abuse and censure, and complaints of

her interference. Here again our heroine lost her self-control; she asked, and obtained from Philip, permission to intercept and open the confidential despatches of the ambassador; there she found narrations, comments and statements, most offensive to her ambition and credit as a *stateswoman*—to her vanity as a female. And when she found it was declared as a fact, that she had married her secretary, D'Aubigny, with other allusions to supposed favouritisms and gallantries, she permitted herself to be so far carried away by rage, that she copied this private despatch, enriching it with marginal comments, one of which, on the subject of her marriage with D'Aubigny, has come down to us. In reply to the accusation, she wrote on the margin, "Pour mariée, non!" Such an insinuation, as Duclos says, was not likely to be admissible at court during the latter days of Louis. It suited neither the reformed manners of his old age, nor, as this author writes, "la pruderie" of De Maintenon; the whole affair was most shameless and impudent, it determined the French king to insist on her dismissal, but he awaited a favourable opportunity to effect it, and in the meantime lulled suspicion by renewed compliments, and the dismissal of the offending ambassador.

Scenes of vast importance to Europe at large, were now passing on Spanish ground; Estremadura and Catalonia were the theatre of long and bloody struggles. The archduke Charles of Austria, the rival claimant to the triple crowns of Spain, took the field with a large force, combined from the Portuguese, Dutch, and English armies. For a time, it seemed that even the skill of Berwick, and the great but cold courage of Philip himself, would fail to preserve the possession of the country. Sir George Rooke planted the flag of Great Britain on the ramparts of Gibraltar. The internal distress of Spain was most alarming; and Marlborough defeated her allies, the French, in Germany. But among all these causes of anxiety, court intrigues and jealousies were not quenched. The dismissal of the princess was effected during the king's absence with the army. Louis insisted upon her departure from Spain, looking on her restless disposition and machinations as a great source of political annoyance and national discontent. The queen was so strongly attached to her camerara-mayor, that Louis did not choose to expose his grandson's obedience to the temptation of her tears and entreaties, and arranged the departure of the favourite during the separation of the royal pair, the queen sullenly consenting. The princess obeyed the mandate that dismissed her from her high honours, without a day's delay. Next morning she departed, no personal interview having taken place with her royal mistress, to whom she addressed a letter, urging her to obey the commands and resign herself to the will of the French king.

With the princess, the court at Versailles flattered themselves that many factions and disaffections would disappear; that all would go on peaceably within the palace at Madrid, and that the Duke de Grammont,

the new ambassador, would charm away the chagrin of the queen. Very different, however, was the state of the case found to be: at the first interview with Marie Louise, in a flood of tears she demanded an explanation of the causes of her friend's dismissal, and indignantly complained of the offensive nature of the whole affair to the king and herself. "No," she added, "I will not deceive you—I never shall be appeased."

Here was exhibited anything but that serenity and favour anticipated by the hapless ambassador. The queen patiently awaited her opportunity, and on the king's return, reiterated her demands for the princess's recall. She was residing at Toulouse, and endeavouring to propitiate De Maintenon, and to dictate measures to the queen of Spain—in both of which she succeeded. Her attached mistress plunged into a labyrinth of intrigues; she made herself master of the designs and wishes of the French ambassador, and successfully deceived him. Through the agency of her sister, the duchess of Burgundy, she gained the ear of Madame de Maintenon. She obtained the recall of the duke of Berwick, whose soldierly mind could neither assist, nor was capable of entering into the plots of her majesty. "C'est un grand diable d'Anglais sec, qui va toujours droit devant lui," said she. De Grammont and D'Aubenton, the king's confessor, were recalled.

The princess was received at Versailles with triumphant honour, and nearly succeeded in captivating the Great King; at any price, Madame de Maintenon desired to get rid of her fascinating friend. She was permitted to recommend Amelot as French ambassador in Spain, and after a judicious delay, which had only increased the affectionate interest and anxiety of her royal friends, she returned to Madrid, "avec plus d'éclat et d'autorité que jamais," says Duclos. Truly it was a great triumph for a girl of fifteen, as the French king called Marie-Louise, to have carried her point so successfully against such opponents; to have bound, as she did, the hearts of the Spanish people to her, notwithstanding the unpopularity of her adviser, Orsini. When again regent, during Philip's absence with the army, she behaved with the courage of a heroine. When driven out of Madrid by the army of the archduke, she prepared herself to retire to the Indies, in case of losing her European crown; a circumstance that seemed more than probable, when city after city revolted, and, as she expressed it to Madame de Maintenon, "scarcely a day passed without bad news." Through all the misfortunes and reverses of the War of the Succession, through the successive rise and downfall of ministers, the sending out and recalling of embassies, our indefatigable princess kept her place in the royal esteem, and her support was necessary to every candidate for royal favour. But Madame Orsini's experience in the ways of courts had taught her to regard with doubt and diffidence even her continuance in power; and that she long meditated an honourable and distinguished retreat, is rendered evident by the difficulties which she threw in the way of

the conclusion of European peace at Radstadt. This private individual, this childless woman, coveted for herself the possession for life of the town and canton De la Roche in Ardenne (Rupes Ardennæ), situate about twelve miles from Luxembourg. With a selfishness and uncontrolled ambition, singularly characteristic of the unworthy friend of the disinterested and affectionate girl-queen, she insisted on securing this territory as a small sovereignty for herself. To this design she had gained the consent of France and England; but Austria, whom she had offended and never served, and the sturdy Dutch, stood out against this unusual and unreasonable demand, which had been recognised at Utrecht.

In the midst of these negotiations, death struck the beloved consort of Philip V. At the age of twenty-six, in the bloom of her beauty, the happy mother of promising children, she sunk into an early grave. In September, 1713, she had given birth to her son Ferdinand; she died at the commencement of the following year. "El Reyno la lloró con lágrimas del Corazon porque el dolor nace de la misma oficina del amor," as writes Florez, the courtly biographer of the Spanish queens.

"The interregnum between the death of one queen and the arrival of another," says Archdeacon Coxe, "became the reign of the Princess Orsini." Philip, anxious to remove himself from a palace where every thing reminded him of the loved and departed, took up his residence at the hotel of the Duke of Medina Celi. As governess of the Prince of the Asturias, the Orsini accompanied him. The convent of the Capuchins adjacent to the hotel afforded her apartments; and the open gallery connecting the two buildings was closed to admit of private communication between the inhabitants. The order to enclose this passage was given on a Saturday evening, and the workmen made some scruple of working on a Sunday. Le Père Robinet, who, though a French Jesuit, was a truly good and honest man, being consulted on the propriety of proceeding, he hesitated, and then exclaimed—"If you had orders to pull down the gallery, I should say, work all Sunday, even on Easter Day." "But," says Duclos, "the orders of Des Ursins were dispensations, and the gallery was made."

From this moment all the courtiers imagined the king's marriage with the princess almost certain. A woman so fascinating and ambitious was a dangerous companion for the solitude of the royal widower. But the stern truthfulness of Robinet prematurely settled this question.

The king delighted in a little quiet gossip with his spiritual adviser, who frequently communicated passages of private history and current reports, which would not otherwise have reached the royal ears. On one occasion he asked Robinet what news were afloat in Paris.

"Sire," was the reply, "on y dit que V. M. va épouser Madame des Ursins."

"Oh! pour cela, non," replied the king, drily.

The repetition of this dialogue, short as it was, seems to have been conclusive to the shrewd though vain mind of the princess. There was no recalling the bloom of her girlhood,—the distinguished and glowing charms of her maturity. She was old. Bolingbroke had called her "this old woman." She was faded. It was to the charms of her mind that she must look; on these she must rest her pretensions to the crown of Spain; and these, it would seem, failed to secure the regal prize. The next object was to place a queen on the throne through whom she could rule the king, and exercise her former influence; and to the Abbé Alberoni she confided her designs, and made inquiries concerning Elizabeth Farnese, the niece of his sovereign, the Duke of Parma. This imperious and grasping woman was then unknown, and the powerful qualities of her mind lay undeveloped in the subjection and obscurity of her position in the petty court of Parma. Had she not been fated to mount a throne, this phase of her character might have rusted for lack of opportunity and occurrence to sharpen and draw it forth to light and action. She wanted not occasion for the exercise of these qualities when she wore, as a second consort, the crown of Spain.

Alberoni, the astute confidant of the princess, was an extraordinary man. The German proverb tells us that "every man is the smith of his own fortunes;" and in the case of the son of the little market-gardener of Parma—for such was the future cardinal and minister,—the truth of the adage is very evident. He immediately comprehended the advantages to be derived from this marriage. He represented Elizabeth as an easy tempered, ignorant girl, "plump and well fed," fond of needlework, and, above all, tractable. On this lady the misguided choice of the princess fell. She talked to the king of her, and unknown to his grandfather the affair was set on foot. Of course, no opposition was likely to arise at Parma, and the previous engagement of the future queen to the duke of Mirandola, the grand écuyer of her uncle, was broken off, and preparations made for her journey to Spain.

In the mean time some busy friend opened the eyes of the princess to the deception practised by Alberoni. The plump Lombard was this time painted in her true colours by one who was capable of comprehending the hidden depths of her character; and the princess listened in trembling to these decisive traits. It was evident that Elizabeth Farnese would be queen herself, no vice-reine would rule under her; and, in her dismay, the Orsini sent pressing orders to suspend the marriage, which, however, took place by proxy the day after her courier had arrived at Parma; this unwelcome messenger having been induced to lie *perdu*, and delay his appearance until the ceremony was concluded.

From this moment it is believed that the young queen resolved to free herself of the camerara-mayor. Some writers declare that Philip gave her secret instructions to this effect, for reasons that argue ill for the delicacy of the writer, or of the lady to whom the

note was addressed. The king was too happy, in the thoughts of his approaching marriage, to suspect the cause of offence given by the princess to the royal family of Parma; he was totally ignorant of the counter orders contained in the despatch of the intercepted courier. The reasons, as well as the real instigator, of the princess's sudden disgrace, have remained among the hidden mysteries of history. Sometimes the French king, sometimes De Maintenon, have been suspected; but certain it is that when Elizabeth communicated to Alberoni, *en route* for Spain, her resolve to rid herself of Madame Orsini, the Abbé expressed the greatest astonishment, and shrunk from any interference in the affair. Filled with doubts and fears, the stately princess advanced to meet the young queen, in whose character she had been so deceived, at Kadrara, a small town four miles beyond Guadalarana, where the impatient king awaited his bride—a bride far different from her predecessor, the daughter of Savoy, who slept in the gloomy Escorial. The Orsini had written impatiently to Madame de Maintenon on the fulsome praises bestowed by the courtiers on the coming queen. She was not handsome, much marked by the smallpox, owing her only charm to the animated, but not candid, intelligence of her countenance; she was imperious, passionate, avaricious, yet a clever dissembler, acquiring and holding her power over her hypochondriacal husband by constant flattery and apparent submission. There is nothing to charm in the character of the artful Italian; and our sympathies are henceforth almost enlisted on the side of the once all-powerful subject and favourite whose strange downfall we are about, in a few words, to relate. In full dress, the princess advanced to meet the young queen, and, kneeling, kissed her hand; she was received courteously, and conducted her Majesty to her apartment, where she remained only a few minutes, the queen bursting forth into violent reproaches, and declaring her dress improper, and her manners insulting. To no apologies would she listen, but, thrusting the princess towards the door, she commanded the assistance of the guard in waiting, to arrest and convey her to the frontier. The amazed official gazed and listened in wonder, and hesitated to obey. "Turn out that mad woman!" was the queen's passionate demand; and she wrote on her knee the order that consigned the Princess Orsini to her inexplicable banishment.

Attended by only one female, without any change of dress, or protection against the bitter cold, she travelled towards the frontier under the escort of fifty dragoons. What her reflections were we may well imagine: to express them would be difficult. At first sullen silence, and occasional bursts of indignation, varied the scene. Her two nephews, the Count de Chalais and Prince of Lanti, joined her the third day; and, reproving them for their doleful countenances, she asked for tidings from the king, adding, "that she was perfectly tranquil, and had nothing to reproach herself with."

In the news they brought, and still more in the

cold letter of which they were the bearers from the once devoted Philip, she read that her influence was past never to return. The donation of the principality of Rosas had been offered, but this was withdrawn; and the only kindness that was shown to her was the monarch's promise that her pensions should be regularly paid. In her fallen state, the real greatness and power of her mind shone forth; she composed her agitated feelings, she resolutely faced her fate, and supported the difficulties, and privations, and indignities of her journey with an uncomplaining courage. She was even compelled to borrow from her guards a trifling sum to pay her expenses *en route*. The disgrace that had fallen upon her was so swift and unexpected, that not the most necessary preparation had been made for her journey; not even a warm covering shielded from the winter blast those once beautiful shoulders, for *en grande parure* was she forced to depart. The princess addressed Madame de Maintenon from a little house by the sea: "I see that element sometimes calm and oftener agitated—fit emblem of courts, of what I have seen, of what has recently happened to myself, and what must excite your generous compassion."

She requested an asylum in her native land, and this Louis XIV. granted her. The reception she met with at Paris and the court gratified her, and for a while she was again brilliant and cheerful. But the Queen of Spain, who it appears could not forgive one whom she had so deeply insulted, instigated the Duke of Orleans to oppose her appearance at court when any member of his branch of the Bourbon family was present. This interdict, of course, much limited her intercourse with the royal circle, where, however, she still kept up an interest and a correspondence with Madame de Maintenon. The magnificent palace at Chanteloupe, which her favourite D'Aubigny had built at her command, and which she had designed to make her future residence, fell into his hands, she never claiming it as her own. There he resided, and, marrying after the death of our heroine, left this beautiful palace and estate to an only daughter, who in her turn carried it by marriage into the Conflans family, from whom the Duke de Choiseul purchased it, and thenceforward it became the favourite residence of that minister. Dreading the regency of the Duke of Orleans, fifteen days before the death of Louis, the Princess Orsini retired to Holland; the states, that had so strenuously refused to recognise her principality of Limbourg, declined affording her an asylum; thence she passed to Chamberi, then to Geneva, and, after the death of Pope Clement, to Rome, that pontiff having refused, at the instigation of her Spanish enemies, to allow her residence there. "Le goût de la cour est si adhérent dans le cœur de ceux qui l'ont suivie long-tems, qu'ils ne peuvent vivre que là dussent-ils y ramper," says Ducloux. Not being able to enjoy the reality of a court, Madame Orsini consoled herself with the fiction, and, attaching herself to the Pretender James III., did the honours of his court. She died at Rome in 1722, aged above eighty years.

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The Lady Anne

"Occupée du monde," says St. Simon, "de ce qu'elle avoit été et de ce qu'elle n'étoit plus, elle eut le plaisir de voir Madame de Maintenon, oubliée, s'ancantir dans St. Cyr." But how great the contrast! There was wisdom and dignity, and the hope and contemplation of higher things, in the retreat of De Maintenon; but the old age of the Orsini was a painful object to thought and eye. How hardly do some struggle to maintain their place in the world that has given them up!

THE LADY ANNE.

W. BRAILSFORD.

"Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care return."
S. DANIEL, 1562.

I HAVE sought thee night and day,
In the forest's solitude,
In the mazes of the wood,
Thinking of thy worth alway,
Ladye Anne.

Though to me thou art no more
Than the ocean's fretted foam
Round a sea-nymph's coral home,
Or upon some desert shore,
Ladye Anne.

Yet to hear thy gentle voice
Softened into whispering,
Like some moss-encircled spring,
Ever makes my heart rejoice,
Ladye Anne.

I have sought thee by the oak
Where thy early troth was won,
Where the shadows chase the sun
From the haunts of fairy folk,
Ladye Anne.

Where the leaves were all so green
In that balmy month of June;
Now our hearts are out of tune,
And our memories, I ween,
Ladye Anne.

I have sought thee, though I know
Thou wouldst rather I should flee
Every chance of meeting thee;
For the love that I may show,
Ladye Anne.

I will seek thee—thou shalt know
That I do not choose to wear
Furrowed brow or tangled hair,
Emblems of a sad heart's woe,
Ladye Anne.

Words of mine shall never more
For thy favour interpose,
Or my hidden plaint disclose
That thy love thou shouldst restore,
Ladye Anne.

Let the ocean breezes swell;
Sorrow hath as wild a cry
In the heart's intensity,
Solemn toned as parting knell,
Ladye Anne.

Oh the pleasant roses won
In the merry childhood hours,
When the blessings of the flowers
With their beauties o'er us shone,
Ladye Anne.

I still seek thee—yes, to see
Time has left no earthly sign
On that smiling face of thine,
Where childhood read Life's verity,
Ladye Anne.

Yes, to see thee so renew
A long time past, a summer glade,
A hope that fancy ever made
Half like thy love, but aye more true,
Ladye Anne.

Let the ocean breezes swell;
Music have they none so grand
As a proud heart's proud command,
In its strength invincible,
Ladye Anne.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN
OXFORD MAN.¹

T. N. H.

August. 3d.—MET to-day one of the queerest characters that I have seen since I have been down here—I was walking alone along a winding lane which leads to a sort of hamlet on the outskirts of the parish, when I first caught sight of him. This wonder is nothing less than an elderly man, remarkably upright for his years if he be as old as he looks, with a pinched, rigid face, eye wandering, quick, and observant, rather tall, and of a form still muscular. But what is most striking, is the difference between his appearance and his costume. Such garments for the nineteenth century! he wore boots which came up to his thighs, spurred *à la militaire*; a velvet shooting jacket, which has evidently seen many more summers than the present; his trousers were of a piece of the roughest corduroy, and remarkably ancient. To conclude the picture, he sported a hat, the brim of which was as if it had been goffed by some unskilful laundress; the crown—however, I need not particularize. The *tout-ensemble* was dismally shabby, and contrasted most drolly with the bearing of the man; which was that of a really well-bred person. As he passed me, he took off his hat with the air of a perfect gentleman—that is, I beg pardon, he would have done so, but the unhappy brim aforesaid wouldn't stand it, and the hat made a sort of a bow of its own, coming thereby into rude contact with the owner's nose—much apparently to his discontent. He has greatly excited my curiosity. I asked the rector about him, when I reached home. He says, he is a stranger in the village, just arrived; that he has been making inquiries about Willy Jewell, and that he has something to do with that letter which he had received from the London solicitor.

Hutchins came in this afternoon. He was in a fit of his unnatural spirits, and Miss Montague, as usual, had almost the whole benefit of him and them. He wanted to know all the news about the Chartists.

"The old maid," he said, meaning Miss Hawkner, "is in a regular stew. She has not allowed the gardener—would you believe it?—to work out of doors for the whole of this week, but confines him to the house to

(1) Continued from p. 50.

protect her from murders and other possibilities. I go there very often, and always find her in the same place on the sofa, sitting with a little hand-bell close by her side, which she rings about every half-hour to know if the rioters have come yet, or whether anything has been heard of them. She has that blessed 'Elijah the Tishbite' always open before her, page 7, whereof she has been studying for the last fortnight to my certain knowledge."

"She must be very nervous by herself," suggested Miss Montague in a half-soliloquizing tone.

"Oh yes, you know the feminine gender are shocking cowards; they can't help it, poor things! it's their nature. There's Charlotte, now—it's enough to drive one mad. First she'll do this, then that; now she wants me to see whether all's right in the village; and then, when I get up to go, she lays hold of me, and cries like a baby, and begs me not to stir. It's enough to worrit one out of one's life. She has not got to hysterics yet, but I fancy that's because she fears my energetic remedies. And now she has taken it into her head that I must stop at home on Friday to protect her."

"And you will humour her in this respect, I do not doubt, Mr Hutchins," said his fair auditor, in a quiet, cold tone of voice, which too plainly, as I thought, expressed the contempt which the mere words only implied.

But Mr. Hutchins did not observe it.

"Oh yes, of course," he replied, "'for better, for worse,' you know; though I think I have all the worse, and none of the better; eh Miss, Montague?"

"You're somewhat ungrateful to fortune, Mr. Hutchins."

"Or rather, has formed far too modest an opinion of himself, sister mine," chimed in Montague.

This Mr. Hutchins did not or would not hear, so he replied to his lady victim.

"That was the worst day's business, Miss Montague, I ever did; I didn't know women then as I know them now, or I'd have seen myself at——" and here he pointed to some obscure or at least nameless region behind his back, with the thumb of his left hand, "before I'd have altered my condition. Ha! ha!"—but observing to his chagrin that the pun did not take, he added, with a confusion of aspirates very natural to himself, but unusual to educated ears, "before the altar, you know, or *halter*, as I ought rather to say." And here he relapsed into a fit of his peculiar "earthquaky" laughter, which quite realised the pictures of old Mr. Weller in *Pickwick*, with the addition that the external development was a fair index of the internal commotion.

"For know, Iago," said Montague, with a significant smile directed towards his sister,

"But that I love the gentle Deademona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth."

This allusion the doctor did not see, and stared in that simple astonishment with which ladies listen to

the Latin speeches which are made at public schools on the great annual day—*by way of entertainment*, in good sooth: nevertheless he seemed by his manner to have a notion that "Charles" was snubbing him somehow or other, and he looked awkward. Then suddenly fixing on the rector, he said,

"What are you going to do, Montague, eh? I shall have my pistols loaded in readiness. If the villains come near me, they'll catch a Tartar, I warrant 'em. I stand no nonsense. When I was in the milit—our regiment, I mean, I was accounted a crack shot. I remember I once, for a wager, knocked off the head of a breast-pin of Donald, one of the officers in our company, which he tossed up in the air, at twenty yards. And there was an uncle of mine, a colonel of the Ninety-second, who was a famous hand with his pistols. He never missed the bull's eye once in twenty times, shooting at full gallop on horseback."

This relation of dear Mr. Hutchins, whose fame he was very often extolling, was an uncle of his wife, and utterly unconscious of his precious nephew in Dorsetshire; never, for reasons best known to himself, having come near him in his life. Yet this unfortunate uncle was so everlastingly brought forward as a living reality, obtruded as an actual *bonâ fide* wonder of his age, and to that extent, that most of Mr. Hutchins's friends had unconsciously almost conceived the notion that he, Mr. Hutchins, had been born as never man was born before, and had escaped the ties of father, mother, sister, brother—all of which had been by an eccentric arrangement of nature absorbed in one tremendous, live, never-to-be-forgotten uncle, who had a real park with big trees in it, and men servants, not one only, in livery, and "tenants." Oh those happy "tenants!" if they had only known how fond their squire's nephew-in-law was of them! And yet the strangest matter of the whole is, that, with this one notable exception, that gentleman has the profoundest contempt possible for all nobility and ancestral dignities, opining that they are relics of a barbarous age, which is past and gone by for ever; and all that sort of thing.—However, I'm turning my diary into a memoir.

Mr. Hutchins now rose to go, and first fixing his hat on his head,—as a mark of breeding, it is to be supposed,—had just made his exit by the sitting-room door, when Miss Montague went up to her father, and said in a low tone, "Would it not be kind to Mrs. Hutchins, papa, to ask her to come here on Friday? I know she would like to be with Georgie till it is all over."

"Yes, quite true, my darling. Thank you: it never crossed my mind. Mr. Hutchins," cried out the rector, running to the outer door, "will you give my kind regards to your wife, and ask her if she could come up here on Friday to keep my two girls company, while this village invasion lasts?"

Mr. Hutchins, who had meanwhile reached the garden gate, shouted out that he would tell her, but he thought she wouldn't like to leave her husband; and as his face became considerably blank and overcast at

the invitation, the rector did not press it. What if, after all, the coward is afraid to be without his wife! I should not at all wonder.

Miss Montague at dinner time asked her father, if she might offer Miss Hawkner a bed at the Parsonage on Friday. "You know, papa, Mr. Hutchins said she was very nervous."

"And let her get over it as best she can," said Montague; "for my part, I do not at all see why we are to be bothered with an old woman that will invent scandals for a month about us all when she gets home. If all the mischief the Chartists did, were to annihilate—"

"Charles, Charles!" interrupted the rector, "what a strange notion people would form of you, if they were to judge by your words! But, my dear child, how can we accommodate Miss Hawkner?"

"Put her in the cellar with her Elijah the Tishbite," replied Montague.

"Hush, hush, you most troublesome brother, or we'll give her your room, with all the manuscripts about, for public inspection. If there's no other difficulty, papa, that's easily managed. So I'll write to her at once, shall I?"

Mr. Montague gave consent, and the letter was despatched. The bearer brought back a most characteristic reply, which was as nearly as possible, if I can trust my memory for a few hours, as follows:—

"Miss Hawkner presents her compliments to Miss Montague, and begs to decline her invitation, for which she is nevertheless obliged. She considers it to be the duty of a believer not to run away from trials, and she feels sweetest comfort in the assurance that she will be sustained in all her afflictions like others, and particularly dear Job.—Miss Hawkner begs to be remembered to Mr. Montague, and hopes he will reflect upon what Paul says, that faith alone saves us. She hears he is going to trust in prayers and other carnal forms, when the unconverted rebels come here; but hopes it is not true."

"She'd give her head to come," said Montague, "but her pride will not let her."

Saturday, July 6th.—Thank God, every thing has passed off better than could have been hoped or anticipated. The rector received intelligence early in the morning, that the Chartists would come for certain to his parish that evening. The service in the church was fixed for seven o'clock. The village all yesterday was in a terrible commotion; most of the people were frightened out of their wits. The farmers took every precaution; they armed their servants, and put men as sentinels all about their fields and outbuildings. Just before service, a dirty scrap of paper was put into the rector's hand by the sexton, on which there was written, "Preach on this text: Galat. vi. 1. If you don't, you'll repent it."

My feelings on entering the church, I shall not easily forget. Whether it was the unusual occasion or not, I cannot say; but the impression is not likely to leave me soon, I'm sure. The chancel was lighted with a very beautiful corona, besides light from six

large wax candles, three on each side, on high bronze candlesticks along the stalls. The organ is placed in the aisle of the chancel, which is on the south side. The east wall over the altar, and the side walls, are ornamented with diaper work and richly painted emblems, the work of Montague and his sister. The old rood-screen has been restored in all respects, and surmounted by seven candlesticks, which in part lighted the nave. The effect was most beautiful; the yellow light of the candles streaming down on the painted walls, and 'on the rich embroidered velvet, which hung as a sort of reredos to the altar, and then stealing away between the clustered columns, left a deeper shade on the greater part of the roof, as it faded away among the lofty arches of the aisles. The ceiling was of wood, which had been at first painted blue, but had in after times been whitewashed, and then painted a sort of pinkish white. The rector has had it painted blue again, and powdered, as before, with stars. These glittered in the soft light, and did indeed remind me of *that* heaven which they were meant to symbolize; where the wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, for ever and ever. And oh! it was almost overpowering when the voluntary began. The rector had chosen a most penitential piece of music, which Montague played beautifully. At its commencement, the little choir in their surplices, followed by the rector, took their places reverently in the stalls. The voluntary began as if on a single note, and continued throughout low and plaintive; a voice of tender lamentation from the afflicted daughter of Sion. Strangely did it penetrate into the innermost depths of the heart, awaking sympathies therein with its chords of mystic sorrow. It was so exquisitely touching, that I frankly own I wept, and hardly noticed the noise made by the crowd of persons who were entering the church together, till it began to get very full. The service throughout was equally appropriate. The seven penitential psalms were the ones chosen, and they were sung to noble chants, for the most part in a minor key, as were also the evangelical hymns which are used at evensong after both lessons. The voices of the children were more subdued than usual, and at times slightly quivering, which gave an almost painful reality to the solemn service. The stillness throughout was unbroken, till the rector ascended the pulpit, when there was a low sort of murmur. He began by stating why he had not taken the text sent him by some persons, who were, he believed, present; that he could allow no such interference from any but his bishop. He then took for his text, "Obey them that have the rule over you." The sermon was most affectionate, and the tone in which it was delivered more so, if indeed that could be. It was impossible to mistake the earnestness and charity of the preacher. The end of it I cannot forbear quoting, as well as I can recollect it.

"I augur well from your coming to this holy place at all. It is a sign, a hopeful sign, that you are not obstinately bent on violence and wrong. Do not, my dearly beloved children, give us cause to

know otherwise to our sorrow. Remember who you are, ~~Whose~~ you are, and who they are whom you will wrong if you break the peace which we at present enjoy. They are not only fellow-countrymen, Englishmen, but they are your *brethren*. I do not say you have no wrongs to complain of; that there is not much which presses on the poor. But you will get no good (I am now merely treating it in a worldly point of view,) by violently trying to set things to rights yourselves; nay, rather, you must do harm, even to a good cause. Seek redress in all legal ways you can. Your clergy will gladly help you, if you ask only for what is just; it is their bounden duty to assist the poor. But the Church dares not to sanction rebellion, bloodshed, or rapine. Nay, she utters heavy judgments on such as do these evils. There is a special blessing on poverty from God, if it be endured patiently and cheerfully. But rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. It has never succeeded in this world, and its punishment is certain and most terrible in the next; moreover, it always fails of its object. Those who stir it up are sure to suffer from it the most, and get tired of it the soonest. Let me pray you, as an aged minister of Christ, to go quietly to your homes, and to leave my people, who have done you no wrong, in the peaceful possession of what is their own. Face your difficulties, and you will overcome them. It may be that your grievances appear huge to yourselves, because you have not honestly laboured to bear them. They have grown larger than they in fact are. Work zealously in your several trades, and you will soon see things in a less gloomy way. If so you will do, I give you God's blessing, and my best wishes that any legal endeavours you may take to obtain your dues, may be successful. And where-insoever I can help you, I promise you I will." * *

The sermon ended with a solemn exhortation to them as Christians, and therefore so much more responsible for all they might do. The emotion in the church during the sermon was almost audible, and the whole congregation throughout were reverent and attentive. I remained in church to accompany the rector, who had determined, whatever might happen, to front the mob after the service was over. They were all gathered in the churchyard, and had lighted torches, which they had with them. The red glare from these threw a lurid light round the vast group, like what one has seen in some of the paintings of Teniers, and increased the ferocious expression too plain on many of their faces. They were, however, evidently subdued, the greater part of them; but some were murmuring, and ripe for mischief. Mr. Montague begged them to leave the churchyard, and meet round the old tree in front of the gate, which was close by, whither he would go with them; they immediately complied. The fact is, by the providence of God, the leaders seemed to have been impressed for good, and were evidently restraining the others. It was a singular scene: all about the tree was lighted by the torches; the night was very dark and cloudy; in front of the large crowd, stood the aged rector in

his cassock, with Montague and myself beside him. However, the rector began by asking them what they wanted from his parishioners, that they came down here. It was a good sign, by the bye, to begin with, that they submitted to a conference at all. One fellow who was behind grumbled out,

"We want bread to eat, and leave to live."

"Well! a very reasonable wish; but surely you can get it without hindering your fellow-countrymen, who have never injured you, from both."

"We've been oppressed and ill-treated, and we won't stand it any longer," the same gruff voice answered, apparently rather inarticulate from drink. "We'll let them know we're not to be made slaves of, and work our lives out for a set of fat, rich nobles and squires, who don't give us bread enough to eat, and treat us like dogs. I wonder why they're a bit better than any one of us? We'll teach them a lesson before we've done. So it's no use your prating here, mister parson. It's all gammon. I'm not going to be made a fool of; and I don't think any of my mates are, either. Eh! what say you, boys?"

There was a silence very ominous to the speaker. I may add here, that I have not put down the oaths which were plentifully dispersed about this man's speeches; for I do not see the good of it; especially if this diary should get into other persons' hands than my own.

"Here goes, then," he continued, "if nobody else does;" and with these words, rushing forward towards us, he raised a tremendous club-stick, with a sort of pike at the end, with the purpose evidently of felling the rector to the ground. The scene now, for a moment, became awful: a few of the men began to move nearer, and to jostle, and clutch the various weapons they had, ready for action, while the muscles of their faces grew rigid and swollen, giving them a fierce and horrible expression. Montague and myself, at the same time, rushed forward to screen the rector, and do our best. I frankly own, I thought we were in for something rather worse than a town-and-gown row; but all in a moment the man was struck down by a powerful blow from some one behind him. It was the queer man I met yesterday.

"Take that, you dastardly coward," he said; "and so I'll serve every mother's son of you, as long as I have a whole arm on my body, who would dare to lift their hands against this good old clergyman."

The mob themselves seemed to catch the speaker's enthusiasm and indignation. They cheered him tremendously, and the few who had been pressing forward, finding which way the wind lay, slunk behind, and bided their time.

But the man who had been thus punished was seriously hurt; for he had fallen on the point of the pike which he had in his hand, and it had injured him severely. The rector had him immediately conveyed to the inn, while he tried himself to disperse the rest. He had not much difficulty in the end; for the man thus wounded was the only one of their three leaders who had not been either shamed or touched by

the solemn service and the rector's words. He was well known, being the worst and most brutal of the whole band. They stated their complaints; and Mr. Montague listened patiently and attentively; but still insisted that instead of getting any good by their riotous proceedings, they would only make matters infinitely worse—that they would not obtain what they wanted, but would lose what little they now had. He admitted that their condition was none of the best; that wages were often too low, and masters too indifferent about their workmen. But then he urged on them the necessity of quiet, for their own sake, as the best chance they had; besides that it was right, and therefore would be sure to succeed in the end. But he found one difficulty: for a Mr. Jeremiah Scroggins, who is an occasional visitor here at the village, making sundry lugubrious preachments in the open air, to the undisguised admiration of the boys, who had, as some of that genus often have, a remarkable taste for noises of whatever kind, came suddenly into sight and prominence. The scene was now really, except that there was a momentary fear of consequences, delightfully ludicrous. This Mr. Scroggins was a short, lean man, with long black hair, greased into temporary subordination. His legs were spare; his face was in the daytime dismally acid, with little ferret-like eyes, a large mouth and somewhat protruding under-jaw, and a complexion considerably bilious. By the flare of the flickering torches he might really have been mistaken for some imp, urging on the men to violence. This man of peace made a rather exciting harangue to the men about letting themselves be imposed upon, or priest-ridden—that the Church was the friend of the aristocrats—that tithes took away the bread from the poor—that it was a shame to have to pay so dearly for one's religion, especially if that religion be such as most liberal people in these enlightened days of freedom did not believe in—and that the parsons, of course, wanted to keep things quiet, and just as they were, for they liked corruption, and bribery, and oppression. "But England," said the orator, now fairly uncorked, like a bottle of ginger-beer, and well up, throwing his arms about like an intoxicated windmill, and jerking out his words somewhat after the manner of a steam-engine, with the mixture of a very professional nasal twang, and at a pitch of voice really inconvenient to one's ears,— "England will never suffer herself to become the slave of a proud priesthood. No, no! Mistress of the circumambient ocean, with 'er ships and steam-boats over every wave—she, who annihilated King Napoleon with her vast navies, till he was obliged to fly to the freezing shores of Moscow, and St. Ellena—she, who forced her Reform Bill at the bloody point of the brave bayonet—whose flag, the emblem of universal liberty, swims upon the breeze in every clime under the blue ivvens—she, who liberated and ransomed the black savages from his everlasting chains, and have raised a never-ending, not-to-be-forgotten light in the eternal pitch darkness, thick as Hellebus—she, I say, will never continue, coun-te-nance, nor al-low the abomina-

tion of desolation spoked of, the withering hupas-tree, as a brother once beautifully pronounced the ty-ran-ni-cal Church of England."

Just as the worthy speaker was thus winding up his eloquence, an old woman cried out as lustily as she could bawl, "Why, you old scoundrel, you good-for-nothing vagabond, who was it got as drunk as a beast at Farmer Mugwell's last week? Eh? Answer that, if you can. I know'd all about it the day arter. An old hypocrite!"

But this practical attack did not have due effect, and for this reason; that the whole attention of the motley audience was directed at the time to another matter. Mr. Jeremiah Scroggins had been interrupted at occasional intervals during the latter part of his speech with shouts of laughter, which I was quite at a loss how to account for, although Montague, close by me, was enjoying the joke, whatever it was, as heartily as any of them. But at the close of Mr. Scroggins's effort, a much louder burst of laughter than any before explained to me the cause; and did I not cachinnate too, myself? The bare remembrance of it now unsteadies my hand so, I can hardly write.

A travelling musician, it appears, had come into the village that evening with his grinder and an astonishingly precocious monkey, who made up in great measure for the dismal chronic complaints to which his *accompanying* friend, the hand-organ, was subject, by sundry little extempore eccentricities. This Italian noise-dispenser had, out of sheer curiosity, mingled in the crowd just as Mr. Jeremiah Scroggins aforesaid had begun his discourse; and the monkey, refreshed after his journey by a considerable after-dinner snooze, had run up a branch of the village tree which just overhung the head of that gentleman, while his master was gaping about, and had accompanied the speaker's words with an accurate imitation of his gestures and postures throughout, throwing his paws about frantically, and otherwise doing Mr. S. to the life. And, just at the end, he had swung himself downwards, still hanging on to the branch by his hinder feet; and with one paw catching hold of Mr. Scroggins's hat, while with the other he *playfully* tapped his face, inflicting a continuous scratch thereon right up his cheek, he ran up along the branch, chattering continuously, as if in pure self-applause. This decidedly took the mob; they enjoyed it intensely. Poor Mr. Scroggins, in a state of dejection at his ignominious position, only waited till the monkey, at its master's order, dropped the hat, to rush away as fast as his legs could carry him. The occurrence had put the men in a thoroughly good humour, and Mr. Montague took occasion of it to say,

"I wish now to go and see after the poor fellow who is so hurt, if you will promise me not to do any harm among us. I hope and believe you will not."

"No, sir, we won't," one of them cried out; "you're good and kind to the poor. I wish they was all like you, sir; there wouldn't be many like us *then*, I reckon. But I don't see what's the good, arter all, of all this fussing. I only know I'm much worserer off

than I wore afore I begun this 'ere game—Let's go along with the parson, and see how it goes with Caleb." The rest saluted this speech with a hurra by way of approval; and on they went, to do them justice, very quietly, when the rector told them that it would perhaps do their comrade harm, if they were not still. When we reached the inn, no doctor had come. He had been sent for, but could not be found any where. The door of his house was locked, they said, the shutters shut, and nobody answered their knock. This soon got wind among the men outside; and sundry of them made a move, first inquiring where the doctor lived, in the direction of his house. We feared harm might happen; so Montague and I followed the troop, to try and save Mr Hutchins from any serious injury, if we could. They soon got there; and one of them knocked quietly at the house. Nobody came to the door. Then they became more violent, and knocked louder and more incessantly. We begged them to remember that there was a lady inside. They said they would do her no harm, but they *would* have the doctor. At last, by dint of sundry threats in case of resistance, and promises if the door were opened, a maid-servant came, as pale as a sheet, and trembling from head to foot, so that the extinguisher in the candlestick she held in her hand rattled again; but before she could speak, Mrs Hutchins came out from the sitting-room herself, and asked what it was they wanted. She was evidently dreadfully excited and alarmed, till Montague and I showed ourselves, and then, in answer to their questions, she said she believed her husband was in a loft in one of the outhouses. Thither accordingly we went; while one or two hurried back into the village, after consulting with the rest, for the purpose of forcibly securing the services of a donkey. They were evidently bent on a lark. I managed to get up with those who ascended the perilous ladder into the loft, and there, sure enough, was Mr. Hutchins, crouched down behind an old empty bin, like a ghost, his hair all disordered, his clothes covered with straw and husks, and his face absolutely wild with fright. I really thought for the moment he had gone mad. As I was behind the rest at first, he did not see me. Around him he saw none but strange faces, from whose expression it was not easy to guess what was intended. He cried in a piteous tone of supplication, "Oh! don't murder me. I'll give you all I have. I'm not a parson. I hate them, and nobles, and squires; and I agree with the Charter in every thing. I'm a friend of the people. Don't injure a poor man like me; I'm sure you won't." The men began to crack rude jokes at his expense. But just then, the light of a lantern fell on my face, and he caught sight of me, and became distressingly confused. He was evidently perplexed, and did not yet feel quite safe; as how should he? In fact, he did not know what to make of it, and I dare say fancied it possible that I was serving him such another sort of trick as confounded friend Pardles in "All's well that ends well." One of them, however, soon put an end to his suspense. "Come, get up with you, you precious coward, and don't keep

crying there, like a big overgrown baby. Get up, I say, don't you hear?—and come along with us."

"Oh, where are you going to take me, gentlemen? Where am I going to?" shrieked the miserable wretch, now fairly at his wits' end, if indeed there ever was such a terminus; "Don't let them murder me, Mr. Freeman!"

But I suggested to him in an under tone, "You had better go quietly. They are not likely to hurt you; only keep quiet."

So Mr. Hutchins, as submissive as a lamb, followed the men to his own gate, where the division which had left for the village, having returned with the animal required, were awaiting their comrades. With bursts of laughter and jokes of their own, they put him on the beast's back, just as he was. They would not suffer him to go in to make himself tidy, nor even to get his hat. But instead thereof, for fear of his catching cold, one of them put on his head a red nightcap, which he had in his pocket; and thus apparelled did he ride, while his retinue urged the ass mercilessly with their sticks, till it, not relishing the application, took to kicking, and poor Mr. Hutchins went up and down, with a celerity which was every moment more critical, and altogether out of keeping with his professional dignity. But no sympathy did he get; on the contrary, the higher he went, and the more unsteady his seat became, the more the mob shouted with laughter. At last one man, an unenviable specimen of his tribe, came behind the unlucky victim, and struck him a violent blow on the back of his neck with his fist. He then was rushing back to the hinder ranks, as fast as his laughter would let him, when Montague stopped his laughter and his progress also most unceremoniously, by catching him fast by the collar, and shaking him as I fancy he never had been shaken before. "You scoundrel, I'll teach you to strike a helpless man in that brutal way."

The man, in a high state of fury, growled out that "he wasn't going to be sarved like that, not by no man; and he'd let him know that pretty quick." But he stopped short, for Montague was evidently not to be trifled with, and had got him fast. Still shaking him, till his very teeth rattled, he said, "I'll serve you like that, and worse too, depend upon it, if you attempt that joke of yours twice, my friend. No one but a paltry coward strikes a man who can't return the blow."

"You're sarved about right, Tommy," said a voice, "to my thinking; so you'd better take it aisy. 'Fair play and no favour' is my motto."

"Hurrah for Bill Jolly!" cried out one or two; and with general cheers for Bill, the doctor persevered in his perilous journey. I confess I was not sorry to see them thus disposed, for Montague's was not a wise act under the circumstances. By the time he reached the inn, though the men with great good feeling had ceased from their noises, a little crowd of the villagers had collected; and before their eyes Mr. Hutchins had to dismount in his odd state of dress, enduring not a few jibes, (for he was not a favourite in the vil-

lage,) and to enter to see the wounded man. They had told him what he was wanted for, on the road. On seeing the patient, he pronounced, with a professional shake of the head, that the wound was a very dangerous one; that he was afraid of internal hemorrhage; and another very bad symptom was, that the local inflammation was owing apparently to the patient's intemperate habits; it was more than usually acute. The men, when they heard the report, were evidently affected; and having first begged the rector to let them know, through one of their leaders, how Caleb got on, they agreed to disperse quietly to their homes.

In the midst of all this Mr. Scroggins suddenly reappeared, and was very anxious to administer consolation "to the sick sinner above stairs;" but the landlord, who duly estimated his sincerity, and had rough ways of his own, which, though questionable in a legal point of view, had the advantage of being expeditious, kicked him out of his house, where his progress was further accelerated by a similar help from the indignant villagers outside. So Mr. Scroggins got neither respect nor rum; two articles, neither of which did he despise.

The Chartists began to disperse, many of them begging to shake the rector by the hand; and one affirmed, as he left the house, that "he was a gem-man to the backbone, and no mistake."

We did not reach the parsonage till eleven, or thereabouts, and found them in a most deplorable state of alarm. The poor old clerk was sitting on a chair in the hall, crying like a child, and at intervals moaning, half to himself, half out aloud, "What have they done with maister?—What have they done with our good maister?" by which name he always dignified the rector. The Miss Montagues were almost distracted, though they endured it differently. The elder one had arranged, from the first, so that they should have news of what was going on, and the turn things were taking. But her aide-de-camp had rushed off, half mad with terror, when the man had aimed his pike at the rector; and when he summoned courage to go back to the scene of action at Miss Montague's bidding, the place was cleared, and no Mr. Montague there, or anybody else, from whom to learn any news of what had taken place; so that from that time they had been in a miserable state of suspense. The servants said, however, that Miss Montague's presence of mind throughout was wonderful. Even the men there had given way like the poor clerk. She was the only person who was quite self-possessed. She had arranged everything admirably in case of emergency; while her sister, utterly unnerved, and weeping as if her heart would break, had gone to her bedroom. But when Miss Montague saw her father and brother come back, both of them in safety, it was too much for her; and with a fervent "Thank God!" she fell on her father's neck, sobbing like a child, and went into a violent fit of hysteria.

What extraordinary natures women have! With greater nerve, very often, and decision of will in the

midst of danger, their spirits rising with the difficulties that surround them, the moment these cease, and the occasion for energy ceases with them, they yield to the physical weakness of their sex. I confess I had not given Miss Montague credit for such strength of character, in my previous estimate of her; perhaps I had not estimated her at all; for certainly, if the truth must be told, I do not like women with characters—figures that you can chisel out, and say they have this quality, and that, and all the rest of it. This may be all very well with men; though in the case of both it is too much like dissection. But the charm in the character of women is, though I cannot say I know much about it, that it is indefinite and indefinable—a reflex of what is noblest around them—pure, transparent, and colourless, as a stream of running water. The greatest tribute to a woman's merit is to confess ignorance of her idiosyncrasy, and to look upon her *relatively*, according to the idea of her primal creation: "He for God only, she for God in him," as the poet says. Joan d'Arcs, Queen Elizabeths, *et hoc genus omne*, do very well in pretty histories written for the gapers of our day. But these are not women; they are monstrosities, worth seeing, like the giant of a show, for their most desirable rarity, but, nevertheless, calling up no sympathies, no tender interest in their fate. Which was the woman, and which consequently does the memory linger about—Queen Elizabeth, or Mary Queen of Scots? A pit-full may gape at your pasteboard heroines of modern romance, who sigh and foam, pop the question out of dubious simplicity and indubitable devotion, run away to strange houses, and all the rest of it; but real taste sickens at all this, and seeks relief in the dreamy ideal of Fouqués Gabrielle, or the more actual but as uncharacterized picture of Rose Bradwardine. I know of but one distinct quality in a real woman, however modified in its forms in individuals, and that one is pure self-denying love. I do not deny that they have a character of their own, though less defined than men, because less sharpened into outline by contact with the world; but these peculiar marks and tokens are *not seen*, nor discovered till after most intimate intercourse; and even then, in all cases, the confidingness of their affection modifies, and imparts its own hue to the whole picture. They even seem monotonous; for they all dress out of doors in one and the same garment, which the custom of society has forced them to adopt—the garment of reserve.

And where this love of the heart is offered up pure and virginal to the highest and noblest object, as is the case with those who are dedicated to a life of religious service, I confess there is nothing in history or experience so truly heroic and ennobling. Who has not in his thoughts the deeds and lives of the Sisters of Charity?

August 8th.—The rector went to see the man who was wounded on Saturday. He is in a very bad way; quite delirious. Mr. Hutchins is to see him for the second time to-day. They were talking in the village about his not having come on Sunday to see him, and

rying out at his negligence, hinting pretty broadly that this was not the first time either that he had so failed in his duty. It is rather curious,—he has not been near us since the row. I expect even *he* has at last felt what shame is.

Miss Montague is to come down stairs to-day. She was in bed all yesterday, very unwell with the excitement and fatigue of Friday.

I do not feel well, somehow, to-day myself, and am suffering a more than usual depression of spirits. There is much harm, I verily believe, in passing too much of one's time in a disengaged way; enjoying ourselves without a real work in hand. It is true I am labouring for my degree; but then my heart is not in *that*, as it should be. I'm afraid the fault is all in myself.

How that girl does what is allotted to her! How heartily she endures the daily drudgery of watching over Willy! And she has her reward, for no one can mistake the child's manifest love for her; indeed, how could it fail of loving her?

Midnight.—The whole house is quiet, but I cannot sleep; so here goes for a little entry in my diary. Miss Montague was telling us this afternoon, after dinner, all the circumstances of the eventful night. I remember one part of the conversation that struck me amazingly, from a remark of the rector at the end.

Miss Montague had been telling Willy, so she said, that the reason he was not to go to bed was, that some bad men were making a rebellion, and perhaps he would have to go to town (Dorchester, that is,) in a coach that night. The child suddenly (I quote her words as nearly as possible,) looked wistfully at her, and then said, catching her hand in his own, "And what is a rebellion, Minnie dear?"

"A rebellion, Willy, is when men do not do what those who teach and rule them tell them to do."

He thought on this, as he often does, when anything interesting is explained to him, and then, looking up with his bright little eyes, as full of love as though they were reflecting the pure glory of his guardian angel, he said, "Are there such naughty men as these, though? Where do they come from? Do they come up from some dark place?—that dark hole which you showed me in the blue picture-book?"

"What, the mines, dearest boy? oh, no! They live about here."

"Then they haven't got my Minnie to teach them, like me, or they would not be so naughty, would they?"

"The dear child was right," said the rector, "they have no Minnie to teach, or guide, or rule them. Would they had!"

"Talking of that," said Montague, "did you hear, sir, what Squire Wilgrave, of Saxton, did last week?"

"No, Charles; what is it?"

"The Chartists went there, and the old fool had the militia down to protect him, and he himself with a cutlass was mounted on horseback. Some fellow tried to stop his horse, and caught hold of his bridle; he quietly cut his hand nearly in half. You know him, sir, don't you?"

The rector shook his head.

"He was the man who opposed the church-rate there, and made a long tirade at Dorchester against the House of Lords and the aristocracy at the last election, besides abusing the bishops and all the rest of it. They served him out, though; for they gutted his house."

"And I don't——" began the rector hastily, his face flushed and his voice quivering with emotion; but as hastily he stopped himself, and relapsed into silence. I thought I saw his lips moving, as if in secret prayer. Oh for his discipline! And yet all can get it who try. It has been the work of a whole lifetime; and hard work too, depend upon it; so I need not be impatient. Such a habit is not the work of a day. I never knew, indeed, a habit that was. But it's worth the labour to be as he is;

A child-like soul, which takes delight
In lowly deeds, and shows aright
The true and guileless Israelite.
Often he seems by toil oppress'd,
Off'ner in VERT TOIL AT REST.

Yes, that's his special characteristic; always at rest in the midst of toil. He lives in peace. A vacation cannot have been wasted that has shown me such a man.

August 10th.—The rector received the following letter to-day, which has sorely puzzled him.

"Chancery Lane, 9th Aug."

"SIR,—I write to put you on your guard against a man who is making inquiries about Helen Jewell. The object of my former letter to you was to obtain information for him, in consequence of his having put the matter into my hands.

"I understand that he has arrived in your parish, and is now pursuing the matter farther himself. I know nothing very satisfactory of him, and his mode of dealing with us has been most unusual. ;

"We do not purpose to move further in the case, as it cannot be of benefit to the deceased woman's child. There is, we believe, a nearer claim.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"STEPHEN JENKINS, Solicitor."

A terrible report about Mr. Hutchins; but the rector would not say what, till he was quite sure of it; but he said it would probably ruin him, if true.

A VISIT TO THE CAMP OF THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS.¹

You ask me if I have seen anything of the Indians lately. I am glad you were interested in my former accounts of them, and will supply you with any little anecdotes I may collect, from time to time, for your amusement. I have not seen old Peter, the hunter, or his good-tempered squaw, since the death of poor

(1) Letter from Mrs. TRAIL, Authoress of "The Backwoods of Canada," to her sister, Miss AEWEN STICKLAND.

Jane, the pretty Indian girl I told you of: she had been married about six weeks, when she fell ill with a bilious epidemic, which proved fatal to her and many others of the Indian village.

Last harvest Tom Noggan (old Peter's brother), his squaw, and their children, came to our neighbourhood, and encamped on the opposite shore, near one of my brother's little islands. The squaws came frequently to get pork and flour from me, and garden vegetables, in exchange for fish, venison, or baskets. For a few pounds of salt pork they will freely give you a haunch of venison, or dried salmon trouts. They are fond of peas, Indian corn, melons, pumpkins, or indeed any vegetables; sometimes they will follow me into the garden, and beg "*onion*," or "*herb*," to put in soup: potatoes they never refuse. They often beg for the shells of green-peas, to boil in their soups and pottage, and will eat them by handfuls.

Mrs. Tom Noggan is sister to Mrs. Peter, and was once reckoned an Indian beauty—but no trace of comeliness remains; but their notions of beauty possibly differ somewhat from ours, for her brother, who bears the appellation of "*Handsome Jack*," is, to European eyes, a sad ill-looking savage. But, to return to my squaw. When she first came she was in very ill health, and had a poor, sick, brown baby with her, about whom she seemed very uneasy. The poor babe was suffering under the effects of a slow fever, that seemed to be wasting and withering up its weakly frame. Its tiny hand hung listlessly beside it, its skin was hot and damp, and its tongue deeply furred and ulcerated. The sorrowful mother besought me, in the most intelligible manner she could, to give it medicine to cure it. I first petitioned to have the poor thing unbound from its wooden cradle, and suffered to have the free use of its limbs, unrestrained by the close swathing bands that confined its narrow chest. I then administered to it, as the safest and readiest remedy, a dose of castor oil, and, in spite of my compassion for the poor little sufferer, I could not help being amused by the original plan the mother adopted to make the papoose swallow the medicine. As soon as I had put it into the child's mouth with a teaspoon, she gently shook its head from side to side, till she fairly got it down the poor thing's throat, reversing the old joke of "*Before taken to be well shaken*."

Mrs. Tom was very thankful for some white bread and rusks, and a bottle of new milk, with which I supplied her, from time to time, for the sick child. She generally came every day to show me the little patient, and I gave her some rhubarb and magnesia for it. Whether they were the proper medicines for its case I cannot say, or if it was the better food it got, and the release from its cradle, that agreed so well with it; but I had the satisfaction of seeing a wonderful improvement take place in a short time, and before the Indians moved their camp, little Moses was quite brisk, and as lively as a kitten.

When Mrs. Tom was so poorly, and came to trade for meal or flour, and I asked for baskets, she used to shake her head, and answer in a plaintive tone, "*Got-*

a none," "*Go Mut-a-Lake*," or "*Buckhorn-a-Lake*," meaning she had got none till she went to Mud Lake or Buckhorn Lake. The former place is where the Indian village is situated at present; but, on account of the unhealthiness of the site, it has been judged expedient to remove them to Buckhorn Lake—one of the largest of our beautiful chain of Otonabec lakes. This sheet of water takes its name from the singular indentations of its bays and peninsulas, which they say resemble the horns of a deer.

The Indian women manufacture their baskets from the inner tough rind of the bass, which you know is a large species of the lime or linden, and from the blue beech; having stripped off the hard or outer bark; they then divide the inner or white rind into strips, and beat it with a tomahawk to render it pliable, keeping it wetted frequently whilst they are at work; these they dye black, or red, green, blue, or yellow, to fancy, with indigo, logwood, butternut, hickory, blue beech, redwood, and other dyes, with the uses of which they are intimately acquainted; but they are not very communicative on the subject, and will not tell you how they give those bright hues to the porcupine quills.

The winter and spring passed over without our seeing anything more of the Indians, with the exception of three squaws, who came in one cold day; and though I showed them some attention, they were apparently very insensible to it, and on my declining to purchase some ill-wrought baskets, they rose simultaneously, and wrapping their black mantles about them, walked forth without saying another word. They were very uninteresting squaws.

A few days ago, I received a friendly visit from Mrs. Tom and little Moses, with half a score more squaws and papouses, and after most affectionately greeting me, and bartering some fine fish for flour and bread, they all expressed a desire for us to visit the wigwam, which was situated on Strawberry Island, the largest of the three islands in our lake. But a difficulty arose; they had only one birch canoe, and that was deeply laden, as you may suppose, when I tell you it had conveyed ashore Mrs. Tom, her really pretty sister, the widow, Nancy Boland, Mary Anne Fron, and Mrs. Muskrat, with two little Noggans, two little Bolands, and six Muskrats; you may imagine there could be little stowage for Jane and me, and little James; however, as the squaws had set their hearts on our company, they managed to overcome the apparent difficulty of the transport. An old leaky birch canoe lay on the shore; the lively widow set herself to work, and heating some gum, such as they use in stopping the seams and cracks of these frail vessels, she soon made it as safe as the other, and invited Jane and little James to take a seat at the bottom of it, while Mrs. Tom directed me to step in beside her among the papouses and the other squaws. With that genuine politeness which is taught in nature's own school, the good creature gathered together some cedar boughs, which formed a smooth and fragrant matting at the bottom of the canoe; over

these she cast her black cloth shawl, and then with a face radiant with benevolent smiles, that made ample display of a set of pearly teeth of unrivalled colour and shape, she beckoned to me to take my place. The sky was so exquisitely blue above, and the water so clear below, with all the richly wooded banks reflected in its depths, that I enjoyed my short voyage exceedingly, and could hear the rapturous shouts of my little boy from the other canoe, as it cut through the great beds of water-lilies, which were just rising to the surface and displaying their full fragrant silken cups and broad floating leaves, gemmed with the sparkling insects that rested on them. Hundreds of blue, purple, green, scarlet, and bronze dragon flies, just emerged from the pupa state, were to be seen at rest, or just fluttering their newly expanded wings; the neat deer-fly, that torment to cattle, and even to man, with its angular spotted wings and bright gilded green head, and many others; while the surface of the water, where it was quite glassy and smooth, was gay with the splendid blue shining water-beetle, and others of a brilliant scarlet, dancing their gleesome circles upon the watery mirror. Sometimes the eye was enlivened by the transient flash of the splendid scarlet tanayer, or blackwinged summer red bird, a living glory among the feathered tribes, which now and then was seen darting swiftly among the trees of the islands, while the ear was greeted with the full melody of the Canadian robin, or migratory thrush, and the sweet clear note of the little song-sparrow, flitting gaily from bush to bush, and pausing at intervals to cheer you with its pretty songs. These sounds were blended with the light dip of the paddle, and the hoarse rush of the rapids, as the waters gurgled and eddied round the fallen cedars and huge blocks of stone that obstructed their passage downwards.

A painter might have made a pretty sketch of the scene. The broad expanse of tranquil water, bounded on either side by the dense mass of forest, varying from the gigantic pine to the dwarf-silver-leaved willow that trembled beneath the swell of the mimic waves that undulated beneath them. The line of trees broken only by our clearing, with the little log-house and adjoining buildings, the green turf sloping down in emerald verdure to the brink of the lake. Higher up might be seen the islands with the rapids between them; at the head of one of these, on a little green platform above a steep bank, clothed with roses and other low flowering shrubs, might be seen the white canvass tents of the Indians; the thin blue smoke rising in light vapoury mist, and spreading among the young aspens and birch that crested the summit of the bank on either side; below, just rocking in the shallow water, lay two empty birch canoes; our own, freighted with the women and children, making for the island, completed the picture.

While I was dwelling with delighted eye on all before me, a temporary disturbance was caused by the rude behaviour of one of the papouses, an ugly ill-favoured imp, who persisted in leaning over the side of the canoe and snatching at the broad floating

leaves of the water lilies, or paddling with his brown hands in the water, to the imminent peril of overturning the frail boat. Mrs. Tom, who was steering with her paddle, gently remonstrated against his wilful behaviour, but to no purpose; the urchin only raised a pair of broad shoulders with a significant grumble indicative of his determination to persist. The squaws expostulated with him by turns, but without raising an angry voice or menace. I do not remember ever hearing an Indian woman scold; the peculiar intonation of their voices rather sinks into a plaintive whine when they are displeased, and instead of speaking more rapidly, they seem to give force to their words by a slow and deliberate style of utterance.

At the first outbreak of the forward child the good-humoured mother only laughed, and seemed inclined to jest at the anger of the boy, till, losing all command of himself, he proceeded to acts of violence, and taking up handfuls of water dashed them in his mother's face. This undutiful conduct caused a burst of indignation from Mrs. Muskrat and Mary Anne Fron, while the now offended mother held up her finger and pointed upwards, as if warning the little fellow that God looked down upon his sinful conduct; but passion held the mastery over the rebellious child, and he became yet more ungovernable, and even struck his mother and flung more water in her face. Any one but an Indian mother would have boxed the delinquent's ear soundly, and poured forth a torrent of words; but she suited her punishment to the nature of the offence, by taking up in her turn large handfuls of water and pouring upon his thick black hair, patting it down as she did so, till he looked like a fierce drowned rat. He screamed with fury, and struggled in vain to escape from her grasp, but she gently laid him sprawling at our feet in the bottom of the canoe, foaming with impotent rage. I was not a little amused by the cool deliberate way in which the squaw conducted herself, and inwardly congratulated her on her command of temper, and the victory she had gained; but obstinate perseverance is a distinguishing trait of the Indian character, and no sooner was the refractory imp released from thralldom than he darted up and reseated himself, casting looks of defiance on his mother, whose heart had already begun to relent at her severity, for she gently drew forth a gay handkerchief and softly wiped his streaming hair and face, patting his head with soothing accents. The ungrateful child took advantage of his mother's advances towards reconciliation, but disdained her overtures, and, with an expression almost of malignant triumph, snatched the handkerchief from his head and flung it into the water. The squaw now seemed to think further opposition useless; the handkerchief was rescued at the end of the paddle, and the disobedient urchin continued to dabble in the water till the canoe touched the bank.

I must tell you that in the middle of the fray a nice brown girl, Anne Muskrat, fell asleep with her head on my lap; so the mother removed her gently to her own knee, and I took the opportunity of taking

up the relinquished paddle, and made a pretty successful essay in the art of propelling the canoe up the rapids, to the great admiration of the whole party. For my own part, I enjoy the motion of a birch-bark canoe far more than a boat or a skiff; it is so gentle and gliding, no noise nor shocks from the effort used in rowing; the paddles are so slight and short, that a child may use them, and, provided the canoe be in good order and well balanced, and persons sit quiet in it, there is no danger. The chief care required is in shallow water to avoid sunken rocks and fallen trees. These last often fall along the edge of the water, projecting far into the stream and forming eddies, and are dangerous for such light craft unless shunned in time, for the branches are apt to injure the frail material of which they are formed.

Some of the old massy cedars that have lain for years in the water, become the depôt for all sorts of loose floating matter; sticks, rushes, reeds, grass, and all sorts of water weeds, in tangled masses, find a lodging among the immersed branches; a variety of ferns, fungi, mosses, and small plants cover it with deceitful verdure, while the work of decay is rapidly proceeding beneath. You often see a flourishing growth of young pine, hemlocks, swamp elm, and other seedling trees on these trunks. Quietly, but surely, does Nature carry on her grand operations by the simplest and most insignificant agents. Corruption and decay become the foundation for life and renovation, and we wonder and admire the economy displayed in the works of an Almighty Creator as much as his wisdom and power, as if to set forth an example to his children. He is in no one thing wasteful or prodigal of the materials of the visible world, but has ordained that something should indeed "gather up all fragments, that nothing may be lost."

But while I am philosophizing I am wandering from my party. You must suppose us all safely landed, and, after a good scramble up the steep face of the bank just in front of the encampment, which consisted of two nice white canvass tents, the floor strewn with cedar boughs according to custom. The fragrance of this rural carpet, with the delicious odour of some bunches of the wampum grass, of which the Indians braid belts and necklaces and other ornaments, was sufficiently powerful to overcome the smell of the venison, that hung in an unsightly manner along the front of the tent, drying in the blaze of a July sun. A large piece of the same meat was roasting over a fire of brands outside; it was suspended by two cross sticks, much after the fashion the gipsies manage their roasts; three or four deer hounds lay stretched at their ease, lazily eyeing the meat, and snapping angrily at the flies that were buzzing about them.

The two men, Tom Noggan and Joe Muskrat, had been left at home to cook the dinner; but, from the black aspect of the viands, methought they had not been over faithful in the discharge of their office; indeed, when we arrived, the two men were fast asleep, covered up to their chins with great blankets, though the thermometer stood at eighty degrees in the shade.

Musktrat did rouse himself, and taking out a well-thumbed Bible, began to read; but Tom, whose laziness is proverbial, just opened one sleepy eye, and, having examined the party with apathetic indifference, turned on his side, and only gave token of his being awake by sometimes pointing with a significant grunt to one of the children to bring him any thing he required.

The squaws soon disposed of the sleepy, weary children, and all were asleep in a few minutes, excepting one nice neat little gipsy-looking girl, Rachel Muskrat, who hung fondly about her father, caressing him with quiet tenderness; her black hair was all curiously woven, the ends into a braid with the sweet grass, and formed a sort of border, or cap, round her head; it looked neat enough, but must have cost great time and patience to have arranged it so cleverly. On her father expressing a desire for drink, the little dark-eyed maid snatched from the ground a square sheet of birch-bark, which she gathered up at the corners, and quickly returned, bearing a full draught of water from the lake in this novel and simple vessel. Surely here was a proof how few are the wants of man in a savage state, and how easily supplied. Here was a vessel capable of containing liquid, formed without toil or trouble. This valuable material supplies the want of all sorts of earthenware utensils; divided into thin sheets, it makes no contemptible substitute for writing-paper, and can be rendered as fine as the most delicate tinted note-paper. When cast into the fire, it curls and writhes like parchment, but quickly ignites, and then bursts into a most brilliant and gaseous looking flame, emitting a highly aromatic perfume, that I am sure might be made from it.

Whilst sitting under the tent I took notice of the perfumed grass, and the widow soon employed herself in weaving a chain of it, which she linked together very prettily with bands of coloured quills. When she had completed it she placed it about my neck, and said, with a most agreeable smile, "Present for you; wear it for me."

I was delighted with its fragrance, and ordered several more of the same kind to be made, for which I paid her in some trifling articles; and send them to you, for they are far sweeter than lavender, to lay among your linen, for I know you, like myself, used to practise that sweet but now old-fashioned custom.

The squaws told me they got the sweet grass, or wampum, on an island in Stoney Lake, and that none of it grew anywhere hereabout; it is very long and rather harsh, but smells delightfully.

The only article I have been able to procure of their work for you, is a pair of bracelets, which I really think are very neat; the coloured quills, you may perceive, are cut as small as beads, and strung in a sort of antique pattern, something like what we used to call the Grecian scroll,—these, with a little canoe and a knife-case, are all I could procure worth sending home. They make some things neatly enough, and others as carelessly. It is a mere chance your getting anything well made by them, and never if you

order it. They invariably give me the same brief answer if I ask for anything pretty that I want to send home,—“Got-a-none,” “Village,” or “Go Mud-a-Lake” or “Stoney Lake,” or some other place, and that old excuse of “By-and-by,” or “To-morrow,” which means some day or other.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

HOW FAR THE PROVISION OF FOOD IS DUE TO THE LABOUR OF MAN.

THE number of human beings on the earth is calculated at nearly one thousand millions: all these are fed from the produce of the ground; for even animal food is itself the produce of the ground. It is true that, for this result, man in general must labour; but, how small an actual portion of this immense productiveness is due to man! His labour ploughs the ground, and drops the seed into the furrows. From that moment, a higher agency supersedes him. The ground is in possession of influences which he can no more guide, summon, or restrain, than he can govern the ocean. The mighty alembic of the atmosphere is at work: the rains are distilled, the gales sweep, the dews cling, the lightning darts its fertilizing fire into the soil, the frost purifies the fermenting vegetation,—perhaps a thousand other agents—are in movement, of which the secrets are still hidden from man; but the vividness of their force penetrates all things, and the extent of their action is only to be measured by the globe; while man stands by, and has only to see the naked and drenched soil clothing itself with the tender vegetation of spring, or the living gold of the harvest,—the whole loveliness and bounty of Nature delighting his eye, soliciting his hand, and filling his heart with joy.—*Rev. Dr. Croly.*

GUNPOWDER AND GREEK FIRE.

M. Renaud has lately discovered an Arabian MS. of the thirteenth century, which proves that compositions identical with gunpowder in all but the granulations, were, and had been for a long time previously, in the possession of the Arabs; and that there is every probability they had obtained them from the Chinese, in the ninth century. Many of these were called “Greek fire;” and comparing the account of Joinvillé, of the wars on the Nile in the time of St. Louis, with the Arabic recipes, there can be little doubt that we are now in possession of what was then termed “Greek fire.” Mr. Grove, F.R.S., who has investigated the subject experimentally as well as historically, concludes that the main element of Greek fire, as contradistinguished from other inflammable substances, was nitre, or a salt containing much oxygen; that Greek fire and gunpowder were substantially the same thing; and that the development of the invention had been very slow and gradual, and had taken place long antecedent to the date of Schwartz, the monk of Cologne, A.D. 1320, to whom the invention of gunpowder, is generally attributed; thus adding to the innumerable if not unexceptionable cases, in which discoveries commonly attributed to accident, and to

a single mind, are found upon investigation to have been progressive, and the result of the continually improving knowledge of successive generations.

CAUSE OF WAVES.

The friction of the wind combines with the tide in agitating the surface of the ocean, and, according to the theory of undulations, each produces its effect independently of the other. Wind, however, not only raises waves, but causes a transfer of superficial water also. Attraction between the particles of air and water, as well as the pressure of the atmosphere, brings its lower stratum into adhesive contact with the surface of the sea. If the motion of the wind be parallel to the surface, there will still be friction, but the water will be smooth as a mirror; but if it be inclined, in however small a degree, a ripple will appear. The friction raises a minute wave, whose elevation protects the water beyond it from the wind, which consequently impinges on the surface at a small angle: thus, each impulse combining with the other produces an undulation which continually advances.—*Mrs. Somerville's Physical Geography.*

CAUSE OF DARK COLOUR OF THE SKIN.

Darkness of complexion has been attributed to the sun's power, from the age of Solomon to this day,—“Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me;” and there cannot be a doubt, that, to a certain degree, the opinion is well founded. The invisible rays in the solar beams, which change vegetable colour, and have been employed with such remarkable effect in the Daguerreotype, act upon every substance upon which they fall, producing mysterious and wonderful changes in their molecular state, man not excepted.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

EFFECTS OF HEAT ON GUTTA PERCHA.

The great peculiarity of this substance, and that which makes it so eminently useful for many purposes, is the effect of boiling water upon it. When immersed for a few minutes in water above 150° Fahrenheit, it becomes soft and plastic, so as to be capable of being moulded to any required shape or form, which it retains upon cooling. If a strip of it be cut off and plunged into boiling water, it contracts in size, both in length and breadth. This is a very anomalous and remarkable phenomenon, apparently opposed to all the laws of heat.

Reviews.

THE KELLYS AND THE O'KELLYS.

If any one should suppose, after reading the first few pages of the work before us, that it is a specimen of that unpleasant hybrid genus in literature, the political romance, and should therefore cast aside the volume in disgust, he would be doing what no one likes to do—he would be making a mistake, and depriving of a pleasure just the very last person he would probably wish to curtail in that particular, viz.

(1) “The Kellys and the O'Kellys: or, Landlords and Tenants.” A Tale of Irish Life. By A. Trollope, Esq. Three Vols. 8vo. Colburn.

himself. No! in spite of the opening paragraphs about O'Connell and the state trials; this is by no means a political novel. Indeed, it would be difficult to write an Irish novel, at such a date, that should be so little political. We compliment Mr. Trollope upon the ingenuity with which he introduces his readers into genuine Irish society, without involving them in a vortex of fiery invective, out of which they can only emerge aghast and *horrified*, as from the cave of Trophonius, with the words "Repeal," "Nation," "Whiteboys," "Protestant," "Catholic," "Celt," and "Saxon," ringing in their ears. It may not be superfluous information to add, that the novel in question is not an artful trick for entrapping the reader into the author's peculiar notions about farming or finance, social morals, or science, or art. It is, as far as we can see, a book written merely to amuse the reader; it is entertaining, and not instructive;—indeed, we will not pretend to say that we have discovered any moral in the book at all. But then we have not looked very minutely for one, and we may have swallowed it unconsciously, as children do their medicine when it is judiciously administered in sweetmeats. As there is no direct instruction in the three volumes, no scientific or artistic theory, it may be supposed that "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" are all occupied with the *prime* business of a novel, love-making. *Du tout*: there is so little love in the book, that we fear our young lady readers will find fault with it on that account. Moreover, there is a sad want of interesting characters. The reader has no admiration for, or sympathy with, any person in the book. They are all just as common-place as if you had sent for them *all hap-hazard* out of the street, and you do not much care if you never see them again. There is nothing elevated, nothing touching or tender throughout, except the character and conduct of a plain old maid, who is married by one of the heroes (?) for her money. Anty Lynch, i.e. Anastasia Lynch, whether intentionally or unintentionally it is not easy to say, is by far the most interesting person, although she is said to be half a simpleton.

Having told our readers what "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" is not, we will now say a few words about what it is. It is an account of the way in which two young Irishmen, Frank O'Kelly Lord Ballindine, and Martin Kelly a farmer, speed in their wooing of two heiresses. Both the young men are, of course, handsome, lively, good-natured, and born lucky; but a pair of less romantic heroes, or more calculating, money-seeking lovers, it would not be easy to find in old Ireland, or old England, or even in New England, which is saying a great deal. The ladies are, to our thinking, quite worthy to be loved and married for themselves alone; but Mr. Trollope has compromised matters by causing them to be sought at first for their fortunes, and then to be loved for their amiable qualities, which is treating them just as they would be treated in real life, that is, if they were unusually lucky. All the characters are well drawn, and thoroughly Irish. The official and wearisome Lord

Cashel—the *roué*, his son—the calculating gambling gentleman on the turf, Dot Blake—the drunken, unprincipled, would-be gentleman, Barry Lynch, who brings the tragic element into the book, for a short time, by his desire to effect his poor sister's death,—and, last of all, the inimitable widow Kelly, are all unexaggerated pictures from the life. Mr. Trollope's characters, we may add, are his own; he has not borrowed from Miss Edgeworth, or from Carleton or Mrs. S. C. Hall, or from any of the many persons who have given us sketches of that "finest" nobility, gentry, and "pisantry in the world." The conversations are good: that is, they are natural, animated, and full of Irish drollery, without being all brilliancy, eloquence, and keen repartee. Take the following as a specimen. Lord Ballindine is in disgrace with Lord Cashel, the guardian of his lady-love, because he will not renounce the turf; and the report is spread that his match with Miss Wyndham is off. He asks advice of Dot Blake, his friend, a cool-headed, worldly, heartless fellow, who cheats him genteelly, as a gentleman rider ought to do.

"And what shall I do now?"

"Nothing to-day, but eat your dinner and drink your wine. Ride over to-morrow, to see Lord Cashel, and tell him—but do it quite coolly, if you can—exactly what you have heard, and how you have heard it, and beg him to assure Lord Kilcullen that he is mistaken in his notion that the match is off; and beg also that the report may not be repeated. Do this, and do it as if you were Lord Cashel's equal, not as if you were his son or his servant. If you're collected and steady with him for ten minutes, you'll soon find that he becomes bothered and unsteady."

"That's very easy to say here, but it's not so easy to do there. You don't know him as I do. He's so sedate, and so slow, and so dull, especially sitting alone, as he does of a morning, in that large, dingy, uncomfortable, dusty-looking book-room of his. He measures his words like senna and salts, and their tone is as disagreeable."

"Then, do you drop out yours like prussic acid, and you'll beat him at his own game. Those are all externals, my dear fellow. When a man knows he has nothing within his head to trust to, when he has neither truth nor genius, he puts on his wig, ties up his neck in a white choker, sits in a big chair, and frightens the world with his silence. Remember, if you weren't a baby, he wouldn't be a bugbear."

"And shouldn't I ask to see Fanny?"

"By all means. Don't leave Grey Abbey without seeing and making your peace with Miss Wyndham. That'll be easy with you, because it's your *metier*. I own that with myself it would be the most difficult part of the mornin's work. But don't ask to see her as a favour. When you've done with the lord—and don't let your conference be very long—when you've done with the lord, tell him you'll say a word to the lady; and, whatever may have been his pre-determination, you'll find that, if you're cool, he'll be bothered, and he won't know how to refuse; and if he doesn't prevent you, I'm sure Miss Wyndham won't."

"And if he asks about these wretched horses of mine?"

"Don't let him talk more about your affairs than you can help; but if he presses you—and he won't, if you play your game well—tell him that you're quite aware your income won't allow you to keep up an establishment at the Curragh, after you're married."

"But about Brien Boru, and the Derby?"

"Brien Boru! You might as well talk to him about

your washing bills ! Don't go into particulars—stick to generals. He'll never ask you those questions, unless he sees you shiver and shake like a half-whipped school-boy."

"After a great deal of confabulation, in which Dot Blake often repeated his opinion of Lord Ballindine's folly in not rejoicing at an opportunity of breaking off the match, it was determined that Frank should ride over the next morning, and do exactly what his friend proposed. If, however, one might judge from his apparent dread of the interview with Lord Cashel, there was but little chance of his conducting it with the coolness or assurance insisted on by Dot. The probability was, that when the time did come, he would, as Blake said, shiver and shake like a half-whipped school-boy."

"And what'll you do when you're married, Frank ?" said Blake ; "for I'm beginning to think the symptoms are strong, and you'll hardly get out of it now."

"Do ! why, I suppose I'll do much the same as others—have two children, and live happy ever afterwards."

"I dare say you're right about the two children, only you might say two dozen ; but as to the living happy, that's more problematical. What d'ye mean to eat and drink ?"

"Eggs, potatoes and bacon, buttermilk, and potheen. It's odd if I can't get plenty of them in Mayo, if I've nothing better."

"I suppose you will, Frank ; but bacon won't go down well after venison, and a course of claret is a bad preparative for potheen-punch. You're not the man to live, with a family, on a small income, and what the d—l you'll do I don't know. You'll fortify Kelly's Court—that'll be the first step."

"Is it against the repalers ?"

"Faith, no ! You'll join them, of course ; but against the sub-sheriff and his officers, an army much more likely to crown their enterprises with success."

"You seem to forget, Dot, that, after all, I'm marry-a girl with quite as large a fortune as I had any right to expect."

"The limit to your expectations was only in your own modesty ; the less you had a right, in the common parlance, to expect, the more you wanted, and the more you ought to have looked for. Say that Miss Wyndham's fortune clears a thousand a-year of your property, you would never be able to get along on what you'd have. No ! I'll tell you what you'll do : you'll shut up Kelly's Court, raise the rents, take a moderate house in London, and Lord Cashel, when his party are in, will get you made a court-stick-off, and you'll lead just such a life as your grandfather. If it's not very glorious, at any rate it's a useful kind of life. I hope Miss Wyndham will like it. You'll have to christen your children Ernest, and Albert, and that sort of thing, that's the worst of it ; and you'll never be let to sit down, and that's a bore—but you've strong legs. It would never do for me. I could never stand out a long tragedy in Drury Lane, with my neck in a stiff white choker, and my toes screwed into tight dress-boots. I'd sooner be a porter, myself, for he can go to bed when the day's over."

"You're very witty, Dot ; but you know I'm the last man in Ireland, not excepting yourself, to put up with that kind of thing. Whatever I may have to live on, I shall live in my own country, and on my own property."

"Very well : if you won't be a gold-stick, there's the other alternative : fortify Kelly's Court, and prepare for the sheriff's officers. Of the two there's certainly more fun in it ; and you can go out with the harriers on a Sunday afternoon, and live like a real O'Kelly, of the old times,—only the punch 'll kill you in about ten years."

"Go on, Dot, go on ! You want to provoke me, but you won't. I wonder whether you'd bear it so well, if I told you you'd die a broken-down black-leg, without a friend or shilling to bless you."

"I don't think I should, because I should know that you were threatening me with a fate which my conduct and line of life would not warrant any one in expecting."

"Begad, then, I think there's quite as much chance of that as there is of my getting shut up by bailiffs in Kelly's Court, and dying drunk. I'll bet you fifty pounds I've a better account at my banker's than you have in ten years."

"Faith, I'll not take it. It'll be hard work getting fifty pounds out of you, then ! In the meantime, come and play a game of billiards before dinner."

Lord Ballindine is unsuccessful in his attempt to see his mistress, and is informed officially by Lord Cashel that it is her wish to break off the engagement. Poor Fanny's pride has been roused by her lover's neglect ; but it was against her will that such a message was delivered to him. On the contrary, she is more anxious than ever to assure him of her love, because she has become possessed of a hundred thousand pounds by the unexpected death of her brother. This news was unknown to Lord Ballindine, who, to do him justice, was quite contented to take her with twenty thousand only, her original fortune. An effort is made by her uncle to marry Fanny to his own son, Lord Kilcullen, who is *criblé de dettes*, and good for nothing. He is a good specimen of a bad young man. He bullies and cheats his father, laughs at his mother, and deceives his cousin into a good opinion of him. The plot of the father and son to get Fanny's money into their own hands is worthy of the plotters. Lord Kilcullen contrives to overcome his cousin's dislike to him very cleverly, and the easy badinage between them is natural and amusing. But though Lord Kilcullen gets on so well with Fanny in small talk, he finds that he cannot get on at all when he comes to propose marriage to her. She tells him honestly that she will marry no one but Lord Ballindine, and begs her cousin to bring him back to the house. This is a reliance on his generosity that somewhat affects the feelings of the worthless young man ;—besides, Lord Kilcullen is sensible and shrewd enough, and he sees clearly that Fanny has a great deal too much spirit and principle to be forced into marrying one man when she loves another. He probably reflects that the dog in the manger never got anything but an ill name by preventing the ox from eating the hay, and therefore he makes a virtue of necessity, and advises his father to let Fanny marry Lord Ballindine. That young gentleman is enjoying the fag-end of the hunting season at Kelly's Court, where his mother and sister reside, and where he keeps a pack of hounds for the benefit of the neighbourhood. There is much amusing talk in these three volumes about the turf and the field. The jovial hilarity of a hunting-morning at Kelly's Court is well described. The hunt itself is well done : perhaps not as fully and scientifically as Tom Scott or Nimrod would have done it, but very well for a book not professedly sporting. We quote the following from the hunting breakfast :—

"Now, Miss O'Kelly," said Bingham Blake, "do let me manage the coffee-pot ; the cream-jug and the sugar-tongs will be quite enough for your energies."

"Indeed, and I won't, Mr. Blake. You're a grea

deal too awkward. The last hunt morning you breakfasted here, you threw the coffee-grout¹ into the sugar-basin, when I let you help me.'

"To think of your remembering that! But I'm improved since then. I've been taking lessons with my old aunt in Castlebar."

"You don't mean you've really been staying with Lady Sarah?"

"Oh! but I have, though. I was there three days; made tea every night, washed the poodle every morning, and clear-starched her Sunday pelerine with my own hands on Saturday evening."

More comic than natural, by the way, unless such matters are differently conducted on the other side the Irish Channel.

"Oh! what a useful animal! What a husband you'll make when you're a little improved!"

"Shan't I? As you're so fond of accomplishments, perhaps you'll take me yourself by-and-by!"

"Why, as you're so useful, may-be I may."

So much for the O'Kellys. The chief person among the Kellys, with the exception of the hero, Martin, is his mother, the widow. She is a clever, thrifty, money-making woman, who keeps a general shop and an hotel at the town of Dunmore, and fights Anty Lynch's battles with her rascal brother, Barry. She is quite the supreme spirit of the Kelly family. Poor gentle Anty Lynch is thus described:—

"Anty Lynch was *not* the prettiest or the youngest girl in Connought; nor would Martin have affirmed her to be so unless he had been very much inebriated indeed. However young she might have been once, she was never pretty; but in all Ireland there was not a more single-hearted, simple-minded young woman. I do not use the word simple as foolish: for though uneducated, she was not foolish. But she was unaffected, honest, humble, and true, entertaining a very lowly idea of her own value, and unrelayed by her newly acquired wealth. She had been so little thought of all her life by others, that she had never learned to think much of herself. She had had but few acquaintances, and no friends; and had spent her life hitherto so quietly and silently, that her apparent apathy was attributable rather to want of subjects of excitement, than to any sluggishness of disposition. Her mother had died early, and since then, the only case in which Anty had been called upon to exercise her own judgment was in refusing to comply with her father's wish that she should become a nun. On this subject, though often pressed, she had remained positive, always pleading that she felt no call to the sacred duties which would be required, and innocently assuring her father, that if allowed to remain at home, she would cause him no trouble and but little expense."

"So she had remained at home, and had inured herself to bear, without grumbling or thinking she had cause for grumbling, the petulance of her father, and the more cruel harshness and ill-humour of her brother. In all the family schemes of aggrandisement she had been set aside, and Barry had been intended by the father as the scion on whom all the family honours were to fall. His education had been most expensive, his allowance liberal, and his whims permitted; while Anty was never better dressed than a decent English servant, and had been taught nothing save the lessons she had learned from her mother, who died when she was but thirteen. It was not wonderful, therefore, that no one proposed for Anty; and though all who knew the Lynches, knew that Sim had a daughter, it was very generally given out that she was not so wise as her

neighbours, and the father and brother took no pains to deny the rumour. The inhabitants of the village knew better; the Lynches were very generally disliked, and 'the shameful way Miss Anty was treated' was often discoursed on in the little shops, and many of the townspeople were ready to aver that 'simple or no, Anty Lynch was the best of the breed, out and out.'

Attracted by her four hundred a-year, Martin Kelly, the most "likely" young man in the village, determines to marry Anty, the old maid. As soon as her brother discovers this intention, he almost kills Anty in his drunken fury. She, poor thing! is very much frightened, and takes refuge with that strong-minded woman, the widow Kelly. There is much wicked contriving on the part of Barry to get his sister back again. She is taken ill with ague, and is believed to be dying. She then sends for her brother, and addresses a few touching words to him, which, brute as he is, have some effect on him at the time. Among other things she says,—

"Barry, no good ever came of my father's will. The money has done me no good, but the loss of it has blackened your heart, and turned your blood to gall against me. Yes, Barry, yes! Don't speak now—let me go on. The old man brought you up to look for it, and, alas! he taught you to look for nothing else. It has not been your fault, and I'm not blaming you. I'm not meaning to blame you, my own brother, for you are my own;" and she turned round in bed and shed tears upon his hand, and kissed it. 'But gold and land will never make you happy. No! not all the gold of England, nor all the land the old kings ever had, could make you happy, an your heart was bad within you. You have it all now, Barry, or mostly all. You'll have what you think the old man robbed you of; you'll have it with no one to provide for but yourself. But oh! Barry, an it's in your heart that *that* can make you happy, there's nothing before you but misery, and—death—and hell.' Barry shook like a child in the clutches of its master. 'It's to save you from this, my own brother, to try and turn your heart from that foul love of money, that your sister is now speaking to you from the grave. Oh! Barry, try and cure it; learn to give to others, and you'll enjoy what you have yourself. Learn to love others, and you'll know what it is to be loved yourself. Try, try to soften that hard heart; marry at once, Barry: at once, before you're older and worse to cure; and you'll have children and love them; and when you feel, as feel you must, that the money is clinging round your soul, fling it from you, and think of the last words your sister said to you."

Notwithstanding this touching appeal, Barry subsequently tries to bribe an apothecary, who attends Anty, to poison her when she begins to recover. For this crime, of which there is no legal proof, Lord Ballindine and Mr. Armstrong, the vicar, frighten Barry out of the country. Anty is then left in peace to marry Martin Kelly, who has become quite attached to her for her sweetness and unselfish disposition, and is almost oblivious of her plain face *et ses trente-six ans*! We are glad to say that she is much happier as a married woman than she was in her youth.

In conclusion, let us inform our readers that "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" is *remarkably easy to read*. The style is lively, clever, and uniformly amusing. It might be more polished, it might be more eloquent; but there is no wisdom in the criticism which finds fault with a plum because it is not a pinc-apple.

(1) We fear Miss O'Kelly has conversed too much with her waiting-maid.

ILIUS PAMPHILIUS AND AMBROSIA.¹

SOME few months ago we should only have laughed at this ridiculous book; but the signs of the times are so strange and so alarming, that grave considerations must now mingle with our mirth. We have here a most striking exemplification of that state of literary second childhood to which, thanks to Hegel, and Strauss, and Feuerbach, and all other mystagogues, and democratic and pantheistic mischiefmongers, German literature, and, unfortunately, the German people as well, have finally been reduced. That such marvellous silliness as the volume before us contains should not only go in six weeks to a second edition, but also excite universal attention and very general admiration, is surely suggestive of a most melancholy conclusion; and this is (to tell the plain truth), that our good German neighbours are altogether "at sea," in morals as in poetry, in religion as in politics, driving before the wind without a noted course or a fixed goal, whilst the breakers are roaring very near at hand, and the abyss beyond is bottomless.

No man or woman can value German literature for its real merits more highly than we do. Despite that unfortunate rationalistic vein, which, from Lessing onward, has never ceased to flow in the works of Teutonia's standard authors (with some very few exceptions), we have rejoiced in the grandeur, boldness, and artistic beauty of many German creations. Schiller, especially, in our earlier days, has charmed, excited, and inspired us. Goethe, perhaps the greatest of all artists (with the sole exception of Shakspeare, who transcended art), still delights and elevates us, despite his egotism and indifference. Nor are we blind to the artistic merits of him who first gave this unfortunate rationalistic impulse—Lessing, of "Nathan the Wise" memory—nor of his mild, but equally dangerous follower, Wieland—nor of the, on this score unexceptionable, but fearfully mystic Werner—nor of Kleist, nor of Tieck, nor of Grillparzer, nor Schlegel, nor Hoffmann, nor De la Motte Fouqué, nor even Jean Paul. But "the giants have departed," save Grillparzer; (Tieck is of the Past;) and though pleasing talents remain, the general quality of *living* German literature is much "below par." And why so? Because genius, though it possibly might succeed in making even Pantheism poetical, does not come every day; and in default of genius, common sense is absolutely indispensable: while the absence of sound principle of any kind, or indeed of any principle whatever, in the German national mind, must necessarily conduct to absurdity, and all but universal barrenness. Of course there are honourable exceptions to the rule, and we shall ever be happy to recognise them. Nay, even the modern revolutionists, Freiligrath, and Herwegh, and Gutzkow, and Laube, and Prutz, have talent in their way. Nevertheless, we cannot well conceive anything sillier or more tasteless than the recent popular

literature of Germany, and more especially of so-called Young Germany; or rather of Young Judaism; for all the literary antichristian and revolutionary coryphæi of Teutonia have for some time past been Israelitic infidels. This is literally true of Strauss, Bruno Bauer, Feuerbach, Gutzkow, &c. &c. &c.

But we must not wander too far from our immediate theme. Perhaps our readers may have heard of a very absurd but rather clever woman called Bettina Von Arnim. The Quarterly contained a most amusing account, or *exposé*, of her, together with some other German *bas bleus*, two or three years ago. Bettina has long rejoiced in the cognomen of "The Child," she having thought proper, some thirty or forty summers back, to conceive a romantic literary passion for old Goethe (for old he was, even then), and address a multitude of inflated and childish love-letters to him accordingly; extremely rhapsodical, very silly, but here and there fanciful in thought and expression. Goethe sent her tolerably cold and ministerial replies to these glowing epistles: nevertheless, the old gentleman was much flattered by the young lady's addresses. Bettina, some time after, gave to the world this correspondence betwixt the bard of Weimar and herself; and further, though she knew nothing whatever of English, converted the whole book into a species of lingo, bearing no affinity to any known tongue, but intended for our British vernacular. Since then "the Child," as she styles herself (now about sixty years of age), has given various other products to the world, among which may be especially noted a heap of trash entitled, "This Book is for the King," viz. the king of Prussia. These works, which in most other countries, and certainly our own, would have been hooted, made "*furor*" amongst the helmless, rudderless, creedless, aimless Germans, who appeared to take her bathos for sentiment, and her twaddle for philosophy. However, her crowning feat now lies before us: and, despite the grave considerations which the success of such a production might suggest, when coupled with the apparent triumph of democratic licence throughout the length and breadth of Germany, we are compelled to acknowledge that it is exquisitely funny—"a rare jest, a very rare jest indeed."

It appears that some juvenile bard, certainly not out of his teens, and we should say still in his jackets, fell in love with Bettina, in a literary and æsthetic sense, on a perusal of her correspondence with Goethe, as she had done before with that elderly gentleman. Inspired and carried to the seventh heaven of rapture, Ilius Pamphilus (thus Bettina denominates him) sits down and endites a glowing missive to his literary enslaver, professing himself her æsthetic adorer,—of course at a respectful distance. She is charmed by this act of poetic homage, and thereupon opens a correspondence with the new "child," who comes to occupy her former place. A series of the most absurd admonitions and adulations ensue. But, alas for romance! it too soon becomes evident that the real object of Ilius Pamphilus is to be ushered into

(1) "Ilius Pamphilus and Lady Ambrosia," by Bettina Arnim. Second Edition. Leipzig, 1848.

"Ilius Pamphilus und die Ambrosia," Von Bettina Arnim. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig, 1848.

the literary world by Bettina; and when he finds out that she, despite her mighty professions, will do nothing for him, he grows cold again, and apparently deserts his soul's charmer. Well, this absurd correspondence has now been collected and republished by Lady Ambrosia, (as Ilius Pamphilus thought proper to rechristen Goethe's "child") and it is the admiration of Germany. We call attention to it, not for any intrinsic merit it possesses, though it is not devoid of amusing matter, and really contains some poetic fancies and a few striking half-truths, but in order to open the eyes of the British public to the existing degradation of continental literary taste.

A few specimens of this fashionable Teutonic twaddle shall be placed before our readers: but neither their nor our patience could bear with much in an English garb, though we can heartily recommend the volume to all those students of German, who wish to enjoy a hearty laugh, and who take an interest in tracing and tracking "the spirit of the age." Thus then preaches Bettina: "A Sage told me all life was prayer: he who prayed not, lived not in the spirit. The spirit was the ruler, and beamed on the soul, as the sun on flowers, and called it into bloom, and this was prayer; and the spirit which watched not o'er the soul as the sun above the realm of blossoms, would have no life blooming into eternity." Do our readers comprehend this? If so, they are wiser than we. But the Germans call this very religious; and we dare say Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Emerson would do so too.

The lady's appreciation of her own powers and abilities is exquisite; she writes to the youthful Ilius, who had expressed a comic apprehension that she might learn to love him too well, "Fear not me, Pamphilus! I am only the night-wind which *shakes thee!* And if thou think'st this nothing, do *not* think it, for such a wind wakes a soul in thee which feels through and through where others are as stones. Others think they know of me and understand me: but I am not that," (not what?) "I am only that which drives me to thee, to touch thee, like thy own heart's-pulse," (very mysterious.) "I have told thee many a truth, and thou sayest thyself that thou hast learnt from me. But I will not teach, I will leave thee to exist and develop: what needest thou to know whether thou art that which must be known?" (gloriously oracular.) "Whether thou dost comprehend me?" (rather doubtful.) "If I love thee? so much ability I have not; that I can tell thee all, that is much for me; and that manifests thee, whether thou canst or canst not understand it: my very saying it forms and raises thee! I hover round thee; and that I thus learn to know and permeate myself, this is a hidden dream." (hidden enough.) "The Philosophers" (Berlinese philosophers) "tell me I am wise! I only *make* fools of them," (that would be difficult, considering) "and they fancy I like their praises. I?—I laugh at—but no! it were beneath me to say I soar above such wisdom; before my inner nature I shame me of all external praises." Prodigious! as Dominie

Sampson says; and, we add, Delicious! May our readers share our enjoyment!

Ilius Pamphilus is almost as amusing: his small vanities and male coquetties, his attempts to be philosophical, and his excessive shallowness, are all very good in their way. But we return to Ambrosia, whose eulogy of Byron attains a higher sphere from its peculiar silliness, though we have not space to extract it. Her account of her attempts to write in English is vastly entertaining. It appears that some university men were in correspondence with her concerning the translation of *her* "Child's own Book;" for she speaks of the "Kembridsh-member" and Ochsford-member" with the most poignant contempt, because they did not altogether fall in with her views of the English language. Her translation, she says, was wiser than she, and positively frightened her from the abyss of sagacity contained in it. The æsthetic platonism of the lady (p. 256) is charming: "Pamphil, ich bin von Herzen in dich verliebt; und Oh! und Ach! —Und sage dir nochmals; ich küsse deine Hände und Füße. Und sage dir nochmals: Ich möchte dich in meine Seele begraben." We shall leave this in the original High-Dutch, a Chaldean mystery for the uninitiated, and take no little delight in picturing to ourselves the curiosity of young ladies who have not yet plunged into the German dictionary, and the mystification of the general reader, who must remain in perpetual ignorance of these words' hidden purport.

But we are getting as saucy and as flighty as Bettina—we beg her pardon, as Ambrosia herself, sitting late in the night in her Berlinese sanctuary, and inditing innocent coquetties to the obviously insensible Ilius Pamphilus. (It should be hinted, that some people fancy Ilius Pamphilus to be altogether a creation of Bettina's brain; but such is not our opinion.) And now the question is, whether we shall not have more promoted the circulation of this book among English students of German literature by our censures than we could have done by our praises. If so, we shall rest well content. We do not think that any English reader can be injured by the perusal of such a volume, and some *may* have their eyes opened to the absurdities of German pseudo-philosophy.

THE WILKIE GALLERY.¹

Not very long since, a notion widely prevailed among our continental neighbours, if not throughout the whole of Europe, that the working and middle classes of England were insensible, in so great a degree as to render the fact a remarkable feature in the national idiosyncrasy, to that peculiar kind of intellectual gratification of which the ear and the eye are the sentient media. Musical and pictorial taste was supposed to be totally uncongenial to the industrial habits of "a nation of shopkeepers;" and honest John Bull was deemed incapable of appreciating the notes of a Beethoven

(1) "The Wilkie Gallery." George Virtue: London and New York.

or the pencil of a Rubens. Nor is it altogether surprising that such an impression should have been almost universal abroad, when, apparently at least, it was as strongly felt at home. From the charms of music all but the opulent were until very lately conventionally interdicted; and a certain propensity for scratching names upon valuable mirrors, and otherwise defacing works of art and *verlu*, formed an excuse, not altogether without reason, for closing our museums, public and private, against all but the favoured few. This said propensity, however, as more recent experience has abundantly proved, originated not so much in a want of taste, as in the want of its encouragement; in a certain feeling of chagrin and vexation at the impediments thrown in the way of a high intellectual enjoyment, scantily dealt out, if not altogether withheld; in a careless disregard of costly *bijoux* by persons who were incompetent to estimate their value; and in an almost involuntary contempt for that selfish and exclusive spirit, which wrapped the beauties of a Madonna in a veil of brown holland, only to be removed for the courtly admiration of the prince or the peer.

Perhaps it would be too much to assert that the restrictions formerly in force against the admission of the public generally to our artistic collections, were the chief exciting cause of that demoralizing taste which has prevailed too much among the working classes for low gaming-houses, gin palaces, beer-shops; certain it is, however, that no sooner were the means of access opened to our national galleries and museum, than advantage was readily and gratefully taken of the proffered boon, and a progressive improvement in the great body of the working population has been the salutary result. The Hampton Court collection alone is visited by thousands weekly; and there may be seen not only the smile of unmeaning gratification on the countenance of the idle spectator, or lounging cit, but the searching gaze, accompanied by the shrewd observation, which mark the delight of the connoisseur, though clad, perhaps, in the garb of a mechanic. No act of wanton mutilation or mischievous disfigurement any longer occurs; and indeed the sense of a certain right of property, as it were, if not in the objects themselves, at least in the rational and elevating pleasure which they communicate, would unite all present in the indignant prevention of such practices, if any one were disposed to indulge in them.

Neither are the advantages which have been gained by this step forward in the path of liberality, confined to an hour or two of innocent and intellectual relaxation conceded to the industrious artisan; but an acquaintance with the works of art, thus thrown open to the inspection of our vast metropolitan population, calls for their reproduction by the engraver, and the consequent advance towards perfection in that exquisite branch of artistical embellishment. The rapid glance at the original of a magnificent or interesting picture, of which a single or even a repeated visit will admit, is not sufficient for those—and they are far more numerous than will at first, perhaps, be imagined—who seek to obtain something more than a

vague and general idea of the works of the great masters of our own and other countries. Hence the assistance of engravings becomes necessary to aid in recovering and perfecting the impression of beauties, which would otherwise be evanescent; the effects of colour, indeed, are wanting, but memory will easily supply this unavoidable deficiency, and in other respects the representation of the several varieties of form, character, and expression, is complete.

In thus studying the works of a great painter, whether with a view to professional advancement, or for the mere purpose of acquiring that taste and discernment in the art, which the well-educated are commonly anxious to possess, it is advisable that they should be, as far as possible, regarded as a whole; that is to say, that the best specimens of his peculiar style and manner should be carefully and critically examined. Now, among all the splendid productions of our national genius, there are none perhaps which better deserve to be so studied, than those scenes of domestic life which we possess from the graphic pencil of SIR DAVID WILKIE. Not only does each individual picture tell its story unmistakably, but there is a fund of moral instruction, as well as rich and caustic humour, laid up in every group, which is well worth the drawing out; while the entire series embodies a variety of characteristic sketches, which speak so forcibly through the eye to the heart, that he must be dull indeed who fails to perceive and appreciate their native truth and vigour. All, too, are in strict keeping with the high character of the painter himself; for Wilkie was a great and a good man, no less than a perfect master of his art, and he has devoted his pencil to the illustration of those manly and generous virtues, and those home-born affections, for which he was himself conspicuous through life, and to the exposure of meanness and malevolence in all their deformity. A publication, therefore, which is intended to embrace a choice selection from the best productions of such an artist, engraved in the first style, and on such a scale as to exhibit all the variety and delicacy of expression for which Wilkie was remarkable, is assuredly deserving of the most liberal patronage and support. Wilkie himself "could not but feel how valuable, to a great painter, a great engraver is. While the canvass remains fixed as fate in some rich man's gallery, and only known to the fortunate few who have influence sufficient to open the reluctant doors, the impressions from the graver fly lightly over the world, and carry into the cabin of the cottar, as well as into the hall of the peer, the same form, and sentiment, and feeling, which charms in the original."

If this exclusive spirit has been greatly relaxed of late, it still partially prevails; and thus, the artist and the public are alike indebted on this account, no less than on those already mentioned, to the projector of such meritorious publications as THE WILKIE GALLERY. The work is beautifully printed in elephant quarto; and in the three numbers already published, and now lying before us, there are ~~ten~~ magnificent prints, nine inches by

six in size, including a fine portrait of the artist by Phillips, and a vignette-title, with a pleasing view of the manse and church of Culter, the place of his nativity. These ten plates are, the *Penny Wedding*, the *Parish Beadle*, the *Rabbit on the Wall*, the *Pedlar*, the *Rat-hunters*, the *Card Players*, *Blind Man's Buff*, and the *Village Politicians*. A biographical and critical notice accompanies the engravings; and although it is clear that the writer is very considerably indebted to the interesting life by Allan Cunningham, published shortly after the death of Wilkie himself, and almost at the very moment when his biographer was breathing his last, his criticisms are for the most part original, and written with the vigour and perspicuity of one who is fully alive to the peculiar beauties and excellences of the great painter whose performances he has undertaken to illustrate. As we hope, at no distant period, to draw the attention of our readers to the completion of the work, and on that occasion to dwell somewhat more at length on Wilkie's personal history, we shall at present confine ourselves to a passing glance at the subjects already engraved, principally with the view of illustrating the design, and throwing in here and there an anecdote, or marking a trait of character, which the memoir before us has but cursorily noticed, or altogether overlooked.

First then, in order of date, is "The Village Politicians," painted, we suppose it must be said, as his lordship pledged his honour upon the reality of the compact, at the price of *fifteen guineas*, for the Earl of Mansfield. Though convinced in his own mind that no bargain whatever had been concluded between them, the young artist, upon whom the first dawn of patronage was now beginning to smile after a painful struggle with poverty and ill-health, gracefully conceded the point; and the door being thus closed against competitors who had offered a *hundred pounds*, the fortunate nobleman so far drew upon his generosity as to double the sum at which he claimed his prize, and gave his draft for *thirty guineas*. This noble picture grew out of the political disputes which were rife among the lower classes in the early days of the first French Revolution, when the club-room and the ale-house were filled with noisy rustics, who met to settle the rights of man over their tippie, and bluster for the redress of popular grievances. Its subject was first suggested to the painter's mind by the description of a country debating club, in Hector M'Neil's ballad of *Will and Jean*, which made a great stir among the Scotch peasantry about the time when Wilkie was pursuing his early studies at the Edinburgh academy; and the slight sketch then thrown off, and subsequently enlarged, was at length expanded into that splendid conception, of which Haydon enthusiastically declared that "in dramatic force it rivalled all but Raphael." Nothing indeed can surpass the excellence of the grouping, the variety of expression in the several countenances, and the vivid clearness with which the story is told. At the head of a table in the kitchen of a Scottish clachan, upon which the principal light is made to fall, is seated the sage of

the village, calmly listening to the vehement harangue of a sturdy ploughman, who with knitted brows and earnest gesture is discussing some mighty affair of state, unmoved by the angry impatience of the weaver, and the quieter remonstrance of the shoemaker, who are by no means convinced by his view of the case. Absorbed in the contents of an old newspaper, a farmer, apart from the principal group, reads steadily on, without paying the slightest attention to these noisy disputants; while the sagacious hostess stands duly prepared with the means of moistening the debate; and a highland drover and his dog, with sundry other rustic personages, appear more or less unconcerned in the warm controversy, with which they do not care to interfere. While this picture was on the easel, Wilkie became acquainted with Sir George Beaumont and the Earl of Mulgrave, both of whom remained his firm friends through life; and its exhibition at the Royal Academy, in the twenty-first year of his age, was the means of extending his reputation far and wide. No undue elation, however, was produced in his mind by the praises, public and private, by which his unequivocal success was universally greeted; and the only effect of fame so justly acquired was the legitimate one of urging him onward to fresh exertion. Thus he writes to his father: "I am redoubling my application with the sure hope of success. My ambition is got beyond all bounds, and I have the vanity to hope that Scotland will one day be proud to boast of *David Wilkie*." "These remarkable words," observes Allan Cunningham, "were followed by others not less prophetic, in a letter to his brother Thomas; and the first and last boasts which can be recorded of this distinguished and modest genius, were breathed in secret to those he dearly loved; and after a long period of doubt and depression."

In 1808, in his twenty-third year, Wilkie painted the "Card Players" for the Duke of Gloucester, by whom the idea was suggested. The memoir before us takes no notice of this picture, which is chiefly remarkable for the variety of expression, not only in the winning and losing partners respectively, but in each of the four individuals engaged in the game. A rumour had gone abroad, which told against the royal duke's liberality in regard to the purchase, and Wilkie lost no time in setting the matter right. When the commission was given, fifty guineas had been the proffered remuneration; but, readily acknowledging the inadequacy of the stipulated sum, His Royal Highness generously added a hundred guineas to the original compact.

Early in 1811, on the death of Sir F. Bourgeois, Wilkie was elected a Royal Academician; and in the usual routine he presented to the Academy, as his diploma picture, "Boys digging for Rats." "It is a small but clever performance," says Cunningham, "in which the eager boys, and the no less eager bustling terriers, the former digging with all their might, and the latter sniffing the scent and trembling with impatience, form a scene true to the life." Shortly after

his election, and not without great discouragement from the Academy, he ventured upon the novel and somewhat hazardous experiment of exhibiting his pictures *en masse*, in a room which he had hired for the purpose in Pall Mall. Among them, in an unfinished state, was "Blind Man's Buff," intended for the Prince of Wales. It received considerable attention at the time, and has since been repeatedly engraved; but never, we presume, with greater effect than in *THE WILKIE GALLERY*. We need scarcely remark, that the great interest of the piece consists in the well-known humour of the game, skilfully represented; though there is also much in the by-play, which adds to the exciting business of the scene. A young man, under pretence of eluding the blind man, is enjoying unseen the luxury of a true-love grip; a young girl cowers by the side of a settle, less to escape from the approaching hand of the blind man, than to enjoy the caresses of two lovers, one of whom clasps her round the waist in silent ecstasy, and the other is obtaining kisses in abundance from her willing lips; two boys, in the whirl and hurry of the scene, have, much to the detriment of their shins, upset a chair, while a shoemaker, extending both arms as if he drew out a long and refractory thread, pinches himself up to escape the all but touching hand of the blind man, heedless that he is squeezing a boy behind, who with rueful looks endures, not without tears, the unexpected crush. Even the old man who sweeps the public crossing, moved by the merriment, looks in at the door, and seems disposed to quit his broom, and join in the fun. Such is the glee and whirl of the whole, that none of the actors perceive these episodic incidents: all eyes are blind to aught save the business of the scene.

Of "The Pedlar," which he painted for his kind and excellent friend Dr. Matthew Bailie, we find no descriptive account in Cunningham's biography. It is however very well and minutely described in the memoir which accompanies *THE GALLERY*; and we cannot do better than extract the notice as a fair sample; of the manner in which the writer has treated the several subjects of which he takes occasion to speak.

"The Pedlar is an incident of country life. In the remote village, or still more secluded farm, this personage is of some mark, and his arrival an event; witness the 'Bryce Snailsfoot' of Scott; for he carries not only his pack, furnished forth like that of his plausible prototype Autolycus, in the 'Winter's Tale,' with

'Lawn, as white as driven snow,
Cypress, black as e'er was crow,
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses,
Masks, for faces and for noses;

Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What malds lack from head to heel;"

but he is also the general newsmen and gossip of the district; he has something for everybody; tidings of weddings and courtings for the young, scandal for the old dame, and politics for the Goodman. He well knows how to frame his face to all occasions, to tickle every one on the weak side, and turn everything to the

main chance. Such an one is here exhibiting the choicest contents of his box, before

... 'The prettiest low-born lass that e'er
Ran on the greensward.'

A gay-patterned dress, intended perhaps for her wedding, has wholly captivated her fancy; and, while a sister is carefully examining its texture, she turns with a look of appeal to her father, who, in his perplexity between the value of 'siller' and the desire of indulging his pretty daughter, is drily ejecting from his mouth a long whiff of tobacco. He is apparently giving way to the pleasing temptation; but in the back-ground, meanwhile, the old dame (a most marvellous character of Wilkie's), one who is famous at a bargain, is fighting out a hard battle to save a penny. It is evident that she is well aware that the article is cheap enough (a female counsellor is holding up her hands, as if to say, 'You will never have such a chance again'), though she is trying with all her might and main to appear indignant at the pedlar's extortion: but it is of no use, he is up to the manoeuvre, and prepared for the attack, which he knows well how to parry with his blandest smile and most conciliatory manner, resolved all the while not to go a farthing lower:—

'Like feather-bed 'twixt castle wall
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball,'

he receives the blow, and gives way for the moment; but no impression can be finally made on him, and he carries his point, no doubt, by patiently wearing out his assailant. In point of character, Wilkie never surpassed the expression thrown into this brace of disputants—they are true to nature in general, and to Scotland in particular—each is the representative of its class, and yet a dramatist, with all his resources, could hardly stamp upon the mind a more perfect impression of their individuality than is here done within the compass of an inch by the astonishing art of the painter."

Perhaps none of Wilkie's pictures have obtained a greater share of public favour than the "Rabbit on the Wall," which appeared in the exhibition of 1816; and he seems himself to have regarded it as one of his most successful efforts. It is needless to describe the dexterous involution of the fingers of one hand with those of the other, by which the illusion of the mimic munching animal is produced; for it is still, as it has been for ages, the wonder and delight of the younger members of our domestic circles. In Wilkie's picture, a labourer, seated happily after his day of toil, with his wife and children about him, is performing the trick for their amusement. His sideling glance at the wall, as he seeks to make the shadow perfect, and the comic gravity of his countenance, are nature itself; while the fond smile of the mother, who is scarcely able to hold the delighted infant in her arms, the mingled fear and astonishment of one a little older, the fixed gazes of the eldest boy, and the care with which the girl adjusts the light of the candle, are not so much the studies of a close and accurate observer, as the vivid conceptions of one who could enter with glee into the gist and humour of such performances. The engraving in *THE GALLERY*, by William Greatbach, is admirably executed.

The humours of a Scotch wedding had already been exhibited on canvas by David Allan, when Wilkie received a commission from the Prince Regent to represent the national manners at one of those scenes of mingled drollery and licentiousness which King James,

Allan Ramsay, and others, have described both in prose and verse. It has been said that the prince, though perfectly satisfied with the execution of the picture, was somewhat disappointed to find that the details of the "Penny Wedding" were closely confined within the limits of decency and decorum. As a truthful representation of Scottish manners and customs, it is perfect as far as it goes; and if bridals at which the rules of temperance and propriety were flagrantly violated, were the more ordinary occurrences, there were doubtless exceptions which amply justified the scene of more modest joy which Wilkie has delineated.

Of the pictures contained in the parts of the GALLERY now under review, the last in order of time is the "Parish Beadle." It was resting on the easel during the painter's absence in Scotland, on the occasion of the sovereign's (George IV.) visit to his native country, and completed, on his return, for his exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1823. This picture is remarkable for the vivid brightness of the colouring. In all the fussy importance of petty authority, and the full blow of official costume, the beadle has seized upon a young urchin, who, in defiance of the Vagrant Act, has been parading his bear and monkey through the streets of the parish. As he is dragging him towards the cage, a female with a hurdy-gurdy, whose dark Italian eye flashes with indignation, is clamorously demanding his release; and a dancing-dog, dressed out in its faded finery, follows closely at the heels of the unhappy victim of the parochial dignitary, as if conscious of his share in the offence, and ready to share the punishment. All the countenances are full of meaning, and teem with expression; and if the work is one of less pretension than many other of our artist's compositions, it is by no means one of the least powerful.

From the brief review to which we have thus submitted those *eight* productions of Wilkie's pencil, which have already appeared in the Gallery now in course of publication, it is easy to account both for the eminence to which he attained as an artist, and the universal and undying estimation in which his works are still held. He not only studied his subjects patiently, and took time for their elaborate execution, but the subjects themselves were popular, and addressed to all classes of the people; to the connoisseur and the mechanic, to the critic and the clown. His memory was stored with Scottish originals, and the peculiarities of his countrymen were worked out with such strict adherence to nature, such reality of character and dramatic skill, that the story of the piece, the humour of the scene, and the moral to be drawn from it, are discernible at a glance to all. It has been said that he could not enter into the spirit of English fun; but, at all events, he has taught the English to enter into the spirit of Scottish fun, and has made us familiar with all the pleasantries, charities, and eccentricities, of his native land. "He spoke," says Allan Cunningham, "to all degrees of knowledge, and to all varieties of taste:" he might have

added, that the most knowing could scarcely detect an error, or the most refined in taste, a blemish. Hence, perhaps, it is, that the works of few artists, if of any, have been so extensively engraved; and he duly appreciated the aid which two friends, Burnet and Raimbach, had lent to the spread of his reputation. Being informed by the latter that he had been elected, together with himself, a corresponding member of the French Institute, he thus wrote in reply:—"This is a distinction to which my art could never have arrived,—confined in its nature to one place,—were it not that it has been fortunately combined with yours, the excellence and beauty of which are wafted forth on a thousand wings, and speak simultaneously to all countries, and in all languages." Such, then, being the importance attached to engravings executed separately and at a high price, what may we not augur from a selected series, such as *THE WILKIE GALLERY*, published at a cost below that at which a single print was sold at the time when the letter above cited was written? We have intimated our intention of devoting a future paper to Wilkie and his works; and in the mean time we would act a friendly part by his admirers, in advising them to lose no time in procuring early impressions of the splendid publication, to which we have thus directed their attention, as it advances periodically through the press.—W. T.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

READER, it is not a pleasant thing to be forced by a stern inexorable necessity to write a postscript, or anything else, by a certain given day, whether you are in the humour for it or not. You may think it is, if you are not an editor, or a curate hard up for a subject for his next sermon, which must be a worse predicament still to find oneself in, for Sunday comes once a-week, and magazine-day only once a-month—our blessing on it for that same!—you may think it very agreeable, because you have not tried it, but we must beg to differ from you, because we have. First of all, we must ransack our brain for something to write about,—give us any idea, however unpromising, and we will undertake to do something with it,—afford us a thread on which to hang our pearls, and "an it be no stouter than a gossamer" we will string you an editorial necklace forthwith; but *ex nihilo nil fit*.

Well, then, what is it to be this time? The *In-surrection in Paris*?—A fertile subject truly,—thousands of our fellow-creatures, living, breathing, sentient beings, of like passions with ourselves, loving, hating, (capital fellows for hating—Dr. Johnson would have delighted in them,) fearing, hoping, even as we are now doing,—each man of them living a two-fold existence, an outer life, perceived and appreciated by those around him, and a deeper and more real inner

life, undreamed of by the world, and known only by himself and by One to whom all hearts are open: thousands of these immortal spirits,—our kindred in the great family of Nature,—have been suddenly expelled from the fearfully and wonderfully made bodies which clothed them!—many, alas, amidst the most unheard-of tortures—and for what? To obtain the triumph of freedom?—that, according to the ideas of those who, mistaking license for liberty, fondly believe a revolution likely to advance their cause, had been done already. To gratify the ambition of some world-subduer, who, blinded by the brightness of his own glory, perceives not the death-struggles of the victims sacrificed to his lust of conquest?—weeks have now elapsed, and the leaders of that maddened populace are yet unguessed at. No! the Insurrection in Paris is certainly not a fit subject for us to write about, for it is decidedly political, and Sharpe's Magazine carefully eschews politics.

Then, there is "Jenny Lind,"—every one who can't find anything else to talk about, starts "Jenny Lind:"

"Have you heard her in Lucia, Miss Reader?"

"Yes, isn't it wonderful, Mr. Editor?—but really, mamma says, its quite dangerous for us girls to see her,—she goes mad for love so becomingly, we shall be all wanting to follow the fashion ourselves!"

"Your mamma speaks like a well-bound book, miss."

"Pray, is Jenny Lind married, Mr. Editor?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Reader, to three husbands at the very least!"

"La! now you're joking?"

"True, I can assure you: one is a Russian nobleman, Fluff—Floff—ah, well, I can't exactly remember his name, but I know there's an 'offsky' in it. The courier, who went with my aunt to Berlin, lived with his step-mother when a boy, and he's ready to swear it. Floffsky met her in a snow-drift on the grand St. Bernard, and they were married at the convent, with all the great dogs for bride's-maids."

"Yes, but——"

"Wait!—then there's a banker at Stockholm; I do recollect his name, but I must not mention it, for it was told me in strict confidence by a friend of his second-cousin—he saved her from engaging herself to Bunn for five years for three thousand pounds, and she married him out of gratitude. Then, there's the famous French Count, Sans-six-sous,—at least, he was a count till he fraternized with the men of the barricades, and dropped into plain *Citoyen Sans-six-sous*;—there can be no mistake about him, for I happened to call at his tailor's when the wedding suit was lying on the counter. The way he——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Editor, but I'm sure mamma wants me, she's sneezed twice so very significantly."

And it was quite as well she did so; Jenny certainly won't do for our subject, for she is an opera singer, and Sharpe's Magazine ignores theatricals, *et hoc genus omne*;—but positively, in hunting for a

subject, we seem to have written our postscript, at least such part of it as does not relate to business.

In that line we have a few trifles to dispose of. First, we are forced to come forward with a low obeisance, and apologize for the melancholy fact, that in the present number there is no "Story of a Family." We have remonstrated with the talented authoress as strongly, and in as energetic language as we *dare* use to a lady-contributor, and she has replied by declaring that the present delay was quite unavoidable, and promising amendment for the future.

Secondly, we have received a decidedly singular epistle, purporting to come from two brothers, and bearing the post-mark "Plymouth." The only object we can discover in this remarkable document is, to induce us to reply to it in our postscript. When we first read it, we were ill-natured enough to determine to say nothing about it, on the plea, that "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," but we are benevolently disposed this morning, and beg our friends, the Plymouth brethren aforesaid, to accept our best thanks for the hearty laugh afforded us by their exquisitely absurd effusion. One thing we cannot credit,—no sponsor could have been so cruelly sarcastic as to call the *frère aîné* Solomon.

Amongst the books sent for review, we have received "Letters to an Undergraduate," by the Rev. Charles Clarke. These letters, as the author himself states in the preface, do not contain any very new or striking ideas; but they set forth useful and important, though well-known truths, in a clear and sensible manner; the writer is a man of education, and a gentleman, and his remarks are well calculated to excite those to whom they are addressed, to emulate him in these particulars.—The fourth letter, in which the use and abuse of "time" is treated of, and the sixth, in which the subject of "debt" is discussed, and the inconveniences and miseries attendant on pecuniary embarrassments are clearly and forcibly pointed out, appear to us the best executed, and most useful of the collection. We recommend this little book to the attention of all "Governors" about to launch their sons on the troubled ocean of college-life, and if the said sons refuse to profit by the advice contained in it, so much the worse for them.

"The Course of Life; a Sketch for Christian Females," is what is conventionally termed "a good book," written, we do not doubt, with a good object. Whether that object is likely to be attained by the insertion of such sentences as the following, we leave our female Christian readers to determine. "The purchase of the Linnean herbarium and library, by our countryman, the late Sir James Edward Smith, was a beautiful family episode and a pleasing national event." "Ardour possesses a self-communicative power, and strength attracts confederacy." "High advantages may be gained from a domiciliation with erudite ecclesiastical piety." We might multiply instances, but conceive we have given enough to suggest the sort of touches by which the lights and shades in the "Sketch for Christian Females," are produced.



THE GREAT BRIDGE, VAL D'AOSTA, ITALY. (From the "Sketches of the Alps" by W. H. Bartlett, 1845.)

THE AVALANCHE GALLERY.

THE formation of secure carriage roads across the Alps taxed to the utmost the skill of the engineer. The ancient ways, practicable only at best for laden mules, followed the unsheltered brink of fearful precipices, liable in the winter and spring to be swept by tremendous avalanches. One of the most needful and important of the engineer's precautions was to secure his newly formed road from these desolating scourges, and this is done by the construction of strongly built galleries, with roofs sloping in the direction taken by the falling mass. It must be remarked, that the spots chiefly exposed are well known, the annual recurrence of the avalanche having worn for it a distinct channel; yet, many places are unavoidably insecure, and the mail couriers, or any other persons whose occupation forces them to traverse the passes at the perilous season, often fall victims in spite of the utmost precaution. The annals of these secluded mountains are full of hair-breadth 'scapes: the wayside cross points out the fatal spot where a falling mass of rock or snow suddenly crushed the thoughtless peasant; and as we track the narrow ravine, overhung with towering precipices, and look where the herdsman has built his humble chalet, our only surprise is, that such occurrences are not more frequent—

"Mountains have fallen

Leaving a gap in the clouds—and filling up

The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters."

Who has not heard of the catastrophe of the Rossberg, and the destruction of the village of Goldau; of the fearful fate of Plurs, buried at midnight by a falling mountain so deeply, that all attempts to penetrate to its site have proved abortive? It was but the other day that the account of a similar occurrence was in all the papers.

Few impressions are more striking than the first sight of an avalanche. You are following, perhaps, the course of a playful brook through the verdant meadows and shady pine avenues of a Swiss valley, and are admiring the serene lustre of the snow-covered crests, which tower far above you into the cloudless azure, like palaces of crystal—the air is full of the sweet sounds of pastoral life, the pipe of the shepherd, the lowing of cattle, or the tinkling bell attached to their necks, as they roam over the lofty pasturages of the mountains—you are startled by a sound as of distant thunder; and turning your eyes in the direction whence it proceeds, you perceive the huge mass of snow descending like a streaming cataract from precipice to precipice, with a din the more tremendous, as in its descending impetus it encounters some fresh obstacle, some ridge of rock, which shatters it into foam. It is gone in an instant, but as you trace the ravine, you soon come upon lasting traces of its destructive violence; the pines of the forest are uprooted and scattered; huge rocks, brought down by the rushing mass, are hurled together in wild confusion, or, rolling to the utmost depth of the valley, are scattered over the narrow fields, marring the prospects of the toiling husbandmen, who labour

by the erection of strong barriers to confine the destructive agent to a narrower channel.

Avalanches fall during the whole year, but those in summer are for the most part comparatively inconsiderable, consisting merely of crusts of snow, which remain on the crest of a precipice till loosened and undermined by the summer heat and thaw. Yet, these are quite sufficient to "tickle the catastrophe" of a passing tourist, as witness the following accident which happened to the writer personally, in a mid-summer ramble among the mountains of the valley of Meyringhen, his object being, after visiting the fall of the Aar at Handek, to pass the night at the Hospice of the Grimsel.

The weather being perfectly serene, and the snow having entirely disappeared from the lower valleys, I deemed it quite unnecessary to take a guide; the more so, as I wished to linger at pleasure among the beautiful scenes with which the Hasli everywhere abounds. The fall of the Aar is perhaps the most striking in Switzerland, and it was late in the afternoon before I left the neighbouring village of Guttanen to ascend to the wilder regions of the mountain. The green pasturages of the valley began to disappear, the chalets to become more rare and rude in their construction; the path now grew more dreary, the pines dwarfed and scanty, till they ceased entirely, and gave place to stunted heath and spongy moss; the air felt keen and cold, and the remains of the winter's snows still clothed the rugged sides of the narrowing ravine. A curious and high-pitched bridge of one arch spanned the torrent of the Aar, swollen with the melted snows, and foaming over huge blocks fallen from the mountains above. Upon this bridge I came to a pause. On either hand rose abruptly from the stream two enormous slopes covered with snow, which hung over its precipitous banks. The path was covered, but there were two lines of footsteps to be traced; one along the course of the stream, the other rapidly ascending the mountain—apparently a shorter cut to the Hospice of the Grimsel, my evening bourne, which I knew to be not far distant. After a brief pause, I decided on following the latter. It proved more difficult than I expected, and when I had advanced, by planting my feet in the foot-holes of former passengers, to a height of about fifty feet above the stream, I halted a second time, hesitating whether, as the sun was fast sinking, it would not be rash to follow a track so steep and toilsome, without any certainty as to where it led, and whether it might not be more prudent to retrace my steps and keep to the bank of the stream, when, if out of the right path, I was at least certain of reaching some chalet where I could obtain guidance, or, if need were, shelter for the night. Perhaps it was well that I advanced no higher; for just as I had resolved to descend, and had turned round, carefully availing myself of the holes which offered a frail footing, from my slippery perch, on the smooth hard snow, to my horror, that noise I was so familiar with, though as yet at a distance, the fearful sound of the avalanche, burst upon my ear with

appalling distinctness and proximity, and, looking up the steep slope of the mountain, I perceived that a mass of snow, which had accumulated on some perpendicular precipices, was suddenly loosened from its precarious position, and in huge solid blocks and broken heaps was descending in a direct line to the spot on which I stood. Escape was impossible—the lightning flash was scarce more sudden or rapid than the resistless sweep of the avalanche. I averted my head instinctively from the first fearful shock, and thus receiving on my shoulders a violent concussion, was hurled along in the midst of the falling snow, receiving blow after blow from the loose blocks which burst as they descended, and in a moment was violently precipitated, with the entire mass, into the foaming torrent of the Aar. The instantaneous nature of the accident almost precluded any distinctness of sensation: one sole and terrible idea passed with electric speed,—that of instant entombment in the falling mass—of the most fearful and perhaps lingering of deaths—and the sadness of thus perishing in a manner unknown to those dear to me, till the discovery of my bones should solve at length the mystery of my long disappearance. While this idea was yet passing through my mind, I found myself in the foaming waters, struggling instinctively to disengage myself from the fallen snow. Happily, though from the violence of its descent it had seemed enormous in quantity, it was not so considerable as to offer any serious accumulation; some portions falling into the stream, and others breaking up among the rocks among which it was hurled, it soon left me at liberty. Hurried down by the fury of the torrent, my next care was to extricate myself from its foaming waves: grasping at rock after rock, I at length succeeded in arresting my downward career, and, dragging myself upon a ledge, stood under the raised snow-covered bank, which I succeeded in clambering up.

Trembling in every nerve, half drowned, and hatless, I regained, but a few minutes after I had quitted it, the same bridge where I had first been undecided in my course—but in a very different frame of mind. I was so stunned and confused that I could hardly realise what had passed during that eventful interval.

The sun glowed with its last rays upon the snow-covered mountains; the shadows crept solemnly up their sides, and invested them in gloom, while their roseate summits arose into the pure deep blue of heaven; the crescent moon appeared; the roar of the Aar filled the wild and quiet solitude—all was just as before the accident, save that a few broken heaps of snow, scarce perceptible, traced the path of the fallen avalanche—an insignificant occurrence in itself; yet, within a few moments, I had been menaced with a fearful fate, a feeling of the bitterness of death had passed through my agonized brain. My escape was almost by miracle, for if I advanced higher up the mountain, the additional height from which I should have been hurled would have rendered my destruction almost certain; and if carried down but a little farther by the torrent, I should have been precipitated over a cataract; had

the first shock from the falling snow struck me on the head, or had I been violently dashed against the rocks of which the river was full, instead of receiving but a slight contusion, the result would have been fatal. I had received a solemn and effectual warning, that when the sense of health is most exquisite, each muscle high strung with pure air and exercise, when the blood courses most joyously through the veins, and the mind is open to none but the most pleasurable impressions, even “in the midst of life we are in death,” liable to be crushed in an instant by the blind working of nature, as heedlessly as the gilded insect is trodden underfoot by the unconscious traveller, unless a Providential Power is mysteriously exerted for our preservation.

The spring avalanches are the most tremendous in their consequences. Formed by the gradual accumulation of the snows of winter, saving only those portions which may be successively thrown off in a loose state, their mass is enormous, and coming down from the higher solitudes of the mountains through winding ravines with constantly increasing impetus, the rush of air alone caused by them is able to tear down the loftiest pines. Accordingly, they are the most dreaded by the hardy inhabitants of these regions. A painful instance of the desolation often inflicted by their ravages, was narrated to me by the pastor at Prali, when rambling about the Waldensian valleys.

In these primitive villages, where inns are unknown, the house of the clergyman is the only refuge of the occasional traveller, and, poor as they are, I have never known their hospitality to fail. Unlike the snug parsonage, or decent manse, the dwelling of the more remote Waldensian pastors is of the rudest character, and but a shade above the hovels of his poverty-stricken people. A stone-floored kitchen; a huge fireplace, supplied with pine logs and blackened with the smoke of half a century; an enormous *pot au feu*, never empty, in which is kept a constant supply of broth, (an *olla podrida* composed of all sorts of ingredients) is the family room, to which a more decent chamber is sometimes appended. Such was the habitation where a snow storm in the leafy month of June compelled me to remain for nearly three days. Even then, how wintry and how dreary was the landscape!—what must it be when for months the country is buried deep in snow, when no sound greets the imprisoned inhabitants but the echoing roar of avalanches and the dreary wail of the snow-storm, and when the pastor, in the performance of his ministrations of mercy and love, (and how precious are they to so forlorn and scattered a population!) must encounter a thousand perils to which habit alone can render him indifferent—the attack of wolves, the whelming avalanche, or the icy *tourmente*, or hurricane, that may instantly, as my guides have assured me, freeze up the springs of life, or, at the least, lay the foundation of some incurable malady?

Here is an adventure, simply and quaintly told by one of these indefatigable men. “Setting out alone,” he says, “from Prali, one Sabbath at daybreak,

to perform the first service of the day at Rodoret, at about a German league from thence, as I was crossing the hill called the Traçenea, I was encountered by such a furious hurricane of wind, that I was for a long while rolled to and fro in the snow, in which I lost my hat; but when I had reached the village of La Ville, David Guigon, an ancient pastor, having lent me another, I went on my way. But as my head had been well soaked in the wet snow, it was not long before it was covered with a nightcap of ice, with which I was compelled to go forward. When arrived at Rodoret, I *thawed my poor head a little before the fire*, but this did not hinder but that some weeks after I was laid upon my back, and so roughly handled by an imposthume, that all the doctors counted me for dead: my ears so greatly swollen that they were thicker than my two fingers, my jaws so firmly closed that it was not possible to get my teeth open to pour a spoonful of soup into my mouth; so that, to do so with a silver pipe, the Sieur Laurens, my uncle, thought good to break one of my side teeth, 'Because,' said he, 'God is all-powerful to raise him up, even yet; and then he will want again his *fore teeth for the work of preaching*.' The good pastor of Prali told me of not a few hair-breadth 'scapes of his own, but the saddest event that had occurred in his experience was one recorded in a book which he kept to chronicle the short and simple annals of his village—the births, marriages and deaths, times of scarcity, or the few more marked occurrences which occasionally broke the monotonous course of their secluded existence.

It was at the most dangerous season of the avalanches, about the end of March, 1832, that eighteen men from Prali having gone down several miles into the lower valleys to seek work, were about to come home to their own families, when a heavy fall of snow, by adding its additional momentum to the winter avalanches which had not yet fallen, as well as by blocking up and impeding the path, rendered their return a matter of considerable peril. Unfortunately, the very circumstance that increased this peril was one which rendered them most anxious to get back, lest the additional weight of snow heaped upon their cottages should, as often happens, crush in the roof, and bury their wives and children. But the apprehensions which would deter an ordinary traveller are either unknown to these hardy mountaineers, or have but little influence when any object is at stake. They were, besides, well acquainted with the path, and knowing where each considerable avalanche (which always falls in the same channel) makes its annual descent, they were enabled to take the needful precautions against being surprised by it. In fact, they had surmounted every obstacle, and joyfully advanced till within sight of the clocher of Prali, and their snow-buried habitations. Here occurred an incident which, as in my own case, shows upon what trifling circumstances—upon what mere moments of haste or of delay—our frail existence is suspended. The path lay along the brink of the torrent, and was covered by the recent and heavy fall of snow, which had formed so thick an overhanging crust that the older and more wary of the

band hesitated at keeping the usual track, lest by their weight the brittle mass should give way, and precipitate them into the boiling current. The younger and more reckless, on the contrary, eager to reach the homes they could already catch sight of, urged the bolder course; and while the dispute grew warm, the unhappy disputants forgot that they were in the very pathway of the last and most tremendous of the avalanches to which they were exposed—one which, coming down from the higher solitudes of the mountain, brings down with it an enormous quantity of debris and snow. At length, weary of the dispute, and impatient to proceed, the younger men rushed angrily forward—the rest impulsively followed: the angry sound of their voices had hardly ceased, when a fearful cry issued from the foremost—'On your faces, for your lives! Good God, the avalanche! the avalanche is upon us!' Over those behind, who instantly followed the advice, passed merely the outer and looser portion of the falling mass, but the entire accumulation of a whole winter swept down the foremost thirteen, and hurling them into the torrent, buried them deep under a solid and immovable mass of snow.

As soon as the five who had thus almost miraculously escaped had recovered from their terror and confusion, they hastened to the relief of the others; one of them hurrying to the village to spread the sad tidings, and obtain assistance. The whole of the inhabitants were soon on the spot, labouring with the energy of friends or relatives to extricate their fellow villagers. But all their efforts were in vain; the solidity of the mass of snow defied their efforts, and it was not till the second day that the bodies were successively detached—each, as it appeared, awakening a burst of agony in the bereaved relatives. "That day," said the pastor, "was the saddest ever known in Prali. Almost all the poor fellows had wives and children to mourn for them; and besides, in our little secluded community, cut off from the rest of the world, our interests and our labours are in common; and we are like one family, where every one is rejoiced or afflicted with the others. I shall never forget the dreariness of their burial day—the weeping train that followed the bodies to the grave: their desolate condition, and my own recollections of the departed, so overwhelmed me that I was scarcely able to go through the service, and was often interrupted by my tears."

Such stories are by no means uncommon, but they are confined to the remote localities of these sequestered mountains.

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TABLE.—THE SWORD of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had been long out of use. The rust was soon rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go: they were of blood. It was on the table near the pen of his Secretary. The Pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off. "Thou art right," said the Sword; "I am a bad neighbour." "I fear thee not," replied the Pen, "I am more powerful than thou art; but I love not thy society." "I exterminate," said the Sword. "And I perpetuate," answered the Pen; "where were thy victories if I recorded them not? Even where thou thyself shalt one day be—in the Lake of Oblivion."—*From an ancient Jewish Apologue.*

STORY OF A FAMILY.¹

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—THE FIRST SORROW.

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood meet."

LONGFELLOW.

IDA was no longer a child. Seventeen years and six months had done their best to rob her of that sweet name; yet of the reality which the name implies they could not rob her. Her soul was still a clear mirror, unused to reflect anything but blue skies, shadowy woods, and loving faces. She was sitting on the shore at Mrs. Chester's feet, her cheek leaning against the knee of her friend, her lap full of shells and seaweed gathered in the evening's excursion, her eyes fixed upon the waters which were slowly heaving themselves out of purple shadow into golden light, under a sky vibrating with the thousand hues of sunset, and sprinkled all over with small bright clouds, some like frosted silver, and some like fragments severed from a rainbow. Her fair hair fell backwards from a face so pure, so radiant, so placid, that you might have fancied it the countenance of some guardian angel who had never needed to weep for the sins of its human charge. The deep, almost stern melancholy which was the habitual expression of Mrs. Chester's beautiful features, contrasted very painfully with such a vision of peace. Their voices blended in the tones of a solemn melody, to which Percy had adapted words suitable to the time:—

SUNSET.

Is it the foot of God
Upon the waters, that they seethe and blaze,
As when of old he trod
The desert ways,
And through the night
Fearful and far his pillar poured its light?
Oh for quick wings to fly
Under the limit of yon dazzling verge,
Where bright tints rapidly
In brighter merge,
And yet more bright,
Till light becomes invisible through light!
What wonder that of yore
Men held thee for a deity, great sun,
Kindling thy pyre before
Thy race is run,
Casting life down
At pleasure, to resume it as a crown?
Or that our holier prayer
Still consecrates thy symbol, that our fanes
Plant their pure altars where
Thine Eastern glory rains,
And thy bright West
Drops prophet-mantles on our beds of rest?
Here, watching, let us kneel
Through the still darkness of this grave-like
time,
Till on our ears shall steal,
A whisper, then a chime,
And then a chorus: earth has burst her prison,
The Sign is in the skies! the Sun is risen!

¹ Continued from p. 31.

"The whisper is on the earth already," said Mrs. Chester in a tone of enthusiasm, as the last notes died away; "at least," she added, sighing, "for those who can hear it."

Ida looked inquiringly into her face. "Dear Madeline," said she, "how sad you look to-night! Is there any reason?"

"Yes—no—I don't know," replied Mrs. Chester, absently; "it is my birthday, Ida, and that is a time to be grave. I am afraid of the day. Every great change which has happened to me throughout my life, has either begun or been completed on this day, and there is scarcely one of them that I would not recall if I could."

Ida took her friend's hand hesitatingly between her own, seemed about to speak, but checked herself, and after a moment's pause, said with a manner of assumed carelessness, "Was it to-day that you first came to live at Croye?"

"No, no,—yet my coming to live here—But let us talk of something else, my Ida." She spoke with effort, and turned away her face.

"Why of something else?" said Ida, persuasively, "you said once that the day might come when you would tell me all about yourself. It is not fair to keep from me the privilege of knowing why you are unhappy, when we love each other so dearly."

"But I am not unhappy, love," replied Mrs. Chester; "Why should you think so? I never said so."

"Said so!" exclaimed Ida, "but who is there that would come and look into your face, and spread out his hands, and make a bow, and say, 'Look at me! see how unhappy I am!' If I were to see such a person, I should not believe that he had the capacity for unhappiness. But you—you are lively in conversation, and grave when you think nobody sees you; you laugh openly, and sigh when you think nobody hears you; and sometimes you start and answer sharply when you are not angry, and tremble when there is nothing to be afraid of. Besides, you never throw out hints that you are not so gay as you seem; on the contrary, you delight to assure people that you are really cheerful when you seem out of spirits—indeed, I never heard you say as much about yourself before as you said just now. So the time is come, is it not, dearest Madeline?—(throwing her arms caressingly around her)—I am not a child any longer—you are going to make a friend of me?"

"You *are* both my child and my friend," replied Mrs. Chester, a few reluctant tears slowly breaking from her eyes; "but indeed this is all a mistake; you have watched me, out of your fondness, till you fancied what had no real existence. I have every reason to be grateful."

"Grateful and happy are not the same, are they?" said Ida, ponderingly.

"Ought they not to be the same?" inquired her friend.

"Why, no, I think not: surely not," answered Ida. "We may be grateful for reproof, and yet sorrowful because we deserve it. I am sure that is what I often

feel. Why do you smile? Oh! you are thinking that I deserve it, now, for pressing you to tell what you do not wish. You are not angry with me, are you?" And taking Mrs. Chester's hand, she kissed it with an expression of the gentlest humility.

Madeline embraced her tenderly; and Ida, fearful lest she was indeed obtruding her sympathy, hastened to change the subject. "You were playing Schubert to-day," said she; "the 'Lob der Thränen.' I like no music so well; why is it that you so seldom play it?"

"It is too exciting for every-day use," replied Madeline. "It would wear me to death. Beethoven is like Shakespeare—his music is objective—you are altogether lost in the composition, and in it you forget your own existence. It is as though a giant held you forcibly aloft, so that you see earth and heaven from a new and more commanding point. But there is always something personal in Schubert. He does not look down upon life, he struggles in the midst of it; and even in his conquest you are made conscious of the wounds of the battle. His expression is as intense as it is possible for it to be without losing suggestiveness—after the scena from Faust, or the Ungeduld, I require a composing draught to fit me for the common duties of society."

"Oh, it seems so different to me!" cried Ida. "I suppose that is because I have not talent for music, as you have. To me, now, such music as that seems like a wild, beautiful fairy tale, sometimes very melancholy, but then it is a sort of melancholy which gives pleasure."

"That is a child's notion of life and the world, my Ida," said Mrs. Chester, fondly. "It seems a realm of mysterious enchantments, in which the gloomiest parts are but as shadows making pleasant contrast with the light. Nevertheless, they are deep enough to bewilder those who walk among them."

"And the child's notion is, as ever," said Percy, who had approached them unobserved, "the germ of a great truth. The utmost reason can do for us is to regain, toilsomely and with loss, some of the jewels which instinct freely offered us at first, but which we suffered to escape from our hands. What could the highest Christian say of life, more than that its griefs are shadows, whose purpose is to make the light stronger and brighter?"

"The highest Christian might say that," exclaimed Mrs. Chester, abruptly, "but——"

She stopped as suddenly as she had spoken. Percy made no comment upon the unfinished sentence. He seemed to be preoccupied with some painful subject of thought, and sat down in silence by his daughter's side, shading his eyes with his hand.

"Papa," said Ida, after a while, as she drew closer to him and laid her head on his shoulder, "there is one thing which you forgot about the shadows."

"What do you mean, my love?" inquired her father.

"It is very dangerous to walk through them alone," replied Ida. "There must always be two, hand in hand, supporting each other. A father and daughter, for example—is not that true, dear papa?"

Percy turned his face slowly towards her, and looked at her with a grave smile. "You are right," said he; "we cannot stand alone. Better to lean on a flower than on nothing."

"But the poor flower may be crushed!" said Mrs. Chester.

"No fear of that!" exclaimed Ida. "Only try it! You will find that it is a hardy shrub, and can bear a great deal of leaning upon. It is a very bad plan to give up seeking for comfort because you are afraid of not finding it—you can but do without it after all, you know, if your search proves vain. And perhaps, if you try, and trust, you will find all you want."

"So that is your philosophy, my child," said Percy, with somewhat forced playfulness. "You think it better to make your life a series of disappointments than to do without hope."

"But *would* it be a series of disappointments?" asked Ida, looking into his face with an expression almost of fear. "Oh, papa, how sad that sounds! Surely, surely you don't mean it? How *can* we ever be disappointed in those we love?—unless, indeed," she added, "we begin by loving the wrong people, and then that is our own fault."

"But, without being 'wrong people,' as you call it, the people you love may do wrong," suggested her father; "and would not that be a disappointment?"

"It would, indeed," said Ida, gravely. "I never thought of that. But, you know, that is a grief which I might indeed cause you, but which you never could occasion me; so I suppose that is the reason of my forgetting it."

Percy coloured deeply, and bit his lip, but said nothing. He was as chary of praise to his daughter as he was lavish of affection. Not that he never praised her; but his commendations were invariably given to some effort or achievement—something which had cost labour or demanded resolution. He was in nowise addicted to those little outbursts of parental admiration which are in some families awarded to the simplest expression of character or the commonest phrase of humility. "My dear, I'm sure I don't know what your faults are." "Well, if *you* can't, nobody else can!" "Yes, *you* might, I dare say; but then, my love, there are not a great many people in the world like *you*," &c. &c. Let me not be supposed to ridicule the veriest extravagance, or the merest weakness of real affection. But there is a sort of conventional habit of mutual laudation which sometimes grows up in the midst of an attached family, which is *not*, in itself, real, which is only a degree removed from egotism, and which is worse than ridiculous. The habit is not real, because it is often found to exist in company with a very keen appreciation of petty faults and personal offences separately, as they occur, which somehow are resented and condemned without affecting that vague general view of the perfection of the offender which is always ready to hand when wanted; moreover, it is no guarantee whatsoever for that permanent and unobtrusive family union which grows out of forbearance, tenderness, sympathy, and

self-distrust; it is nearly egotistical, because it helps to keep up a sort of common stock of satisfaction upon which each member may draw as he requires it, and which results in a practical contempt for all *differences from* (not *inferiorities to*) the home standard; it is worse than ridiculous, because it seriously injures the characters of those among whom it exists. You can scarcely be perpetually overrated by others without learning at last to overrate yourself, or at any rate to be so accustomed to the stimulus of applause, that all viands seem flavourless without it—a great, and in such cases almost an inevitable danger. Besides, the practice of humility, always difficult enough, is rendered doubly difficult where every expression of it meets with a pleasant opposition. You must be very clear-sighted and self-disciplined indeed to be quite safe from the peril of self-deception—quite guiltless of ever blaming yourself in all candour, and then listening for the sweet melody of contradiction. Woe be to us if even the arms which we clasp about the neck of our beloved ones, shall draw them back as they labour along the upward path! Let us not indeed cling less closely—but let us cling so as to sustain and help!

Mrs. Chester was not always so cautious, but in the present instance she too was silent. She had drawn a few paces apart, and perhaps she did not hear the conversation. Her hands were clasped upon her forehead, and under their shadow she was gazing fixedly at the sea.

"Well, but, Ida," resumed her father, "there are other disappointments in affection besides faults. There are separations enough in life, before we come to the last great separation."

"Death," said Ida, her soft eyes filling with tears, as leaning on her father's knees she still looked earnestly into his face. "Oh! that is solemn and sorrowful, papa—but no disappointment—rather the light and life of hope. It is separation, you know, but not disunion, because we still pray with each other, and we love more than ever. I was at the grave to-day," (happy Ida! she knew but of *one* grave,) "and I watered the myrtle, and hung a circlet of roses upon the white cross; so I have still that little service to render—and can you doubt that he still loves us in Paradise!"

"You speak bravely and truly, my child," said Percy; "you could then be content to be thus parted from those you love—from me?"

Her face was hidden on his breast, her arms twined closely about his neck, as, nearly inarticulate with sudden weeping, she murmured "Oh! no, no, no."

There was a momentary expression of anguish in his eyes, but it passed as quickly as it came, as, gently disengaging himself from her embrace, he said, "God keep my darling from all trials that she has not strength to bear! Ought I not rather to say, God strengthen her to bear whatever trial He pleases to send? However, I did not mean to bring these foolish tears—there, dry them, and think no more of them—you see it is easier to *say* than to *do*. Come, is the sky

bright again?" She looked up, smiling. "That is right; now listen attentively, for I have a history to tell you."

Ida resumed her former posture, and her father thus continued, speaking at first rapidly, but afterwards with more deliberation; "You know I have told you before, that in my youth I did much that was wrong. I pleased myself, and thought only of myself, and forgot God's service. But I never told you how it was that I began to repent." He paused a moment—this was a subject to which he had only once referred, and the shame in his daughter's face was even keener than in his own; yet she drew closer to him, and put her hands into his, as though she feared it might be possible for him to think that she could feel one instant's transitory impulse of condemnation. "When—when your—your mother died," he proceeded, "I had a very severe illness; a brain fever. I was for several weeks in great danger, sometimes without consciousness, oftener in a state of delirium. During the whole of this time I was sedulously and tenderly nursed by a friend who scarcely ever left my bed-side, though the fever was supposed to be of an infectious nature. His name was Nesfield. He was a man of high family, good fortune, and very eccentric character; full of warm kind feeling, though, as you will see from the sequel, destitute of principle. He used to spend hour after hour in trying to soothe and relieve me; he told me afterwards that I kept my hands tightly clasped upon a small book which no persuasion would induce me to relinquish—it was my wife's—one of her few English books, a St. Thomas à Kempis. Once when I was asleep he took it out of my hands, and the next time that my delirium recurred, it came into his head to read aloud a portion of this book and see whether it would produce any effect upon me. I wept, laid myself down quietly, and listened like a child—ah, how often I had heard it before! How often, in the cool night time, I had listened to her voice as she read it aloud, slowly, and with her sweet foreign accent, to the maid who was loosening and arranging her abundant hair before she went to rest! She did not guess that I was hearing; and I heard only the music of the accents, and thought nothing of the words, which had, however, hidden themselves in some shady nook of memory, and now came forth to move me to tears. One passage which she had been accustomed to read oftener than the rest came back to me with special force, and fixed itself in my thought, so that, even when my mind was wandering, I used to repeat it over and over again unweariedly. She had returned to it so often out of her care for the girl who waited upon her—an Englishwoman who had suffered much sorrow, and who when she first came to us was dejected and gloomy, though not afterwards—how could she be in that sunshine? These were the words:—

"*There will come an hour when all labour and trouble shall cease.*

"*'Poor and brief is all that which passeth away with time.*

"Do in earnest what thou doest; labour faithfully in My vineyard; I will be thy reward."

"Write, read, chant, mourn, keep silence, pray, suffer crosses manfully; life everlasting is worthy of all these, yea, and greater combats."

"Peace shall come in one day, which is known unto the Lord, and it shall be not day nor night (that is, of this present time), but everlasting light, infinite brightness, steadfast peace, and secure rest."

"What strength and refreshment to the weary in those words! what a trumpet-note for the slothful! what a solemn organ-strain for the devout! How her voice rose, how it *kindled*, as she read them!"

He stopped suddenly, and covered his face for a few moments. Rarely, indeed, did he suffer such agitation to be noticeable. Ida was listening too eagerly to weep; when he paused she covered with kisses the hand which still rested between her own, and soon he turned to her again, smiled, and continued his story in a changed and more self-restrained manner.

"Well, dearest, I began to recover. For many days I lay on my bed, powerless as an infant, unable to speak or move, but with those words ringing in my ears like the tones of a low distant chant heard if you stand by the churchyard-gate at the time of evening prayer. I was still outside the gate, but I longed to enter, and a new, living self-reproach was busier at my heart than grief itself. The first news I heard when I was able to leave my room, was that Nesfield was dying of the same disorder—caught, so it was supposed, in attendance upon me; and I was not able to go to him. What an ingrate I felt myself!"

"Oh, no, no, papa!" cried Ida, "do not use such a word; your heart was with him, though your body could not be."

"My heart was nearly broken," replied Percy, "I was in utter despondency. I had no physical strength to fight against despair, no habit of faith or discipline to enable me to resist it. I was conscious of past evil in myself, but felt no courage to amend. I gave myself up without a struggle. A vague heathen notion of doom was in my mind—of doom fixed, inevitable, terrible. I was like one who swings downward in the grasp of some mighty torrent, and knows that the abyss to which he is hurrying is a whirlpool, which will crush him as a child crushes a shell between its fingers. A hundred hands are stretched out to help him, but the blackness of darkness is upon the heavens, and he cannot see one of them. A hundred voices cry to him, but the roar of the water is in his ears, and he hears no other sound. Then there comes into the sky one little star, pale and tender, and by its twinkling light he sees the rope on the surface of the waves, grasps it, and is drawn to shore. It was the little star that saved him. They brought *you* to me, my Ida: when they feared that I was sinking into that worst kind of madness, to which speech and motion are impossible, and life is nothing but a dreary stupor, they brought my little star to me. The first pressure of your tiny, aimless

fingers upon my cheek—the first look into your dreamy, innocent, blue eyes—*her* eyes—and I was saved. I wept freely, and after that there was no fear of madness, for I felt that there was something to live for."

Ida's face was hidden in his lap, and she wept unrestrainedly. "Oh, what happiness!" murmured she, as soon as she could speak. "And I was thinking, all the while, what a burden I must have been to you!"

Her father smiled in silence, and after a moment, continued—"As soon as it was practicable, I went to Nesfield, and had the happiness of finding him out of danger, though as feeble as I had myself so lately been. I need scarcely tell you, that I did not leave him till he was completely recovered. One day he placed a sealed letter in my hand, desiring me to keep it, and open it in case of his death. He seemed about to say more, but checked himself, and merely added, that it had weighed much on his mind in the intervals of his delirium, that he had not already taken this step; but now, he was relieved, for that he could trust implicitly to me, to act on the information contained in the paper. I pledged my word to him, and no more passed between us. When he was quite well, I offered to return it to him, but he refused to receive it. "Keep it," said he; "perhaps if I die twenty years hence it will be as necessary as it is now." About a year after this he asked my services as second in a duel. I acceded so long as there was hope of reconciling the combatants, but when I found this to be quite impracticable, I declined to act any further with him. He was bitterly offended. It was a hard trial to me—but imagine how grateful I felt for being permitted so soon to make a sacrifice—so early in my penitence to be able to make some little atonement for past self-indulgence! Nevertheless, it was a great grief to me. I tried to obtain his forgiveness in every possible way, but in vain. He would not see me; he returned my letters unopened, and we have never met since!"

"Ah, papa!" exclaimed Ida, "what a hard-hearted, cruel man! And yet he nursed you so tenderly, I must love him! How could he be at once so bad and so good?"

"My child, he was without the principle of obedience to God's law," replied Percy; "all that he did was from feeling; and so when the angry impulse was stronger than the kind impulse, he yielded to it at once."

"Papa, I could understand that quite well in a heathen," said Ida, "but it seems so unnatural for a Christian to live by impulse. *Was* he a Christian?" she added, with a wondering, puzzled expression.

"We will not judge him," said Percy, solemnly; "He is in God's hands. He is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Ida, with a look of terror, clasping her trembling hands.

"Even so," returned her father, "he died quite suddenly; a fit seized him while out hunting—he was brought home and died the next morning. He was

perfectly insensible till the very moment of death, when he opened his eyes, and with great effort pronounced my name twice. I trust it was an emotion of forgiveness. One of the persons who was present, and who happened to be a mutual friend, communicated immediately with me. I received the intelligence a week ago, and, of course, I then opened the letter, which I have now had in my possession seventeen years.

"And it contained——" exclaimed Ida, breathlessly.

"A very few words, but of astonishing import—I have it here;" he took the paper from his pocket, and read what follows:—"If I should die, I desire your protection for my wife and child, now resident at the convent of Santa Fé, near ——, under the name of Gordon. Their existence is known to no living being but myself, nor will it be revealed till my death.—James Nesfield." This was all. The letter which brought the news of his death contained no allusion whatever to his marriage, but speaks of a cousin in England as his next heir. It also informs me that among his effects was found a sealed box, with these words written upon the lid, *'To be burned in case of my decease.'* A pencil had been afterwards drawn across this inscription, and my name written below, also in pencil—apparently this was one of his last acts. A very solemn duty devolves upon me, and one which I am of course bound in a special and most impressive manner to execute. I must endeavour to find this unhappy lady and her child if alive, or to procure sufficient evidence of their death. They are given into my charge as it were from the grave, and I dare not neglect for a moment the task thus imposed. Of course, my first step must be to visit the convent—it is in Syria—and to learn all that I can on the spot. Afterwards I must proceed to Delhi, where my friend died, and open the box, which has been kept untouched till my orders are received concerning it, and in which I hope to find the certificate of the marriage."

Ida listened with the deepest interest. "And why was the marriage kept secret?" inquired she.

"I fear, from motives of pride; but, of course, this can only be conjecture," replied Percy hesitatingly, and looking at her with an expression of inquiry.

Ida mused a little, and then looked up at her father. "And when do we set off?" asked she.

Poor Ida! What a child she still was! All that careful and tender preparation—all that elaborate prelude of supposititious sorrows—it had just gone for nothing! It never occurred to her that her father had been trying to break to her, as cautiously as he could, a piece of sorrowful news; that he had not been working upon her feelings without cause, but in order to soften if possible the blow which he was about to inflict. This could not have escaped a Woman—one whose education had advanced even a little way under that stern preceptor, Life—but Ida was a Child. In the interest of the story, she had lost all recollections of its purpose, and of the conversation which preceded it. Childhood is supposed to

lose much suffering because it anticipates none; did those who thus judge ever think of the cruelty and bitter suddenness of a new and unimagined grief?

"My dearest child," said Percy, with the quiet and tender firmness habitual to him, and from which there was no appeal, "I cannot take you with me."

Ida started; the idea of resistance, even of the resistance of supplication, never once occurred to her, but it was very hard to bear. Yet, with her whole heart full of sympathy, love, and obedience, how could she once think of herself? It was of her father she had been thinking, for him she had been feeling, and she could not change in a moment to self-indulgence and self-pity: her impulse was to crush by a quick effort every thought that could add to his pain, to conquer her own emotion, as it were by violence, for his sake. She would not let him see that it grieved her—she would put a cheerful face upon her misery; this was a holy deception. So she looked up at him, with eyes straining to keep themselves free from tears, white cheeks, and lips quivering with a painful smile, and asked gently, "And where am I to go?"

"You will be at Evelyn Manor, my love," replied her father; "your aunt Melissa has kindly promised to take charge of you during my absence. I hope to return before that eighteenth birthday of yours, to which we have been looking forward so long, when the whole family is once more to assemble at Evelyn. I shall write to you very often."

Ida drew her breath with a quick, sobbing sound, but was silent. Mrs. Chester approached and put her arm round her waist. "My dear Mrs. Chester," said Percy, "you will not, I am sure, refuse to accompany Ida. It would be so hard for her," he added, dropping his voice, "to go at once among strangers. I am sure I may reckon upon you in this?"

Madeline coloured violently, and her manner expressed a singular hesitation. "I am so unused to society," said she; but a look at the wan trembling Ida overcame her reluctance. "I will go; yes, I will go," she added; "but I must be allowed to live in retirement, and when you return, I must come home before the family party assembles." She spoke abruptly and with much agitation.

"You shall do exactly as you please," answered Percy with some surprise; "I am sorry to urge upon you a step from which you appear to shrink, but——"

Mrs. Chester raised her hand, as if deprecating further discussion of the subject. "It is enough," said she, almost sternly, "I will go."

Percy turned to his daughter, and folded her silently in his arms. She shook from head to foot. "When?" said she hastily, she could articulate no more. "God bless my darling child!" was his solemn answer. She dropped upon her knees, and once more those dear hands were laid gently upon her head, once more was she clasped in those venerated arms and held to that loving heart, and—he was gone! Madeline led her to her room, and wisely judged it best to leave her for a little while alone. As she descended the stairs,

she saw Percy in the hall; he beckoned to her, and when she came to him, said hurriedly—

"I am a coward; I despise my own weakness, but cannot conquer it. I *cannot* tell her—perhaps, too, it is not necessary yet. But, Mrs. Chester, you must pledge me your word not to leave her. I have reason to believe that I carry within me the seeds of a mortal disease: it will, most probably, be long before it makes itself apparent; but it is possible that—that it may be necessary to write to her and inform her of it. You are to her almost a mother; she is a tender child; I cannot leave her, even though it is my duty to do so, unless I know that you will be with her. Will you give me your word to remain with her till I return—or, if God so will it, till I die? You understand me; will you pledge your word for this?"

His manner was almost fierce in the impetuosity of its earnestness, and he had taken both Madeline's hands in his own, and kept his eyes fixed on her agitated face. "I will," said she, faintly; "I do. What am I that I should refuse any sacrifice for her? But God preserve you to her!"

Percy wrung her hands warmly, and adding a few hasty words about avoiding the pain of a farewell interview, left her.

Madeline was perfectly calm when she joined Ida an hour afterwards, and they passed the first part of the night in prayer and weeping. Towards morning the exhausted girl fell asleep, and her friend watched by her side; all was still, save for the uneasy breathing of the slumberer who lay on the bed, her head pillowed on her arm, and the tears still undried upon her burning cheek. The gray light of dawn was beginning to spread its pale, cold tints over the room. Madeline went to the window; it was a cloudy morning, and a fog lay heavy upon the distant sea, the foliage of the trees was all uncurled by damp, the earth looked black, and the grass sent up a white steam. Before the door a servant was holding a horse, and in another moment Percy came forth. He looked neither right nor left, up nor down, but straight before him; his step was quick and firm; he sprang on his horse, touched its shoulder with the whip, and, without a word to the bowing groom, rode off at speed. Madeline looked involuntarily towards the bed. Ida had changed her position, and there was a lovely smile on her face, as though her dream was a happy one. She turned and softly kissed the pillow, then crossed her hands over her bosom, and murmured, still sleeping, between her smiling lips, "Peace, peace!" It is an angel who guides!

"Now at thy pleasure room, wild heart,
In dreams o'er sea and land;
I bid thee at no shadows start:
The Upholder is at hand."

NATURE AND USES OF FIRE.

WHILST sitting near a blazing fire, listening to the storm without, and thinking of the sailor on the tossed waves of the North Sea, or of the Laplander cowering in his hut of snow, we are fully prepared to

appreciate the comforts which *fire* bestows upon men. At such a time the imagination could present few ideas more terrible than the supposition of a world without fire,—unless indeed the earth be supposed to be one vast garden of Eden, in which storm, snow, and ice were strangers.

There are some aids to human happiness, which have for so many ages shed gladness upon all nations, that we really cannot imagine the world to have ever wanted them; whilst in respect to others we *can* picture to ourselves a period of deprivation, though far beyond all memory. Thus, we can sit down in our libraries and speculate on a world *without books*—when not a single volume of the vast host of octavos, quartos, and folios which now salute us, existed. A most ugly condition of things, of course, when ink was unknown and pens a mystery, but very conceivable of the days when Adam was young, and Cain and Abel in their infancy. We feel convinced there was a period when ships, steam-boats, railways, and bude-lights were unknown; and 'when even the tailor and shoemaker were very different beings from their successors in Regent-street. But how different are our notions with respect to fire! That seems coeval with the earth itself; and the idea that it was *discovered* scarcely ever enters our minds. We therefore never inquire respecting the year, day, and hour in which fire was first made the property of the human race. When, however, we begin to reflect on the matter, we feel that in all probability fire was discovered; for it seems too much to assume that the first man found it provided for him in that mysterious home assigned him by his Maker. But, if not so prepared, it must quickly have been discovered; as we soon read, in the most ancient history of human progress, that one of the descendants of Cain was a skilful metallurgist: 'an art which must have required a knowledge and an application of fire—indeed it was *impossible* to possess iron without the use of fire. But *how* was the discovery made? and by whom? These are questions which we shall not attempt to answer, simply because we *cannot*; (how truly unassuming!) but we are not surprised that the ancients escaped from the difficulty by supposing that it was brought directly from heaven. Thus arose the fable of Prometheus, which Æschylus, the grandest of the Grecian tragedians, has expanded with all the majesty and sublimity of the heroic drama in the Prometheus Vincetus. Some may deem this fable unworthy the attention of reasonable men, who see little in the idea of a man bringing fire from heaven concealed in a cane, to excite admiration. Perhaps Æschylus supposed he was doing something sublime when he represented his hero Prometheus as bringing the mysterious fluid from the homes of the gods; and it certainly shows that the ancients imagined fire to have been bestowed upon mankind by the Divinity. This notion, of course, supposes that the discovery was not the result of human labour or wisdom; but the fable may also be supposed to

(1) Gen. iv. 22. "Tubal Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."

intimate that the knowledge of this wonderful agent dawned upon man from one of those singular events called *accidents*, which may often truly be deemed to come from God. Let us therefore admit that fire was the result of an *accident*,—so men will call such events,—and leave all further speculation on its origin, to consider the nature and uses of so universal an agent.

The *nature* of fire! "What a profitless subject!" some may exclaim, whilst they suggest that an inquiry into all the words spoken by a mummy three thousand years ago would be quite as rational a pursuit. Some readers will, on the contrary, smile at the facility of our attempt; seeing nothing mysterious in the element which excited the marvels of the ancients, and led men to become the worshippers of fire. *What*, then, is this element? Is it a simple or a compound body? a mysterious incomprehensible fluid, or a thing which we can weigh and examine like any common substance? Had such questions been proposed to the ancient Persians, their answers would doubtless have referred us to the world of mysteries and marvels for its origin, and we should have been answered with mystic hymns in praise of the inscrutable element, instead of explanations and reasonings. But Nature has in these latter ages opened the long hidden magazines of her deep treasures, and revealed to men the things which have been veiled for a thousand ages. Thus we can now really answer the question, What is fire? It is not a simple fluid, as we may be inclined to suppose, when observing the burning of a piece of coal or wood: for fire is really a compound substance, being produced by three totally distinct elements, the union of which is called flame or fire. Thus, when a candle is burning, the flame arises from an union of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, neither of which would by itself produce fire. Hydrogen will extinguish flame, for no sooner is a blazing substance plunged into this gas than it goes out; on the other hand, oxygen *supports* combustion, ignited bodies burning with great brilliancy in it. Let, however, the two gases be united, and then the one which destroys flame, and the other which refuses to burn by itself, unite their singular agencies to *make* flame. So intense is the heat produced by the co-operation of the two fluids, that not only metals, but the hardest rocks, are melted with rapidity; and the astonished spectator sees flint and sapphire melted into glass, whilst even the diamond disappears before the intense glow. Such are the effects produced by the operation of the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe.

One fact which here deserves remark is, that these same two gases, which thus produce such heat, do also form water. That this fluid and fire should be composed of the same two elements, must be surprising to all who look at the vast difference between a fountain of water and a jet of fire; and few would at first suppose that the bubbling brook which flows by the village lane, is formed from the same invisible substances which, when properly combined, produce the destructive element which burnt down great part of the metropolis in the reign of Charles II.

Yet nothing can be more true, than that water and fire are formed of the same gases, oxygen and hydrogen. How wonderful are the influences which thus combine to effect such opposite results, when we see on the one hand water, and on the other fire, produced by the same gases! Thus it is that extremes meet in nature; and the ocean itself is united to flame, which seems to the common eye so totally unconnected with the element filling up the basins of the Atlantic and Pacific.

How forcibly do such facts prove the inability of the unaided senses to detect the mysteries of the physical universe, or to comprehend the nature of the most common fact! The mind with its powers must be called in to correct the misjudgments of the eye, and prevent our keenest senses from betraying us into delusions. For ages men believed that water was a simple substance, but science at last revealed to her patient scholars the fact, that the far spreading oceans, and the streams which traverse continents, are but combinations of oxygen and hydrogen gas. How sturdily did not the senses contend for the sun's motion round the earth; and how positive are these pragmatistical senses still, in matters placed beyond their grasp! The study of natural effects, therefore, tends to show the unsoundness of the common remark, that "seeing is believing." No doubt there is a sense in which this venerable motto is strictly true, and in all such cases, woe to the man who despises it! but there is also a region of facts and causes with which the proverb has no concern at all—that is, in the *usual* acception of the above wise saw: for it may be said that *all* things believed are *seen*; and seen by the *mind*, which has an eye keener than that of the body. How much more, for instance, does the scientific man see in the flame of a candle, than the untaught! though the latter may fancy he *sees* as much as the former. But the one has two modes of seeing, by the senses and the intellect; whilst the other has but one.

Those who wish to test the relation between fire and water, may easily do so by the following cheap and simple process:—put some water into a bottle, and also some iron filings; in a short time the iron will separate the water into its two elements, by attracting the oxygen to itself, and setting free the hydrogen. As this latter escapes from the bottle through a small tube fixed in the cork, it will take fire, if a candle or match be applied to the escaping gas. Thus fire may be produced from water. If a little sulphuric acid be added to the water, this will cause the hydrogen to form with rapidity, and tend to the more complete success of the experiment.

Having now explained the nature of flame, as a *compound* and *visible* fluid, produced from the union of oxygen and hydrogen gases, and having also stated its close relationship to water, we must proceed to notice the various uses and effects of this substance. Two distinct uses must at once be suggested to the reader, who may regard flame either as a *light* or a *furnace*—as contributing to the security of populous

cities, and the comfort of our dwellings, by producing a species of artificial day; or as aiding the operations of the mechanic at a thousand forges.

Let us first view it as a *light*. If a person wished to see some impressive illustration of the great results produced on society by *physical* means wisely employed, he could not take a better lesson than the crowded streets of London would afford in some dark night during winter. Dark, we mean, as far as nature is concerned, for amidst the blaze of light which pours from almost countless lamps, all thoughts of gloom are banished. What is the *moral* effect of this? In the first place, the business of life is carried on with an advantage and safety nearly equal to the facilities afforded by daylight. Thus the wealth of the nation, and the prosperity of tens of thousands, are increased by so simple an agent as a mass of flame dispersed through miles of pipes, and escaping through myriads of little burners. Perhaps some speculative reader may here exclaim, "Ay, very true all this; but see how terribly mercenary this makes us; what facilities are hereby created for that ceaseless whirl of competition which leaves man no rest between the cradle and the grave!" But does not this kind of objection apply to every advance in the arts and sciences, to every improvement which adds to human power, or diffuses human intelligence? All the progress in machinery, navigation, chemistry, and printing itself, might be attacked by any person who has an eye for the evils only of life. What increased excitement and competition did not the discovery of America occasion! What struggles have been produced and are yet to be produced by printing! But who wishes there had been no Columbus, or no William Caxton? Let us rather admire the vast effects which mind, acting upon matter, produces in the moral and political world. In contemplating, therefore, the gas-lights which banish darkness from great cities, we shall be wise if we reflect on the influence exercised over the destinies of society by the application of flame to the lighting of our towns and houses.

The moralist, also, may see much here to engage his thoughts, for these silent burning lights are aiding his labours by preventing the crimes to which darkness offers a temptation. Let any one who doubts this read the accounts of the state of things in London in old times, when the link-boy was necessary to enable the passenger to track his path through the dark streets, at the corners of which desperate foot-pads lurked for the approach of some passenger whom business or pleasure had forced out. Such times were the golden ages of burglars, who did nearly as they pleased during the period between sunset and sunrise. Who now fears lest he should be knocked down and deliberately robbed and beaten in Cheap-side, Fleet-street, or the Strand, even if he should be out hours after sunset? Now, this change in the social state has not arisen simply from alterations in police arrangements, but from the additional security given to persons and property by a well-lighted city. The men who first observed the burning of the gas-

jets in a coal mine, little suspected the moral importance which that very species of flame would exercise in subsequent ages. Perhaps even Mr. Murdoch, who first drew public attention to the use of gas in lighting towns, did not anticipate the importance to which his improvement would so rapidly rise. In the year 1792, he erected a small gasometer for use on his own premises; ten years after, the population of Birmingham poured out in thousands to witness his brilliant illumination at Soho, when peace was proclaimed; but in the year 1848 the brilliant lights are familiar to all inhabitants in our second and third class towns. Such is one aspect in which fire or flame may be viewed, as the producer of light, and the creator of numberless aids to civilization.

Another series of advantages derived by mankind from fire must be looked for in the furnaces, which render such powerful aids to the arts and manufactures. From the first rude forge worked by the half civilized artisan of ancient times, to the present elaborate machinery of the modern foundry, we may trace a succession of influential agencies, called into being by fire alone. The high triumphs of the steam-engine owe their beginnings to the combustion of two gases; and from the workings of fire have sprung half the arts which have shed a splendour over human life.

Whether we consider the savage of the South Sea islands, hollowing out by fire the trunk of an ancient tree for a canoe, or the disciplined shipwright of Europe, calling to his aid the furnaces of Portsmouth or Cronstadt, we shall see diversified illustrations of fire in its action as the helper of human skill. After a survey of these influences, effected by this promethean fluid, we must not fail to remember, that the union of two gases is the cause of so mighty a power. Thus from two invisible forms of nature one sensible power is drawn, which has had more effect on the progress of physical science than any other element.

To discuss the effects produced by the internal fire, which in all probability is operating every moment beneath the crust of the globe, would lead us far beyond the limits prescribed to an article. We hear the powers of this agent in the roar of the earthquake, and see its energies in the volcanic eruptions of a Hecla or an Etna; but a detailed account of such vast dynamical workings must not be attempted in this place. Having therefore confined our observations to the *nature* of fire, and its general *effects* on arts and civilization, we here close these brief remarks, remembering that if a great book is a great evil, a long article may also be amongst the "calamities" of readers, if not of "authors." W. D.

WORDS FOR HANDEL'S "HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH."

J. M. W.

I.

Slowly stealing, see the shadows ever lengthening as they fall,
Till the melancholy midnight spreads her mantle over all.

II.

Over all, but that bright region, low down in the western sky,
Where the sun-god's smile hath kindled golden hopes
that will not die.

III:

Glowing with a burnished brightness, steadfast through
the gloomy night;
That one tract of heaven remaineth, waiting for the
morning light.

IV.

Surely comes the morrow's dawning; surely comes the
sun-god's smile:
To the darkened soul light cometh, wait we but a little
while.

PUFFS AND PUFFING,

BY MRS. WHITE.

"Promising is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation."—SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE can we find a livelier satire upon the artificialness of society in the present day, and the credulity of mankind generally, than is furnished by a glance at the advertising columns of the newspapers, the wrappers of periodicals, and the superficies of omnibuses and perambulating vans? There all the arts by which personal as well as social appearances are maintained, are daily spread before us—the paints and pigments with which "the picture of Old Adam" is "new apparelled," as well as the other aids to pretension, which the desire to appear other than we are is constantly bringing forth. Quackery, no longer confined to mountebanks and medical empirics, has grown bold, and every where vaunts its ready made delusions; depilatories, hair dyes, bloom of roses, invisible perukes, artificial teeth "to rival nature," and Kalydor bestowing youthful freshness to the remotest period of old age—appear side by side with the last "perfect substitute for silver," "furniture on hire," and "every requisite (glass, plate, &c.) for giving parties in the first style of fashion lent by the night." Who can be sure of his neighbour's circumstances, any more than his teeth and hair? Do we know our own acquaintances? May not some one or other of them walk about, realised renovations of Messrs. Ross, Delcroix, and Le Dray? amalgamations of Gowland's Lotion, undetectable wigs, becoming spectacles, and false teeth, laced and padded in the "patent Orthospinalis," or dependent on the "chest expander" for their configuration? *O tempora! O mores!* who is safe? There must be purchasers for these wares, as well as venders; and if their sale but pay the expense of puffing, how many "disguised cheaters" "as full of cozenage as nimble jugglers that deceive the eye," masque it at prayers, and promenade, and parties daily—fictitious forms and faces, marred by the hand of time, disease, or nature, and the deficiencies supplied by that of art! We would be answerable for no man, or woman either, with such a world of trickery abroad. There, an itinerant fencing master informs us, that six months drilling will "convert the rudest clown into

the most perfect cavalier;" there we learn from a tailor "impressed with these important facts," that the most ungainly figure may be counteracted by a neat style of coat, and—oh secret of broad-cloth worth knowing!—that first-rate quality always bespeaks the true gentleman. Could simplicity exist in these times, the child would fancy we had retrograded to the days of *faëry*, when good powers scattered their gifts on every side, and benignly hindered the effects of evil. There is no accident of social, nor vicissitude of natural life, that does not seem to have its antidote in these quotidian columns; or to be imprinted where all who run may read, upon the dead walls and hoardings of unfinished buildings; or staring from the sides of city omnibuses: there every ailment of the human frame may find a promised cure, every failing sense an assurance of restoration. "Do you suffer tooth-ache? Send one shilling and a postage stamp to —, and receive by return (without fail)"—a suggestive parenthesis, by the way,—“an instant and permanent cure.” Have you defective hearing? there are “organic vibrators” for every degree of sound, and which charming desideratum may be worn unseen. Then there are glasses which not only improve the sight, but the appearance; glasses with invisible rims, and of a delicate blue tint, which throws a soft shade on the complexion; and as for defects of form, they may be entirely obviated by the before-named “patent Orthospinalis,” which, according to the advertisement, supports the attenuated museles, and supplies the deficiencies of the figure.

There is a subtlety in these “jerks of invention,” by which “ladies and gentlemen’s repairs are neatly done,” that might deceive the most sharp witted amongst us. In our grandfathers’ days there was no such fine-drawing of art with nature; there was a palpableness in their seams, that showed them for what they were—patches; there was no artifice so complete as to hide itself. The ear trumpet proclaimed the condition of its wearer as plainly as trumpet could do; and the wig, far from affecting a “real head of hair,” took “*any shape but that*,” and seemed rather to have retrograded than improved upon the fashion of that most ancient one of Thebes, in the British Museum. “Golden oil for preventing the hair from turning gray” was not then to be had at any price. And as for those restoratives for baldness, “Columbian Balm,” and Rowland’s famed “Macassar,” they had not yet become accredited agents for the purpose. When an individual became bald by nature, he fancied, with Dromio of Syracuse, there was no time for him to “recover his hair,” and either paid “a fine for a peruke, and recovered the lost hair of another man,” or, having no fear of phrenology before his eyes, wore meekly the tonsure of age, and made “a bald conclusion.” Now nature’s processes are set aside, the hoary head no longer asks our reverence, but hides the touching distinction in liquid hair dye—or, to quote the newspaper, in one of those “elegant specimens of perruquean art, which surpass nature herself.” But it is not merely the personal vanity and

physical sufferings of human nature, that puffery turns to account; every disposition of the mind is appealed to; friendship, curiosity, economy, love of acquisition—each finds its separate decoy in the wily category of its allurements. The plain, straightforward tradesmanlike advertisement is rarely if ever seen. A world of words, exaggerated details, and hyperbolic description, is wasted (I was about to say) in this daily canvass for custom; but the effect argues the inference unsound; to the few practical people, who weigh them at their proper value, and regard such flowers of rhetoric as they would the blue and red blossoms in corn-fields, showy, but to no purpose, there are thousands who swallow them like a sweet draught, and are dazzled and drawn onward by them. If it were otherwise, would shopkeepers expend (as many houses, at a moderate calculation, are known to do) seven or eight thousand pounds annually upon this despicable system?

Puffs may be divided into many kinds, each having the same aim, though differently handled. There is the puff direct; the puff by insinuation; the persuasive puff; the puff upon principle; the barefaced puff; the pictorial puff; besides the literary, medical, and artist puffs, which are by no means the most artistic. We look upon "Genuine Bear's Grease!" as coming under the head of the puff direct, and that "greatest wonder of the present day, the patent llama beaver *Paletot d'hiver*," as another. The insinuating puff implies rather than professes, and appears very often under the form of an innocent paragraph, perfectly removed from the lists of its compeers, and filling up a vacant corner of the newspaper; thus:—"No invention which ministers in a remarkable degree to the public comfort appears to escape the notice of his grace the Duke of Wellington:—the other day, for example, the venerable and gallant duke paid a visit to the warerooms of Messrs. Nicoll, of Regent-street, to inspect a new manufacture patented by the firm, and used in their registered paletot." Here the duke is made the vehicle of the tailor's advertisement, and the prelusive compliments, ostensibly meant for his grace, merge into a covert recommendation of the coat. Several specimens might be given of this species of puff, which is to be met with in almost every paper, and is a favourite form with booksellers, professional men, &c.

The persuasive puff comes roundly to the purpose, yet with so obliging a tone of civility that it seems to ask a favour, while it is cramming you to a surfeit with its vaunted merits. Thus—"All who prize a delicious cup of really good coffee are invited to call at No. —," where, according to this monition, it is only to be obtained. And the proprietor of "The pride of the West End of London," a mart for ready-made clothing—"hand-me-downs," as the Dublin boys call them—requests all who have not yet heard of that "Great Metropolitan Wardrobe," to take that establishment in their way on the earliest occasion, and satisfy themselves of its claims. The "Do, papa, buy me one of Ede's laboratories for teaching chemistry

and mineralogy!" is an interesting species of this puff in its simplest form, and only surpassed by the ingenious brevity of "Try our 4s. 6d. black T!!" which I have on more than one occasion seen posted in a grocer's shop window in the Edgware-road. In fact, the puff persuasive is Proteus-like in its appearances. It lies perdue, in the notice of that particularly "Easy chair," which "all who sit in" are just now exclaiming about; and, anon, flourishes in triple darkness, thus—"Black, black, black!!!"—insinuating where a beautiful suit may be had at the low price of 3l. 10s. 6d.

The puff upon principle, at once suggestive and stimulating, is a favourite form with the oldest puffing inhabitants. It generally resolves itself into a "Caution to Families," or appears under the head of "Duty to the Public," warning it against spurious imitations of the articles defended, only for the purpose of hugely eulogizing them. At other times it assumes higher ground, and appeals to old observances and principles; as at festival seasons, when friendship is reminded of its offerings, and inducted into the capabilities of Messrs. Mechi, Rowland, &c. for supplying them; or it invokes boldly, thus—"Exclusion from public worship is one of the deprivations inflicted by deafness; but, happily, by resorting to Dr. Scott's sonifiers, deaf persons may be restored to a participation in it." Piety and humanity go hand in hand through every line of this announcement; while the magnanimity displayed in the following is too obvious to be passed over. "Five-and-twenty ladies' and gentlemen's court dresses, of surpassing beauty, intended to amuse and instruct the middle classes, have just been added to Madame Tussaud's exhibition, at an enormous expense!" The disinterestedness of the action is worthy the aim, and will, we have no doubt, be so well appreciated by the public, that the experienced dealer in figures will by no means find herself out in her mental reckonings thereon.

The bare-faced puff affects no strategy; it is simply what it seems—the gasconade of tradescraft, which we laugh at while we read. Thus, "the queen's own needles with new large eyes, easily threaded even by the blind!" are more easily seen through by the public; and "the celestial skin-powder, used by her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and all the royal nursery 'pour blanchir la peau,'" has its true meaning with most of us literally conveyed in the English spelling of its Chinese name, "Meen Fun!" Who that has seen the astonishing programme of its merits, the clearness and delicacy it confers, the beauty it perpetuates, casting all other cosmetics in the shade, and leaving "kalydors and cream of roses" mere milk and water in their settings forth compared with it, could for a moment doubt the wag who christened it was laughing through the label at his dupes? Meen Fun! We should wonder if it meant anything else: its honest impudence is unique, though its promises are not, after all, much above par with other specimens of the bare-faced species. Take for instance the "*fashionable antibilious temper pills of Louis Philippe*," (which, by the way, were never more

necessary to him than at present.)—unlike Pandora's, the apothecary's box is, if we believe his report of it, filled with benefits, and Hope, far from being at the bottom, holds forth a threefold promise on the top, in the liberal assurance (to purchasers) of "good health, good looks, and good temper!"

For the pictorial puff we must refer our readers to the next case of "the amputation of *two more* legs prevented by the use of Holloway's pills!" or request them to glance towards the first wall privileged to bill-stickers, where in all probability the semblance of two heads, one in a sadly bald condition, the other like the "curled Antony," confront each other, while the quotation "Look on this picture, and on that!" completes the argument, and directs the eye to the cause of the result in the slaughter of a fine bear at Holborn-bars, or the purchase of a pot of Circassian cream elsewhere. Sometimes the same illustrations—with this difference, that the bald head is as much out of condition in the matter of whiskers as its pendent with Hyperion locks is well supplied with both—appear gazing at each other, the one with wondering admiration, the next with a supercilious simper and contempt, enhanced by the appearance of a volume of breath in which appear the words—"What I was, and what I am!"

It would be an easy task to cover pages with such "modern instances" of puffs and puffing, in which, for some reason unexplained, tailors, tea-dealers, perfumers, and medical pretenders, appear to take the lead; but without adding any more examples of the *coarse* art, enough has been said to show its general absurdity, and to awaken the idea, that if a corresponding amount of ingenuity, perseverance, and capital, were primarily expended in making articles worthy of public attention, their own merits would force their way without the intervention of this contemptible system; for which, by the way, let purchasers remember they have to pay in addition.

TRUTH AND POETRY.—No. I.

BY F. B.

"Truth and Poetry," read I, as I was looking over a list of books some days back. "Truth and Poetry," I repeated to myself, and thereupon fell into a state of musing. It sounded strangely, as though a difference was implied, which to my mind did not seem to exist. It looked like a severing of things that were one in essence; a putting asunder of true friends; and I asked myself presently whether it could really mean, that truth and poetry were different? Of course it all depended on that little word "and;" did it mean to distinguish the two, as though they contained separate ideas? or to imply that they were coupled together as one and the same? or to bring in the idea of poetry, as an amplification and extending of that of truth? It might be any one of these; but the first was that which occurred to me; and it seemed to be something strange and wrong. Great power indeed has that little word "and!" Yes,

he is a potent magician, small though he be in size; for when we see him we know that he always implies some kind of addition; and addition always makes a difference in our state, and sometimes a very essential one. When the cup of our happiness seems just such as we wish, a very little addition will spoil it all; and when our life seems to be made up of discordant elements, so that we neither have peace in ourselves, nor in those around us, the addition of one little ingredient will make all blend together, and go on smoothly and happily. One little "and" will make the whole difference. The thing added may be brought in as an element of agreement with what went before, or of disagreement. The new notion may be only an expansion and filling up of the old idea, or it may be something totally opposed to it. Now I am very much afraid, that many people will consider the latter the case in the present instance, and will only meet me with a smile if I assert, that so far from truth and poetry standing justly in contradistinction to one another, poetry is really and essentially truth. We hear men talk every day, however, as though they considered them totally distinct. They seem to think poets are at liberty to deviate from the truth; to indulge in all kinds of out-of-the-way freaks; in any distortion of the true and real; any vagary of fancy that may please them. And so we hear them say that poets have licence, and talk of poetical exaggerations, and a great deal more to the same effect; so that with them truth and poetry stand for two quite different things.

And these sober-minded individuals look with an eye of pity and suspicion on the unlucky being who perpetrates such very shocking things, and then regard themselves with a great degree of complacency, to think that they adhere so closely to the plain matter-of-fact. Well, if they will walk upon the level, and in the highway of every-day traffic, they will go safely, perhaps, and stumble but seldom; but they who leave the beaten path, and mount to the summit of the hills, will see very many revelations of beauty bursting fresh upon them at every turn, and will know that there is a world beyond the narrow bounds to which they have been confined; and they will joy to take the bright sun and the laughing fields in exchange for the dull and hard highway, even though they do but catch glimpses of them afar off. They who hold such notions, however, expect to be treated with a very great deal of respect; they like to see things going on in a matter-of-fact jog-trot sort of way; and it would really be too bad to incommode them by attacking their old opinion, to which they cling quite as firmly as if it were true, and perhaps a little more so, inasmuch as it is a notion of their own, a little bantling which they have carefully brought up and cherished, so that it would be rather hard for them to put it away, and disclaim it altogether; though we cannot help thinking that, if we are to take their definition of poetry, however contradictory it may seem, their notion is highly poetical, seeing that it is about as far from the truth as it well

can be. For we mean to maintain that, instead of truth and poetry being opposed, they are very good friends indeed, and so knit together, that without truth there would be no poetry at all. We do not mean to deny, however, to the very respectable gentlemen who hold the aforesaid very heterodox opinion, that a great deal of stuff has gone abroad which would seem to favour their view, calling itself poetry, and boasting very nice evenly measured lines, (well counted on the fingers, probably,) and very pretty jingling rhymes, and not one word of truth; and that we have been from time to time treated with a great deal more, in which the writers seemed to have a most magnanimous disregard of all those little ornamental trifles, as they hold them to be, if we may judge by their productions; but they have made up for the want of them by inserting a vast amount of truisms, and a few very evident facts, (the said facts being, doubtless, very much lowered in the eyes of those worthy poetry despisers, and very much horrified to find themselves in such bad company, and so disreputable a guise.) And a great deal more has swaggered about with high-sounding names, and called itself fanciful and imaginative, and so on, and has not had a word of truth or poetry in it. And it is hard that poetry should be saddled with all this, and so lose its character, and seem to be divorced from truth; for all that we have spoken of has not the least claim to it, nor anything that belongs to it, except the accident of its wearing the dress in which poetry usually, though not by any means invariably, appears, and looking all the worse for its borrowed plumage.

We mean to assert, then, that there never was nor will be any poetry which was not essentially true, and that in proportion as any work falls short in truth, it loses also the beauty of poetry. By truth, however, it must be remembered that we mean truth of *nature*. A poet may and must draw upon his imagination and fancy; he may write volumes of incidents, not one of which has ever happened, and yet he shall be a poet, and an utterer of truth in its highest sense. But if he once put down that which is impossible, and contrary to the nature of things, it is no poetry; for we know what Horace said—

“pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,”—
‘Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim:
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia: non ut
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.’¹

But it must always be borne in mind that poetry consists not in the jingling of words, and the measuring out of feet;—they are, indeed, ornaments to it, but not its constituents. Many a poet have we had who never wrote a verse in all his life; but never yet one who was not the priest of truth.

But the cause of all this error is too apparent; for men, having once left the right track, and turned away their eyes from the first end of their being, have mistaken the very goal of truth itself, and follow after wrong objects, and in a false way, till they have come

by some strange process to put aside the useful, and the true, and the beautiful, and in place of them to set up mere chimeras of their own fancy; and they deem that only to be real which passes immediately under their own eye, or comes within their own reach. We live in an age of action:—in a day when, by the great mass of mankind, nothing seems to be held of any value, or to be deemed worth the pursuing, which cannot show forth some direct practical results. But it is much to be feared that the mere animal wants and passions of the man have so clouded his perception, and turned away his eye from looking at his proper end, that he has lost sight of that which is really practical; and so, while he follows eagerly after many things which after all deserve only a small portion of his care, he looks alightingly upon others which are well worthy of his noblest regards.

Those who have addressed themselves to the higher walks of science, or have loved to delight the eye or rouse the heart of their fellows by some fair creation of the fancy, some bright embodying of the soul within them, have too often, doubtless, turned a look of unmerited scorn upon such as were pursuing a humbler track, forgetting that they also were fellow-labourers with themselves, and that the work of each was tending in its own way to the enlargement of the powers of man. But though such notion may once have had sway, to us it can scarcely come with much force, now that we see time and space well nigh annihilated; while iron roads are running through the length and breadth of our land, and the majesty of the mountain is laid low, and the might of the river is turned from its ancient course. In our time the danger would appear to be quite the reverse, and men seem more apt to elevate that which is low, and depress that which should stand highest of all, and to lose all those finer and nobler feelings which manifest themselves in poetry, considering them as useless and unpractical, while they devote all their energies to that which is in itself little more than an increase of their bodily power. Each of the views has its rise in error; each would separate poetry from truth. The lovers of both have their respective duty to do; there is a work for him whose toil is only of the body, as well as for those who patiently pursue their way in the realms of pure intellect, or wander through the wider and more attractive fields of fancy. Each must labour together, and though the one take rank above the other, we must not suffer either to be put aside. The pursuit of each has its own influence on the character of a people; and if we would have that character rightly formed, we must beware of giving an undue partiality to either. On either side of the right line of truth, let it be defined ever so carefully, there must always lie two wide fields of error; and it requires a steady purpose and a wary foot to avoid turning aside into one or the other of them. There is great risk lest we leave the true and the actual, and wander away into the widely spreading and enticing regions of fancy; or, on the other hand, bring in narrow and confined notions of the true; in the

(1) *De Art. Poet.* l. 9—18.

one case adding to it that which has no part with it, and in the other cutting it short of its own just proportions, separating reason from fancy, and losing sight of that blending of the two which seizes the fair and beautiful in nature, and makes it subservient to man's use, even while it enables him to raise his eyes above the close limits of his everyday life, and find something for his soul to rest in, so that his heart may be filled with humble admiring of that which is around him, while it expands and is lifted up with the highest adoration to Him who is the source of all beauty, and through whom alone it is that every part of this wide world is turned to our use and service.

It has been too much the fashion for men to stand aloof, and eye one another with jealousy, each deeming himself to be walking in a better course, and following out more closely the real end of existence, when they ought to have looked upon each other as workers together, journeying hand in hand along the same highway. And having become in this manner separated, they have each gone out of the way, and turned all their efforts upon a wrong object, and instead of seeking that which is the true end of their being, the glory of God, they have raised into an end and object that which was only designed for a means; and in place of following after that which is the chief good of all, they have rested content with those goods which flowed out to them as they went, and have thereby too often turned them into evil, finding disappointment and emptiness of heart, because they had looked for full enjoyment and perfection in that which was itself only a means to perfection. Each may have erred in a different way, but with each the error has been equally fatal. The one has thought only of the mere body; the other, only of the intellect; whereas, both should have been joined together. The one has been content to go on toiling day after day, and year after year, in an unceasing round of labour directed only to the gathering together of wealth and provision for mere animal wants, despising altogether the higher objects of life;—the other has lived on in a dreamy state of existence, among fancied wants and shadowy enjoyments, passing his days indeed as a kind of speculative being, but far removed from that high and lofty contemplation which is the delight of true science. But some may devote themselves to the intellect in its stricter sense, and apart from its more imaginative forms, passing by the cultivation and softening of the heart as a thing scarcely worth their notice; and even as the first-mentioned class have sunk down almost to the level of the mere animal, working to provide itself with food and habitation, they too have forgotten that man partakes of the higher nature of the angel, and have been satisfied to rest as mere men, boasting themselves of their distinctive gift of reason. And between these we find in this our day that our lot is cast among men of slow hearts and calculating minds; and we see fancy losing itself altogether; while reason comes forth clad in vestments that are not its own, and, not satisfied with its high sphere and proper

dignity, claims for itself powers to which it has no right; and men raise their voices in its praise, even to the overthrowing of all that has been hallowed since the first hour of revelation. And now that even it has taken this cold and cheerless form, can we wonder that the mass of mankind look slightly upon those pursuits which do not appear to bring into the hands of those who follow them a real and material value? that they scorn poetry, and all that belongs to it, and call loudly for what seems to them the truth, and do not see that they really put truth aside, and set in its seat a power that shall lead them quite beside the mark? But none of these classes ought to stand alone; they should all be linked together, and point to one great end. And such an union would raise those who were sinking into the mere animal, and soften such as were gradually becoming lost in the cold abstractions of the intellect, while it called back those who were wandering too far away, and building up notions too fanciful and wild, bringing them down to a stern and real life, yet still holding them up far above the lowness of a mere animal existence. And in such way they would find the truth of nature and the poetry of life to be only as one, and bound together with a chain that may not safely be broken through.

THE SPRING OF ACTION.

BY F. B.

In Love must all things centre:—to this end
Man hath his being:—duty rests in love.
Deeds freely done alone have praise above,
Nor baser springs must with right action blend.
If force, or fear, or lust of pleasure lend
A reason for our doings, then they move
From a wrong source, and shall all worthless prove,
For to our own mean selves alone they tend.
God loveth us:—would that our souls could soar
Above the fetters of this mortal clay,
More fully love, more perfectly obey,
And thus his glorious image wear once more;
For every thought of love man's heart can frame,
Softens the curse that by man's sinning came.

PATIENCE.

BY F. B.

To struggle on his way, and strive, and strain,
Faintly and wearily, from hour to hour;—
Came our first mother, then, with such a dower
To gift her spouse?—Oh, let us not complain,—
Alike they fell. Yet look how rich his gain
Who to the end endureth,—knowledge, power,
And holiness increasing, and a bower
To rest him in at last, freed from all stain,
Beneath the shadow of the tree of life.—
An uncontested prize were nothing worth,
Nor heaven, if we had our all on earth;
Nor peace, to him who never heard of strife.
If all were gained, then where would hoping be?
If time held all, what were eternity?

A BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

PART II.

Who would wish that the days of youth should last for ever? or even that their memory should be eternal? No—let them go: let their stormy joys and aching sorrows be alike blotted out; let the after-growth of calmer feelings shut them from sight; even as, when you wound a young tree, the bark grows over it in time, until the cleft is seen no more. So it is with the griefs of youth. Life is continually changing, or we could scarce endure the fourscore years that make up our longest span. There is in the ordering of the world no blessing greater than that of mutability.

Alice Wynyard at five-and-twenty was no more like the grief-stricken bride, the spirit-tortured girl of old, than I in my grey hairs am like a blithesome child, a dreamy maiden, of whom I could speak: in my prayers I lift up a thankful heart that those days are now more dim than a dream at morning. But it is not of myself that I write, it is of Alice. A broken heart was not her doom; I ought, when I prophesied this, to have known better. Who should tell more than I, how much one can endure, and live! Alice left her girlhood behind, and grew up into placid, patient, thoughtful womanhood; a womanhood bearing the goodlier fruit because the stern hand of affliction had torn off a few of its early blossoms. The soul is like a tree that needs pruning to make its fruit perfect and abundant.

Alice was an heiress, and independent; for her father had died not many years after he had gained his heart's wish, and seen her free. He had not attained one desire, though; for his daughter firmly refused all offers of marriage. Once or twice he gently and tenderly murmured against this, but Alice's answer was conclusive.

"Father, I have done your will—I can do no more."

And he soon ceased to urge her. Indeed, so penetrated was John Wynyard by the patient obedience which had renounced so much, that from the time of the divorce until his death, I never knew him give Alice an unkind look or an angry word. His whole soul seemed bound up in her; he lived but to anticipate her every wish; and his character became so utterly changed, from sternness to gentleness and forbearance, that when at last he died, no man was more fervently mourned by his whole household than was Mr. Wynyard. But he passed away, and I remained, the last of my generation, honoured and beloved in the home of which Alice was mistress. Now, more than ever, did wooers come to lure her from that home, but in vain. I was glad of it: there was no man living to whom I could have cheerfully given my Alice, save to Everard Brooke.

It was not until after Mr. Wynyard's death that my dear nephew returned from abroad, and sought us out. One of my cousin's latest charges had been that Everard should be told how much their angry

parting had grieved him, and how sincerely he had regarded to the last that noble spirit which he then offended. Another charge he also privately left to my discretion, that if, when Everard and Alice met again, my nephew still loved her, they were both to be told that the wish for such an union had lain nearest the dying father's heart. They did meet, and I saw how true Everard had kept to his early dream. After one little month spent in her constant society, he loved Alice the woman ten thousand times more passionately than Alice the sweet childlike idol of his boyhood. And she—how did she feel towards him? This was a secret that with all my skill I could not penetrate. She was frank, sincere, affectionate, seemed to delight in his presence, was dull without him, and openly said so; but there were none of those tremulous tones, those fitful blushes, that mark a maiden's dawn of love. She was as serene as a summer sky at noon.

At last Everard's suspense grew to agony, and mine was not much less. I urged him to learn the whole truth from her lips—she could not but requite a love so true. He mentioned with visible tremor the name, not breathed for years, of Arthur Sylvester. I told him what I had lately learned by chance, and had communicated to no living soul, that the maniac had, after his mother's death, partially recovered his reason, and left the country, to go no one knew whither, nor had he been since heard of. Everard drew a long sigh of relief, and his face glowed with emotion, hope, and love. I looked at him as he stood before me with his noble manly port, the glory of a lofty intellect seated on his brow, and his whole bearing replete with the conscious dignity of one who had won and held a position of honour in the world.

"My dear Everard," I whispered fondly, "there is no woman living who would not be proud of your love."

He smiled, but faintly; I urged him the more.

"I cannot speak to her, Aunt Susan," he said, "my heart would burst; but I will write, then I can tell all, and you shall give her the letter with your own hands."

I did so, and watched her while she read it. Her face wore at first a surprised, almost startled look; but as she went on, I could see how deeply she was touched by the earnest outbreathings of that noble heart whose whole life's love was thus at last poured out at her feet. The tears gathered to her eyes, and she became very pale.

"Aunt," she said, coming towards me with the letter in her hand, "I never dreamed of this; poor Everard! why did he never tell me before?"

"Because he would have died rather than have given you pain, my Alice!" And then, with an earnestness that came from my inmost heart, I told Alice the true reason of Mr. Wynyard's quarrel with Everard, and ended by informing her of her father's last wish, that such faithfulness might be requited at last.

"My dear father—my kind father!" she murmured tremulously. "And you wish it too, Aunt Susan, I see you do."

(1) Continued from p. 77.

I could not deny it. With tears I prayed her to try and give Everard the love he sought.

"I—to love! I—to marry! it sounds strange!" and she shuddered visibly all over. "But that is all past: *he* is dead—Yes, I know it!—Aunt Susan, I never told you that I heard so, once."

Was it a sin, that there rose up in my heart a wish, almost a prayer, that those tidings might indeed be true—that the clouded soul of that poor maniac might have gone where He who gave, could restore it to its original glory?

"Aunt Susan," Alice continued, after a pause, "you must give me time—time—I must search my own heart, for I feel bewildered. I know Everard's worth—he is very dear to me—you may tell him so—but to love him as he asks, as a wife, I never dreamed of that: to-morrow—no—the day after, I will decide."

She kissed me, and moved, with an agitated step, to her own apartments. I saw her no more, alone, until the morning of the second day; then she approached me, with a calm, sweet look, and said,

"To-day, in an hour, let Everard come to me."

They were together a long time—an age it seemed to me, as I sat in my own chamber, my heart fluttering like that of a girl. How well I loved those two! how earnestly I prayed that they might love one another! At last Everard came and pressed his lips to my cheek. I felt his tears, tears for which no man need blush; but they were the overflow of joy. Alice had accepted him!

Now all the friends that surrounded our quiet country were full of curiosity and congratulations. The affianced lovers were courted, admired, envied. During the time which intervened between the public, known engagement, and the appointed wedding, I was perfectly bewildered with dinner-parties, abroad and at home. I sometimes thought that Alice would have shrunk from this gaiety, and hid herself in her own happiness, as maiden-love would fain ever do. But hers was not that love; I felt it was not. Warmly, affectionately, as she regarded her betrothed, it was not the one true love of woman's life, compared to which all on earth is not once weighed in the balance. But Everard, thinking of himself so little, and of her so much, never saw this; and I trusted to the might of his love—love is so strong to win a return!—that they might be happy when once united.

It was not one week before the marriage-day that Alice and I went to dine with some acquaintances whom we both liked—friends we could not have called any of our society, for not one among them knew us as otherwise than what we appeared to the world—Miss Wynyard and her maiden aunt. In that quiet spot where we settled, we took care that the history of the past should not follow us, to be a bye-word, and a mark for intrusive pity or insolent curiosity.

I thought, as we drove to our destination, that Alice had not for years looked so cheerful, or so calmly happy. In that beautiful face there was not a trace of girlhood's sufferings, save in a chastened thought-

fulness which lent additional sweetness to its expression. I could not restrain my open admiration.

"Beautiful, am I?" answered Alice, with a quiet smile; "but then, I am getting ancient, dear aunt; who can think me beautiful at seven-and-twenty?"

"Everard does, my dearest," said I, rather mischievously. I would have given anything to see on that fair cheek a deeper blush than the faint hue which crept there and passed away.

"Ah, you and Everard think of me thus, because you love me so well. But here we are at our journey's end."

"Miss Wynyard, have you seen our new neighbour at the Priory?" inquired one of the young ladies, who vied with each other in paying Alice attention,—it might be under the influence of foreshadowings of bride-cake and flowers.

"No, truly," was the reply: "who is he?"

"A rich, unmarried man—always a treasure in dull country places, you know,—a Mr. *Something* L'Estrange; I forget the first surname—but they say he assumed the second when some friend left him a fortune. We asked him to-night, thinking you would like to see him."

"Thank you. Oh yes, certainly," said Alice, cheerfully, and turned to talk with some one else.

A short time after, I saw a tall, foreign-looking man brought up to Alice. "Mr. L'Estrange, Miss Wynyard," said his introducer.

He started at the name, and Alice turned round, lifted up her quiet eyes—they fell on the face of Arthur Sylvester!

He bowed, fixed upon her his piercing glance, and a strange look passed over his face; it was a look neither of love nor sorrow, but of cold aversion. His reason had returned, and with it had come a change—so incomprehensible is the human mind—He now hated Alice as he had once apparently loved her.

And she—how strong is woman's self-control!—she looked at him, saw it all, and gave no sign. Only, when a few moments after I bent over her in the crowd, she murmured in a low hollow tone, "Aunt, take me home, take me home."

I feigned illness—oh, was it feigning?—and we came away. All that miserable drive, Alice lay moaning on my breast, "I shall die, I shall die. Arthur, my husband, my only husband, my own still!"

Everard, poor Everard! I saw there was no hope for thee. Oh the eternity of love! "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." In Arthur Sylvester, Alice saw not the madman who had wellnigh been a murderer—the blight of her youth—the one agonizing memory of long widowed years; but only the beloved of her girlhood,—whom she had set up as an idol in her heart. He hated her—she knew it, she felt it—and yet she loved him, and for his sake all thought of her betrothed vanished from her mind.

Unhappy Everard! when he returned to us—what a welcome—what a bride! And I had to unfold all! I had to pierce the dagger into his heart. He reeled

like one struck by an invisible blow, and fell down insensible. When he recovered, all that he uttered was, "Alice, Alice! I must see Alice."

Alice came, and was struck with fear at the look his face wore; it was indeed hardly that of a living man. She fell on her knees before him, she took his hands, she wept over them, and yet Everard never moved.

"And this is my doing!" Alice cried. "Oh, Everard! good, generous Everard! forgive me!"

"Alice," he said at last, "is this all true? will you forsake me?"

She wept in silence.

"Alice! by the memory of your dead father, who gave you to me, will you let this part us? will you break all your vows?"

"Everard, pity me! How wretched am I! Everard, you love me—I feel it—then think how I love him. Let your own heart speak for mine. I cannot, I dare not take any husband while my Arthur lives. I am his wife still, in heart and soul. To wed another would be a sin—a fearful sin. Everard, I dare not!"

There was a long silence, and then Everard said,

"Alice, I saw you his wife once, and I did not murmur. Even now, I would give my life for your happiness; but that is impossible. Do you know that you and he can never be as you once were? that, after what has passed, he hates you with a deadly hatred? Can you love him still?"

She looked piercingly into his face: "Everard, ask yourself, is love always given for love?—can it not live unreturned?"

They were bitter, cruel words to say to him. He understood them, and sank under their keen arrows. "Oh, my God! I feel that—I have felt it all my life. Alice, say no more—you are free!"

And thus they parted; the two to whom destiny had made love not a blessing but a curse; in whose hearts it had been planted so early, and had grown up through life not as a beautiful flower, but as a poison tree, whose leaves blighted wherever they touched, whose fruit was ashes to the taste. And yet how different it might have been! Truly there are mysteries in life that no human power can solve. But we shall read the dark page clearly one day, and then all will be plain that now seems so strangely tortuous. Poor insects that we are! how shall we dare to unravel the mystic web of human fate, until the time comes when we shall see clearly with our spirit eyes, and "know even as we are known?"

Everard's severe illness formed a temporary pretext to the little world around us for the delay of the marriage. After a time the talk and the wonder grew again, but we heeded it not. What was the opinion of the idle world to Alice and to me! I would fain have taken her out of its power, and hidden ourselves once more in some blessed solitude, but Alice would not go. That man seemed to have the influence of an evil spirit over her: she lived but in the track of Arthur Sylvester's footsteps; she roamed over the country only to gain a passing glimpse of him in his rides; she went into

society that she might watch him from some secluded corner and listen for his voice. Yet he never looked at her, or spoke to her: if they met in the open country roads he turned his horse another way; if they passed in the street he acknowledged her with the bow that common courtesy exacted, and passed on. At all times, in all places, I saw that her presence made his face darken, until its lofty beauty was like that of a fallen angel. All the world spoke well of him, and it seemed that the only remnant of his past madness was in this terrible hatred of her, who loved him so that she would have laid herself down for his feet to trample on, and thought it a joyful death.

A coldness, almost an estrangement, sprang up between Alice and me. There was something, in my eyes, repulsive, unfeminine, in this passionate and hopeless love. At times I ventured to utter what I thought, but then the deep sorrow, the entreating looks, of that poor girl melted the frost from my heart.

"Aunt Susan," she would say, "is it wrong, is it unworthy, for a wife to love her husband?"

And I could not answer her another word. There is something so ennobling in a woman's true and earnest love, that it elevates the meaner object on which it at times wastes itself. Thus, even while I marvelled at Alice's blind devotion to Arthur Sylvester; while in my heart I condemned it as unworthy of her; while every feeling of reason and affection clung to the forsaken Everard, now a wanderer once more; still I could not but regard with a strange emotion, almost akin to reverence, the workings of that faithful woman-heart, and Arthur Sylvester himself rose to be at once an object of wonder and fear. He shot across our quiet heaven of peace like an evil star, and yet he himself moved on, seemingly unconscious of, or unheeding, the terrible effects he had caused, and was still causing.

Whether Alice in her wildest imagination ever dreamed that his love would return, that she should again stand at the altar, the wife of Arthur Sylvester, I cannot tell. At times, with all my dislike and horror of the man, I almost wished that it might be so; for I saw her day by day fading before my eyes, and knew that her heart was breaking. He must have seen it, too; he must have heard the world's chatter concerning her engagement with Everard Brooke, and its breaking off,—the cause of which one who had once read the depths of that loving heart, as Arthur had done, could never doubt. It was a strange monomania that turned his mind against her, I thought; and more than once, in my overweening love for Alice, I considered whether I would not myself go and tell Sylvester the whole truth, and implore him to love her as in days of yore. I might have done so, but that the web of destiny was drawing closer and closer round us all.

It chanced that in our garden, overlooking the high road, there was a shady walk, leading to a summer-house which had often, strangely enough, reminded me of the spot which had witnessed that terrible scene on Alice's wedding day; so much so, that I framed all

manner of reasons to have it pulled down, lest the similarity should strike her painfully also. Whether it was so or not, I cannot say; I never hinted the real cause of my dislike, but Alice steadily resisted the plan of having her bower destroyed. She had always loved it, she said; and after Arthur Sylvester's reappearance had changed the current of her whole life, habits, and thoughts, a curious fatality seemed to make her cling more than ever to this solitary spot. There she remained, ostensibly with her books, her music, or her work; but often and often I found thick dust lying on her favourite volumes, her harp untuned, her embroidery scattered, and I knew that she had been spending those hours of loneliness in vague and mournful reveries.

One day, when Alice had left me as usual, I sat idly looking out from my window, down the road, watching three horsemen descending the hill: I soon saw that one of them was Arthur Sylvester. This surprised me, for hitherto he had carefully avoided passing our house. But I supposed his two friends had led him on unwitting, for they seemed all conversing merrily together. The world said there was not a gay or wittier companion than Mr. Sylvester L'Estrange, he was so blithe—so lighthearted! How the world lies sometimes! yet one would not have thought so now, when through the open window came the ringing of his laughter borne upon the clear still country air. I heard its every tone, and I felt that another had heard it too. Poor Alice! a chance sight of that man always made her like a marble image of woe for many hours.

Suddenly at a bend in the road Arthur Sylvester came in sight of the summer-house. At its door stood Alice. She wore that day a white dress, and, with her long falling hair, she looked almost the same as on her marriage morning. The sudden and strange resemblance struck a new chord in Sylvester's yet unsettled brain; he uttered a loud heart-piercing cry, which made the horse he rode become unmanageable with terror. A mist came before my eyes; I heard another cry, "Arthur, Arthur!" and then the clanking hoofs of the riderless steed galloping madly away.

When I looked again, Alice was supporting on her bosom the death-like form of him who had once been her bridegroom. I flew to her side with all the speed my aged feet could exert. She was weeping over him, calling him "her Arthur, her beloved, her husband," utterly unmindful of the wondering gaze of his two friends. We bore him into the house, and the husband and wife were again under one roof. But of little moment was this either to the heart that hated, or the heart that loved; for Arthur Sylvester had in his fall been struck on the head, and lay perfectly insensible for many days. Then came a season of terrific ravings, which drove even the devoted Alice from the presence of the maniac. Strange words did the unfortunate man utter—Alice's name, and another, a woman's too; but it was breathed in low tender murmurings, while Alice's came mingled with curses and bursts of passionate remorse. I closed the chamber to all intruders;

I would not that those fearful revealings of an unquiet conscience should be known to the world. Thus much I gathered from his delirious words, that never, no not in those early days, had Arthur Sylvester loved my Alice.

It was with a calmness akin to thankfulness that I saw life ebbing from that wretched man. The physicians had told us that no earthly power could ever restore the shattered mind, and that death would come in mercy. I knew this, and Alice knew it too. She also had heard that strange name mingled with her own on the lips of the maniac. It had frozen her into stone: yet she did not leave him, but ministered day and night with unwearied care. The physicians said that no hand but death's would still those ravings; that no glimpse of light would gild the passing of the bewildered soul; but it was not so. Just as the spirit parted, he saw Alice, and knew her. There was no wild hatred in those dying eyes, nor was there love; only contrition and trembling entreaty.

"Alice Wynyard," breathed the white lips, "forgive! I deceived—both—both—you most. Pure angel, forgive!"

She clasped his hand, she would have drawn the dying head to her bosom, with the last kiss of peace and wife-like affection, but on those very lips came that other name, not Alice's, murmured in tones of deepest love. And with its utterance the spirit fled.

There were none to lay the stranger in his grave, save Alice and I. She had called him her husband, and none doubted the fact. He had no relatives, and when a will was found, leaving all his wealth to a charity, there was little chance of any claimant springing up to deny our right in arranging the affairs of the departed. I say "our" because in all things Alice took the direction. I had thought she would have been utterly overwhelmed, but no! When all was over, a superhuman strength seemed to possess her. "My husband, my husband," was ever on her lips, and with a wife's duty she acted towards his memory. When I brought her mourning, she would have none other than widows' weeds, and on my remonstrating, she turned round with a dignity and solemnity that made me marvel:

"Be silent, Aunt, I rule here! God and my own heart made me Arthur's wife—the world and a wicked law broke the outward bond, but the holiest tie remains. I am his widow now."

When we examined the papers of the departed, not even from that mournful task did Alice shrink. I sat by her, but she would not let me see any record of his dark and stormy life. Only once, when she opened a packet of letters, I saw her cheek blanch. As she read, her hands grew rigid, and her eyes glassy. I drew near, and she repulsed me not. The letters, outpourings of bursting love, were addressed to Arthur Sylvester; they bore the name which he had uttered in his ravings, and each ended with, "*Your wife, Isabel.*" Aghast, almost stupefied, I gazed on the date of the last—it was the eve of Alice's wedding-day!

I had lived to bless the terrible stroke which had

saved my darling from a fate more terrible still. I fell on my knees beside her—I clasped my aged arms about her neck, and murmured,

"Alice, let us thank God for all."

"Amen!" was her answer. May I never while I live hear another tone like that in which she uttered the word!

With the letters was a lock of hair, and one line, "Isabel Sylvester, died —," the date a few months later. The sin of two broken hearts lay upon that man's soul. His madness was no marvel now.

Alice pointed out the line. "You see this!" she gasped—"now let all the past be as if it had never been."

With her own hands she laid all the papers upon the red embers, and the flame rose up,—it was the funeral pyre of that olden love. From Alice's lips the name of Arthur Sylvester was never heard more.

* * * *

In this world no sorrow is eternal. Life can never be utterly dark; to the pure, the earnest, the God-fearing, there is still a future, a future on earth, besides the glorious one beyond. Even in the lightning-blasted tree, there are always some boughs that will grow green again, and show that life is not utterly dead within it. And so it was with Alice. When that wild passionate love had been consumed in the furnace of affliction, so that not even its ashes remained; when the ideal image which she had so worshipped was shattered to pieces in her sight, and she knew it was only a dumb idol, not a life-breathing form; then her pure soul drew back into itself, and grew strong. She did not die, but lived; lived to be a yet nobler creature than she had ever been, and in the earnest charities and high aspirings of a pure and holy nature she found peace.

And Everard?

In my extreme old age, with one foot on the threshold of that dark gate which leads to the land of light, I have seen my dear, my noble Everard, happy at last. I have done what I never dreamed I should, I have lived to see a bridal. What though youth and youth's comeliness had long passed away from the two who bent before the altar, there is much of life yet before them, and years of love are of double length. Everard is happy, for the true heart and the tried has won at last—he has Alice for his wife. Who should rejoice so much as I, for has she not been my treasure, the light of my eyes? And he—his mother was my sister; and his father!—the time has been when to call Henry Brooke by the name of brother was agony. Hush, vain heart! the madness was all thine own. Rejoice thou, that through life unto old age thy ideal was never made less holy, the image of a pure and worthy love was unshattered still.

Reader! believe the word of one who has passed through the world's ordeal, has seen its hollowness, has endured its griefs: Know, that the only truths of life are Religion and Love.



SPECULATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS UPON THE ORIGIN OF THE DIAMOND.

It is familiarly known that the great object of early chemical inquiries was the discovery of a method of manufacturing gold at will. This object was never attempted to be concealed. The early experimentalists gloried in avowing that they were groping among the mystic processes of the laboratory for the way to wealth and longevity—for tradition associated these two. Spending "days that had been better spent," and nights that had been better employed, in this fruitless search, and always ending their painful toils in disappointment and poverty, at length the delusion ended, and it was found that chemistry was not given to man to be prostituted to his avarice. Speculations upon the nature and origin of the diamond turned the attention of chemists to another object of research. The gold mine, so rich in promises, so voracious of labour and money, was shut up and abandoned without ever having yielded a grain of the coveted metal; but a diamond mine was opened at its side, and numerous experiments have been undertaken on this equally fallacious ground: experiments which were buoyed up with almost alchemistic strength of hope, and the result of which, if it may not be predicated from that of the analogous inquiries, will be found toward the conclusion of our article.

These investigations, however, have gone on in secret, and the common ear has rarely heard that there have been—for aught we know to the contrary, are yet—diamond-seekers in the modern laboratory. "It is probable," writes an eminent continental chemist, "that since it was discovered that the diamond consists of pure carbon, there is hardly any chemist who has not performed more or less extensive experiments on the subject. That the results of such investigations have been published by few, is no proof that few experiments have been made, for human nature and vanity prefer silence to publicity where investigations have failed and hopes been disappointed." It was not only the incomparable splendour of this king of gems, and its being of such enormous value, that led chemists anxiously to experimentalize upon the origin of the diamond; but its isolation from every other substance in many other respects rendered the inquiry a peculiarly fascinating undertaking. The anomalous composition of the gem, the singular localities in which it is discovered, and its peculiarly striking physical characters, all seemed to set speculation in activity and at defiance.

The general physical characters of the diamond are so well known that we may be very brief in their description. Its specific gravity is about 3.50; the form of its crystals is most generally octohedral; even in the rough state, the most beautifully-regular mathematical solids in miniature are often found. In its natural state it is covered with a dullish crust, often of a muddy colour, on the removal of which the brilliant jewel beneath flashes forth in all its characteristic lustre. In the rough state an in-

experienced person could scarcely tell its nature, but he would immediately perceive that it greatly differed from ordinary pebbles. Its intense hardness has long been known. Pliny says, if laid on an anvil and struck with a hammer the anvil will inevitably split. A modern writer says, that if laid on a new anvil, and struck with a hammer, the diamond will often indent the steel. From this property it was long considered indestructible; and fable invested its powder with various medicinal attributes all equally unjust. Diamonds are not all the pure unsullied gems which glitter in our jewels; they appear in a variety of colours, some of which enhance, while others detract from their value. Sometimes it is tinged with blue, yellow, green, or a beautiful rose-colour, and frequently it is brown or dull yellow. Small lenses have been made in France, in which diamonds were used in the place of glass. In constructing them it was found that the diamonds appeared often penetrated by a number of fine lines which were supposed to be fine tubes in the substance of the gem; but Sir D. Brewster, carefully examining a number of specimens, found that the appearance in question was due to the fact of the gem being made up of an infinite number of layers in laminæ of different densities, which produce a peculiar effect upon light: in the small space of the thirtieth of an inch he counted many hundreds of these layers. He states that he has not observed this structure arise from any assemblage of fine laminæ of varying densities in any other mineral. It appears as if the gem had been formed by a deposition of layers submitted to different degrees of pressure: occasionally particles, apparently of uncrystallized carbonaceous matter, are visible in the interior of the diamond.

It was long since suspected by Newton that the diamond was a combustible body, in consequence of the high degree of refractive power it possessed. It is known to chemists that a peculiar relation exists between the inflammability and refractive powers of different substances. Sulphur and phosphorus exceed the diamond in this respect; and these three bodies surpass all others, either solid or fluid, in their action upon light. Amber stands next to the diamond. The Florentine Academy effected its combustion by means of a great lens, which, singularly enough, many years after, Sir H. Davy employed to effect the same purpose, directing the rays upon a diamond placed in a jar of oxygen gas. It burns with great rapidity in oxygen, emitting an intense light and heat; the only product is carbonic acid. It is therefore evident that the diamond, this hard, brilliant, precious, and scarce jewel, is a little lump of crystallized carbon, belongs to the family soot, charcoal, coke, lamp-black, &c., and is even related to candle-snuff. A singular corroboration of this statement is the fact, that diamonds heated with soft iron in a covered crucible cause the latter to become converted into *steel*, just as carbon does under similar circumstances. The diamond is infusible at the most intense heat with which we are acquainted.

It was one step gained to our diamond-seekers to have discovered the true composition of this precious crystal, and the most sanguine expectations of success were entertained soon after the publication of this discovery. Chemists were then led to another important part of the inquiry, and investigations were made into the nature and character of the places in which the diamond is found to occur naturally. The greatest difficulty attends this question. The diamond is seldom discovered in the situation in which it is probable it originated. It is generally associated with transported materials, such as rolled gravel. It is often found in river-banks, ravines, or in alluvial soil, or in beds of vegetable earth. While this is generally true, there are some puzzling exceptions to the rule. In Southern India Dr. Voysey has found that the matrix is sandstone breccia of the clay-slate formation; but Captain Franklin found the diamond in a rock of sandstone grit, which had probably at one period been the seat of great heat and pressure. Again, diamonds have long been obtained from Brazil, by blasting certain rocks, breaking them to pieces, and then washing them. Here, then, lies a real difficulty in the case. Could the precise nature of the matrix in which the gem generally occurs be ascertained, some rational grounds of conjecture would exist which might elucidate the manner of its formation. While such anomalies exist as diamonds in sandstone grit, or in rocks which are blasted to procure them, the question as to the natural situation of the diamond must be considered undecided, and theories based thereon as insecure.

As usual upon disputed points, speculation has been busy about the origin of the diamond, and a large number of theories, all more or less probable, have been propounded to set the matter at rest. We believe that these speculations may be classified under two heads:—1. Those which require the existence of a high temperature in its production; and, 2. those which conceive the gem to be of a vegetable origin. We are thus reminded of the Plutonic and Neptunian theorists of geology. To speak, first, of the igneous theories: Captain Franklin, considering the nature and probable previous condition of the rock in which he discovered imbedded diamonds, supposes a sort of dolomitic process to have been concerned in its formation. Under the influence of intense heat and enormous pressure it is conceivable that the particles of carbon were fused, and assumed at length the crystalline form by a long process of slow refrigeration; a circumstance well known to take place in other minerals. M. Parrot, who has laboriously investigated the perplexing subject, believes that the diamond arises from the operation of violent volcanic heat on small particles of carbon contained in the rock, or on a substance composed of a large proportion of carbon and a smaller quantity of hydrogen. By this theory, as he conceives, we are best able to account for the cracks and flaws so often noticed in the gem, and the frequent occurrence of included particles of black carbonaceous matter. M. Gobel,

who has also paid much attention to the subject, supposes it to have originated from the decomposing action of various substances upon carbonic acid gas at high temperatures. This theory has no rational foundation beyond the fact that such a decomposition does take place; but the result is ordinarily black carbonaceous matter. Again, M. Hausmann, finding upon the testimony of the oldest and most experienced diamond-seekers that fulgurites or lightning tubes are most numerous where diamonds principally abound, was led to the conclusion that diamonds were produced by the electric flash decomposing carbonic acid. This theory is even less probable than the last, it being impossible to believe that the instantaneous passage of the electric fluid could produce a crystal so formed as the diamond. The infusibility of charcoal has been a very general objection to the igneous theories. Professor Silliman, of New York, performed some experiments, some time since, in which he believed that he had actually succeeded in melting charcoal; the instrument by which it was said to be effected was the galvanic battery. The professor speaks with assurance of the real fusion of the positive pole, which was charcoal, in his apparatus. The fused portions exhibited a smooth, glassy, glistening surface, in cases where the purest charcoal was carefully employed. In a series of experiments undertaken upon the diamond with the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, he thought he detected marks of incipient fusion in the gem. Could this fact be settled, it would be a tolerably strong argument in favour of the igneous speculations, of which Captain Franklin's is the most conceivable. On the whole, however, we incline to the opposite opinion. We are justified in believing Professor Silliman's experiments very unsatisfactory.

Some years ago, Professor Jameson put forth some speculations upon the subject, which were read before the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh. He considered its formation to take place under either of the following conditions:—Either it was actually formed in the alluvial soil in which it is generally discovered, by the reduction of portions of the carbonaceous matter in the soil to an adamantine state, which afterwards condensed, according to the laws of affinity, into the granular or crystalline form; in other words, into the diamond. The other idea was, that it was a vegetable secretion. It is well known that the bamboo secretes a silicious substance, closely resembling opal, called *Tabasheer*, in solid masses of some size. Hornstone again occurs as the secretion of other trees. Why, then, may not the diamond be a similar secretion from the sap of plants? The circumstance of some trees forming wood of almost adamantine hardness, appeared in the professor's mind to strengthen the idea. Was it some distant gleaming of this hypothesis that led Arabian fabulists to their elegant allegories of jewel-bearing trees and groves? We fear, however, both are in the wrong. Not a trace of a diamond secretion has ever yet appeared to the eyes of the botanist; and when the enormous number of vegetable phenomena on record is remembered, it appears strange

that indications of such a process, if it existed, should never have been detected.

Sir David Brewster's is, after all, the only theory well supported by facts, and corroborated by experiments. His original communication was made to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in the year 1820, and subsequently, enlarged and strengthened, it was read before the Geological Society, in 1833. He compares the diamond to amber; and as amber is found in a similar locality, and has also carbon for its base, it became of importance to show that their polarizing structure is the same. Sir David Brewster found small bubbles of air enclosed in fragments both of amber and of the diamond, the expansive force of which had communicated a polarizing structure to the parts immediately in contact with the bubbles. Such an effect could not arise from crystallization: in two hundred mineral substances of crystalline origin, Sir D. Brewster had never observed the slightest trace of such a structure. It can, therefore, only have arisen from the expansive force of included air, when the diamond or amber was in a soft state; for this structure, having the peculiar influence on light understood by the term "polarizing," can be produced artificially in glass and other transparent substances in the soft condition, by producing a similar pressure from within to that supposed to be exercised by the included bubbles. "That this soft or compressible condition could not have arisen from the action of heat, is manifest," as a general proposition, "from the nature and recent formation of the soil in which the diamond is found; that it could not exist in a mass formed by aqueous deposition is still more obvious; and hence we are led to the conclusion, rendered probable by other analogies, that the diamond originated, like amber, from the consolidation of, perhaps, vegetable matter, which gradually acquires a crystalline form by the influence of time and the slow action of corpuscular forces." No air bubbles of this kind occur in crystals of an igneous origin; and the argument derived from the analogous influence upon light of amber and the gem, together with the appearance of layers in the latter, as before mentioned, appears strongly to favour this view of the subject. If the occurrence of the substance in the crystalline form be objected to as improbable upon such a supposition, it may be answered, that in the mineral resin called *Mellite* we have an equally distinct crystalline form, though no doubt exists, both from its composition and the locality in which it is found, that it originates from the vegetable kingdom. Dr. Petzholdt, who is the most recent writer on this subject, corroborates Sir D. Brewster's hypothesis. He believes that, according to the present state of our knowledge, the diamond is the product of the newest geological period, and results from the slow decomposition of vegetable substances. He seems to consider it probable that the loose rolled matter in which it is commonly found is really the matrix in which it is produced, thus favouring the popular notion in the East Indies and Brazil, that diamonds really *grow* in the soil. That the gem was

once in a liquid condition, appears probable from its frequently containing included splinters of quartz, some of which even exhibit the vegetable cellular texture. Dr. Petzholdt says that the accumulations of soot on the wick of a badly-burning tallow candle frequently show a tendency to crystallize in the octohedral form of the diamond, when the combustion of the material is retarded; the resemblance of the facets of which is very similar to an envelope of a letter, and probably gave birth to the popular phrase on seeing such an appearance, that "*there is a letter in the candle*." Such fragments are often considerably harder than ordinary soot.

Baron Liebig claims the credit of offering a simple explanation of the probable process which actually takes place in the formation of the diamond. "Science can point to no process capable of accounting for the origin and formation of diamonds, except the process of decay. If we suppose decay to proceed in a liquid containing carbon and hydrogen, then a compound with still more carbon must be formed; and if the compound thus formed were itself to undergo further decay, the final result must be the separation of carbon in a crystalline form." Oils, resinous matter, &c. are hydro-carbons. Are we then to take Sir Isaac Newton's prophecy as a literal truth, that "the diamond is an *unctuous* matter, coagulated?"

Lastly, of the diamond—rather of the would-be diamond—makers. M. Virlet, in a communication to M. Arago, confidently anticipates the time when chemists will, in their laboratories, produce all manner of precious stones, without even excepting the diamond. This felicitous time, however, has yet to arrive; for experiments have been wholly fruitless to produce anything of the kind. Some chemists have sought the diamond in the attempt to fuse carbon, but in vain. If we remember rightly, one experimenter fancied, or actually saw, delicate needle-like crystals in some of his searches after the gem, but he could not get beyond this; and it may be questioned whether the real composition of such minute crystals was that of the diamond. Others have attempted the search by decomposing highly carbonaceous matter; their only results having been the production of some black carbonaceous substance, which a diamond of the lowest degree would scorn to claim kin with. Electricity promises little or nothing to the chemist in such investigations, for both the fluids he would in all probability select for decomposition by its means, and the diamond itself, are non-conductors of the electric energy. It is manifest the natural process is one of extreme slowness, in respect of which the "three-score years and ten" of a chemist's life are, probably, but as a very little time. In these days, scientific prophecies are always hazardous, some however less so than others; as to diamond making, therefore, we may venture to predict, that, like every vain hope, it will have its day, and die.

We have often been struck with what appears a very ugly feature of both gold and diamond-makers—their covetousness. While some, with pure motives,

engage in the investigations for the advancement of science and the arts, does not the majority make the pursuit in the hope that extravagant wealth will one day reward the search? Even this is a delusion. Granted, that the chemist drops upon the secret in the depths of his laboratory, and manufactures a store of diamonds; the value of the jewel is at an end. Some "bird of the air will tell the matter," that diamonds are no longer scarce, and in the same hour they cease to be precious. It seems as if it had pleased God to crush every hope of obtaining wealth in a manner by which one would be greatly benefited and the rest neglected; for it is notorious that none were so miserably poor as the pseudo gold-makers of past history, and the like fate awaits all who tread their steps, though with another object in view.

: HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

HIGH days and holidays, the merry days of England, are out of date. The more is the pity, for they were bright spots in the calendar of the industrious classes—seasons of recreation to look forward to through dark vistas of toil and care.

There is no stimulus to exertion more effectual than the promise of a little pleasure—no proverb more true than the homely adage,

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Relaxation is as necessary to the mind as aliment to the body, and assists in keeping both in a healthy tone. It is the want of simple and innocent pastimes in which all classes could occasionally unite, that has rent the links of society, and taught the poor to look with envy and hatred on their wealthy neighbours. The frightful increase of intemperance in our metropolis and great towns, which defies alike the influence of the law and the gospel, from what does it proceed? I answer, From the stagnation of the system, the "green and yellow melancholy" engendered by unrelaxing care.

The bow has lost its elasticity from being always bent, and the languid hand that holds it endeavours to raise the string to action by giving it the sharp fillip which completes the destruction of the instrument. The fiery dram—the intoxicating drug, with which the care-worn man, hopeless matron, or miserable child strives to quicken the torpid pulse of life at the expense of all its moral duties, only increases the evil by creating a maddening longing for a repetition of the fatal excitement. A dance round the maypole would have enlivened the circulation and cheered the spirits of those poor creatures, and cost them nothing, not even a regret.

The chronicles of Henry the Eighth's reign, indeed, bear record of the frightful tragedy which on one occasion stained the May-day festival with the blood of peaceful citizens, caused by an outbreak of the London 'prentices, whose jealousy against foreigners having

been excited, they rose, and, assisted by a mischievous mob, plundered the houses of the Spanish merchants, and massacred several persons who endeavoured to resist their violence; which outrages were avenged on the spot by the earl-marshal hanging a number of the young culprits on the sign-posts of their master's shops; and but for the powerful intercession of the three queens, Catharine of Arragon, Henry's consort, and his sisters, the dowagers of France and Scotland, upwards of two hundred more of these juvenile offenders would have been executed—so exasperated was the king at this daring breach of his peace. But for one "*Evil May-day*" there have been at least seventeen hundred joyous festivals on that sweet anniversary both in country and town.

King Henry himself—and it was one cause of his popularity with the Commons of England in the early years of his reign—always honoured the customs of the May with his observance. On the 1st of May, 1515, we find that he and good Queen Catherine, with the newly wedded widow of France, Mary Tudor and her jolly bridegroom, Brandon Duke of Suffolk, and a goodly train of nobles, knights, and gentle ladies, rode a-maying from Greenwich palace to Shooter's-hill; and all the "loving commonaltie" of London and Westminster rose up betimes to go a-maying too with their liege lord, and enjoyed the treat of seeing how the archers of the king's guard, dressed like Robin Hood and his outlaws, met their graces and invited them and their noble attendants to enter the good greenwood, and see how outlaws lived. Whereupon King Henry pleasantly performed his part in the popular drama by turning to the queen, and asking her "whether she and her ladies would venture into a thicket with so many outlaws;" and the royal Catherine set all the married women present a good example by replying right lovingly to her lord, "that where he went, she was content to go." Then the queen's grace and all her ladies lighted down from their palfreys, and the king leading her by the hand, they were conducted to a sylvan bower formed of hawthorn boughs, flowers, and moss, opening into a booth or arbour, where a breakfast of venison and other substantial dainties was laid out, of which the royal party partook. As they turned their steps towards Greenwich, they were met on the road by a flowery car, drawn by five horses, each ridden by a fair and gaily decorated damsel, personating the attributes of Spring.

The horses had their names lettered on their head-gear, the damsels theirs on their dresses. In the car was the lady May, attended by Flora. The encounter took place at the foot of Shooter's-hill. As soon as the fair actresses caught sight of the royal cavalcade, they burst into sweet song, and preceded their graces, carolling hymns to the May, till they reached Greenwich palace.

As for the Londoners of low degree, "the smug apprentices and washed artizans," the motley rout of cobblers, tinkers, tailors, men, women, and children, who had risen before the sun had kissed the dew from the Kentish meads, and wended forth to meet and go a-

maying with the king and queen and their gay court, and having seen the forest pageant, returned with glowing cheeks, light hearts, and hands full of wild-flower posies in time to bring up the rear of the milk-maids' procession,—were they not better primed for the duties of the day than the pale listless beings who creep shivering to the gin-shop for the fatal draught which sends liquid fire through every nerve and vein, and paralyzes the brain it influences?

That great sovereign queen Elizabeth, who understood so thoroughly the way to please her lieges of low degree, never failed to honour all little popular customs with her observance. Even in the last year of her reign, and the 69th of her age, she was up betimes, and went a-maying with all her court in the green glades of Lewisham.

May garlands and May games were rigorously interdicted and put down as sinful vanities by the puritan legislators of the Commonwealth, but were destined to see a gay revival in the May-day anniversary that succeeded the restoration of royalty, when the Londoners decorated so lofty and elaborate a May-pole for the Strand, opposite the church of St. Clement Danes, that they could by no means contrive to set it up. While they were in great perplexity as to the means of accomplishing their object, it happened by lucky chance that his royal highness the Duke of York came along the Strand with a party of his sailors, and volunteered his assistance, and so effectively, that in the course of a few minutes, he and his shipmates succeeded in rearing aloft the giant shaft, and fixing it with cords after the manner of the mast of a man-of-war, to the infinite admiration of all beholders.

There is a very pretty and characteristic wood-cut engraving in the Table-book, of the milk-maids' dance in London, 1698, taken from a contemporary drawing in a rare volume by a foreign traveller, who gives the following description of the now forgotten custom:—

"On the first of May and the five or six days following, all the young pretty peasant girls who are accustomed to carry about milk for sale in the city, dress themselves very orderly, and bear about on their heads a pyramid formed of their vases and measures, scoured so bright as to look like silver, filled with flowers; and so, accompanied by certain of their neighbours, and the music of a fiddle, they go dancing from door to door, surrounded by young people and children, who follow them in crowds, and every where they are made some little present."

The following old pithy ballad of *The Mayer's Song* is full of beauty:—

"THE MAYER'S SONG.

"Remember us poor mayers all,
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteouness,
Or else we die in sin.

"We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day,
And now, returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

"A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands,
It is but a sprout,
But it's well bedded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

"The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leak,
Our heavenly Father He watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

"The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

"The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower,
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

"The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day,
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

But alack! we have neither May-poles nor sweet May garlands in this dull century. The poor little sweeps are the only fraternity who now honour the May with a floral pageant, and we should be sorry to see those sooty "Jacks in the Green" deprived of their holiday; but although their sable hue renders them appropriate Morris *ergo* Moorish dancers, and it would make Heracitus laugh to see their merry grins and antics, they are but sorry successors to the bright May queens and fair Maid Marians of the olden times, nor do they venture to personify bold Robin Hood, Will Scarlett, or even Friar Tuck. These quaint street dramas mingled pantomimes, ballets, and masks, that were enacted by an unlettered but shrewd-witted corps that improvised as they went along. How they delighted the good commons of England! and the gentles too, if the playful strokes of satire in which they abounded did not hit the great ones too hard.

The May games came, it is true, but once a-year, like Christmas, with her sweet carols, holy recollections, festive observances, and blessed charities; but then there was the pleasant anticipation to enliven the months of toil which must be plodded through, the work-day realities of life that intervened, between the people's festivals. I once saw written up behind the shutter of the play-room in a ladies' boarding-school: "There are only 8511 hours to the holidays." What an agreeable hour had been wiled away in making this calculation by the little maiden whose hand had inscribed the childish record!

The great body of the people are but children of larger growth, and are as much in need of pastimes, nay, more so, for they require wholesome exhilaration to enable them to bear up against the wear and tear of toil, and the stern realities of life. Deprived of innocent amusements, they droop, they become listless, morose, dangerous, they cease to love their country. There are persons who maintain that the pleasures of religion, and a knowledge of their duties, are sufficient, or ought to be sufficient, to enable the working classes to endure the hardships of their lot with patience, if

not with cheerfulness; but this is to infer that the majority of those who are doomed to a life of toil and suffering have attained to a perfection of Christian heroism not often practised by those who preach its necessity. Solomon tells us, "There is a time to work, and a time to play." Why should those who work be denied their share of pastime?

The wisdom of our ancestors provided seasons of rest and recreation for those who rowed the vessel, as well as those who steered. We are not going to advocate the commemoration of the saints and martyrs of our Church, which led to the grave errors of invocations, and other abuses of an unscriptural character in the Church of Rome; but we would fain see the labouring classes enjoying an occasional respite from care, in any harmless shape.

What a slave driver is Mammon! Arrayed in the stern livery of utilitarianism, his sordid votaries trample down all the gentle charities, the poetry of life.

Fairs and wakes have, it is to be feared, degenerated into scenes of riot and intemperance, gambling, and every species of licence. Being no longer required as marts for cloth, linen, and other domestic manufactures, they have become excuses for the resort of idle and profligate persons who cannot assemble together without injurious consequences to others; but no festive or recreative meeting ought to be allowed to become disorderly, and much of the evils resulting from fairs would cease if they were only permitted to last one day, and obliged to disperse before nine in the evening.

Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII., and queen-dowager of France, after her second marriage with the man of her heart, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, resided chiefly in that county, where she appears to have taken a lively interest in the happiness of the people, doing all she could to promote cheerful amusements among them. She always came in person to open Bury fair, and honoured the popular pageants there with her presence. In consequence of this practice on the part of her majesty, it long continued the fashion with the aristocracy to attend Bury fair, which restrained disorders, and gave general pleasure to all classes.

The high days and holidays of the people which involve some national remembrance, or picturesque observances, are far more wholesome and agreeable to the community than fairs. The historical commemorations of England are few in number, and fast passing to oblivion. The remembrance of our ancient glories kept alive that patriotic spirit which is an essential part of chivalry, "the cheap defence of nations." Queen Elizabeth, the most popular of all sovereigns, found it to her interest to appeal to those proud recollections in seasons of national peril like the crisis of the Armada, and well was the royal aim seconded by the poets of her era.

Shakspeare, of course, describes the feeling with which such anniversaries were regarded at the period, when he makes Henry the Fifth encourage his peers at Agincourt by predicting a perennial commemoration

of the triumph which he anticipates over the French hosts, in these animating words :—

"This story shall the goodman teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered."

Who thinks of Agincourt now, or regards St. Crispin's day more than any other day? The very shoemakers have forgotten their patron, and the proud victory with which his name was connected. The fact is, that the gloomy temper of the times has destroyed the nationality of the people. Even the glorious 18th of June, the day of Waterloo, is only remembered by the veterans and a few military aspirants:

The day of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne of England, Nov. 17th, formed a national *fête*, not only as long as she continued to sway the sceptre of this realm, but for nearly a hundred years after her death. The procession of the Lady Godiva at Coventry survived through many centuries, and king Bladud occasionally makes his appearance at Bath even in the present age. The 5th of November, "Gunpowder Treason and Plot," or Guy Faux's day, as the anniversary of the happy preservation of bonnie King Jamie, his queen, and royal sons Henry and Charles, with the three estates of England, from the awful conspiracy of the Jesuits and their allies, was long commemorated from political motives, and zealously enjoyed by the populace. No wonder, when it involved the excitement of processions, collections, bonfires, the piquant *auto da fé* of burning a Guy and other dangerous personages in effigy, with the concluding saturnalia of flinging squibs and crackers down obnoxious areas, and into the hoods of old women.

Of all our national commemorations, that of the restoration of monarchy on the 29th of May, held the strongest hold on the affections of the people; and the firmness with which they continued to observe that anniversary for a century after the expulsion of the royal line of Stuart, affords a remarkable proof of the constitutional attachment of this country to the cause of legitimacy. As long as that feeling lasted, the grave of William Pendrel, in St. Giles's churchyard, was duly decked with oaken garlands by nameless loyalists of low degree, as often as the 29th of May came round; and men, women, and children wore oak leaves and acorns in memory of the fact,

"How Pendrel the miller, at risk of his blood,
Hid the king of the isle in the king of the wood."

Although our Church has sanctioned the commemoration of this anniversary with a peculiar service of thanksgiving, which is not yet expunged from the Book of Common Prayer, the popular custom of wearing oak leaves in token of gratulation for the preservation of the sovereign was construed into an affront to the new dynasty when George the First was called to the throne of Great Britain, and soldiers were employed to tear the badges of affection to the exiled family from those who presumed to sport them. Very severe corporal punishments were inflicted on the soldiers themselves for wearing oak leaves, in the

years 1715, 1716, and 1717, and fine and imprisonment on private individuals who were guilty of this offence, or of singing, humming, or whistling,

"That loyal song, THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY."

The combativeness of human nature, and more especially the independence of the English character, was not to be vanquished by such paltry manifestations of oppression. The oak-leaves were worn, and the anniversary honoured, in defiance of all opposition on the part of the ruling powers, through the reigns of the first two monarchs of the Hanoverian line. George the Third, a wiser and better man than his predecessors of that house, appreciated the sentiment of loyalty too highly not to encourage a popular commemoration of the restoration of monarchy. The 29th of May was always a high day and a holiday during his reign, and that of his son, George the Fourth, whose generous sympathy for the house of Stuart can never be forgotten.

It is only a few years ago that a merry party of boys, who were making a votive procession through the village of Wangford, with oaken boughs in their hands and oak-leaves in their caps, in honour of the day—"Oak-apple-day" as they called it,—observing that neither my sisters nor myself wore the loyal badge, exclaimed significantly, "We did not think them ladies had been Low Church!" This implied a pointed reproach for our forgetfulness in not having honoured that loyal anniversary by wearing oak leaves.

The 10th of June is still called "White-rose-day," but the custom is obsolete, and the cause forgotten. It was only the anniversary of a party, the Jacobites.

The birthday of our Sovereign Lady, and the anniversary of her accession to the throne, ought to be commemorated by national thanksgivings, and prayers for her prosperity, and the good of her people, and the increase of true religion, succeeded by *fêtes* and pastimes, in which all classes might unite, either as participators or spectators, as in the days of Elizabeth, and the good old times. This was a politic as well as a benevolent regulation; it inspired loyal feelings towards the monarch, by giving men of low degree a personal interest in the weal of their hereditary ruler. Why should it not be renewed in our own days? Why should not the gentry and rich tradespeople, and every one who can spare a tester, subscribe to give annual *fêtes* to their humble neighbours on those anniversaries? The wealthy would never be the poorer for the sums thus devoted, and even those with whom it might involve a slight degree of self-sacrifice, would be all the happier for having obeyed the precepts of their heavenly Teacher, by feasting the poor and needy, even those who could not recompense them again.

What a blessed world would this world be, if all would obey the Divine injunction of doing unto others as they would be done unto!

FACTS IN THE EAST. ILLUSTRATIVE OF
SACRED HISTORY.—No. IX.

(BY MRS. POSTANS.

In the nineteenth chapter of the first Book of Kings, and at the fifth verse, we read of the prophet Elijah, who, having been threatened by Jezebel, fled to Beer-sheba, "and as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat." A tree in the East is not only selected for travellers to rest under, but men enjoying the reputation of sanctity, both as Hindoos and Mohammedans, very commonly establish themselves in such places; and it is very usual, on passing a solitary tree in a desert place, to observe under its shadow a religious devotee, with his little sleeping-mat, his water vessel of porous clay, and his fragments of cakes baked upon the hearth, while, notwithstanding the noxious reptiles that commonly abound, these ascetics remain unhurt. I remember, at Gora Bundah, not far from Bombay, to have strolled out at dawn, one morning during the rains, when the country was covered with rank verdure, reeking with unwholesome exhalations, and teeming with animal life. A few paces from the road stood a *Ficus religiosa* tree, under which was a small Moslem tomb, crumbling to decay, and imbedded in a tangled mesh of wild indigo and convolvulus plants, dripping, at this hour, with the heavy dews of night. As I admired the picturesque aspect of the spot, I fancied something moved beneath the tree, and soon perceived a fakir, with his feet covered, and his head resting on a stone, while he slept at the roots of the sacred tree. A little bundle of grain stood near, and an earthen lotah, holding water. Around ran numerous streams of water, choked with weeds, and tenanted by families of bull-frogs, while snakes of many kinds glided among the low brushwood. On returning from my walk, the ascetic was "gathering up sticks," as we read of the widow of Zarephath, in the seventeenth chapter of the same Book of Kings, at the tenth verse, for the same purpose as she did, namely, to make cakes of meal and oil, for his morning food. I then asked the man of his condition, and he told me he had been under this same tree for more than six years; that no animal dared molest him, but, on the contrary, all ministered to his wants, being the servants of the gods to whom his life was devoted.

At the ninth verse of the nineteenth chapter, we read, "that he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there." Lodging in caves in the East seems to have been a habit of all times and all religions. The hills of the Thebaid are studded with caves, in which dwelt the Gnostics and early Christians. The learned men among the Buddhists in India taught religious doctrine, and systems of ethics, in caves attached to the temples, and now known as giharas, of which, in the hills around Jooneer, in western India, are very many specimens that I visited with great interest. On the sacred mount of Girnar, the Jain ascetics all live in caves; some of natural formation in the granite rock, others excavated, having one small chamber,

and a stone bench. Ramjee, an ascetic much venerated, whom I saw there, had dwelt twenty years in a cave near the first table-land of Girnar. His thick hair was matted, a turban of rope encircled it, and his forehead and arms were printed with the Trisool of Siva by the priests of Dwaka; a habit that was evidently common among the pagans of old time, as we see in the nineteenth chapter of Leviticus and the twenty-eighth verse, in the command given to the children of Israel: "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor point any marks upon you: I am the Lord."

This man lived entirely on roots and water, and at sunset and sunrise, from the entrance of his cave, blew a shunk, or trumpet of ram's horn, an instrument used by the Levites, as we read at the fifth verse of the sixth chapter of Joshua, "And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn." Rams'-horns were also blown before the Ark of the Covenant. I have observed on the long matted hair of Ramjee the ascetic, and may remark, that men mixing in society in the East, whether priests or laymen, shave their heads; but when a man becomes a devotee, dwelling in forests or caves, as a *sonyassi*, or holy man, he suffers his hair to grow; and in the sixth chapter of Numbers, and at the fifth verse, we read of a Nazarite, who vowed the vow of separation: "There shall no razor come upon his head: until the days be fulfilled, in the which he separateth himself unto the Lord, he shall be holy; and shall let the locks of the hair of his head grow." We see that the head was thus hallowed; and if defiled by any outward act, shaving the head became necessary, as we read in the ninth verse of the same chapter.

In the twentieth chapter of the Book of Kings, and at the thirty-second verse, we read, "So they girded sackcloth on their loins, and put ropes on their heads." The fakirs and ascetics of India commonly wear ropes on their heads, plaited in with their long coarse hair, as a turban. With them it is worn as expressive of humility,—that description of humility which vaunteth itself, and is, perhaps, the worst form that pride can take. I remember, at Gora Bunda, before mentioned, to have seen and marked a Jogee worshipper, at a Sivaite temple, wearing thus a turban of rope, and sackcloth girded on his loins. Among the cords that encircled his shaggy hair were stuck a few peacocks' feathers, and a heavy bell depended from the sackcloth that girded his loins. The sackcloth and the rope were the outward signs of humility, but the pride of his profession, the assumption of superiority over his fellow-men, as common to a fakir as a cardinal, was shown in his erect figure, his quick and firm step, his eyes bent on the ground, and that slight expression of defiance which marked his handsome countenance, as he moved onwards without raising his eyes either to the temple or the stranger. The man might have been hungry, but he was too proud to own it; weary, yet he made no sign. Suffering, physical or mental, is supposed to have no existence for one devoted to the service of the gods, and the Jogee is no self-betrayer. In the

homage of his fellow-men the ascetic finds full recompence for the misery he absolutely endures in having his loins girded with sackcloth, and his hair bound with ropes, for his long solitary journeys, and his often constrained fasts. He *may* have a stronger motive, and 'tis equally difficult to fathom motives, as it is unjust to offer judgment on the acts that seem to spring from them; but the sackcloth and the rope are in but indifferent keeping with the general tone of the wearer's aspect and behaviour.

At the thirty-eighth verse of the same chapter we read, "So the prophet departed, and waited for the king by the way, and disguised himself with ashes on his face." The Jogees of India always smear their faces with white wood-ashes, which, combined with the red and blue symbols of Vishnu or Siva marked on their foreheads, gives them a peculiarly hideous aspect. In the case described, however, we find the prophet adopted as a *disguise* this wearing of ashes on his face. I recollect, at Shikarpoor, on one occasion, that it was considered necessary to gain some information, which could only be done by a spy perfectly acquainted with the Sindhi tongue. A faithful creature, who had long acted as a *co ssid*, or messenger, undertook the service, and proposed, for this purpose, to pass the night in the dhurmasaulah of Larkhana, where the suspected persons would rest. As a *co ssid*, our servant was personally known all over Sindh and Beluchistan; but when the man appeared, to take his final instructions, the inconsequence of this fact was very satisfactory, the old *co ssid* being enveloped in a mantle of orange-tawny cloth, Tulsi beads encircling his neck, and having "disguised himself with ashes on his face," to complete the masquerade.

The twenty-first chapter of Kings, relating the details by which Ahab possessed himself of the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, contains many points of coincidence with the present character of the East. First, the desire of the king to make of it a garden of herbs: herbs now, as then, being of much importance to an Asiatic, serving in a considerable degree as food, as well as in preparations for the gorocco used in hookahs, and for the bath, as well as their being eaten in varieties to preserve the teeth.—When Ahab was refused, the king "laid him down upon his bed." The bed thus alluded to was probably the charpoi, in common use among all ranks in India; a frame having four legs to it, about a foot from the ground, strapped with tapes or ropes of cocoa-nut fibre, according to the wealth of the owner. These beds are often placed under trees, in a garden, near a fountain, or under the verandah of a house, and form a lounge during the heat of the day. I saw a bed that had been made for Meer Nusseer Khan, of Hyderabad, in lower Sindh, of this description, which had cost four hundred pounds. The frame was of sandal wood, and the legs curiously inlaid with silver and talc, ornamented with rough-cut emeralds. One man easily carried it under his arm, though its length was five feet nine, and its breadth two feet and a half, the usual size of a native bed.—At the eighth verse we

read, that Jezebel "wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal." A letter in the East has no authority without the seal of the writer. This stands as the signature. The letter itself is written by the moonshec, or amanuensis, (in this case of Ahab, his wife took upon her the duty,) and having read the missive to the prince or chief who has directed it to be written, the moonshec requires the signet, which the dictator of the letter draws from his finger. The surface of the seal, whether it be a gem or a plate of engraved silver, is then smeared with Indian ink mixed with water, the paper is wetted, and the impression made. On this seal does all the authority of the missive depend. We read, also, that Jezebel directed that false witnesses should be procured, "sons of Belial." I recollect, in Sindh, seventeen men who perjured themselves for two shillings each on one trial; and the practice of perjury is so well known in the supreme court of Bombay, as forming a characteristic in native habits, that the effect of a host of witnesses has very little influence in the decision on a criminal case.

In the twenty-fourth verse, we read the curse that followed the arts of Jezebel and Ahab: "Him that dieth of Ahab in the city, the dogs shall eat; and him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat." All cities of the East, whether in Turkey, Egypt, Syria, or India, are to the present day infested with dogs, who act as scavengers to the cities, in like manner as do the vulture and the crow to the open country. These beasts are fierce, gaunt animals, faithful as household guards, but, when influenced by anger or hunger, savage beyond description, and in no way to be driven from their prey. Of a character such as these were doubtless those dogs of Jezreel which fulfilled the prophetic denunciation against Jezebel; so that, when the servants of Jehu would have buried her, because she was a king's daughter, they found no more of her, as we read in the Second Book of Kings, at the ninth chapter, and the thirty-fifth verse, "than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands."

In the seventeenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, and at the tenth verse, we read of the sins of the children of Israel: "And they set them up images and groves in every high hill, and under every green tree." As the idolaters of those times held sacred groves and hills, to set up there the symbols of their vain worship, so is it with the pagans of the East in our day, who see in the gods of the Hindoo mythology, as did the worshippers of Baal, powers of protection, which the heavy eye and dulled ear cannot discern in the purer faith practised and taught around them. I have had occasion to speak frequently of the character given by the Buddhistical religionists of ancient days to the three sacred mounts in Western India—Girmar, Aboo, and Paitana—circled with their rock edicts, and crowned with their marble temples, of exquisitely beautiful architectural design and ornament, and containing their many "gods of vanities." But in particular illustration of the verse in question,

I remember a visit I made, some years since, to a very remarkable spot in the province of Cutch. It is well known that the Rajpoots, degenerate as they may now be, formed, in olden times, the chivalry of India; and as their sense of honour was marked by opinions peculiarly their own, so had they symbols of worship unlike those of the people around them. In Cutch may yet be seen cities possessed only by the owl and the bittern, the fox, the snake, and the jackal, once the princely residences of the Rajpoot chieftains of the land; and the bards still sing to their wire-struck gourd, of the curse by which the offended dervish, or the revengeful saint, scattered the stones of their palaces, and shook the temples to their centres. It was during a sojourn among these interesting relics of the past, that I happened on one occasion to turn along an unfrequented jungle path, attracted by the remarkable form of the two cone-like hills, perfectly isolated in position, and appearing as if the apex of each had been shorn from it by a giant's sword. On arriving at the base of one, I found a narrow flight of broken steps leading to the summit; and having with much difficulty ascended them, I found the table land surrounded by a small bench of stone, and on this bench innumerable figures in wood and stone, of all sizes, representing a mounted warrior, with sword, shield, and helmet. On returning to my tents, I sent for a bard, and inquired the meaning of these images on the "high hill," and the man told me they were idols of "Juck," a deified hero of the Rajpoots, whose seven sons having been outraged by Mins Poom, he seated himself on a deer skin on this hill, which immediately began to crumble under his sanctity, until from thence he had cursed the city of Poomkagud, then under our eyes.

But the children of Israel, in imitation of the worshippers of Baal, not only "set up images and groves in every high hill," but "under every green tree." I happened, while at Toonere, in the northern Conkan, to have occasion to visit a portion of the district, never perhaps before traversed by a European; and when nearly within sight of my halting-place, I found my horse suddenly so alarmed, that it was with much difficulty I could keep him on the path. This was the result of its leading through a "grove," formed of Banian trees, whose tendrils having struck into the ground, in the manner peculiar to this remarkable tree, a pillared avenue was formed of considerable length, impervious to the glare of day. The tough tendrils of these trees here and there depended, in form resembling the huge rattlesnake of Ceylon, rather than vegetable fibre, and might easily have been mistaken for such, winding along the ground in tortuous and fantastic shapes. Under the heavier foliage of each parent tree were graven images of the hideous Devi, or the hull of Siva. These were smeared with red pigment formed of cinnabar and oil, were wreathed with flowers, and lighted by little oil wicks in earthen saucers, beside which, on the flat stone that served for altar, lay grains of rice, with here and there an iron vessel filled with incense. Such

was the sacred grove; and connecting it with my knowledge of the ancient rites of Kali (a form of Devi), and of the human sacrifices made to propitiate her in times of disease and famine, I could not but think that very similar to this grove of the Conkan were those in Samaria, when the children of Israel "left all the commandments of the Lord their God," and caused their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire, "and made a grove, and worshipped all the host of heaven, and served Baal," as we read they did, in the sixteenth verse of the seventeenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings.

In the eighteenth chapter of the same book, and at the fourth verse, we read, that King Hezekiah "removed the high places, and brake the images, and cut down the groves, and brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days, the children of Israel did burn incense to it: and he called it Nehushtan." In the province of Cutch the Cobra capella is an object of worship, and on the wall of the hill-fort of its principal city is a temple dedicated to its worship, known as the "Snake Tower." Brahmins are in attendance, and a Cobra which I saw there is worshipped and considered as a god. This reptile is fed with milk, and annually a festival is held in its honour, which is called the Naga Pachami, or snake-worship, and which the ruling prince with all his chiefs and courtiers attends. It was my fortune to be present at one of these festivals. On the brow of the hill, immediately below the temple, an altar was erected, surrounded by a trough surmounted by the image of a snake, and garlanded with flowers. From this altar to the musnud or throne of cushions, pailed for the accommodation of Rao Daisul and his father Prince Bharmuljee, was stretched a richly decorated awning, and about it were ranged dancing girls and musicians. The crowd was immense; at length, preceded by his elephants, the prince appeared in the full costume of a Rajpoot warrior, mounted on a handsome Kattiwa horse, and followed by a glittering cortege. Having dismounted, he bowed before the altar, and took his seat on the musnud. The most discordant strains, produced by trumpets of rams' horns and tom-toms, rent the air, and the high priest of the snake-temple repeated prayers and invocations to the object of the worship. These concluded, a kid of the goats was brought to the foot of the altar, its head bound with flowers. Here it was slain, and the priest dipping a bunch of tulsi (sweet basil) in the blood that flowed in the trough, dashed it both on the altar and towards the people who stood around. The head of the goat was then placed on the altar, and the Brahmin became as one affecting to be influenced by supernatural energy. He danced before the altar, shrieked in tones most horrible, rolled on the ground, writhed and gnashed his teeth as if in the most intense physical agony, and as these demonstrations became weaker, he started forward, snatched a handful of cinnabar from the altar, softened it with the blood of the sacrifice, and springing forward, affixed it as a tika on the centre of the forehead of the Rao.

The ceremonies were concluded by large gifts to the temple, and the prince returned to the palace, where fireworks were displayed in honour of the festival.

Such was the worship and sacrifice offered to the "Serpent" in the province of Cutch; and whatever other ceremonies might have been observed in the time of king Hezekiah, we see that "the children of Israel did burn incense" to the serpent he called "Nehushtan," the brazen serpent of Moses.

At the eleventh verse of the twenty-third chapter of the Second Book of Kings, we read, "And he took away the horses that the children of Israel had given the Sun."

Evidence exists in India, that the worship of the sun and moon was the earliest known there. In the Surashtra peninsula of western India, on the coast of Kattiawar, this is particularly the case. The old temple of Somnath was originally dedicated to the moon; and in a very ancient cave at Veraval Puttun, a town very near it, situated on the river Rin-Nakshi, I saw an image, doubtless intended to personify the moon; its form being a huge circle of stone, supported on two rude pillars. The cave was half filled with water, but its character showed it to be coeval with the inscribed rock of Girnar. Not far from this spot is also a temple of great antiquity, where is an image, a drawing of which I believe was published by the late Sir Alexander Burnes. The stone was carved in rude imitation of a human face, with rays proceeding from it, and, as I have described of the image in the cave at Puttun, it was supported by two pillars; we see, therefore, that the ancient idolaters of India worshipped the sun, as well as those kings of Judah, whose gifts Josiah "took away."

In the thirtieth verse of the same chapter, we read of Pharaoh-Nechoh's death, by the hand of Josiah: "And his servants carried him in a chariot, dead, from Megiddo, and brought him to Jerusalem, and buried him in his own sepulchre." Great men in the East have always had the habit of building their own sepulchres; the pacha of Egypt is doing so at present, with Syene alabaster, at an enormous expense. The Mohammedans, like the Egyptians, consider the body as an inn, but the tomb as an everlasting habitation. They believe, the disembodied spirit is pleased with the splendour that surrounds the decaying body, and frequently visits the spot, with fond mysterious yearnings. On many days, set apart for the purpose, the relatives of deceased persons repair to their sepulchres, and talk together of their virtues, smoke pipes, and repeat prayers on the flat roofs of the buildings; then dine, and perform ablutions together in the beautiful gardens in which these tombs usually stand. In the centre of the lower apartment, a raised slab shows the resting-place of the owner; and this is spread with a large square of satin embroidered with gold, and on it rests the Koran, which formed the daily study of the deceased: at the head of the slab is frequently a pillar, on which rests his turban, or, in some cases, the resemblance of one is sculptured on the stone. In Sindh, where the tombs of the old Talpur princes are

very numerous and handsome, the surfaces are covered with light blue tiles, of varied and very beautiful design, the doorways having been on either side emblazoned with verses of the Koran in gold, and the interiors exquisitely wrought in fine stone traceries, introducing the bell and the pomegranate, a pattern used, as we read in the thirty-ninth of Exodus, as the ornament of the robe of the ephod of the high-priest of Israel.

The sepulchre erected by Aurungzebe, during her life, for his favourite sister, Aurungabad, is one of the most magnificent buildings in the East, being wholly of white marble, with chambers, cupolas, minarets, and eedgars of the most exquisite workmanship; the traceries of the lofty windows resembling fine lace-work rather than sculptured marble. The tomb stands in a beautiful garden, at the end of an avenue of fountains, and is surrounded with the rich and varied foliage of the orange, lime, and tamarind.

At Ahmedabad, in Guzerat, I visited numerous sepulchres far more splendid than any palaces in the land, and most bearing inscriptions stating them to have been erected by the princes whose mortal remains were here encased; and it will be readily supposed, that with the existence of such a custom in the East, as the erection of sepulchres by those who desired to be deposited therein, the servants of any prince would, if their master fell under the sword of an enemy, hasten to convey his body to "his own sepulchre," as did those of the king of Egypt when he fell by the waters of Euphrates.

At the twenty-fifth chapter of the same Book, and the seventh verse, we read that the Chaldeans "slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes, and put out the eyes of Zedekiah," and in the seventh verse of the thirty-ninth chapter of Jeremiah it seems to have been done, not so much by the army as by the king of Babylon; for it is said, "Moreover, he put out Zedekiah's eyes." Barbarous as this seems, the practice is still common in the East. Shah Soojah, of Caubool, put out the eyes of his brother, Shah Zeman; and in speaking of it I never heard the people of Beloochistan allude to it as a barbarous cruelty, but merely as a just punishment for the political intrigues of the prince.

In the twenty-fifth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, and at the fifteenth verse, we read of the carrying away of the treasures of Jerusalem: "And the firepans and the bowls, and such things as were of gold, in gold, and of silver, in silver, the captain of the guard took away." I recollect being very much impressed by the furniture of a very remarkable temple supported by the banian, or merchant population of Cutch. The doors were overlaid with beaten gold, unburnished. The cornices were of sandal wood, richly carved with wreaths and depending flowers. Over the door of the adytum depended a veil or curtain of scarlet, blue and white woven cloth, with a heavy border and fringe; and the bowl of incense, with its chain, the candlesticks for oil, the tongs, the plate for mixing cinnabar, the spoon, and all the altar furniture, were of silver, but unpolished, as the gold and silver work of the native artisans of India always

is when working in their own style. In Exodus we find also, that "beaten work of pure gold" was commanded; and the very absence of alloy in the gold and silver of the East, renders burnishing difficult. There is no reason to believe the work of the tabernacle was different to the beaten gold now used in the temples of India to overlay their fine woods of sandal and camphor; for although recent translations of hieroglyphical inscriptions from the tombs of Egypt prove the goldsmiths of Pharaoh to have been acquainted with the art of burnishing gold thirty years before the departure of the Israelite captives, still we are told, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Exodus, that Moses was inspired with knowledge for the building of the tabernacle, as in the ninth verse, "according to all that I show thee." And again, in the thirty-first chapter of the same book, and at the second verse, we read that Bezaleel was taught of God; and in the fourth verse we see he was especially so taught, "to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass;" which leaves us no right to suppose that the brick-making captives learned the arts of King Pharaoh's goldsmiths, or that the gold vessels of the tabernacle were otherwise than made of pure beaten gold, such as the people of India have now the art of producing, and of the same kind, probably, as that furniture of the temple of Jerusalem which "the captain of the guard took away."

The reader interested in the descriptions given of the holy places of Israel may feel some curiosity about the interior character of the Brahminical temples of old date, as seen at present in India; and it may be remarked, that although ignorance and gross darkness prevent the receivers of the puranas from recognising aught but visible gods in their hideous idols, yet it was not always so; and one of the most intelligent men I ever met with, a high caste Nagir Brahmin, the Dewan or Minister of his highness the Nuwab of Junaghir, assured me, that every idol in the temples was but the attempted personification of one of the attributes of the Deity: as Bhowani was of his beneficence; Siva, of his power; Vishnu, of his mercy; and that all the decorations of the Hindoo temples were entirely symbolic, and as such recognised by those who composed and understood the Shastres and Vedas in the early ages of Brahminical learning; now gazed on, however, with stupid indifference by ignorant and corrupted worshippers. Runchorjee also told me, that human sacrifices, suttee, and infanticide, had no authority in the old religious writings of the Hindoos: these were all grafts, he assured me, made by a corrupt priesthood for the purpose of governing a timid and credulous people. "We see," said Runchorjee, looking around him on the magnificent scenery of the Girnar, "these granite mountains, these dense forests, and the sparkling rivers; we know that God made these, and the blocks in our temples only express his means." These were the tenets of a Brahmin of the highest caste in India; a caste so pure, that in the whole land five families only now remain. This man, as a Nagir, has tasted only unparched grain and water

during his whole life, and his ancestors were men deeply learned in Sancreet lore, the expounders of the Vedas, and the repositories of all the learning and philosophy for which the priestly class of ancient India were once so famous. I have mentioned all these points, because prejudice is never so unsightly as when it takes forms of condemnation against any portion of the great human family; and, as affects Hindooism, the farther we travel back among its records, the more shall we see gleamings of light, as if reflected on it by something purer, brighter than itself. It is difficult to tell from what impressions on the Hindoo mind the Vedas were originally worked into form, whether from gleams of light from Syria, or otherwise; but, as all coincidences between the present times and those of ancient days are interesting, while I do not presume to connect the links, or trace them to the beginning of the chain, yet I think the interior of a Hindoo temple must be of interest to every reader of the Book of Exodus.

The temple of Budrasir, then, on the coast of Cutch, is too old for even tradition to give any history of its origin, although it has been repaired and kept in order by the banian or trading population of the province. The building is square, with elliptical domes, each crowned with a pine-shaped kullus, and is surrounded by an open verandah of very elaborately and richly carved stone-work, representing musicians playing on cymbals and drums, with dancing girls and images of the gods. The door of the temple is low, and opens on a square court, the pillars of which are richly carved, and around it are small chambers, in the wall, for the priests. At the end of this court is the adytum, with a veil of blue, red, and white embroidered cloth over the door; and within this the altar with its idol, at the foot of which is generally seen the brazen dish, on which, with a roller, the cinnabar is ground with oil of sesamun for anointing the idol. There is also a bowl that holds the oil, a tall brazen candlestick, having a floating oil-wick, with snuffers chained to it, and a censer containing a ban or incense. A bell hangs over the door of the adytum, and the door itself is overlaid with beaten gold. The pillars and cornices are decorated with wreaths and pendants, representing pomegranates, dates, flowers, tassels, and bells. In front of Hindoo temples is almost universally seen a tank, in which the Brahmins bathe, answering to them the purpose of the laver to the Levites.

None but the Brahmin whose office it is to wash and anoint the idol can enter the adytum, and this he does in silence, bowing himself from time to time before the altar. Such is the temple of Budrasir, and such the monuments of idolatry, which (as the Israelites were commanded utterly to "destroy all the places wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their gods," as we read in the second verse of the twelfth chapter of Deuteronomy) we may hope to see replaced by the sacred edifices in honour of the purer faith of those Gentiles to whom the promises were extended, when Israel turned to the abominations of the nations among whom these people tarried.



THE MIDSHIPMAN.

Q.

A SAIL ! 'tis the foe ! doth the sailor boy start—
 The flush on his cheek, and the throb at his heart ?
 And deem ye, at sight and sensation so new,
 One thought of that stripling prov'd weak or untrue !
 Oh no ! but a desolate mother is there,
 A sister hath place in the sailor-boy's prayer.
 'Tis said ! and resolve is alight in his eye,
 For England his duty to do, or to die.
 He chides the long hour that the Tartar must run,
 Ere she rake that proud craft with the death-dealing gun,
 Ere he leap to that deck 'mid the cannons' fierce blast,
 And nail the good cross of St. George to the mast.

My England, the olive hath twin'd o'er thy bay :
 Yet heed lest the spirit that won them, decay :
 And ne'er be ingratitude found upon thee,
 To thy lion-heart champions, the lords of the sea !
 Still love thy stout veterans who battled and bled
 Where Nelson expir'd and where Collingwood led ;
 And love the bold boys that await but thy call,
 Like them in the quarrel to fight or to fall.
 While loyally serving thy Church and thy Queen,
 Forget not in peace what thy perils have been,
 The swords and the hearts that have guarded thee free !
 Hurrah for our heroes by land and by sea !

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.¹

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Meanwhile, the heart within the heart, the seat
 Where peace and happy consciousness should dwell,
 On its own axis restlessly revolves,
 Yet nowhere finds the cheering light of truth."

The Excursion.

"There is in the voice of conscience nothing less than a Divine
 revelation within man. This is the first awakening call to the
 other louder and fuller proclamations of revealed truth."

Schlegel's Phil. of Life. Lect. III.

"Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
 As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
 There is no lady of more softer bowels,
 More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
 More ready to cry out, *Who knows what follows?*"
Troil. and Cres. Act. II. Sc. 2.

It will have been remarked in the course of this history, that the inner being of Harry Sumner is in a state of pure nature : glistening like fine gold through a thick crust of custom and conventionalities. He is an extremely enlightened person, according to the popular acceptance of that term. That is, he is living in the nineteenth century ; and, being abundantly endowed with those intellectual gifts which the said century—the pet of the schoolmaster—thinks so much of, as well as those material advantages to which it assigns the next place of importance, he is no mean proficient in those mental acquirements which embody its utmost conceptions of knowledge, learning, *truth*. But his spirit is yearning heavenward ; the instinct of immortality is expanding daily ; and neither

his powerful reason,¹ nor his vigorous and well-stored fancy,¹ is able to satisfy the importunate demands of his understanding,¹ or direct his perplexed will.¹ The more his spiritual consciousness developed, the keener became the sense of his deficiency in the matter of discipline and truth. The falseness of the standard by which the custom of an *enlightened* generation sought to guide his conscience, he detected very readily. He perceived that it was a selfish code, made up of laws inconsistent with themselves, never aiming at any one point of abstract right, but at a low, ever changing standard of self-interest, or, at best, expediency. He saw that it was a systematized sham. But he was not prepared with a substitute. Still, the system came to a spirit yearning for guidance, recommended by the voice of very general consent ; and that was some authority, at least. So that, until he had found some one fixed standard of action, some competent authority to which his will might on all occasions appeal, he did not feel himself at liberty to break from it.

But where so few feel even the want which thou art conscious of, in what direction canst thou look for such a guide, Harry Sumner ? Whence shall it come to thee ? How shall it be brought to thee ? It doth not appear to be as yet at hand. But thou art moving under that Eye of Love, without whose knowledge not one sparrow falls to the ground ; and thy guardian angel shall take a visible shape rather than thou shalt go finally astray for want of knowledge. But thou must first experience a still deeper sense of want, and learn a bitter lesson of the worse than uselessness of the best gifts of unaided nature.

Ever since the fearful catastrophe that befel his friend Lamb before his very eyes, the cloud that hid from him for awhile the visible, and all material enjoyment, led him to project a strong spiritual glance towards the infinite future : and the solemn stillness was softly stirred with music of mysterious voices, all unheard amidst the tumult of sensuous contentment. It is true, he has been rapidly recalled to a realisation of the present, by the passion newly awakened in his heart for his friend's sister ; and intense must be the future effect upon his destiny, for weal or woe. But the Divine voice once listened to, will not easily be hushed within him. His spiritual yearnings will importune him *until they are answered*, unless he drown them in guilty indulgence, or weary them out by sloth.

In such a state it is not difficult to foresee the effect of the thought of such an action as that to which he was now committed. The spiritual consciousness that had just been awakened within him is already, like the unseen angel in the prophet's path, opposing the further progress of his reluctant will. His whole being had been stirred from its inmost depths ; it is now exasperated into violent commotion. A strong current of moral consciousness had on a sudden set against the stream of custom to which he had been

(1) F. Schlegel's analysis is here adopted : save that the writer has ventured to attach "Memory" to the department of Fancy, rather than to that of Reason.

(1) Continued from page 91.

content to commit himself, and his distracted will found itself rudderless in a whirlpool of conflicting emotions. Many feelings and considerations, confused and transitory, had prompted the impulse to call at Mr. Lamb's. Amongst these was, perhaps, an instinctive feeling of the possible nearness of the fate that had but lately taken his friend, Arthur Lamb. And he was, besides, influenced by a vague hope of haply meeting there the clergyman of whom he had formed so exalted an estimate from what he had heard from Mrs. and Miss Lamb. Disappointed in a hope built upon so extremely airy a foundation, Harry Sumner once more found himself alone in the street, moving in the direction of his sister's residence. A strange disinclination to proceed thither induced him to alter his course. Unable to endure the burden of thought, he sought his club; and there, between newspapers and conversation, contrived to come to the end of an hour. He was just descending the steps of the building, and was musing in what direction he should next bend his way, when his sister's carriage, which was conveying her and Mrs. Sumner to Clifton House, drove in sight. He signalled to the coachman to draw up. Almost before the horses were well reined to a stationary posture, the footman was at the door, handle in hand. No sooner had he swung it open at Sumner's approach, than Mrs. Sumner extended her affectionate hand to her son, saying as she did so, with a coaxing accent,

"Harry, my dear, what are you doing with yourself? I have scarcely seen anything of you since you came from college!"

Sumner pressed his mother's hand with even a more fervent warmth than was his wont; and bending his head, slightly touched it with his lips. The ready tears started into the mother's eyes at this movement of her son, and sealed for the moment her lips.

"Lucy, dear!" said Sumner, addressing his sister, "I have altered my mind. I think I should like to go with you to Mrs. Celery's party this evening!"

"Oh, you good boy!" exclaimed Lucy; regarding her brother, however, with a momentary expression of surprise. For she knew that Lady Agnes would not be at Mrs. Celery's, nor was it unknown to her that parties at which that lady was not were rather distasteful than otherwise to her brother; and that he was in the habit, with the peculiar selfishness that characterizes the state of heart to which he was a very complete victim, of absenting himself from them if he could contrive any tolerable excuse for his absence. Now, as there was no lack of excuses good enough for such a purpose, Mrs. Perigord was not a little puzzled at the announcement on the part of her brother.

"That is good news for me, Harry!" said Mrs. Sumner. "I was going to accompany Lucy; but I am sure it would have been too much for me, after the morning's fatigue."

"And you did not intend to tell me that, mother?" exclaimed Sumner, half inquiringly. "Do you not

believe, then, that such a motive for going would be quite enough of itself to make any party delightful to me?" Then turning to the footman, "To Clifton House," he said; experiencing a thrill of pleasure in merely speaking the name of the house.

"Clifton House!" echoed the footman. And as the carriage drove off, Mrs. Sumner kissed her hand to her son, and gazed at him so long as he remained in sight with all a mother's doting fondness.

Harry Sumner's manner and deportment that evening were a puzzle to his sister. He danced incessantly, contrary to his usual custom; conversed throughout the evening with such untiring animation, that smiles followed him wherever he betook himself; and the general inquiry amongst those to whom he was unknown was, "Who is that charming agreeable man?"

Who of the gay throng but would have recoiled with wonder, could the torturing anxieties of that overcharged heart have been laid bare to them! Little recked the most thoughtful of the crowd the manner in which that terrible night was spent by him who seemed to be the very soul of animation and merriment. He himself appeared to possess an instinctive foreboding of the sort of morning hours he was about to spend. His sister was as much puzzled at his evident reluctance to leave, as by the flow of animal spirits which increased rather than flagged as the evening advanced. "Surely, he must have offered and been accepted!" she said within herself. No sooner had he seated himself in the carriage by her side to return, than the unnatural excitement, that had performed its part so well up to this moment, suddenly subsided; and it required the most resolute efforts of his will to keep him from betraying to her its unreality. The most intolerable of his feelings was one he could not at all explain. It was an insurmountable consciousness of *guilt*. He felt as though every fresh thing he did were something he ought not to do. In the gaiety he assumed that he might avoid causing anxiety to his sister, there was hypocrisy. Both towards her and his mother he was practising concealment—however seemingly unavoidable. The following morning's engagement, although impossible, as far as he could then see, to be avoided, was as sensibly against the voice of his conscience as against the laws of the country. And when, after wishing his sister good night, he retired to his own apartment and threw himself upon the sofa, it was in a state of mind not very far from the despairing recklessness of fatalism.

"What is this?" he said, starting up from his recumbent position, after half an hour's such complete suspension and abstraction of mental power as resembled a waking trance rather than any effort of contemplation. "This is not fear! I can face death! though not without emotion—God forbid! The tyranny of society forces me to this dire alternative! Yes, I can face death, when called upon to do so, with all its consequences. But that dear mother's misery—and Lucy's—that is a thought I cannot face! And all for a moment's disagreement, so trifling that—I'll

find out Browne this instant, and apologize." In an instant he had gently opened the door of the apartment, and had actually descended the first step of the flight of stairs. There he suddenly halted. After a pause of a few seconds, he retraced his steps, re-entered his chamber, and closing the door somewhat violently, strode to and fro in his apartment, exclaiming half aloud at the same time, "So trifling! trifling! What! 'pert and'—what was the other word? Trifling! He's a coarse fellow, after all. No great harm if I did wing him! No—that I am quite resolved about—no consideration on earth should induce me to do that—not if he called me a coward and a liar on the spot."

One—two! One—two!

"Half-past two o'clock!" he exclaimed, as the four solemn strokes fell amid dead of night upon his ear. "Only an hour left! I must write to my mother and Lucy, in case of the worst. But first, to make my peace with God!" So saying he fell upon his knees by the side of his bed, and, burying his face in his hands, attempted prayer. Vain—most vain efforts! The accents of prayer would not come to his lips—neither would his mind remain two seconds consecutively collected in the Divine presence. Instead of the solemn act he contemplated, he had composed several letters to his mother and sister: when he rose from his knees, sick at heart, and uncheered in spirits. He then traversed the room backwards and forwards in the same fitful and excited manner as before, vainly attempting to arrange in his mind the contents of the two distressing letters. The more he walked, however, the farther he appeared to be from his subject; and so, as the morning light began to glimmer, he was fain to seat himself at his escritoire and write something at all events. It wanted only half an hour of four o'clock when he sealed and directed the following letters.

"If this letter be ever opened by you, dearest mother, it will be under circumstances of woe and misery brought upon you by your son, unhappy in that alone. Heaven knows, I would have walked barefooted round the world rather than have caused you and Lucy such a pang. But what could I do? I am not the challenger; and I offered, through my friend, to do anything I might IN HONOUR! rather than be committed to an event which may be so disastrous in its consequences to those I so dearly love. Reproach me not, my mother. Could you have endured to hear your son branded as a coward? I am now speaking to you from the world of spirits. If memory be permitted me there, never, never shall my disembodied consciousness part from the dear image of my mother. Her acts, her words, her loving heart, her goodness, all, all shall be treasured up in recollection; and methinks the precious remembrance must brighten the saddest and most lone spiritual being. Farewell, dearest mother—again and again, farewell! Dare I hope to be admitted to where one so good must pass to after life, I would say, we shall meet again in a place where all doubt will be cleared

up, and the poor groping human mind will repose in truth.

"One word more!—my last. Upon the honour of a gentleman, and the solemn assertion of one who, ere four hours have passed away, may be in another world—I did not copy a sentence, word, nor letter, from poor Lamb, nor from any book, paper, or person, at the Oxford examination. For every word spoken or written, I was indebted to no one but myself. A feeling which no one would more thoroughly appreciate than yourself, if it were made known to you, prevents me from giving you, even now, any further explanation.

"Again, adieu, my mother. I could fill a book to you, but *expression* as well as time fails me. Adieu.

"Dearest Mother, your affectionate Son,

"(Oh, how tame is this expression to what I feel!)

"HARRY SUMNER."

"How poor a vehicle, after all, is language!" he exclaimed, as he read and re-read this short farewell to his adored parent. "I suppose I might heap figure upon figure, and pour forth interjections and apostrophes by the yard, as the woes of fiction are wont to do. Mighty utterance of human thought! Thou art an able drudge, but how feeble an office dost thou render to the bursting heart! And now, my sister, the same tame last words must be said to thee." Then, rising from his seat, he traversed hurriedly the room, ere he wrote as follows:—

"MY OWN DEAREST SISTER.—God knows what I feel at parting from you! But how unspeakably is the wretched separation embittered by the thought of the suffering I must be the unwilling cause of to you and our most dear mother! Poor Browne, or his second, (I suspect the latter) *insisted* on a meeting—certainly without any sufficient cause. I must go, or be branded as a coward, and become an outcast amongst gentlemen. At least the guilt of others' blood I shall be free from. If I fall, this letter will be placed in your hands. If!—that miserable if! Not that I fear death. And yet, why should I not? He must be utterly insensible, who can have approached the very verge of time, and beheld at his feet—above—around—everywhere, save the one little point of earth on which he stands—the infinite, illimitable, abysmal, future—*unawed*. Yes, I am filled—and I blush not to confess it, my Lucy—with unspeakable awe and profoundest fear. To pass from what is to me, alas! 'the only known,' to the endless unknown! I have met this hazard, because I cannot with honour refuse to do so. I have tried every expedient honour permitted, to avoid it, but in vain. To fire at my antagonist, however, I am not compelled; neither will I. Many friendships very dear to me, I leave behind me; but my heart breaks when I think of three ties of unutterable love, thus cruelly torn in sunder. Two of these I need not tell you of; I must leave it to your own affectionate heart, dear Lucy, to understand their depth and intensity—words are wholly inadequate to express them. But there is another, of *another nature*, whose object

too you know well, although I have never plainly stated as much to you. Of a love so entirely different in its kind, I may say with perfect freedom, that it is one of a passionate fervour, and all-engrossing and thrilling intenseness. I had just begun to hope that my feelings might be returned. I had just acquired a fresh interest in the activities of life; and had resolved to set to work immediately in right earnest, to achieve a position which I might *with pride* invite a lady of lofty birth and loftier soul to share with me. 'Tis past! Make what use of this confidence you please, my darling sister. If the knowledge of the feelings my heart carried with it out of this world be likely to cause her a moment's regret, never name the subject to her. It was, however, impossible but that she must have noticed my attachment; and if you think it desirable, I should like her to know how true to life's last breath was his love, whose only life from the first moment I saw her has been in her presence. I have given directions about my will to Messrs. Hard and Sallow. Will you kindly see that £300 be invested for poor old Millisant and his daughter?

"May God bless you, my dearest sister, with a long life of happiness! I know you will comfort and cheer our poor mother under her sorrow. And let it be a consolation to you both, to hope that I am where the *'weary are at rest.'*" A thousand farewell kisses from

"Your doting Brother,

"HARRY SUMNER."

One—two! One—two! Not another moment of delay! Now he felt as though, of all possible invitations, that to the party he had left about two hours ago was the very last he would wish to have availed himself of. What would he not now give for a few more hours to occupy in his present occupation! Now he felt that he had but just commenced what he would have written; and that, if he had but the time, he could fully unbosom himself. The two letters are enveloped, sealed, and enclosed in a cover directed to Mr. D'Aaroni, with the addition of the following direction as to their disposal:—"In a *fatal* event, the enclosed to be given *immediately* as directed." Noiselessly he opens the door of the apartment; and in travelling guise treads with still and stealthy steps the passage floor. What sensation is this that makes his brow flush and his pulse quicken? Stealing out like a thief, or a murderer, at this guilty hour! It is all in keeping. Oh, loving Conscience! ever watching with sleepless anxiousness over the Divine image. Guardian angel of the immortal spirit! never forsaking thy wayward care; thy timid love never missing an opportunity to contrast the beautiful truth of which thou art so fair a vision, with mock duty and empiric virtue. "Common tongue and language of human nature, and of an *untaught* and *innate* fear of God!" When all around is most forbidding, and destruction seems imminent, then is thy whispering melody heard thrilling to the deepest centre of man's inner being; alluring back his will to the peaceful

paths from which he has strayed, or inviting it to ways it had not hitherto known! Like a true lover that thou art, thou heedest not slight or neglect. Happy he who, won by thy spiritual beauty and constant love, commits himself to thy guidance, and reachest whither thou dost lead!—As Harry Sumner trod stealthily along the gallery at that still morning hour, and was now passing the room in which lay his mother, all unconscious of her son's present destination, he looked askance at the door, fearful of beholding it open, and her beloved form confronting him as he passed. Suddenly his steps are arrested. Why does he listen thus intently? Why that look of agony? Hush! It cannot be! That well known voice! What is it that he hears? His own name!

"My Harry! my son! my Harry! Defend him, O God! O Christ, protect him! Pray! Love thee!" Fainter and fainter are the last few words—and then there is a sound only just loud enough to be audible to his straining organ, as of one embracing him of whom she dreamed. All is still again. A sound reaches him as of one moving restlessly on the bed—and again all is still: not a sound save the ticking of the clocks; and occasionally a heavy sigh of some slumberer in an adjoining room.

Yes! his mother, whose grey hairs he is running an imminent risk of bringing with deepest anguish to the grave, is praying for him, even whilst she sleeps. It wanted but this terrible exasperation of his inward suffering to deprive him of all proper consciousness. Onward he proceeds—mechanically; descends the staircase as noiselessly as if all his thoughts were concentrated on that one object. The door had been left unfastened, by his directions; recalled to a recollection of this by a few ineffectual efforts to turn back the massive key, he gently opens the door, as gently closes it, and the still freshness of the twilight morning cools his throbbing temples and burning cheeks. A hack cab is loitering by. He hails it, and must have given the exact direction to the driver; for in a period of time imperceptible to the wretched passenger, he was deposited at the Vauxhall station, where he found Mr. D'Aaroni waiting for him. He had scarcely received, in consideration of a first-class fare, a little square bit of pasteboard, from a highly dressed youth, whose red hair was reeking with ambrosial grease, and who lifted up his flaming eye-lashes at every fresh part of the process his duty imposed upon him, and surveyed him with a look which said as plainly as looks can speak, "I'd give something to know who you may be," when a tinkling bell summoned the passengers to their seats in their respective carriages.

"Sumner! my dear fellow, that's not the way! Here!" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni, upon perceiving his principal in the act of attempting an entrance into a private carriage on a truck attached to the train, to the dismay of a gentleman and lady, who evidently considered themselves the proprietors of the vehicle.

"Your pardon! I mistook the carriage," said

Sumner, in some confusion, as he hurriedly withdrew, and, following his friend, entered a first-class carriage in which they found but one fellow-traveller: an empty one was not to be found.

Strange to say, there was something in the sounds that met his ear, and the objects that caught his eye, that exactly suited his state of mind. It was almost exhilarating. The web of half-subterranean passages, the inhospitable keenness of the morning air as it eddied through them; the huge wood and iron fragments in scattered masses; colossal trains of trucks for heavy goods, idling amidst brick pillars as strong and hideous as themselves; the panting and heaving engines, like land-leviathans cased in iron; the roaring furnaces, dripping of water, and clang of metal; the hurrying to and fro of human forms; the last rattle of a hoarse shrill bell; and then that unearthly scream, which unerringly announces that the iron whirlwind is loose on its career; all—we stay not to inquire wherefore—were congenial sounds and sights to Sumner, and so effectually recalled him for a few moments to himself, that he was able to exchange one or two common-place observations with Mr. D'Aaroni, as they emerged from beneath the iron ceiling, and the shrubs, and hedges, and rails began to be blended into one by their lightning rapidity of movement. He soon found himself, however, unequal to maintaining a conversation, and drawing his travelling-cap over his closed eyes, he leaned back in the corner of the carriage as if to sleep. Not a movement, scarce a look of that expressive countenance, was lost upon D'Aaroni. Narrowly he watched his friend: the compressed lips—the dilated nostril—the changing hue upon his cheeks, now flushed with a streak of burning red, now deadly pale; the very languid drooping of his hand and fingers, betrayed the agony within. He gazed and mused with interest, and wondered at his folly. One thing was quite evident, Sumner did not wish to be disturbed; so, for lack of a better occupation, Mr. D'Aaroni averted his gaze from his friend to their fellow-passenger. He was a young man, apparently about thirty years of age, clad somewhat carelessly in an unmistakeable clerical costume. His face was not wholly strange to Mr. D'Aaroni. He had seen it before, he could not remember where or when. But from some allusions that fell from him as they conversed together, joined with what he remembered, he thought it must be the Rev. Mr. Smith, one of the curates of —. Saving an expression of remarkable gentleness and benevolence,—perhaps, too, of asceticism,—there was nothing to provoke much observation. But when he began to address Mr. D'Aaroni, in reply to that gentleman, there was a sweetness and dignity in his manner, which greatly struck and interested his companion, and induced him to continue rather a lengthened conversation.

"You were just in time, I observed," he said at one period of their conversation.

"One is certain to be when one would rather not," replied Mr. D'Aaroni, glancing at his friend,

who remained motionless, as though in deep sleep, in the corner of the carriage.

"I was not much in advance of you," said the stranger: "indeed," he continued, smiling, "I owe my dignity of a first-class carriage to my unpunctuality. You have, I suppose, seen the account of a fatal duel in the Bois de Boulogne, between a physical-force Parisian, and a moral-force theoretician. Both killed! It is, indeed, fearful!" added the speaker in a tone of deep feeling.

"I have heard of it," replied Mr. D'Aaroni, "and should have been more concerned about it if they had not been two Parisians; and not less if they had been two monkeys."

"They have souls!" observed his fellow-passenger; adding, in a tone of severity, "Which are indigenous to no plot of earth."

An ominous silence succeeded this observation.

Mr. D'Aaroni's keen sense of hearing detected a quicker breathing in the corner of the vehicle.

"And their wives, and children, or parents, or brothers or sisters! Yes; when one thinks of the bitter agony their pride has occasioned those innocent victims of that most selfish and cowardly of all society's virtues, it does seem difficult to regret their fate."

Mr. D'Aaroni moved uneasily in his seat, he glanced at his friend: alas! it was but too evident how each word so involuntarily applicable was telling there. Sumner was leaning motionless against the corner of the carriage, his eyes closed, as if asleep; but the blood was almost starting from the lip compressed between his teeth. One hand grasped almost convulsively the padded arm support that separated him from the speaker. The other hand depending from the elbow-ledge between the window and the back of the carriage, was so rigidly clenched, that the swollen veins streaked the back of his hand and wrist with blue raised lines of unnatural height and breath.

"It is possible I may be offending a favourite prejudice, sir," continued the speaker; "If so, I sincerely ask to be pardoned. It is a subject on which I feel warmly."

"Not at all. I am no admirer of the 'trial by battel,'" said Mr. D'Aaroni in reply. "There is, however, something to be said in its behalf; and constituted as is that artificial thing called society, cases do happen in which I do not very well see how it is to be avoided."

"And I, on the contrary,—may I be permitted to speak out without tearing an imputation of rudeness or presumption?" inquired the speaker of Mr. D'Aaroni, with a most winning and genuine gentleness.

"Pray do so," replied that gentleman, who, however, was most fervently wishing the topic changed; and yet scarcely knew how to discontinue it immediately after so delicate an appeal. Thus encouraged, his fellow-passenger continued,

"And I cannot imagine a *Christian* experiencing any such dilemma, unless, indeed, *Christianity* be a phantom and a mockery—a beautiful dream which eludes the grasp when it would seem to be most needed, namely, in the practical duties of life and of social

intercourse. And even apart from the sublime ethics of Christianity, (apart from which, however, no Christian ought to tolerate its consideration,) how little is to be said for it! Courage! to stand face to face with a fellow-man in fulfilment of a purpose of deadly savageness, rather than meet the consequences of a violated custom which you despise whilst you obey it! Honour! to refuse to apologize if you have wounded another's feelings—if you have been insulted, to place the happiness of those you love the dearest at the mercy of your injurer, rather than take the revenge of neglect or forgiveness!"

"You evidently speak with feeling on the subject," replied Mr. D'Aaroni. "I must agree that on the whole the practice admits of no justification. Yet, believe me, sir, particular cases may be excepted from this general condemnation. Occasions now and then arise in which if a man were positively to refuse the alternative we are talking about, his society would be avoided by all the curs of fashion, and he would have the whole pack baying at his heels, until he was fairly worried into fighting or his grave."

"Will you allow me to ask you," inquired the gentleman addressed, "would *you* ever think the less of a man's courage who positively and altogether refused upon any pretext to be engaged in a duel, because he believed it to be a crime?"

"I should not, unless he appeared to take advantage of the immunity thus afforded him, to be quarrelsome and insulting," replied Mr. D'Aaroni.

"And in that case," answered his companion, "his cowardice would not be evidenced in his refusal to commit murder, or expose his own life voluntarily to assassination, but in the manifest fear which his increased liberty of speech would in such a case show to have been removed from him. No, no; neither you nor any other *gentleman* would ever think the loss of an individual's honour or courage——"

"Here we are!" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni, as the huge machine in which they travelled grated up to the platform, "I wish you good morning, sir. I expect and hope the custom is doomed. But until then I fear we must look to it occasionally to restrain the ribaldry of some, and to preserve that high feeling of delicate truth and honour which is so distinguishing a characteristic of the English gentry."

A piped in green clothes and white buttons now turned back the lock of the carriage door, uttering as he did so the word "Basingstoke" very loudly, but in accents so ingeniously inarticulate that it sounded quite as much like any one of the whole dictionary of names of places.

"It is so. He's right! 'Tis murder—cowardly murder! Have I not courage enough to guard your peace and happiness, sweet mother, dearest Lucy?" muttered Harry Sumner to himself, as he sprang from the vehicle, in a state of violent excitement; not even seeing a fat official, who vainly demanded his ticket, in tones the most peremptory; but who, soon arriving at the conviction that the poor gentleman was out of his mind, was content to see him make

straight away without offering any impediment to his so doing. When he had proceeded so far as to feel himself out of hearing and alone, "Am I coward enough, coward enough," he reiterated, setting his teeth, "to sacrifice those loving creatures? It shall not be!"

"This will never do!" thought Mr. D'Aaroni, making the best of his way, without hurry, however, to Sumner.

"My dear fellow!" he said, laying his hand on his arm; "pardon me; any intrusion into such feelings seems impertinent: I suppose you cannot help experiencing them; but you *must* not *show* them, indeed you must not. You know as well as I do what will be said."

Only the concluding sentence of this remonstrance was heard by him to whom it was addressed. "Deep, deep damnation to 'what will be said!'" he replied, in a solemn and measured tone of imprecation.

"Sumner, Sumner!" entreated his second, "by whatever there is of beauty and truth in *gallantry and chivalry*——"

"D'Aaroni," he interrupted, lowering his tone to one of calm determination, "no consideration you can name shall induce me to be the tool of this friend of Mr. Browne's."

"What can you mean?" inquired Mr. D'Aaroni, who was thrown into some little consternation.

"I mean that I will not fight, that is what I mean, and nothing else," replied Sumner, sharply.

His friend began to be alarmed. "No, you're too deeply moved to be joking; to be *thinking*, indeed. You must disembarass yourself of *feelings* just for the present, my dear fellow, at whatever cost. Reflect. You are too near the *gunpowder* to retreat *now*. A man with half as quick a sense of honour as yourself would rather be picked off in an affair of this sort, than live to be avoided as a coward."

"I am ready to make any apology to Mr. Browne he may require," Sumner replied; but his tone and manner betrayed evident symptoms of irresolution. "Anything more is out of the question."

"My dear Sumner, it is impossible you can mean to abide by that," said Mr. D'Aaroni. "It is too late. If you had given me as wide a latitude at first, I would not have permitted a meeting; but it is too late now. I must say that if I were to hear of a man's shrinking away from the mouth of a presented weapon, I should find great difficulty in acquitting him in my own mind of an odious suspicion! However, if you wish me, I will inform Colonel Flint that you are ready to come to *any* terms; that there is no apology or retraction he may demand——"

"Hold!" interrupted Sumner, with a voice trembling with passion. "I need not have come thus far to do that. Remonstrance is too late now. The die is cast; so let us have no more unworthy propositions."

"It was your own!" replied Mr. D'Aaroni.

"You——" Sumner began, in a voice that startled the postilion, and caused him to half turn his head, and take a sight over his shoulder, but fortunately

still retained just enough self-command to check himself in time, and leave the sentence as it first rushed to his lips unfinished. "You—you—you—" he continued, hesitating, in a somewhat calmer tone of voice, "You misunderstood me. I tell you, now, I will listen to no terms. The affair must proceed."

Mr. D'Aaroni curled his lip and was silent. He knew that the resolution, even if it were anything more than an incoherent interjection of over-excited feelings, was a harmless one; for no terms whatever would be offered. After a few minutes' pause, he requested Sumner to give him exact instructions.

"It is a senseless affair on the part of Browne," he said. "I should rejoice if a solution could be found somewhat less barbarous than the one projected. I will not positively advise you to shrink from any concessions—but—but—it is so very late. It is such a particularly unfortunate moment to make very great concessions."

Mr. D'Aaroni, although a person of very rare intellectual gifts, was not endowed with deep feelings of a particular order. A vivid imagination, such as he possessed, is inseparable from deep feelings; but they were all projected in the direction of, and absolutely engrossed in, a subtle Egoism; which, in the absence of faith, was the philosophical direction his reason had taken. So that, although he would have indulged a love dream with all the romantic tenderness and raging passionateness proportioned to the thrilling but selfish pleasure which such a feeling is able to bestow, he was nevertheless a stranger to the refined and self-forgetting emotion of friendship. The passionate lover was a cold friend. Even he, however, was touched by the simple affectionateness of Sumner's reply.

"But for you, my dear D'Aaroni," he said, "I should have committed myself. There are times when a man is not master of himself. I am no coward, I feel I am not; but when I think of my mother and my sister, in a certain event, I own I am unmanned."

Mr. D'Aaroni's carriage, which had been detached from the truck and got in readiness during the progress of this short dialogue, now drew up.

"So be it!" said Sumner gaily, as he took his seat in the vehicle. As soon as they were seated, he drew from his pocket the enclosed letters, and handed them to Mr. D'Aaroni; adding, "Take charge of these, my dear fellow, the envelope will tell you what to do with them: and now, the faster your young urchin there, on that bay horse, takes us along, the better shall I be pleased. Heigho! Browne and I are a couple of fools!"

Mr. D'Aaroni, in order to divert his companion's thoughts, gently introduced a conversation on topics which he knew would be likely to interest him, and especially such as were connected with appointments and arrangements for the after part of the present day and week. And so easily is the human mind diverted from even the most appalling present by the mere mention of a future that interests it—so sanguine—so incredulous of an *irremediable* moment, that he

was easily involved in deep interest about subjects he might never realise, and was in eager conversation about a future that might never be his, when he was recalled to graver realities, by their arrival at the *appointed meadow*.

CHAPTER XVII.

"'Tis done!—'tis done! That fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain."

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto V.

How gently, yet how brightly, smiled the quiet soul of nature through her fair earthly form, as another day's waking impulse of life began to quicken in her veins! A haze of light, breaking above yonder hills, and extending far into the blue abyss, announced that the dozing hemisphere again approached the presence of that glorious luminary, whose dazzling robe began even now to glitter on the horizon. Not a blade of grass, nor leaf, nor bud, but stretched itself towards the sensible source of life, and bathed the hem of his garment with loving tear-drops which glistened like diamonds without number on the swelling bosom of the earth. The belt of trees that environed at irregular intervals Delcombe Hollow, rang with the song of birds; whilst from above, in regions withdrawn almost from the sight, pealed forth strains of ecstatic gladness from quires of many voices, as of soaring ministrants privileged to approach nearer than others to the altar of love. All sounds that disturb the night had sunk into silence at the morning dawn. It was a season and an hour of all others, when soul answers to soul through all the realms of nature, awakening sympathizing echoes from the very spirit of man, with love and hope.

But Delcombe Hollow was disturbed with sounds that morning, and witnessed a scene, ill indeed harmonizing with the bright and loving hopefulness of the hour. There, in that sequestered meadow, the dainty monster, cold-blooded Murder, was with grave ceremony jeering at its victims, tricked out in robes of fashion. There heaven-born Honour was doing suicidal homage to its satanic imitation. There brutal Insensibility was palming off its awkward counterfeit for the martyr courage that inspires the heroism of love. A suppressed conversation seems to deepen the prevailing silence, as though nature were startled into listening to the unwonted sounds. Quick and hurried breathings are distinctly audible through the assumed indifference of the combatants. The key is heard as it glides into the lock and fits into the wards, the hollow sound of the diminutive bolt, as it is turned back from the triple hasp, echoes through the padded case; the very throwing back of the lid, and removal of the weapons, is audible in the morning stillness. Pass we the murderous preparations, for very shame. How sunk the reasonable soul! How quenched the loving spirit! The combatants are placed. A dull, malignant click, and then another, sounds through the "Hollow," and retires in sullen echoes within the woods.

Mr. D'Aaroni is anxious and thoughtful, as he

retires a few paces, having handed Sumner his weapon. The face of Colonel Flint is beaming with animation,

"Steady!" he whispers, as he places the weapon in his friend's hand, "hair-triggers, both!" and retires, all but rubbing his hands with excitement and exultation.

The face of one of the combatants is deeply flushed, his hair and dress are disordered; there is a wildness in the expression of his eyes, and a physical nervousness so manifest, that the pistol could be perceived to vibrate in his hand. He bore unmistakable marks of a night's excess. The other was intensely calm, but deadly pale.

The signal is given!

The hills and wood give back the loud echoes of that death-winged sound—harmless in this instance—almost instantly followed by another. A jet of smoke wreathes slowly upwards from the mouth of Sumner's weapon, and for a few seconds veils every object beyond it from his eyes. He hurls aside his weapon, and is hurrying to solicit a reconciliation. Why that sudden halt? What is it that meets that scared and agonized look? Is it a reality? Or is all a dream? His antagonist fallen—bleeding! It is some minutes before he can realise what he beholds. Even where he stood he remained transfixed, every muscle and fibre of every member of his body strained to an unnatural tension. Before his dim sight strains the vision of three persons assisting the wounded man—scissors plunging their way up his coat sleeves—the coat removed—the chest and arms laid bare—the display of surgical instruments—the white bandages trailing upon the earth—pulse feeling—listening at the heart—and, standing out in clear relief to the dim confusion of the rest, the death-like pallor and closed eyes of his old college acquaintance. Slowly, but unerringly, grew the realisation of the harrowing fact. He has slain his friend! What! did he not fire into the air? Then again the spectacle on which his gaze is riveted swims before him, and mingles confusedly. Like sleep or death, the short respite reinvigorates his failing mind, and at length the catastrophe is apprehended in all its terrible reality.

On a sudden every drop of blood in his veins seemed to mount into his face and forehead, the very hair moved upon his head, as he dashed his arms aloft, and cried out, in such accents as words are not able to depict,

"Some—some—coward spirit from the everlasting flames has done that deed! 'Tis me! 'Tis me! Cain is let loose!" Then as suddenly relapsing to a state of touching calmness, he approached the wounded man, cast himself, unconscious of the feeble remonstrance of the doctor, on the grass by his side, grasped his hand, damp as with the dew of death, and pressed it with emotion almost frantic to his lips.

"Oh, my friend!" he cried, "can you hear me? Would that you could but know I have not done this! By holy heaven,—by the honour of a gentleman,—by all that men or angels hold most sacred, I swear that

I did it not; if will—consent—intention—have ought to do with a deed. Could you but speak—were it one word only—one look only—to look forgiveness—"

The wounded man returned his distracted friend's passionate grasp with an evident though faint pressure of his hand, and half raised his feeble eyelids; and the shadow of a smile came and went like summer lightning over his countenance, which was instantly sealed up again in stillness.

"My dear sir!" remonstrated the doctor in a suppressed and sympathizing whisper in Sumner's ear, "you are lessening any chance there may be of saving him."

At this warning he gently released his hold of the sufferer's hand, and rising from his recumbent posture, the first sight that met his eyes was Colonel Flint, (who had removed to some little distance when his services were no longer required by the surgeon,) quietly cleaning the arms and depositing them in their case. Then again the burning headlong pulse rushed to his extremities. His heart bounded within him as though at each beat it would come forth. Moving with a few gently treading but rapid steps towards the busy colonel, he grasped the collar of his coat with the gripe of a vice, and dragged him as if he had been a feather, until they were out of all possible hearing of the sufferer. Then hurling him upon his legs face to face with himself whilst he retained a hold which threatened strangulation to the astounded second, "You, sir!—you!—you it is!" he reiterated fiercely; "you have been the cause of this; you who prevented that—*you, sir, I say.*"

"Haw!—haw! devilish extraordinary! This is very unpleasant; I don't know what you mean, sir! Release me, sir," gurgled the Colonel in half-choked and broken sentences. "Release you!" echoed Sumner wildly, "I say it is you—you have made me a murderer. Poor—poor Browne! I tell you, sir, he is murdered! And it is you—you—*you.*" At each iteration of that pronoun, the phlegmatic warrior experienced a shock to his physical frame of so strong a nature that the only articulation he could manage was "Hem!—Haw!—Haw!" which appeared to be shaken out of his lips at every "*you*" Sumner so fiercely ejaculated ere he flung him from him.

This stirring episode had not escaped Mr. D'Aaroni, who now came up to his friend, and earnestly besought him to lose not a moment, but to get into his carriage and proceed at the utmost speed of the horses to Southampton, and thence make the best of his way instantly to Havre. "A steam boat will touch there for passengers about the time you arrive, or not very long after. Go straight to Vienna, my dear fellow," he said, "I will let you know the result. Indeed you must not delay; the carriage is waiting, you must start instantly."

"How is poor Browne?—Nay, I must know—How is he?" inquired Sumner.

"He is better than the doctor could possibly have expected," replied Mr. D'Aaroni, anxious to get him

off by any means, "but the least excitement might cause his death on the spot."

"I cannot leave him! I will not!" he replied.

"Now, my dear fellow," said Mr. D'Aaroni, "please not to play the infant; affairs are too serious for that. If you forget yourself, you must remember those who have been acting for you. Can you save a life, or be of the slightest service by remaining? You will do the utmost harm. If any thing goes wrong, you will see me at Vienna after you. So come along, no time to be lost!"

"But my mother and sister! Oh! do not ask me to fly!" he added, beseechingly.

"Sumner! how your sense is deserting you! Would they rather you should be safe on the continent, or in the clutches of the law, for——?"

"Nay, cease; do not speak the word. Do with me what you please;" and so saying, he suffered himself to be led to Mr. D'Aaroni's carriage.

At the carriage steps he made another effort to delay his departure; but he was far too dimly conscious of the exact nature of his own actions at the moment, to make any other than a feeble resistance to the entreaties which were urged upon him, both by the doctor and Mr. D'Aaroni. He was almost lifted into the carriage. "Browne cannot live a day, so to return will be certain misery to yourself, your mother and sister, and every one belonging to you. Go straight to Vienna; I shall follow you to-morrow, if not to-night," said Mr. D'Aaroni to Sumner, who replied with a stare of vacant wildness. "To Vienna, mind. I will let Mrs. Sumner and Mrs. Perigord know where you are; for their sake get there in safety;" then turning the handle of the door, "Off," he exclaimed to the boy, "to Southampton."

The boy gave the horses their heads, and the fugitive was soon out of sight of the anxious party at the "Hollow." Not one whit more self-possessed was Sumner, not one whit more collected or coherent were his thoughts, when he arrived at Southampton than when he started. Events of such excruciating painfulness—and even yet more keenly so to one of his temperament—had succeeded so closely to the occurrences at Oxford; so suddenly, and out of all calculation of human possibility, that his reason and memory were, for a while, partially disordered. He moved about the town in a state of absolute bewilderment. He had no distinct knowledge of alighting from the carriage, or of its departure, or where in the town it had deposited him; or how he reached the steamer, on board of which he now found himself. It is true he had entered mechanically from the carriage a steam-packet office, had asked the clerk for a Havre steamer, had paid his fare—not, however, before he had first tendered half-a-crown, having some confused notion of discharging a cab—had been eyed derisively, and even openly laughed at by the porters and bystanders—had got into a boat, in which the timidity of his fellow-passengers, who had no doubt of his lunacy, left him a whole thwart to himself—had mounted the companion-ladder, and thrown himself upon a bench of

the vessel which was now cutting its path in the teeth of the wind and tide, through the abyss of waters. But every action and movement had been as of one in a dream. Mental suffering, surpassing the power of human endurance, had concentrated every ray of consciousness in one intense focus, wherein his whole higher nature was involved, to the exclusion of all else, sensible or ideal. An instinct of his lower nature alone appeared to have survived, and to have guided him as faithfully as it does the generation of animals, whose guardian angel it is in the absence of reason, and whose existence it informs and protects as effectually—not unseldom more so—as the lordly prerogative of the greatest work of God.

Not a tiny ripple stirred the placid bosom of the vast expanse of ocean, which, calm and blue, lay like a grosser firmament, mirroring the one above. The hazy line where, far as sight could reach, sea and sky appeared to meet after a long course of mutual yearning and almost imperceptible approach, looked, even to human observation, more like a visible token of the Infinite, than a positive end and limit; just as the embrace of true love is but the sensible token of the undying Spirit, the word of the Idea. Harry Sumner, gazing fixedly upon the unfathomable mass which he seemed to be ever leaving rapidly behind, as he glided onwards, felt, so far as he was conscious of any sensations, as though the sensible and visible, of which he had dim recollections, had passed from him like a dream, and he were now journeying through trackless space towards Infinitude. More and more did all sense of an external existence rapidly recede from him. Wider and wider expanded rapidly the shoreless Infinite. Then a sensation, as of a plunge, he knew not whither!

He has fallen from the bench upon the deck of the vessel, in a state of insensibility. Immediate assistance is at hand. Every attention is paid. The vessel has made many a league, carving its noiseless way through the silent blue abyss—there are no symptoms of returning animation.

GIPSIES.

WE have heard of the "Gipsy warning," the "Gipsy blessing," the "Gipsy prophecy," the "Gipsy wife," the "Gipsy bride," and the "Gipsy queen."

All these titles are familiar to us in modern songs, novels, and romances. The "Gipsy blessing" is, I think, one of Lover's characteristic songs, and a very pretty one it is; the "Gipsy prophecy," and the "Gipsy bride," belong to the "Anne of Swansea" tribe of romances;—always and for aye remembering and excepting the immortal Guy Mannering, which originally had, we believe, a second title commemorative of the "Gipsy wife" who figures so remarkably throughout the narrative. Since that time, one of the most prolific of modern novelists, Mr. James, has devoted nine hundred pages to the career of a gipsy; and be it the subject, or be it what it may,

this work is certainly one of the most varied, romantic, and interesting of his achievements. The gipsy is a man; our imagination connects the name more usually with the gentler sex. Many of the actions of Meg Merrilies are man-like—yet we should have thought little of them in a man:—moreover, there is a tenderness, an absolute pathos woven into the narrative, to which it owes its brightest charm: the woman's nature working in the almost brutalized female gives scope for many of the finest touches of this master hand.

There is a sort of romance of feeling connected with a female gipsy, which we cannot attribute to a man, no, not even to the immortal Bamfylde Moore Carew, whose annals were the glory of our school days. Men are so absolute in their demonstrations; they must be fighting, or carousing, or sleeping—the first bloody, the second vulgar, the last stupid. We know that women will indulge in war, but then it is a war of words—feminine. We are very far from supposing that women, gipsy women, live without eating and drinking; but they are content to take their food somehow—anyhow, and not to make its details one of the most important occupations of their lives—as all men, gipsy or otherwise, are much addicted to doing. And as to sleeping! if what we hear of dilapidated hen-roosts and despoiled orchards be true, verily, the gipsy wives do not sleep much—by night, at least.

Gipsies are certainly a romantic race—or rather, to speak more correctly, our own feelings of romance are excited by their characteristics and wanderings. They are, to speak it reverently, somewhat like the Jews, wandering in every land, yet of no nation, of no clime, of no place that they can call their own. That they came originally from the East seems to be proved indubitably; it has even been surmised that they are the remnant of the lost tribes. Cherished they are nowhere, scorned everywhere; they have been pursued by legislative enactments of the utmost severity, yet persecution cannot subdue them,—in every country they are still found. Like the Jews, they carry in their features the testimony of their race, and like them they wander over the earth without settled habitation or home; but unlike them in other particulars. The remnant of the chosen people of God, though depressed, degraded, and stigmatized, still by their habits of accumulation become of consequence to states and kingdoms—of *how much* consequence, this generation will not live to see: moreover, though the term Jew has hardly been an epithet of more reproach and degradation than that of Gipsy, the Jews keep themselves within the integrity of their class; the gipsy ranks, on the contrary, have ever been swelled by the idle and dissolute of the communities near which they have sojourned.

But the true gipsy, the real nomadic gipsy, whether traversing the snowy mountains of the north or the burning sierras of the south, yet carries with him distinctive traces of his origin. The flashing dark eye, the long eyelash resting on the sallow cheek, the thin curled lip, the brilliant teeth, the sinewy

limbs, not large, rather otherwise, but so totally uncumbered with flesh, giving the idea of suppleness, and a power of sinuosity of motion almost as stealthy as that of a snake—these are infallible, and, usually speaking, unfailing tokens of the pure gipsy. We have seen them frequently; and, as far as England is concerned, in Northumberland or in Kent the characteristics are identical.

There is something exceedingly beguiling in the romance of a gipsy encampment:—the “lea of the hedge, and the town of the hill,” on a summer's night, with the stars of heaven for canopy, and the grass of the earth for couch:—on a winter's evening, the more tangible comfort of a tarpaulin on poles, and an old rug beneath, with a cheery bonfire at the entrance of the rude hut; unless it be one of the higher class tribes, who boast of a travelling caravan or two, within which all who are soft enough to care about the weather may be sheltered from its inclemency.

To all of them the *pot au feu* is an indispensable appendage—it always makes a pretty picture—the cauldron suspended from the apex of the three sticks over the flame: it is prettier still in reality. We have seen it many a time; and if we may trust the evidence of our nasal organs, the famous soup with which Meg Merrilies regaled Dominie Sampson is still in fashion among the sisterhood. Only fancy—we address not you, ye pampered sons of luxury, but ye, battered outcasts of fortune, who toil incessantly and fare hardly—only fancy, seething in the same kettle, hares, rabbits, chickens, pheasants, and most likely a good haunch of mutton, diverted by these midnight marauders from its original destination, the Squire's table. Does not the very idea make your mouths water, ye who are constrained to stale cold meat and boiled rice?

There are two professions which seem from time immemorial to have been appropriated by the gipsy tribe; that is, tinkering and telling fortunes.

The latter is decidedly the more liberal profession of the two, and, which is not always the case with “liberal professions,” not much more dishonest than the other. Tinkering is something like rat-catching. We believe it is invariably the rule of the most celebrated and accomplished rat-catchers, to make an astounding display of patriarchal “varmint,” whose thread of life has been untimely cut by their talented exertions, but never, by any chance, is a *young* one displayed: they are left for a future occasion. So with the gipsy tinker: the large hole in your kettle, the unmistakeable leak in your saucepan, are undeniably repaired; but it will generally happen that about the second time of using, a damage in a hitherto unsuspected part will give you convincing evidence of the frailty of all sublunary things—not excepting the honesty of tinkers. Still, we are told that it is wise to assume a virtue, if you have it not; and on this principle we surmise that the gipsy may act in his vocation.

The profession usually, though not universally, assigned to—the *fair* portion we must not say—but

to the female portion of the gipsy tribe is, if more mendacious, certainly more liberal. They consult the stars, and they read futurity. Strange to say, we cannot—laugh and sneer how we may—we cannot at all times free ourselves from some inward misgivings as to their vaticinations. Of course, we do not mean those of the gipsy of the half-breed, or the mere wandering vagrant who cheats nursemaids of their sixpences and silly young ladies of their half-crowns. But there are on record fulfilled prophecies of some of these sybils, which it seems impossible to have effected by connivance, and which, therefore, it is impossible to account for. Nay, such a circumstance occurred but a few years ago, and almost at our own threshold. A gay party, happening to be in the near neighbourhood of a gipsy wife of great repute, in a merry mood adjourned to her tent to have their fortunes told. One after another displayed a fair palm to her, and had the lines of destiny explained. The last was a gay and blooming girl, scarcely twenty years of age. She held out her hand: the gipsy glanced at it, hastily turned away, said she was tired and would tell no more that day. The young lady remonstrated; when the woman said that she and the rest of her gang were going on one of their usual circuits, but would return there in a month, and then, if the young lady pleased to wait on her, she would tell her fortune. Obligated to be satisfied, the party retired; but one quick-sighted observer slipped away, and returned to the woman.

"What is the reason," she asked, "that you will not tell Miss F——'s fortune for a month?"

The sybil would fain have evaded reply, but the lady was firm. At length, but with the greatest reluctance, she said,—

"Because, ma'am, ere a moon has run its course, the young lady will be dead and buried."

And it was so. The story was told to us by one of the party.

Still, for one such sybilline oracle, there are probably ten thousand most mendacious fabrications.

We are accustomed to consider gipsy attire as very romantic; and so, seen on the boards of a theatre, it certainly is. The youth of the tribe look very much like other pauper children, showing abundance of naked arms and legs, and no superabundance of body-clothing. But their nomadic habits and constant exposure to weather render them comparatively independent of those protecting garments, which the poorest parent will usually strive to obtain for warmth, sake for her children. The slouched hats and long coats of the men are the reverse of becoming; they give one a very vagabondish idea. The gayest article of gipsy attire (we allude to the dress alone, and not to the jewellery, which in some tribes in foreign countries is profusely displayed,) is the scarlet cloak, which we always picture bright and clean, and thus at the first step outrage probability. The bonny red cloak of Little Red Riding Hood—the very *beau idéal* of a red cloak in all ages, but which yet, unfortunately, proved no barrier against the long, white,

bright, sharp teeth of the wolfish "granny,"—we hardly picture this brighter, or cleaner, or neater, than, in thoughtless and romantic fancies, or on the stage, we portray that of the gipsy, exposed to all weathers, to all seasons, to all uses. There is no point in Miss Cushman's Meg Merrilies which evinces more decidedly that accomplished lady's good sense, than the style, true to nature as well as to the romance, of her attire as the gipsy wife. The contrast between her dim looking rags and tatters, and the bright, neat, *point-décoré* costume of the rest of the wandering gang, was almost ludicrous.

The gipsy bonnet, too,—by fame,—such as all gipsies in *paintings* are represented with, is the most inconvenient thing in the world.¹ The gipsies we have seen have usually adopted the far more comfortable and not unbecoming fashion of a handkerchief tied round the head. It may be that a mother of the tribe, a real prophetic sybil, may occasionally form it into a turban shape, or a young "dark-eyed one" may accidentally display a little coquetry in the folds. Towards the close of the last century, or early in this, the gipsy hat, fastened with a coloured handkerchief crossed over the crown and tied under the chin, was *the* thing for ladies of highest fashion.

The gipsy of the pure unadulterated breed is as chary of the matrimonial connexion his son or daughter may form as any Howard or Percy in the empire can be;—nay, it is quite possible that he might not tolerate the idea of intermarriage with either of those houses. They stand much on the dignity of their tribe, and do not like to marry out of it. Of course, we are speaking of the pure sybilline race. Doubtless there have always been exceptions, in this degenerate age; perhaps, multitudinous ones. "A case in point" we might have given our readers, had not the lady proved hard-hearted. But this case of "true love," though it failed of a happy result, was one not of every-day occurrence. We can vouch for its truth, for it was related to us by the father of the lady, and in the presence of the obdurate fair one herself.

A professional gentleman of extensive practice was travelling with his daughter in a wild Border country, and at a certain point dismissed the chaise in order to walk a few miles over a romantic tract. Here they fell in with a gang of gipsies; and it was the fortune of the young lady to subdue the heart of a hopeful son of the tribe. It was a decided case of love at first sight, and the lady was well calculated to inspire it, for she was sylph-like in figure, had a profusion of dark silky hair, large black eyes whose deeply fringed lids reposed on a blooming cheek, a sweetly smiling mouth, magnificent teeth, and manners of most winning kindliness. The young man was decidedly "done for," and did not hesitate in demonstrating his affection. It may be that both father and daughter wished themselves elsewhere, but conciliation on their part

(1) Except perhaps when required to poise a weight. The market women of Bristol and of Wales all wear black beaver hats of gipsy shape and thickly looped round the crown with long festoons of ribbon.

was highest prudence, and the party sped onward harmoniously.

At length an elderly gipsy touched the gentleman's arm and drew him aside.

"You see," he said, "you see that my son is taken with that blackeyed lass of yours, and I like the looks of her myself. Now, what say you? I have got fifty golden guineas for my lad—give your lass the same, and let them make a match of it."

The offer was declined, much, as it seemed, to the disappointment of the old man, who was, however, too proud to press it.

A very short time afterwards, certainly not more than two or three years, this young lady, who had resisted the inducements of the flashing black eyes, coral lips, white teeth, and fifty golden guineas of the gipsy youth, was walking in the train of our young Queen at her coronation—a Peeress of the Realm.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ONE of the works recently published by the Percy Society,¹ a collection of popular songs of the fifteenth century, furnishes us with some curious materials from which to gather an idea of the modes of thinking, manners and customs of that period. The manuscript after which the volume is printed, is considered by the editor to have belonged to one of the minstrels who then travelled about the country to fairs and merry-makings, and to have been written during part of the reigns of Henry VI. and VII. As a specimen of the popular poetry of the day, it is particularly interesting, and is eminently characteristic of a period marked by superstition, joviality, and pugnacity. It is singular to find so large a portion of the collection to consist of religious carols to be sung on saints' days and festival days of the Church. Some of the songs convey keen satire against the fair sex, churchmen, and lawyers: with all its chivalry, the feudal age did but little to elevate the female character. Others let us into some of the secrets of private life; one contains a warning against trusting to executors, and is prefaced with a motto,

"Have in mynd, in mynd, in mynd,
Secaters be oft onekynd,"

and recommends the reader or hearer to be his own friend, or be ruined "body and sowle and al togeder." The occurrence of several songs to the same purport leaves no very favourable impression of the honesty of the age; in another the minstrel pretends to hear a bird sing the cautionary words, "asay thy frend for thou hast ned," as he was riding through a forest "with mekyll dred," and afterwards says,

"Every man in hys degre
Cane say, yf he avyved be,
Ther was more trust in sum thre
Than ys now in many on.

(1) "Songs and Carols, now first printed from a Manuscript of the Fifteenth Century." Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq. F.S.A. London: Published by the Percy Society, 1847.

This world ys now all changed new,
So many mene bene found ontrew,
That in trewth lyven but few
Feythfull to tryst upon.

"So many men have been begyld,
The fader ma not tryst his owne chyld.
I am asferd trost is cxyld;
For few be trew to tryst upon.
Yf thou do for a comonte, (county)
All that now lyyth in the,
Skarsly shalt thou thankyd be;
For few be trew to tryst upon."

It is remarkable that mankind have always looked back on the past as more worthy than the present; they have discovered virtues in remote ages, which they were blind to in their own generation. The disposition to draw unfavourable comparisons may be found in the literature of every country, and it appears to be no less active now than it was when the merry minstrel penned the rhymes from which we are quoting. Our next specimen says:—

"This world ys varyabyll,
Nothyng therin ys stable,
Assay now ho so wyll.
Syn it is so mutable,
How shuld we be stable,
It may not be thorow skyll."

And soon after we find the bard lamenting the world's shortcomings, and praying for its amendment, for

"Envy is thyk, and love thyne;
And specyally among our kyne;
Fore love is without the dore, and envy within;
And so kyndnesse away gane fle.
Fortewn is a marvelous chaunce;
And envy causeth gret distaunce;
Both in Englund and in Fraunce
Exilyd is benyngnyte."

Whoever were the author of the lines last cited, he had some clear notion as to the causes of dislike and enmity between individuals and nations. It is the more remarkable, as at that time it was held to be the bounden duty of every true-born Englishman to vilify the French to the extent of his ability. In another place we find him entreating his neighbours to be considerate of each other's rights and reputation, and adds,

"If thou se I do gretly amys,
And no man wott butt thou of this,
Mak it not so yl as it is;
Amend me and peyer me nought;"

a piece of advice which might be well honoured in the observance at the present day, as well as the hint which follows:—

"What wo or tene the betyd,
God can help on every syd,
Buxsumlych thou must abyd,
And thancke God that al hath sent."

The fact that such sentiments formed part of the popular songs of the time, is evidence that, with all its rudeness, the age was not deficient in some of the purer human sympathies.

The religious carols are not so well adapted for quotation as the foregoing examples; many of them are most extraordinary compositions, exhibiting among

a few touches of genuine poetry an overwhelming amount of credulity and superstition. "Gabriell, that angell bryght," seems to have been a favourite personage with the composers; his name occurs more frequently than any other. A song on the Annunciation is prefaced:—

"Tyrie, tyrie, so merylye shepperdes began to blow."

And another:—

"All that love in Cristen lay,
Worshup every Cristmes day."

And on the Nativity:—

"Aye, aye, this is the day,
That we shal worshup ever and aye."

Then we have a ditty which describes "a good medycyn for sor eyen."

"For a man that is almost blynd,
Let him go barhed all day ageyn the wynd,
Till the sonne be sette;
And than wrap hym in a cloke,
And put him in a hows full of smoke,
And loke that every hol be well shett.
And whan hys eyen begyne to rope,
Fill hem full of brymstone and sope,
And hyll hym well and warme,
And yf he so not by the next mone,
As well at mydnyght as at none,
I schal lese my right arme."

Here the writer knew well enough that he ran no risk of having to pay the forfeit of his dexter limb: after such treatment as that prescribed, there can be no doubt but that "eyen" would see quite as well at midnight as at noonday; the wonder would be were it otherwise. But these were days for fun and satire. Other instances are not lacking; in one the minstrel impresses on his auditor that, let him be yeoman, gentleman, squire, or knight, he can never hope to rise unless he has "alwey the peny redy to tak to." Another recommends people to be shy of gossip and blabbing; his burden is

"I hold hym wyse and wel i-taught,
Can bear an horn, and blow it naught."

He goes on to show the importance of blowing, what great purposes are oftentimes answered by it, the imminent peril of rash blasts, and concludes,

"And when thou syttest at the ale,
And cryest lyk an nyghttyngale,
Be war to whom thou telkest thi tale."

The rest is a bit of detraction, which seems to have been quite as unamiable and unscrupulous a quality then as it is now:—

"Gyf a man go in clothes gay,
Or elles in gud aray,
Wekyd tongges yet wyl say,
Wer cam the by therto.
Gyf a man go in cloyls ill,
And have not the world at wyl,
Wekyd tongges thei wyl hym spyll,
And seyd he ys a stake, lat him goo."

Sometimes the satirist has as much to say on one side as on the other: in one piece he complains that, work and toil as hard as he will, until he "swynk and swat," his wife spends every penny he earns in ale, and

"clouts him about the hod," to boot. But by-and-by he sings,—

"Many a man blame his wif, parde,
Yet he is more to blame than she;
Trow ye that any such there be,
In villa!

He seldom, however, omits saying something severe about women, and informs us that—

"In all this world is a meryar life,
Than is a yong man withoutyn a wyfe;
For he may lyven withoughten stryfe,
In every place wher so he go;"

and, enlarging on his subject, declares humorously, that—

"Whan spawrus byld chyrchys on a hyth;
And wrenys cary sekkes onto the myll;
And curlews cary tymber howays to dyth;
And fomaus ber butter to market to sell;
And wodkokes wer wodknifys cranis to kyll;
And gren fynchys to goslyngs do obedyens;
Than put women in trust and confydens."

The drinking songs are perhaps the most characteristic of the period; they exhibit a laxity in morals which unhappily has left too many traces of its injurious effects. Our first specimen might, however, have been composed by a teetotaler:—

"Doll thi ale, doll, doll thi ale, dole,
Ale mak many a man to have a doty poll.

"Ale mak many a mane to draw hys knyfe;
Ale mak many a mane to mak gret stryfe;
And ale mak many a mane to bot hys wyf;
With dole.

"Ale mak many a mane to stombyll at the blokkes;
Ale mak many a mane to mak his hed have knokkes;
And ale mak many a mane to syt in the stokkes;
With dol."

The next is altogether bacchanalian in character, and was doubtless a favourite among the "sturdy knaves" always to be found in taverns. It begins—

"Bryng us in good ale, and bryng us in good ale:
For our blyssyd lady sak, bryng us in good ale.

Brynge us in no browne bred, for that is mad of
brane;

Nor bryng us in no whyt bred, fore therin is no game,
But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no befe, for ther is many bonys;
But bryng us in good ale, for that goth downe at
onys;

And bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no mutton, for that is often lene;

Nor bryng us in no trypes, for thei be seldom clene;
But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no butter, for therin ar many herys;

Nor bryng us in no pygges flesch, for that wyl mak
us horys;
But bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no capons flesch, for that is ofte der;

Nor bryng us in no dokes flesch, for thei alobber in
the mer;
But bryng us in good ale."

This song has doubtless been sung in tavern and hall until the roof-tree rang again; but we find that wine receives its due, or undue, share of laudation, in connexion with an example of drinking habits among the

female sex, which, by implication, was a recognised privilege. The song opens with the query,

"How, gossip myn, gossipe myn,
When wyll ye go to the wyn?"

The minstrel then informs the listeners—

"I wyl you tell a full good sport,
How gossips gather them on a sort,
Theyre syk bodes for to comfort,
When thei mett in a lane or stret;"

and goes on to say, that he dare not tell all he knows, but will divulge all that he may: how two women meet and one asks the other where the best wine is to be found. The answer is,—

"I know a draught off mery-go-downe,
The best it is in all thys towne;
But yet wold I not, for my gowne,
My husband it wyst, ye may me trust."

Desirous, however, of forming a numerous party, she continues,

"Call forth your gossips by-and-by,
Elynore, Jones, and Margery,
Margaret, Alis, and Cecely;
Fore thei will come both all and sune."

Each one is to bring something towards a feast at the same time, and the enumeration of the articles acquaints us with the sort of food then eaten by the labouring classes; there are "gosse, pygge, capon's wyng, pastes off pigeons," and the singer takes care to add that the fair company think nothing of a gallon of wine. The gossip, however, instructs her friends to make their way to the tavern "wisely, tweyn and tweyn," two at a time, so as not to attract notice, for should her husband see her she will get a "strype or two." They soon meet, and

"Now be we in tavern sett,
A draught off the best let hymne fett,
To bryng our husbondes out off dett."

The contributions of "flesch and fysh" are then brought out, and the company address themselves to their merrymaking. One asks,

"How say yow, gossip, is this wyne good?
That it is, quod Elenore, by the rood;
It cherisheth the hart, and comfort the blood;
Such jonckettes among shal mak us lyv long."

The tapster then receives orders to "fill a pot of muscadell," as "swete wyne" keep the body in health. One of the party, who is thinking of home, is rallied, and bid not to look sad. She, however, dreads her "husbond so fell," which calls forth loud denunciations of husbands that beat their wives; and,

"Margaret mek seid, So mot I thryffe,
I know no man that is alyffe,
That give me ii strokes, but he shal have fyffe;
I ame not aferd, though I have no berd."

Presently one "casts down her schott" and goes away; the sum is declared to be insufficient, and it is agreed that the evader shall no more enter the company. The reckoning is then called for; the amount which each has to pay is but "iii pence." "Parde," exclaim the fair tipplers—

"This is but a small expense,
Fore such a sort, and all but sport;"

and they slink home as covertly as they came out, as one observes, "to get a wynk," lest it be discovered where they have been. The minstrel then concludes,

"Thys is the thought that gossips tak,
Ons in the weke mery will thei mak,
And all small drynk they will forsak;
But wyne off the best shall han no rest."

"Who say yow, women, is it not soo?
Yes, surely, and that ye wyll know;
And therefore lat us drynk all a row,
And off ovr syngyng mak a good endyng."

These glimpses of social life in the fifteenth century are the more interesting from the opportunity they afford us of instituting a comparison with popular manners in the present day. In towns where resources for recreation are abundant, the contrast would naturally be great, but there are many remote places in the country where customs not very different from those exhibited in the foregoing citations may yet be found. Notwithstanding all that has been done in the way of education, there is a large class down to which knowledge has never penetrated: among these the moralist and antiquary may still meet with individuals in whose bygone habits seem to be perpetuated.

AN ADVENTURE AT DAMASCUS.

BY W. H. BARTLETT.

DAMASCUS is perhaps the oldest city in the world—"one of those natural halting places of humanity in the earliest times, one of those cities written by the finger of God upon the earth," as it is well called by Lamartine—not arbitrarily laid down upon the map, but invincibly indicated by the configuration of the site. It is mentioned as already existing in the time of Abraham, and there it is to this day, as populous, extensive, and flourishing as ever. The countless revolutions which have altered the condition of the world—which have obliterated Babylon and Nineveh, and Thebes and Memphis, seem to have swept over Damascus but as the passing storm over the ocean. Strange to say, there is not a single fragment of antiquity to be found—not a column or a carved stone; but through its crowded bazaars pour the same living streams that met and mingled there in the earliest times: races of men, and not the ruins of their handiwork, here interest our curiosity—people whose pedigree, could it be traced, would make the proudest boast of our European aristocracy seem like the pretensions of the parvenu of yesterday!

Few things are more exciting than the approach to such a city; and as I toiled up a steep mountain side in July, panting and exhausted with the oppressive heat, I was eager for the moment which should disclose it to my view. The mountain I was crossing was as white and arid as though it had been calcined, and its reflected heat and glare were terrible—it was like passing through some of the wildest parts of the desert. But a sudden opening in the mountain disclosed a scene of the most magical contrast; an immense plain lay outstretched to the farthest reach of vision—a sea of the darkest, densest verdure; in all this vast expanse was but a single opening—a stretch of velvet turf through which

the glittering stream of the Barrada wandered till lost among the tufted gardens. At this sight, which drew from Mahomet his well known exclamation "that Damascus was the earthly paradise," I at once perceived the reasons of the indefeasible permanence of this city—its glorious position, its eternal verdure, as well as its commercial celebrity, render it a gathering point for all the Syrian tribes—within three days' journey of the Mediterranean, and on the verge of the great desert which extends for forty days' journey towards Bagdad. The town itself stretched out some miles apparently in extent, in a long line of silver spiral minarets, cutting into the dark groves which absolutely buried it; not a wreath of smoke—not a stain in the azure heavens—not a sound to be heard—wonderful and silent as some strange city which we visit in our dreams!

It was necessary to be wide awake, however, and full of precaution in entering Damascus; whose inhabitants have always enjoyed the distinction, so honourable to the more orthodox Moslem, of being, after those of Mecca, the most special haters of the Giaour; and this pious and proper aversion has been increased and kept alive by the annual passage of the great Mecca caravan. Every body knows the Turkish proverb—"If thy neighbour has been once to Mecca, have a care of him; if twice, deal not with him; but if three times, avoid him as thou wouldst the plague of Allah!" The native Christian inhabitants were always under the harrow, and but one single and obscure European agent had ever been able, hitherto, to naturalize himself. The visits of travellers were made in the most rigorous oriental garb, but always attended with risk. Frankland, though he travestied himself in robe and turban, could not disguise his dog, a wiry little terrier, which was assaulted by the Damascus curs, and, but that his master seized and rolled him up in his garments, and rode off with him to the Latin convent, followed by a host of howling enemies, would have led to his detection and insult. Even so late as the time of Lamartine, "the Frank Emir," with his imposing cortège, the same precautions were needful; and thus it may be supposed that it was not without some twinging apprehensions that I prepared to make my solitary entry in the obnoxious European costume.

My visit however "had fallen" upon good and not on "evil times," upon an era of change indeed remarkable and momentous, not only for its immediate but its far stretching consequences, and as being in all probability the first insertion into the old Mussulman fabric of the wedge of European civilization. The Turkish power was broken; the Egyptian flag waved upon the walls of Damascus, planted there, too, far less by the brute valour of the troops of Mehemet Ali, than by the tactics of those French generals (an ominous circumstance, and, at the present crisis in Egypt, well deserving the closest attention of our statesmen,) who had originally formed and who in reality commanded them.

When the rapid victories of Ibrahim Pacha had made him master of Syria, and given him the sudden possession of Damascus, and when he came to establish there his impartial system of administration, by which the Christians could no more, (as by immemorial usage had been their lot,) be trampled upon by the haughty Mussulmen, it was deemed a fit season to establish, if possible, an English consulate in so important a station; and, after much opposition, Mr. Farren at length entered with every mark of honour from the local authorities. Still,

the state of Syria was ever uncertain and convulsed; a reverse of the Pacha's success would bring back into fierce reaction all the Mussulman intolerance; and sudden reprisals on the Christians were apprehended, in whose fate Europeans would naturally be involved. They were in a constant state of jeopardy; the consul indeed had a town house, but lived in the suburb of Salaheyih, whence in case of outbreak he might easily make good his escape to the mountains.

At this suburban dwelling of the consuls I drew up, both as a matter of precaution, and also to inquire for the residence of an English merchant to whom I had a letter of introduction. This Mr. Farren informed me was close to his house, and as its proprietor was much engaged in the city during the day, he insisted on extending to me his own hospitality, in a manner which I shall ever gratefully remember.

On the morrow, the consul proposed a ride into the city—he was dressed in European garb, which he considered it now the proper policy to adopt, and was attended by his usual cortège. When we entered the city, and began to mingle in the picturesque throng, robed and turbaned in the most splendid and graceful variety, I did not wonder at the disgust of the Mussulmen, for I felt ashamed of the vile and undignified garb in which we were exhibiting ourselves, with our narrow rimmed hats and tight trousers, which latter are "shocking, positively shocking," to the Turks, involving in their eyes a flagrant want of decency as well as taste. As our horses clattered through the narrow streets, the crowd sullenly made way for us, and curses, not loud, but deep, were no doubt muttered in the choicest Arabic. Many a pale, sallow, filthy dervish looked daggers as we passed him. The display of varied physiognomy and costume is far beyond anything in Constantinople or Cairo; the Druses and the Maronites from Mount Lebanon, the Syrian, Arabian, Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish inhabitants of the city itself and of the neighbouring provinces, strangers from the furthest bounds of the Turkish Empire, Persians, and Bedouins from the Great Desert, with Negro slaves, pour through the narrow bazaars, as crowded as our own great thoroughfares, and far more obstructed by the files of laden asses and camels, and horsemen, to which were now added whole swarms of Egyptian soldiers, whose hated presence alone prevented a formidable and bloody outbreak of the rabble.

While such was the sullen fanaticism of the populace, only restrained by the arms of the Pacha, another spirit was gaining ground among certain of the higher classes. The notorious indifference of the Pacha himself to the Moslem institutes, and the liberalism of his European officers, which had infected also the native ones, began to influence certain of the Mussulman aristocracy; and, as extremes commonly meet, while the populace were ready to tear to pieces the Giaours who dared to walk their streets in the odious hat and European dress, some of the higher illuminati took a secret pleasure in showing their emancipation from the prejudices of their forefathers. Of this class, principally, were the visitors to the consul's house. I was on one occasion engaged in drawing the costume of a native female servant, when a man of some distinction entered, a Moollah of high descent, claiming as his ancestor no less a personage than the father of Ayesha, the favourite wife of the Prophet himself. His demeanour was

exceedingly grave and dignified, and, as I afterwards remarked, he was saluted in the streets with singular respect. His amusement was extremely great as he saw the girl's figure rapidly transferred to paper; he smiled from time to time, as if occupied with some pleasant idea, of which at length he delivered himself, to our infinite surprise, expressing his wish that I should come to his house in company with the consul, and take a drawing of his favourite wife. It may be supposed that so singular an invitation, one so opposed to every Mussulman prejudice, and even established custom, much amused us, and we repaired at the appointed hour to the old Moollah's abode. Externally, unlike the houses of Cairo, it presented nothing but a long dark wall upon the side of a narrow dusty lane—within, however, everything bore testimony to the wealth and luxury of its owner. The saloon into which we were ushered was spacious and splendid, marble-paved, with a bubbling fountain in the midst, and a roof supported on wooden beams highly enriched and gilt in the Arabesque fashion. A large door, across which was slung a heavy leathern curtain which could be unclosed and shut at pleasure, similar to those adopted in Catholic churches in Italy, opened on the court, from which another communicated with the mysterious apartments of the Harem. We seated ourselves on the divan,—our host shortly entered, smiling at his own thoughts as before—he doffed his turban and pelisse, retaining only his red cap and silk jacket; he rubbed his hands continually, his eyes twinkled, and he seemed to abandon himself entirely to the merry humour of the moment. A few words had hardly passed before the curtain was gently pushed aside, and the lady, like a timid fawn, peeped in, then, closing the curtain, advanced a few steps into the room, watching her husband's eye; he, without rising, half laughing, yet half commanding, beckoned her to a seat on the divan, while we, with our hands on our bosoms in the oriental fashion, bent respectfully as she came forward and placed herself between the old Moollah and Mr. Farren, who, speaking Arabic well, was enabled to commence a conversation, in which, after slight hesitation at this first introduction to mixed society, the lady appeared to bear her part with much ease and vivacity. This delighted her husband, who could hardly help expressing his satisfaction by laughing outright, so proud was he of the talents of his wife, and so tickled with the novelty of the whole affair. While this was going forward, I observed that the curtain of the door was drawn aside by a white hand, but so gently as not at first to attract the attention of the Moollah, (who sat with his back towards it,) and a very lovely face, with all the excitement of trembling curiosity in its laughing black eyes, peered into the apartment, then another, and another, till some half dozen were looking over one another's shoulders, furtively glancing at the Giaours, in the most earnest silence, and peeping edgeway at the old fellow, to see if they were noticed; but he either was or affected to be unconscious of their presence, while the consul and myself maintained the severest gravity of aspect. Emboldened by this impunity, and provoked by the ludicrous seriousness of our visages, they began to criticise the Giaours freely, tittering, whispering, and comparing notes so loudly that the noise attracted the attention of the old man, who turned round his head,

when the curtain instantly popped to, and all was silent; but ere long, these lively children of a larger growth; impelled by irresistible curiosity, returned again to their station—their remarks were now hardly restrained within a whisper, and they chattered and laughed with a total defiance of decorum. The favourite bit her lips, and looked every inch a Sultana at this intolerable presumption; and the old man at length gravely arose and drove them back into the harem, as some old pedagogue would a bevy of noisy romps. Delivered from this interruption, the lady, at a sign from her liege lord, proceeded to assume the pose required for the drawing. She had assumed for this occasion her richest adornments; her oval head-dress was of mingled flowers and pearls, her long closely fitting robe, open at the sleeves and half way down the figure, was of striped silk, a splendid shawl was wreathed gracefully around the loins, and a rich short jacket was thrown over the rest of her attire; her feet were thrust into embroidered slippers, but the elegance of her gait was impaired by her walking on a sort of large ornamented pattens some inches from the ground. It may be supposed I did not keep the lady standing longer than was absolutely necessary. When I had finished, with a smile of peculiar significance, our host directed her attention to a small carved cupboard, or cabinet, ornamented with pearl, from which she proceeded to draw forth—*mirabile dictu*!—a glass vessel containing that particular liquor forbidden to the faithful; and pouring it out in glasses, handed it to us all, then, at her husband's suggestion, helped herself, and, as we pledged one another, the exhilaration of our pious Mussulman entertainer seemed to know no bounds. At the loud clapping of hands, a female slave had entered with a large tray covered with the choicest delicacies of Arab cookery,—chopped meat rolled up in the leaves of vegetables, and other and more *recherché* dishes, of exquisite piquancy of flavour; this was placed before us on a small stool, together with spoons for our especial use. To complete our entertainment, we were favoured with a specimen of the talents of an Almeh, or singing woman, confounded by so many travellers with the Ghawazee, or dancing girls. In long low strains she began to chant a lugubrious romance, probably some tale of hapless love and woe; her monotonous cadences would have driven Hotspur mad, worse than

“To hear a brazen can'stick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree;”

but as the story proceeded, the lady appeared rapt, the tears filled her eyes, and she exhibited every sign of the deepest emotion; so different are the modes by which the same universal feelings may be affected.

Shortly after, we took our leave. On my way home, I could not but remark to Mr. Farren, that the favourite wife of our host was by no means equal in point of beauty to some of her less privileged inmates of the Harem. He replied that he had also noticed this, and mentioned it to the old Moollah, who had frankly explained the reasons of his preference. She alone, he said, could devise amusements for him, converse with him, and lighten the monotony of his vacant hours.

During my stay at Damascus I met the old Moollah more than once in the bazaar, where he was always saluted with great respect; and not long after my return to England I received a letter from the consul, in which

he observed—"Two days ago I had the pleasure of seeing your Turkish friend, who is a lineal descendant from the first Caliph Abu Bekr, and it strangely occurred that I had as my guest for about three weeks a descendant of Ali, of the opposite branch of the blood of Mohammed, and one of the most sacred men in Persia, the Imam of Meshid in Khorassan; two lineal descendants of the great opposite lines of the royal and prophetic blood of Mohammed meeting together at Damascus, the gate of Mecca, in the residence of a British officer! *Tempora mutantur!*"

"The resistance of the people to the Egyptian Government," he goes on to remark, "has been overcome, hope and power are now prostrate, and Mehemet Ali is draining and debilitating the resources of the country. I fear that under his government, if it continue a few years longer, it will be sadly reduced. I trust, however, that all these events are but the great means of Providence for breaking up the system which has so long bowed and degraded the energies and morals of these countries, and for establishing the national, intellectual, and social character of the people on truer principles." Since this period, Syria, as is well known, has been wrested from the grasp of the Egyptian tyrant, only to be restored to the feeble and demoralizing sway of the Sultan; Mehemet Ali is about to descend into the tomb, and the fate of Egypt and Syria is likely to acquire a daily increasing and momentous interest.

A PRAYER FOR THE LAND.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.
AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

ALMIGHTY FATHER! hearken,—
Forgive, and help, and bless,
Nor let thine anger darken
The night of our distress;
As sin and shame and weakness
Are all we call our own,
We turn to Thee in meekness,
And trust on Thee alone.

O God, remember Zion,—
And pardon all her sin!
Thy mercy we rely on
To rein Thy vengeance in:
Though dark pollution staineth
The temple Thou hast built,
Thy faithfulness remaineth,—
And that shall cleanse the guilt!

To Thee, then, Friend Allseeing,
Great source of grace and love,
In whom we have our being,
In whom we live and move,—
Jerusalem, obeying
Thy tender word "Draw near,"
Would come securely, praying
In penitence and fear.

Thou knowest, Lord, the peril
Our ill deserts have wrought,
If earth for us is sterile
And all our labour nought!
Alas,—our righteous wages!
Are, famine, plague, and sword,
Unless Thy wrath assuages
In mercy, gracious Lord!

For lo! we know Thy terrors
Throughout the world are rife,
Seditions, frenzies, errors,
Perplexities and strife!
Thy woes are on the nations,
And Thou dost scatter them,—
Yet, heed the supplications
Of Thy Jerusalem.

Truth, Lord, we are unworthy,
Unwise, untrue, unjust,—
Our souls and minds are earthy,
And cleaving to the dust:
But pour thy graces o'er us,
And quicken us at heart,—
Make straight Thy way before us,
And let us not depart!

Turn us, that we may fear Thee,
And worship day by day,—
Draw us, that we draw near Thee,
To honour and obey;
Be with us in all trouble,
And, as our Saviour still,
Lord, recompense us double
With good for all our ill.

Though we deserve not pity
Yet, Lord, all bounty yield,—
All blessings in the city,
And blessings in the field,
On folded flocks and cattle,
On basket and on store,
In peace, and in the battle,
All blessings evermore!

All good for earth and heaven!—
For we are bold to plead
As through thy Son forgiven
And in Him sons indeed!
Yea, Father! as possessing,
In Thee our Father-God,
Give, give us every blessing
And take away Thy rod!

AUGUST 6, 1848.

Reviews.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

THE generality of readers will find this work much to their taste; and if any one ask them *why* they like it, they will, in all probability, give that very reasonable, though, perhaps, not very logical reply, "Oh! because I do." In our critical capacity we cannot be indulged in the simple luxury of liking things on such grounds, or we could be well contented to give such an answer to all inquirers concerning "The Discipline of Life;" but we must show cause for the liking that is in us, and, if possible, make good our cause to the reader's mind.

"The Discipline of Life" consists of three tales, entitled "Isabel Denison," "A Country Neighbourhood," and "The Moat." The first two occupy about a volume and a quarter each; the last is somewhat shorter, and occupies the remaining half volume.

The authoress, Lady Emily Ponsonby, daughter of Lord Besborough, is evidently new to this

(1) "The Discipline of Life." 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn.

department of literature; she imitates no one; and she is not likely to have any imitators, because her style is unadorned, and utterly without salient points. We do not mean to say by this, that it has the high merit of that perfect proportion, refinement, and polish which form the essential grace of *simplificity* in prose composition; on the contrary, it is neither well proportioned, refined, nor polished, in a literary sense; it is just a quiet, ladylike sort of language, which never degenerates into the lisp of "a waiting gentlewoman," or the ranting of the literary mountebank. Such a style, making due allowance for occasional inaccuracy, is admirably adapted for narration; and with a little more care and practice this new writer may become one of our best story-tellers; which is a position not to be despised.

"But what are these three stories about?" asks the impatient reader. We borrow Meta Klopstock's *naïf* reply to Richardson, and say "Love, dear sir, love is all what *them* concerns."

"Umph!" mutters the disappointed reader, "I was in hopes we were going to have something new. I'm tired of love stories." Possibly! but you will like these, notwithstanding. In them *la grande passion* is not treated with a silly smirk, nor with a cold sneer; it is not painted *couleur de rose*, nor *rouge de l'enfer* (if we may be allowed to coin such an expression); it is treated with the seriousness due to a reality which has so extensive an influence on our human nature; it is represented as in truth it is, mixed light and shadow, a joyful sadness and a bitter sweet; above all, the writer has shown with an artist's skill how the purest earthly love is turned by Providence into a "Discipline of Life."

In the first story, "Isabel Denison," the heroine is neglected during infancy and childhood by her father, a man of family and fashion. Her mother dies soon after her birth, and she is brought up by her maternal grandmother and aunt in a quiet country village. Aunt Rachel is a gentlewoman; not very enlarged in mind, but sensible and very fond of her niece, who attains the age of eighteen before her father thinks proper to make inquiries concerning her. His duty as a father wars against his terror lest his daughter should turn out to be vulgar and altogether unrepresentable in his own elevated circle. However, he sends his brother down to Ellerton to make the necessary observations; and when he finds that Isabel is "oltre le più belle bella" and as graceful and gracious a lady as any damsel drilled in a court, he gives vent to his fatherly affection, and tears her away from her happy home immediately. Isabel is not grieved at this change; she has had youthful longings for a fuller, richer, loftier life than that she has led at Ellerton, and her only real regret arises from parting with her lover, Herbert Grey, the curate. Herbert Grey is in every sense of the word a *superior* young man; well born, well-bred, handsome, intellectual, and purified by sorrow; the sorrow of a disappointed love. In time he is won by Isabel's beauty and noble disposition,

and loves again, and she, esteeming and admiring him above all the few persons she has hitherto known, believes that she loves him, and they are engaged; and they would in all probability have been a very happy married couple, if Mr. Denison had not suddenly claimed his daughter, and sent for her that she might be introduced to the fashionable world as his heiress. Isabel is not dazzled by the new and brilliant society into which she is thrown; but she gradually loses her heart to an intimate friend of her father, Lord Clarence Broke; a young man whose character is not quite so lofty as that of Herbert Grey, but who is an excellent and very charming person, nevertheless. Lord Clarence's declaration of love opens Isabel's eyes, and she knows that she loves him and is faithless to Herbert. She dismisses Clarence and goes down to Ellerton, where the following scene takes place:—

"She closed the shutters of the little drawing-room, and sat down on the sofa to await him. As the clock struck twelve he was in the room; and, after a separation of nine months, they who had parted—free, indeed, and yet as plighted, promised lovers—met again.

"Isabel got up to receive him, as he advanced to take her hand; but she made no step forward—the hand he took on that burning summer day was cold as ice—it seemed to chill him to the heart. He dropped it, and sat down in silence at the table opposite to her. The silence continued: what words of common intercourse, what events of common life, could interest hearts occupied like these?

"But, though in silence, Herbert perused the pale and suffering countenance of her he loved so truly; and while the feelings he read there made his own heart beat with fear and anguish, his thought was only of her.

"He spoke at last. 'You have come back to Ellerton in sorrow, dearest Isabel. Will you not speak to me? You are unhappy—will you not let me comfort you?'

"The gentle, earnest tones of his voice thrilled through her soul, and she could not answer him—she could not break his heart.

"He saw her increasing agitation; and though every moment added to the turmoil in his own breast—though the voice of selfish fear called upon him louder and louder, still his thought, his anxiety, was for her. He got up, and sat on the sofa beside her.

"What is it, dearest Isabel? Will you not speak to me?' He paused. 'Do not fear; I am prepared for everything you can tell me.'

"Are you prepared, Herbert,' she said, looking suddenly up, 'are you prepared to know that I am false, false—that I have forgotten you—that I love another?'

"The confession was made; she had forced herself to meet the eyes of him she had forsaken; now, burying her face in her hands, she laid her head upon the table, while a sigh of mingled shame, anguish, and relief, burst as from the depths of her heart.

"There was a long silence. She was startled by the sound of the door closing. She looked up—Herbert was gone.

"Prepared as he had thought himself for this—for all things—though he had schooled himself to believe that it might, that it would be so, yet how large a portion of hope is there in what we call hopelessness! He could not now hear from her own lips that he was forgotten—he could not sit beside her, and feel that she was lost to him for ever, without an agony which threatened to overmaster him. But still it was of her he thought. She should not know what her faithlessness cost him—his uncontrollable anguish she should not see—in solitude it should have its sway, in solitude it should be conquered—and then he would return and comfort her.

"And truly it was well; for had she seen Herbert in the loneliness of his own room—Herbert, strong, self-possessed, and holy as he was—it must have broken her heart. Evil spirits, which long since he thought had left him never to return, came to him in that hour—spirits of burning jealousy, hatred, and revenge—repinings at his own hard fate, doomed as he seemed to love so passionately, and never to be loved!—dark, doubting, despairing thoughts of rebellion and distrust—the worst, the dreariest attendants of the hour of trial.

"In solitude these enemies were met, in solitude they were conquered. The storm and tempest of passion past, and hope and confidence came again, that all things, even this last most bitter cup, were ordered for his good.

"Almost immediately on leaving the cottage, he had sent a note to Miss Shepherd, to beg that Isabel might not be distressed about him. He would not conceal from her, he said, that it cost him a pang to resign her, which was best struggled with alone; but that in the evening he should be quite himself, and he hoped he might come to her again, and assist her if it was in his power.

"Isabel sat in the same place, in the bright twilight of that evening, awaiting Herbert's return. The hours had passed—how she knew not—she was too wretched even to think. And again he stood before her, and, as he took her hand, he smiled upon her. Though he tried, however, to the uttermost, he could not efface the marks which the struggles of the day had left upon his face, and she shuddered as she saw the deadly paleness of his cheek.

"Oh, Herbert! why do you smile—why do you look so kindly at me? I should not be so miserable if you would but reproach me."

"I have nothing to reproach you with, dearest Isabel. You chose me in comparative solitude, when you had seen none but me; I knew it would be thus when you met with others more worthy of you. I would have made you happy—I must have made you happy, if—' he paused, for he feared to say anything that might wound her—'if I had been allowed to do so; but my best, my only wish is for your happiness. Selfish thoughts will intrude; but believe me, dearest Isabel, if you are happy, I shall be happy too."

"I cannot bear this," said Isabel, rising hastily from the place where she sat, and walking to the window. 'You make me feel so utterly—utterly selfish.' As she stood there, thoughts of yielding—of sacrificing herself—passed quickly through her mind. What sorrow in the world could be greater than that which she felt in that moment! She threw open the window wider, and gazed on the rays of lingering sunshine still streaking the sky, while the evening air blew calmly and freshly upon her face; and, as she gazed, a sunshine on the sea, and a breeze from the ocean, came into her mind, and Clarence—Clarence—She walked back to the sofa. 'Oh, Herbert!' she said, as she sat down again, with an expression of hopeless sorrow, 'you do not know how miserable I am.'

"He had not moved—he almost started now.

"If it is about me, Isabel, be miserable no more. If it is about another, will you not tell me all, dearest? I would assist you, or I would comfort you. Will you tell me who is so happy?' he asked in a voice which trembled in spite of himself.

"No matter who. He is not happy; he is gone, far, far away."

"Gone!" and a flash of hope, sharp and agonizing as despair, so wild, so short its gleam, shot through his breast.

"You did not think I had forsaken you and was going to marry another, Herbert? No; whatever I may be, not so false, not so heartless as that. No," she continued, rising again, and standing before him; 'I do not

acknowledge myself to be free—bound to you, Herbert, by every tie of honour and of gratitude; and yet, it is to you yourself that I come to confess my love for another, and to ask you to forgive and to release me. Hear me, Herbert, hear me!" she continued, 'I love him, even as I think you love me. I am in your hands; I will do whatever you command me.' As she spoke, as by an impulse she could not resist, with her arms crossed and her head sunk, she knelt at his feet.

"For a moment he did not attempt to answer her; he did not raise her from the ground; for a moment he pressed his hand to his throbbing brow, to still the tumult of his thoughts; for, in that hour of her faithlessness, and even with the confession of it upon her lips, he felt that she was dearer, far dearer than ever. Then, in the dead silence of the room, sweet and clear his answer came, and, as it rose above her head, it sounded to her ears as the voice of an angel.

"I thank you, Isabel, I thank you for your confidence, your openness, your truth; the world can never be dark to me while such as you inhabit it. You are free, if indeed you wait my words to release you, and may God give you happiness! You have my forgiveness, dearest, though you need it not, for I have nothing to forgive; and while life endures," he continued in a voice still clear, though it began to tremble, 'you shall have my prayers and my blessing. Take it,' he said, and, rising and gently laying his hand upon her bended head, he spoke the words of peace and blessing, which before now have stilled many a tried and broken heart."

Though, as Lord Clarence says, his right is greater than Herbert's, Isabel cannot consent to be happy while Herbert would be made wretched by her marriage; but she seems to forget that he could not be more unhappy if she married another, than he was made by the certainty that she loved another, and had never really loved him. Isabel leads a life of mingled duty and undeserved self-reproach for two or three years, during which time she has no intercourse with either of her lovers. At the end of that time Lord Clarence, finding that she is still unmarried, returns from India, determined to try his fortune with her once more. This time his arguments prevail. Herbert still loves her, but, with the generosity of true love, promotes her marriage with Clarence, and, with a sort of Quixotic self-mortification, he insists on performing the marriage ceremony himself. The reader is left to suppose that Herbert finds his own happiness in seeing that of Isabel and Clarence.

"A Country Neighbourhood" contains more leading characters than the previous story. Evelyn, a lovely, merry girl, is betrothed to a Colonel Maxwell, who has all good qualities but constancy and stability of mind. In Rome he falls in love with Evelyn's friend Clarice, a rare piece of perfection, with higher qualities than Evelyn can pretend to; he is faithless to the latter, and marries Clarice before he breaks the news to Evelyn. She is indignant, but her heart is not broken. Her sunny joyous nature is saddened by this sorrow; but she is made less selfish by its softening effect on her spirits, and more active for the benefit of others. After Maxwell's conduct to her, she is so humbled in her self-esteem, that she does not believe any one can love her; she is quite unconscious of what the discerning reader sees from the beginning, viz. that Mr. Harcourt, the grave widower

with the invalid little girl, who takes so much interest in her affair with Maxwell, and who watches over her almost like a father, is devotedly in love with her. The following little conversation with her cousin Harry, who was once in love with Clarice, as he fancied, gives Evelyn a little courage and hope for herself.

"It was again Christmas-day at Wilmington, and the usual visitors were assembled there. It was a soft, mild day—a pause after a storm—and, as the whole party walked home from church, the sun was shining with almost the warmth of summer. As they were entering the house, Henry Egerton pulled Evelyn back into the garden.

"It is a shame to go in, Evelyn; come and walk with me."

"She complied, and they walked along, but, unusually for Henry, in silence.

"Suddenly, he looked at her with a kind of smile. 'I wish you would be my wife, Evelyn!'

"She stared with wonder.

"I mean what I say, Evelyn; I wish you would be my wife! and he looked anxiously, earnestly, in her face."

"Are you gone quite mad, Henry?" exclaimed Evelyn, looking up in great astonishment.

"Why should I be mad? Ah! I see how it is. Evelyn, you don't believe me, because I don't make speeches and rant about love; but I never shall do that again—I did it once. But, dear Evelyn, I really love you better than any body in the world—better than my mother—better, far better than Clarice, and I wish you would be my wife; we would be very happy."

"I am very sorry, Henry," said Evelyn, "indeed I am; but I really don't love you well enough."

"Oh yes, you do! You know me better than anybody, and you know that I have loved you all my life; and I know you, and I know that you are the best and nicest girl in the world, and this is a great deal better than nonsense about love. Dear Evelyn, it would make me so very happy."

"For a moment, a strong temptation came over Evelyn to say, yes. She had so wished that somebody should love her and care for her, that she could scarcely resist the tone of tenderness in which he addressed her. But it was but a moment; her heart was so clear and simple, and its impulses so true, that she was rarely led astray. She knew that she did love Henry almost better than any one, but she felt that she could love much more; and felt, too, that her own restless heart required something far different from Henry to lean upon.

"He watched her debate anxiously; it was but a few moments, and then she spoke decidedly.

"No, Henry, I must not say yes. I do love you better than almost any one, but I don't love you enough for that, and never can. I am very sorry, dear Henry, and I feel so very, very grateful to you for thinking of me; and it has made me quite happy to think that any one could really care for me." And tears came into her eyes. "But I could not marry you—I ought not."

"You don't mean to say, Evelyn, that you are going to live single for that fellow Maxwell's sake?"

"Henry!" said Evelyn, indignantly, "you do not suppose that I am so wicked as to think of him now! Oh! no," she continued, with her simple manner, "I hope I shall marry some day, because I should like very much to have somebody who would really care for me; but then, I must love and respect before I can marry."

"And I suppose you mean to say that you don't respect me?"

"No, Henry, not very much," she said, with an affectionate smile.

"Well, Evelyn, you may be right, and I don't love

you the less for what you have said; for, indeed, I do love you, dear Evelyn. I like your truth and your openness; one may always depend upon you. But it can't be helped; we must try and be happy as we were before. Come along, there's the luncheon-bell; I suppose we had better go in." And they walked amicably together into the dining-room. Henry sate down with his usual manner and appetite, and Evelyn—her cheek was brighter, and her eye sparkled more than it had done for many a day; a weight was lifted off her heart—it was possible, then, that she should be loved—loved well enough, even, to be chosen for a wife."

Juliet Harcourt, the gentle invalid child, is a touching sketch, and her devoted love for her father is very beautiful. She is about eleven or twelve years of age when, a short time before her death, she talks to Evelyn thus:—

"On the first day of Juliet's apparent improvement, Evelyn was seated by her bed-side, and watching her as she slept.

"Suddenly she opened her eyes, and fixed them for some moments on Evelyn's face.

"Is any one in the room, Evelyn?" she asked; 'I thought I heard somebody.'

"No, Juliet, we are quite alone. I wonder what it was that woke you? I did not hear any noise. I hope you will go to sleep again."

"I was not asleep, Evelyn; I was thinking." With the same earnest gaze, and a strange expression in her face, she went on. "Should you like to live quite alone and desolate, do you think?"

"Why, Juliet, why do you ask? I sometimes think it will be so myself—sometimes dread it; but why should you think of it for me? Do you think it must be so?" and she bent over her.

"Oh! no, Evelyn; I was not thinking of you; it would be strange if you were desolate. I was thinking of papa," she continued, rather sadly.

"But Mr. Harcourt is not alone—he has you, Juliet; he cannot be desolate or unhappy while he has you to think of. What do you mean?" she said, inquiringly.

"Papa will not have me to think of much longer. You must not look grave at me, Evelyn; I promised I would not say so again; but that was when it was only fancy;—now I feel it; and I am not sorry, Evelyn, except for papa, when I think of him, and that he will be left quite alone;—then I am sorry to think that a very few weeks will —"

"She paused, and Evelyn was silent. As her eyes fell on Juliet's face, when she saw the wan, transparent skin, and met the almost unearthly look of her dark eyes, for the first time it struck her that death might be there.

"Evelyn," continued the little girl, after a long silence, "I have got something to say to you, but you must not be angry with me; and if you don't like what I say, I will promise never to speak of it again."

"My dear Juliet, I could not be angry with anything that you said,—especially now, when you are so ill!" she said, sadly. "What can I do for you?"

"Juliet was silent a moment; then, fixing her eyes seriously on Evelyn's face, she said, 'Did you ever think, Evelyn, that papa loved you?'

"Loved me!" said Evelyn, with a deep blush: "How do you mean, Juliet?"

"I think he does," said the little girl; "I have thought so—oh! for so many years—and I have hoped and hoped that you would him. Oh! why don't you love him, Evelyn?"

"I do love him very, very much," said Evelyn, earnestly; "but you mean something more than this, Juliet;—I am sure you do."

"Yes, I mean—I wish that when he is left alone—I mean, that when I must die, Evelyn, I wish so very much that he should not be alone;—I should be so

glad!—it would make me quite happy if you were his wife; and I am sure that he would be happy too. Is there no hope?—Is it quite impossible? And she looked, with an imploring glance, into Evelyn's face.

"Evelyn was silent, and sat with her eyes bent upon the ground, in deep thought. Was it pleasure or was it pain, this new idea, so strangely, so suddenly presented?—not altogether pain, so, at least, said the blush upon her cheek, and the faint smile that played around her lips.

"At last, she turned round. 'I am not angry, Juliet,' she said, with a smile; 'you see that, but you must not talk of this any more. Mr. Harcourt might not like it. I am sure, Juliet, he did not tell you to say this.'

"Oh, no, never! and, though I have tried and tried, he never would tell me that he loved you; but I know it as well as if he had told me. Perhaps you will wonder, she continued, how I should know about such a feeling; but, all my life, my pleasure has been to watch papa; and I have seen that he loved you, Evelyn, so clearly, that I sometimes thought you must see it too. Did it *never* strike you that he did?

"No, never, Juliet."

"Not even when—when you were going to be married, Evelyn?" she said, in a low, hesitating voice; "I saw it then so plainly. I thought you must have seen it."

"No, never!" she repeated with a sigh.

"I have often longed to ask you, Evelyn, but I was not sure if it was right; but now, when he must be alone, dear Evelyn, am I wrong to tell you?—It would make me so happy that you should be his wife!"

"I will think about what you have been saying, Juliet," said Evelyn, gently; "but don't say anything more about it till I speak to you again. And now," she continued, bending over her as she saw the flush of excitement on her cheek, "you had better be quiet, and try to sleep."

"Juliet smiled, and closed her eyes; and Evelyn sat down again by her in silence."

This tale also terminates with a sort of singularity in the marriage ceremony. The dying child has begged that she may see her father made Evelyn's husband with her own eyes, and to gratify her they are married in her room; and very soon after the ceremony the happy Juliet expires, certain that her father will find a comforter in the now chastened and thoughtful Evelyn.

"The Moat" contains a deeper moral, and one that is more generally applicable than at a first glance may be supposed. Two such sisters as Sara and Margaret Woodville are often to be met with. The one happily constituted, so that she wins love and golden opinions from all sorts of persons; the other, as fair to look at, as good, perhaps as accomplished, but not so amiable; day by day the character of the latter is deteriorating through the effect of her inward struggles to repress envy at the sight of her sister's greater and, as it appears, not more deserved favour with others. The strong desire to be loved is daily ungratified, her temper becomes soured, she hates herself for her envy and jealousy of her sister, whom she sees striving by every little art to make the difference between them unperceived. It is easy to say that such people as Sara Woodville are not loved because they do not deserve to be loved; but we are of the opinion of the present authoress, that in such characters often lie concealed the elements of the highest virtues; and we believe that the way in which Sara is

made to struggle with temptation, and, through the power of love, is raised into pure and holy serenity and voluntary self-denial, is not more ingenious and beautiful as a stroke of art, than it is true to actual nature. Such things occur around us, in our immediate vicinity, and we know them not. The greatest tragedies, as Balzac asserts, are enacted in quiet monotonous households. The struggle goes on within the heart, and the catastrophe takes place there, and one dreams not of what the other endures. In some cases, the secret of one individual in a family is known to another, as in that of the two sisters in the tale before us, and a sort of rivalry in generosity and self-sacrifice springs up, unknown to each other, and utterly unsuspected by the rest of the household. The way in which Sara's envious spirit is gradually subdued, and her religious resignation to the loss of all hope, nay, all desire of winning Claude Hastings' love, is very affecting.

She had reason to hope that he, the only person for whom she felt love and admiration, and who understood her better nature, would have given his love to her; but no, this gift is also for the favoured Margaret; and, as if to try Sara to the utmost, Margaret loves Claude, and it is only by Sara's means that she can be freed from her tacit engagement to his friend, and Claude can be made to understand that he is the real object of her affection. Sara completes the victory over herself, and brings about the union of Claude Hastings and Margaret, and thus the tale closes.

The character of Claude's old maiden aunt is very well drawn, but in general the subordinate personages are not good. The spirit of Christian love and faith pervades these tales, but they are a shade too grave, perhaps, in their view of life and its discipline; still, they are far from being morose or maudlin; and we recommend them to our readers with a certainty that they will find as much pleasure as profit from their perusal. They are as beautiful and as interesting as the "Two Old Men's Tales," and contain sounder and more practical religious views. The sooner Lady Emily Ponsonby appears in the field again, the better it will be for people who love plain unvarnished tales, which touch the heart and strengthen the sense of duty.

THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL.¹

SEVERAL novels have lately appeared before the public, purporting to be written by three brothers, Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. Of these works, Jane Eyre, by Currer Bell, is the best known, and deservedly the most popular. We say deservedly, for though it has great faults, it has still greater merits. Such is by no means the case with the work now before us; indeed, so revolting are many of the scenes, so coarse and disgusting the language put into the mouths of some of the characters, that the reviewer to whom we

(1) "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." By Acton Bell. Newby. 1848.

entrusted it returned it to us, saying it was unfit to be noticed in the pages of SHARPE; and we are so far of the same opinion, that our object in the present paper is to warn our readers, and more especially our lady-readers, against being induced to peruse it, either by the powerful interest of the story, or the talent with which it is written. Did we think less highly of it in these particulars, we should have left the book to its fate, and allowed it quietly to sink into the insignificance to which the good taste of the reading public speedily condemns works disfigured by the class of faults we have alluded to; but, like the fatal melody of the Syren's song, its very perfections render it more dangerous, and therefore more carefully to be avoided. Yet we consider the evils which render the work unfit for perusal (for we go that length in regard to it,) to arise from a perverted taste and an absence of mental refinement in the writer, together with a total ignorance of the usages of good society, rather than from any systematic design of opposing the cause of religion and morality. So far from any such intention being apparent, the moral of the tale is excellent, and the author we should imagine a religious character, though *he* (for, despite reports to the contrary, we *will* not believe any woman could have written such a work,) holds one doctrine, to which we shall more particularly allude hereafter, for which we fear he can find no sufficient authority in Scripture.

As we are unable to support our strictures by adducing extracts, (for we must not fall into a fault somewhat too common with reviewers, and, by polluting our pages with coarse quotations, commit the very sin we are inveighing against,) we will proceed to give a slight sketch of the story, and leave our readers to judge whether scenes such as we shall glance at, where each revolting detail is dwelt on with painful minuteness, each brutal or profane expression chronicled with hateful accuracy, can be fit subject matter for the pages of a work of fiction, a popular novel to be obtruded by every circulating library-keeper upon the notice of our sisters, wives, and daughters.

The tale is told in the first person, the autobiographer being Gilbert Markham, a young gentleman farmer, possessing certain broad acres in one of the northern counties, and a very good opinion of himself, which we are bound to confess his subsequent conduct in great measure justifies. This youth having been accustomed (on the strength of good looks and well stored barns,) to regard himself as irresistible, or thereabouts, is equally astonished and piqued by the cool indifference, not to say contempt, with which his attempts at doing the amiable are received by a young widow, (for such rumour proclaims her), who with her son, a child of four years old, has lately become the tenant of Wildfell Hall, a deserted manor-house in the vicinity. Determining to convince the fair widow of her mistake in overlooking his many perfections, he wins the child's heart by the present of a setter puppy, and, with the assistance of his little ally, breaks down the barrier of reserve behind which the mysterious lady had entrenched herself, and

succeeds in gaining her friendship. This friendship on the gentleman's part soon ripens into a warmer sentiment, and the lady, though she strictly prohibits any approach towards love-making, is unable to hide the pleasure she takes in his society. Matters remain on this footing until a rumour derogatory to the fair fame of his innamorata reaches Gilbert Markham's ears, who, seeking an explanatory interview with the aspersed Helen, unfortunately for his peace of mind, discovers her admiring the moon, with her waist encircled by the arm of Mr. Lawrence, the youthful owner of Wildfell Hall. For this polite attention Mr. Lawrence (who of course turns out to be Helen's brother) is rewarded by a broken head, which the hot-tempered borderer bestows upon him, without giving him time for either explanation or defence. Having in some degree relieved his feelings by this judicious proceeding, he has just enough common sense left to afford Helen an opportunity of clearing herself, which she does by placing in his hands her private journal, the history of her life.

Up to this point, which embraces more than two-thirds of the first volume, there is little to find fault with, much to praise. The character of Gilbert is cleverly drawn, original, yet perfectly true to nature; that of Helen, interesting in the extreme; and the scenes between them, though occasionally too warmly coloured, life-like and engrossing, while the description of village society is sufficiently amusing to afford relief to the more serious business of the novel. With the commencement of the journal, however, the faults we have already alluded to begin to develop themselves.

Fascinated by dazzling qualities, and an unusually handsome exterior, Helen, a headstrong girl of eighteen, bestows her heart and hand on an unprincipled profligate, ignoring with the blind wilfulness of first love his evil propensities, or, where her good sense forbids her doing so entirely, trusting to her influence to eradicate them. The sequel is easily foreseen. Throwing off the slight restraint which his evanescent passion for Helen had placed him under, Mr. Huntingdon speedily resumes his dissipated habits; his absences from home become more and more protracted, the scenes on his return each time less endurable, till at length, losing all sense of decency and proper feeling, he fills his house with his profligate associates, and carries on a *liaison* with a married woman, beneath the roof which shelters his outraged wife. When we add, that the scenes which occur after the drinking bouts of these choice spirits are described with a disgustingly truthful minuteness, which shows the writer to be only too well acquainted with the revolting details of such evil revelry, we think we need scarcely produce further proof of the unreadableness of these volumes.

Let us turn from this hateful part of the subject to the character of Helen. The noble fortitude with which she endures the lot her self-willed rashness has brought upon her; the long suffering affection, inducing her to hope against hope, as she tries in vain to reclaim her worthless husband; the brutal insults to which she is exposed while pursuing her labour of love; the bit-

terness of soul with which she perceives all her efforts to be unavailing, and the conviction of the hopeless depravity of the man she loves is forced upon her; the way in which (that love being at length extinguished, and its place supplied by a mixed feeling of contempt and dislike,) she still remains with him from a sense of duty, are all beautifully delineated, and, despite of ourselves, compel our admiration.

The bright spot amidst all the clouds of unhappiness which have hitherto gathered round the devoted wife, has been her child; but Mr. Huntingdon at length contrives to poison even this source of comfort, and in so doing, adds the one drop which causes the cup to overflow. He and his boon companions determine to have the little Arthur brought into the dining-room every day after dinner, where he is taught to drink and swear like a man; "to see such things done with the roguish *naïveté* of that pretty little child, and to hear such things spoken by that small, infantine voice, being peculiarly piquant and irresistibly droll to them."

To save her child from such training as this, Helen determines on a step to which her own wrongs would never have driven her, namely, flight. With this intent, during her husband's absence she takes her brother into her confidence, obtains his consent to the measure, and the loan of the old manor-house of Wildfell Hall; but waits to put her plan into execution till Mr. Huntingdon's return: should he still continue his evil practices, her determination to escape with the child is fixed. All doubt on this point is set at rest by his arrival, and subsequent introduction of a mistress, under the convenient pretext of a governess for little Arthur. Accordingly Helen, her child, and a faithful old servant, leave Grass Dale under cover of darkness, meet the mail, and travel day and night till they reach the shelter of Wildfell Hall. Here the journal ends. The rest of the tale is soon told. Mr. Huntingdon receives a severe internal injury from a fall from his horse; Helen returns to nurse him; he partially recovers, but, despite her precautions, obtaining possession of a bottle of port wine he drinks it; inflammation takes place, mortification ensues, and he dies miserably in the arms of the wife whose existence he has embittered. Gilbert Markham waits patiently till the lapse of some two or three years shall have satisfied the most rabid sticklers for propriety, when his fidelity is rewarded by the hand of the fair Helen, (now a *bona fide* widow,) together with a large fortune very obligingly left her by an opulent uncle.

The death of the profligate Huntingdon, the gay, the courted, the man of *pleasure*—oh, what a bitter mockery the name appears at such a time!—is one of the most powerfully drawn scenes of the whole work.

The following extract from a letter of Helen's to her brother, gives a fair idea of the nervous, forcible style in which the book is written, while it affords only too true a picture of the awful lesson to be derived from the death-bed of the wicked.

The sufferer was fast approaching dissolution: dragged almost to the verge of that awful chasm he

trembled to contemplate, from which no agony of prayers or tears could save him. Nothing could comfort him now. Hatterley's (a reformed boon companion) rough attempts at consolation were utterly in vain. The world was nothing to him; life and all its interests, its petty cares and transient pleasures, were a cruel mockery. To talk of the past was to torture him with vain remorse; to refer to the future was to increase his anguish; and yet, to be silent was to leave him a prey to his own regrets and apprehensions. Often he dwelt with shuddering minuteness on the fate of his perishing clay, the slow, piecemeal dissolution already invading his frame; the shroud, the coffin, the dark, lonely grave, and all the horrors of corruption.

"If I try," said his afflicted wife, "to divert him from these things, to raise his thoughts to higher themes, it is no better.

"'Worse and worse!' he groans. 'If there really be life beyond the tomb, and judgment after death, how can I face it?'

"I cannot do him any good; he will neither be enlightened, nor roused, nor comforted by anything I say; and yet he clings to me with unrelenting pertinacity. With a kind of childish desperation, as if I could save him from the fate he dreads, he keeps me night and day beside him;—he is holding my left hand now, while I write; he has held it thus for hours; sometimes quietly, with his pale face upturned to mine; sometimes clutching my arm with violence, the big drops starting from his forehead at the thought of what he sees, or thinks he sees, before him. If I withdraw my hand for a moment it distresses him.

"'Stay with me, Helen;' he says, 'let me hold you so; it seems as if harm could not reach me while you are here. But death *will* come—it is coming now, fast, fast! and oh, if I *could* believe there was nothing after!'

"'Don't try to believe it, Arthur; there is joy and glory after, if you will but try to reach it.'

"'What, for me?' he said, with something like a laugh, 'are we not to be judged according to the deeds done in the body? Where's the use of a probationary existence, if a man may spend it as he pleases, just contrary to God's decrees, and then go to heaven with the best,—if the vilest sinner may win the reward of the holiest saint by merely saying, "I repent!"'

"'But if you *sincerely* repent.'

"'I can't repent; I only fear.'

"'You only regret the past for its consequences to yourself!'

"'Just so—except that I am sorry to have wronged you, Nell, because you're so good to me.'

"'Think of the goodness of God, and you cannot but be grieved to have offended Him.'

"'What is God? I cannot see him or hear him. God is only an idea.'

"'God is infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness, and love; but if this idea is too vast for your human faculties,—if your mind loses itself in its overwhelming infinitude, fix it on Him who condescended to take our nature upon Him, who was raised to heaven even in his glorified human body, in whom the fulness of the Godhead shines.'

"But he only shook his head and sighed; then, in another paroxysm of shuddering horror, he tightened his grasp on my hand and arm, and groaning and lamenting still, clung to me with that wild desperate earnestness so harrowing to my soul, because I know I cannot help him. I did my best to soothe and comfort him.

"'Death is so terrible,' he cried; 'I cannot bear it! You don't know, Helen, you can't imagine what it is, because you haven't it before you; and when I am buried, you'll return to your old ways, and be as happy as ever, and all the world will go on just as busy and merry as if I had never been, while I——' he burst into tears.

"'You needn't let *that* distress you,' I said, 'we shall all follow you soon enough.'

"'I wish to God I could take you with me now,' he exclaimed, 'you should plead for me.'

"'No man can deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him,' I replied, 'it cost more to redeem their souls; it cost the blood of an incarnate God, perfect and sinless in himself, to redeem us from the bondage of the evil one; let *Him* plead for you.'

"But I seem to speak in vain. He does not now, as formerly, laugh these blessed truths to scorn; but still he cannot trust, or will not comprehend them. He cannot linger long; he suffers dreadfully, and so do those that wait upon him. But I will not harass you with further details. I have said enough, I think, to convince you that I did well to go to him."

The only thing which in the slightest degree affords Helen consolation under these harrowing circumstances, is her belief (which, from the way in which it is mentioned, we cannot but conclude to be that of the writer also,) in the doctrine of universal final salvation—the wicked are to pass through purifying penal fires, but all are to be saved at last. The dangerous tendency of such a belief must be apparent to any one who gives the subject a moment's consideration; and it becomes scarcely necessary, in order to convince our readers of the madness of trusting to such a forced distortion of the Divine attribute of mercy, to add that this doctrine is alike repugnant to Scripture, and in direct opposition to the teaching of the Anglican Church.

One word as to the authorship of this novel. At the first glance we should say, none but a man could have known so intimately each vile, dark fold of the civilized brute's corrupted nature; none but a man could make so daring an exhibition as this book presents to us. On the other hand, no man, we should imagine, would have written a work in which all the women, even the worst, are so far superior in every quality, moral and intellectual, to all the men; no man would have made his sex appear at once coarse, brutal, and contemptibly weak, at once disgusting and ridiculous. There are, besides, a thousand trifles which indicate a woman's mind, and several more important things which show a woman's peculiar virtues. Still there is a bold coarseness, a reckless freedom of language, and an apparent familiarity with the sayings and doings of the worst style of *fast* men, in their worst moments, which would induce us to believe it impossible that a woman could have written it. A possible solution of the enigma is, that it may be the production of an authoress assisted by her husband, or some other *male* friend: if this be not the case, we would rather decide on the whole, that it is a man's writing.

In taking leave of the work, we cannot but express our deep regret that a book in many respects eminently calculated to advance the cause of religion and right feeling, the moral of which is unimpeachable and most powerfully wrought out, should be rendered unfit for the perusal of the very class of persons to whom it would be most useful, (namely, imaginative girls likely to risk their happiness on the forlorn hope

of marrying and reforming a captivating rake,) owing to the profane expressions, inconceivably coarse language, and revolting scenes and descriptions by which its pages are disfigured.

MIRABEAU; A LIFE HISTORY.¹

THE present is a work the want of which has long been felt. We have, during many years, looked for a complete life of Mirabeau; and considering the many extraordinary vicissitudes which marked the career of that able politician, it is a circumstance to be wondered at, that the task was not entered upon before. The author of the present volumes will be thanked for the pains he has evidently been at, for the labour he has bestowed on his work, for the numberless interesting and curious details he has presented to the public. This Life History of Mirabeau has many claims upon our attention. The author is undoubtedly a man possessed of talent, ingenuity, and perseverance; gifted with much shrewdness, and an extraordinary command over language; but his work is defaced by many faults. It is written in a style too theatrical to please, too light and trivial to be quoted as an authority. The writer is too confident in his own power, so that he is often betrayed into the use of words, sentences, whole paragraphs, totally out of place—blemishes on an otherwise valuable production. He trifles with his subject. In perusing a book, professedly the life of a man whose political career was one of the most stormy on record, whose works have been handed down to us among the archives of genius, whose character forms at once the admiration and the odium of posterity,—in perusing such a work, we say, it is not pleasant to be distracted from the subject by affected chapter-heads and a ridiculous play upon words—to be compelled to smile at follies too meaningless to be regarded otherwise than with contempt; inflated displays of language, gaudy metaphors, and laboured tropes and figures. The present Life will go some way towards throwing light upon Mirabeau and his times; it will lay open before the public many curious and almost forgotten pages of the past; but a book written so much in the style of popular fiction, with so much clap-trap in its language, can never be invested with dignity and importance. It may, and we venture to assert will, be read extensively while it lives; but it is not *the* Life of Mirabeau that will go down to posterity.

But our readers will, doubtless, rather thank us for a brief sketch of Mirabeau's life, as it is told in the volumes before us, than for a critical notice of those volumes. From the few brief details we shall be compelled to confine ourselves to, it will easily be perceived what a fertile field for speculation is laid open before us, while reading the life of that extraordinary man, whose abilities caused him to be dreaded while he lived, but earned him an undying reputation after

(1) Mirabeau; a Life History. 2 vols. 8vo.; pp. 640. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1848.

death; whose mind was capable of expressing the most noble sentiments, while his disposition led him to commit actions of which his biographers are ashamed.

On the 9th of March, 1744, Gabriel Honoré de Réquetti, Count of Mirabeau, was born at Bignon: "He had, at the moment of his birth," says our author, "an immense head almost amounting to a deformity, a twisted foot, two molar teeth were cut, and his tongue was tied by the *frænum*. It is very remarkable that the greatest of modern orators should have been born tongue-tied."

As the child grew, its ugliness became more and more striking. At three years old the small-pox so disfigured its face with seams, pits, and furrows, that his father, in describing him to his uncle, made use of the expression, "Your nephew is as ugly as the very devil."

Perhaps his ill-favoured face formed one of the elder Mirabeau's reasons for disliking his son. Be this, however, as it may, certain it is that scarcely had the child emerged from the cradle when he became the subject of his father's odium and dislike. He was provided, however, with an excellent tutor, and his education was forwarded by every possible means. He did not progress steadily; he learned by fits and starts: now his dullness almost threw his master into despair, and now a brilliant quickness of perception banished every fear on his account. But with his years his father's dislike took a deeper root. There are many strange passions in the human heart, but there is not a picture from which the mind revolts with more horror, than that of a father pursuing his son with all the rigour of an unrelenting enemy, loading him with abuse and insult, depriving him of liberty, thwarting his projects, crushing his hopes,—treating him, in a word, with all the harsh, bitter cruelty that hatred can inspire.

So did Mirabeau the elder treat his son, who, bad man as he was, did not visit upon his parent the retaliation he might have expected; yet in spite of himself seems to have been moved by a feeling of dread, inspired by his father's conduct. His dedication of the *Monarchie Prussienne*¹ is an example of this. He says he dared not ask his father's permission lest he should refuse it.

Every little fault was treated as a crime and punished with severity, until at ten years old the child was brought to the door of death by a violent fever. Fear lest the succession should pass into other hands caused the father to relax a little in his severity; until the recovery of his son dispelled these alarms. When the boy was restored to health, every spark of love appeared to be extinguished in his father's mind. Family dissensions added to the flame. Injury on injury was inflicted and sustained, until young Mirabeau was driven forth

from his father's house to join the army as a kind of *attaché*. Some time after he had a commission procured him. His imprudence led him into two misfortunes: he gambled and lost; he fell in love, and was successful in detaching a young girl's heart from his superior officer, who, to avenge himself, drew a most gross and offensive caricature of the sub-lieutenant, and circulated it through the regiment. This he could not brook. He left his duty and fled to Paris, where he placed himself under the protection of the Duc de ———, and complained of the ill-treatment he had been subjected to. As a punishment for deserting his regiment, he was compelled to submit to a short confinement.

When his period of tribulation had elapsed, there appeared for him some prospect of peace; but his bitter rival in the army, Colonel Lambert, found means more deeply to poison the heart of Mirabeau's father. This weak and wicked man needed but few solicitations. The colonel's influence, joined with that of Madame de Pailly, than whom no more detestable personage is mentioned in the book, at length so completely guided the conduct of Count Mirabeau, that, forgetting the ties of kindred and natural affection, he procured a *lettre de cachet*, by virtue of which his son was detained a prisoner at the Isle of Rhé.

But the native ability of his mind smoothed down this obstacle to his happiness. By the suavity of his manners, his kind language, his gentleness, he so completely won the hearts of all around him, that the governor of his prison-place wrote most earnest letters to the father of the unhappy young man, entreating him to withdraw his *lettre de cachet*. From motives of interest, which it is not difficult to comprehend, since the governor was a man of high repute, possessed of much influence, these solicitations had in time the desired effect, and Mirabeau, once more free, resumed his commission in the army, only in a different regiment. But his peace was short-lived: scarcely had he arrived at Rochelle than he had the misfortune to embroil himself in a quarrel with an officer. He wounded his aggressor severely. Some time after, the Marquis de Mirabeau, impelled by feelings of self-interest, (for he was in want of some one to aid him in an affair of business,) decided on sending for his son to Aiguépèrse, that he might enjoy the supreme felicity of beholding and admiring the parental physiognomy. We find him here employed, as is described in the following extract:—

"A dearth fell upon the land, and the peasants of Limousin were starving; and might have starved, perchance, had not a man like he been upon the spot. Even the marquis was forced to admire his son's energy, genius, and beneficent activity. He persuaded the Marquis to buy a supply of rice, and also to give employment to the unfortunate people; and, having received permission to do so, put his plans into action; he worked with the people, talked to them, cheered them, and partook of the same food. So that wherever Mirabeau appeared, faint hearts received fresh courage and the sorrowful grew glad. Not alone to mere acts of charity were his energies directed. The marquis had contemplated esta-

(1) *De la Monarchie Prussienne sous Frederic le Grand*. Par le Comte de Mirabeau, 1788.

"Mon Père,

"Je n'ai pas osé vous demander la permission de publier ce livre sous vos auspices, car si vous me l'eussiez refusée vous m'auriez fait une peine profonde."

blishing a court of arbitration, wherein all quarrels should be adjusted, free of charge; this he had given up as *impossible*; but the design coming across Mirabeau, he at once saw its feasibility, set himself energetically to the task, and established the court successfully in a little time, to the surprise of the marquis, who cried, half-wonderingly, half-jealously, 'He is the demon of the *impossible*!' meaning thereby, that in his dictionary that word was not inserted."

During the period of his residence at Aiguepèrse, Mirabeau's father and mother entered upon that great law-quarrel which lasted for fifteen years. A wealthy relative died, and left her enormous property between the wife and husband. The Marchioness of Mirabeau, who had long lived at bitterness with her consort, demanded separation of body and division of property. "Of body, with pleasure," replied the marquis, "but not of property, seeing it was for that I married you." In remarking on this, our author makes the following observation, which we shall not criticise: "It is not deemed customary, or even proper, for a child to castigate his parents; yet had our Mirabeau seen good to whip these same brawling parents of his, the crime had certainly not been unpardonable."

Mirabeau now went with his father to Paris, where he was recognised and received with favour by several distinguished personages. His talents had already begun to make themselves a road in the world, and the sunshine of parental favour at length burst upon him; but clouds were near, and they soon obscured the brightness of a few months. Madame de Pailly saw that he gained ground with his father, and resolved to push him off. An intricate and dangerous business matter caused the marquis much anxiety. Young Mirabeau was sent to settle it, or rather to attempt its settlement. He went, performed all, even more than was necessary.

During his absence his father's mind was tampered with; doubts and suspicions were artfully insinuated into his breast; his shortlived affection withered. Indifference followed, and was succeeded by dislike. Quarrels ensued, and Mirabeau once more abandoned his parent's house. But his absence this time was short. He returned, and was pressed by the marquis to marry the daughter of the Marquis of Marignane. After two or three attempts he won her heart; they were married, her dower being poverty, and his income scarcely adequate to the support of respectability.

Reckless expenditure and profuse extravagance soon plunged the newly-married couple into difficulties and embarrassments. Mirabeau's father would not assist him, but in the end resorted to the means of procuring another *lettre de cachet*, by virtue of which he compelled him to retire from his ancestral residence, and take up his quarters at Manosque, an insignificant town in its vicinity. Another misfortune followed: the Baron of Villeneuve Moans grossly insulted his younger sister in a public promenade. Mirabeau collared the offending nobleman, and, reckless of the consequences, severely horse-

whipped him. The act was seen, reported in high quarters, and on the 20th of June, 1744, he was seized by the myrmidons of the law, and carried in strict custody to the castle of If.

The commandant of this place, M. Dallégre, was naturally of a harsh, unamiable disposition, and had, moreover, received instructions to treat his prisoner with the utmost severity. But Mirabeau, after a few weeks of suffering, won upon the hard man's heart so that he was allowed several indulgences. His brother and sister softened his misery by their condolences. We find him, despite his proud and stormy heart, writing a letter full of the gentlest sentiments.

Several petitions were addressed to his father: one written by the commandant himself, praying for the release of the unhappy prisoner, but without effect. The marquis, in whose breast there was now left no room for the warm impulses of affection, only replied to this appeal by removing his son from If to Joux, and reducing his allowance from two hundred and fifty to fifty pounds per annum. Here in his prison, perched on a snow-clothed pinnacle, he for some time abandoned his soul to despair; but when the Count of Saint Mauris prevailed on him, by granting a kind of half-liberty, to chronicle his proceedings at Pontarlier on the occasion of Louis XVI.'s coronation, he again entered into the world, and among others sought the society of the Marquis of Monnier.

Here is our author's description of the first interview between Mirabeau and Sophie, the beautiful young wife of the aged Marquis de Monnier:—

"One can well imagine the first interview. When the tall, thick-set, athletic man, with his shabby garments (he was poor and in debt), and with his immense head and ugly features, deep-pitted and scarred with small-pox defacings, doubtless the marquis would look at him with suspicion through his spectacles, and the fair young Sophie withdraw from him with anything rather than with love. But when the lips opened, and the mouth poured forth the riches of the brain, and, in deep, low, musical bass notes, the tale of his persecutions, of his faults, of his strange life, of his strange wild ideas, and strange high heaven-scaling aspirations,—why, then, with the old man suspicious peerings would open into an admiring gaze; then to the maiden a golden aureole would sport lamently around him, and the huge rough-scanned visage (like rude mountain scenery, which, when the sun is overcast, frowns unlovely, but when the light outflows upon it, revealing the numerous lights and shades, seems fair and verdant) grow strangely beautiful—genius-illuminated.

"To the eloquent prisoner—to the unmarried married one, it was soon evident that love was born between them."

Throughout the chapter in which our author describes the progress of that attachment which grew up between the prisoner of Joux and the frail Sophie, it is evident that he regards the crime in no very bad light. Artful excuses are insinuated into language filled with glowing epithets and highly-wrought metaphorical expressions. M. de Monnier, however, does not appear to have been disturbed by any suspicion of the fact that the soft-mannered Mirabeau was playing him false—was supplanting him in his wife's

affection. But supplanting is not the word which should have been used : no love ever existed between this pair.

Nevertheless, the prisoner on parole worked not so secretly as to elude the vigilance of M. de St. Mauris. This man had a strong motive for injuring Mirabeau. That motive was revenge, revenge rendered more bitter, in that it was the offspring of wounded pride. He himself, old and weak as he was, had endeavoured to lead astray young Sophie, and had been repulsed with scorn and indignation. To gratify his hatred, he only waited for some fair opportunity : this soon presented itself.

"A bale for Mirabeau from Neufchatel was intercepted, and, on being opened, was found to contain certain copies of the *"Essay of Despotism,"* which had been published at that town. At the same time a promissory note of Mirabeau's came to light, the issuing of which, he being under a *lettre de cachet*, was illegal. Making these his pretexts, St. Mauris wrote a very furious letter to the Marquis of Mirabeau, and shortly after, receiving instructions from him to secure Mirabeau in a cell, *not unwholesome, but well barred and bolted*, he issued an order to the prisoner to leave Pontarlier and return to the castle."

But Mirabeau had tasted liberty, and enjoyed its sweetness too much to suffer himself easily to be made a prisoner again. He paid no attention to the commandant's peremptory order, but fled into Switzerland, where, however, he sojourned but for two days, and then returning secretly, concealed himself at Pontarlier, where he enjoyed the pleasure of stolen interviews with Sophie. She now fell under her husband's suspicious eye : insult and persecution soon drove her from his house. She sought refuge with her parents at Dijon, expecting there to meet at least with kindness. But instead of this, a guarded chamber was her lot. Mirabeau contrived to elude his pursuers, and at length, by dint of perseverance and energy, escaped to Verrieres, where, with his assistance, Sophie, who had been sent from Dijon, also broke her prison. They remained three weeks at this place, watched their opportunity, and fled. The 7th of October saw them at Amsterdam. From his lodgings at a tailor's house in that town emanated many of Mirabeau's early works. He published a pamphlet, entitled, *"Advice to the Hessians, sold by their prince to England."* Following this, came a history of travels, and a paper on music. To these succeeded the translation of one volume of a history of England by Mrs. Macaulay, and a considerable portion of the *Life of Philip II. (of Spain),* by Watson. Here, according to his own account, he lived happily.

But this state of peace was of but brief duration. In France, his enemies were not at rest ; intrigue followed intrigue, until a long series of machinations ended in his being arrested and lodged in Vincennes. Sophie, too, was forcibly conducted to Paris, and there placed in a sort of house of correction.

Here is a picture of Mirabeau's condition during the early portion of his last imprisonment.

"He was debarred from all writing or speech ; one hour a-day only being allowed for ambulatory exercise

in the corridor ; the very turnkey enjoined to speak no more than was absolutely necessary ; his food stinted and coarse ; allowed to remain three weeks without changing raiment or seeing a barber ; added to all which, having, during that period, a fever, and spitting blood : surely his situation was not delectable."

Sophie's condition was not much better.

"Her room was small, and had four inhabitants ; she had to write in bed, with her curtains drawn, upon what paper she had contrived to smuggle in with her, with ink manufactured from nails put in vinegar. Mirabeau also had contrived to secure a few scraps, upon which he poured forth his burning tears, writing with tobacco-water ; but rashly expending this little stock, and having no book to employ his mind, no friend to reveal his overflowing sorrow unto, a delirium took possession of his soul, and he foamed and chafed like a strong mountain-eagle beating against his prison-bars in the mad impotency of despair."

But Mirabeau, poor wretched prisoner as he was, knew the way to his jailors' hearts. Permission was accorded to him to correspond with whom he chose, under the discretionary perusal of an officer in the secret department. At first, he did nothing but write to Sophie, who answered his letters unceasingly. He then turned his energies in part towards the obtaining of liberty, but for a long period without success. His correspondence multiplied ; every relative was addressed ; the ministry began to grow ashamed of suffering the Marquis of Mirabeau thus to persecute his son. Besides this, appeals from all quarters were made for him, and finally, on the 13th of December, 1780, he bade adieu for ever to his prison-life. His brother-in-law's generosity started him once more in the world. Various circumstances now combined to bring about a reconciliation with the marquis, with whom, on the 20th of the May following, he enjoyed an interview of peacemaking and forgiveness. A rupture with Sophie, who was some time after released from prison, followed. The unhappy woman retired for a short period to a convent, then reappeared in society at Pontarlier. Here she formed an attachment with another man. He fell a victim to consumption, literally dying in her arms. A miserable death now put an end to her sorrows and her crimes.

Mirabeau's misfortunes were far from ended. His father once more disavowed him, and deprived of all resources, poverty-stricken, and deep in debt, he fled to Switzerland. His wife he had long since lost sight of, and he now resolved to seek for her again ; he discovered her retreat, wrote several conciliatory letters, which were responded to with cold politeness. His wife, had she even been possessed by the desire, could not obtain an interview with him, being surrounded by those who jealously watched lest she should grant one. The only remaining alternative, therefore, was a law-suit, in which Mirabeau was successful in obtaining a judgment, that his wife should return to him, or immediately withdraw to a convent.

By means of artful machinations, the Marignanes still opposed a successful resistance to this decree. Again Mirabeau sought the aid of a law court. It was

on this occasion that he uttered those three magnificent pleadings, at the brilliancy of which all France was struck with admiration. The oratorical excellence of his speeches, however, prevailed not. This time the decree was pronounced against him; it was decided that an entire separation of body and goods should take place between the husband and wife. The former then proceeded on his stormy course; the latter entered again into the whirl of society, and finally, after a life chequered by many equivocal actions, died, some time after her husband.

Mirabeau now contrived to incur the resentment of individuals high in authority. France was no longer a safe abode for him: he quitted it and fled to London, where he took up his residence at the house of one Mrs. Bailly, in Hatton Garden, Holborn. Sir Samuel Romilly, Lord Peterborough, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, were his chief companions; and with them he spent the greater portion of those hours not devoted to literary pursuits. For eight months he continued in poverty, until, finding it impracticable to support himself by writing French works for English readers, he resolved to face the danger and return to Paris. A woman, Madame de Nehra, who had lived with him for some time, went to France to see which way the wind blew. Mirabeau was in better repute there; this determined him on returning to his own country at once. But he was never destined to live at peace. A continental tour was soon rendered necessary, after which we again find him swept onward by the torrent of politics, which at that period foamed so tumultuously through France. His works on finance threw him into hot water at Paris, insomuch that he soon found himself compelled to fly, and hide at Liege. Again were these difficulties smoothed down for him, and again we meet him in the French metropolis. Politics and literature by turns engrossed his attention; his works multiplied, his fame spread, until somewhere about the year 1787 or 1788, he published his *Monarchie Prussienne*, on which a large portion of his posthumous fame may be said to rest. Still, though France admired and gloried in Mirabeau, want was ever at his door. Struggling with poverty, combating with enemies,—men who, standing on a lofty eminence, endeavoured to roll destruction upon the individual who, they knew, once among them, would cast their poor light into the shadow by his own brilliant abilities,—Mirabeau triumphed at last. In the face of a powerful opposition carried on with all the partiality that unprincipled jealousy could dictate, he was, on the 9th of April 1789, elected a member of the States-general of France, and deputy of Aix.

When the States-general opened, it was at once perceived how Mirabeau would shine. He immediately assumed a commanding position.

"On the 11th occurred one of those great triumphs of extemporaneous eloquence so peculiarly confined to Mirabeau. Durover, banished from Geneva by the aristocrats, had made Mirabeau his ladder of fortune in Paris, and all too frequently compromised his patron by

his republican and factious sentiments. On the occasion stated above, this gentleman had accompanied Mirabeau to the Assembly, and having occasion to pass a note to Mirabeau, a deputy arose and announced to the Assembly that a foreign spy, in the pay of the English government, was taking notes. An immense uproar followed this; confused cries of 'Name the deputy!' 'Point him out!' arose simultaneously; but Mirabeau, uplifting his giant frame and resounding voice, roared them into silence, and they ended by applauding in such hearty concert as the *Salle de Menus* had never before heard."

Powerful orations now succeeded each other in rapid succession. The name of Mirabeau became associated with the idea of eloquence. When any subject of great importance agitated the country, his voice was listened to as that of an oracle, though his ability was not equal to the divesting men's actions of selfish motives and mercenary views. Nevertheless, his orations had their effect. They helped to sway the destiny of France, that ever misruled country, just then entering upon a period than which one more stormy was never yet chronicled in the world's history. While public affairs thus occupied the mind of Mirabeau the son, Mirabeau the father was hastening to his grave. He heard with pride the sound of his son's fame noised abroad. The account of the old marquis's death affords us an opportunity for extracting a fair specimen of our author's style.

"'Twas a serene and tranquil summer's even, and the birds sung dear God's melodies around his rural mansion at Argenteuil. The old man sat in the now fading sunshine at an open window; his lovely grandchild, the Marchioness of Arragon, the eldest child of his beloved daughter Madame du Saillant, was reading to him. She made an error in her speech, and he corrected her. Apologizing for her carelessness, she was about to continue, when she observed he did not breathe; she took him in her arms and he did not move; her cries attracted others, and when they arrived they found that the old marquis sat there, smiling, with a slight colour on his cheeks—and DEAD! He was seventy-four."

Mirabeau, when he heard of his father's death, seemed to have forgotten his old resentments. He buried them in the grave where the old man was laid, then returned to Paris again, where he shortly afterwards distinguished himself by one of those magnificent displays of eloquence, at which the whole of France shouted applause. The name of Count Mirabeau had been made famous, and he would not assume the more noble title of marquis. From this period he appears to have ridden, as it were, over a sea of triumphs. No sooner had the echoes of one thunder of applause died away upon his ears, than they were saluted by another yet more inspiring.

We cannot pretend, in the brief space here allowed us, to follow Mirabeau through even the most striking scenes of his great political career. With little or no cessation he continued astonishing the whole civilized world by the brilliance of his harangues. At length, however, the strength of his constitution began to give way. Evident signs of approaching weakness made themselves manifest in his frame. Several severe attacks of illness followed each other in rapid succession, so that in the middle of March 1791

he appears to have been impressed by the inward conviction that his dissolution was not far distant.

"In the middle of March a vast acceleration was given to his end by an imprudent deviation from his accustomed moderation. He gave a midnight supper and banquet to a large and gay assembly, and exhausted himself by so doing. From that event dates his dissolution, and he himself felt it; not now that he should soon die, but that he was actually dying. On leaving his sister one of those days, in bidding adieu to her and her lovely daughters, he said, as he embraced the third, a budding beauty, 'It is Death that embraces Spring!'"

April 2d, 1791, saw the death of that wonderful man, whose mighty abilities, while they shook a whole country, carried him through the whirlwind he himself had contributed to raise. The death of a good man would have caused more tears to be shed in France; but the death of Mirabeau, destitute of principle as he was, swayed by his passions, alternately the slave of a selfish heart, and the steadfast server of his country—the death of this man, we say, was felt throughout the land as a great blow given to the national power. It diminished the nation's confidence. France was pervaded by the feeling that a daring spirit had gone, a spirit which never flinched before threatened vengeance, nor could be quieted by the gifts of corruption.

We shall not now enter into the question, "Was Mirabeau poisoned?" It would afford us, in common with the rest of the world, great satisfaction to see this dubious point cleared up. Certainly the grounds of suspicion are strong. But Mirabeau having died, it mattered little to France how he died, and it was only left for the nation to bury the dead with all the pomp and circumstance which respect and gratitude could devise.

In our brief article we have necessarily given but an imperfect sketch of Mirabeau's life. As we mentioned before, it would have been folly to attempt to follow him through his political career, which would have required much more space than we could possibly devote to it. However, our task is finished, and we have only to thank our author for the interesting work he has presented to the world, while we express our regret at the weakness which has defaced the volumes with gaudy bombast, with inflated, pompous displays of absurdity, when the sober but powerful and vivid language of a biographer was alone suited to the subject.

THE ÉÉRIE LAIRD.¹

THE title of this book, as given above, will not lead the reader to any thing like a correct idea of its contents. It does not deal much with the supernatural, and very little with the fictitious; though there is a rough sort of machinery by which the great

historical events narrated are brought round the person of the hero, a certain Malcolm Dalbracken, who is sent out from Scotland to make his fortune in Hindoostan, in the time of Oliver Cromwell. The adventures of the hero before he leaves England, during his sojourn in India, and after his return home, are full of interest, from their truth to nature; but these are not the chief points of attraction in the book. Its real subject is a detailed account of the civil wars in the Mogul empire, during the latter years of Shah Jehan. It narrates the contest of his four sons, Dara, Suja, Aurungzebe, and Morad, for the crown; and shows clearly the line of policy, or, more properly speaking, knavery, by which Aurungzebe excited his brothers against each other, ruined each separately, and finally seized on the sceptre himself, which he swayed so long and powerfully. We must remember that, in many points of civilization, the Mogul empire at this period was far in advance of any European country. Its princes and nobles, though we are apt to picture them with Saracens' heads of the tavern kind, or mere state automata "glittering with barbaric gold and pearl," were in reality, for the most part, men of superior cultivation to the princes and nobles of Christendom, as far as regards the actualities of life. Aurungzebe, the successful Mohammedan hypocrite, has been likened to Oliver Cromwell; but we think the comparison has never been made by any one who takes Carlyle's view of the great Puritan leader.

The author of the book before us evinces an intimate acquaintance with the inhabitants, and the history past and present of British India. He has sound sense, takes impartial views of men and things, and occasionally indulges in a sort of queer covert humour at the expense of the existing state of affairs in India; and in his observations upon the political and warlike movements of the seventeenth century, he has very often more than half an eye to recent occurrences of an analogous or identical nature. We offer our readers the following extracts from his remarks upon Shah Jehan and his family; they are truthful, we believe, as to fact:—

"The Emperor Shah Jehan was now quite incapable of transacting serious business, though he insisted on going all through the forms of it daily. The occupation in which he took pleasure, and for which alone he was fit, consisted in sitting in state to witness the sham fights of men and beasts. These were wrestlers by profession, elephants, buffaloes, deer, rams, and cats. All the performers seemed to have a very sensible general rule, with rare exceptions, not to hurt each other. The martial youth of Delhi also exhibited their prowess before him on saddles of mutton, and the chines of other animals, with swords. He who could at one blow divide the loins and backbone of a sheep, was recognised by the imperial veteran as an inchoate hero, that would by-and-by cut live men in two with equal facility. The absurdities of buffoons, and the wriggling of dancing women, killed time more privately. His majesty's more rational entertainment was, in seeing his studs of beautiful horses and elephants mustered every day. The elephants, as they passed in review, were taught to kneel before the presence, lift up their flexible trunks to the forehead, and shrill (roar, we presume) in their peculiar way, to imitate a salam of obeisance."

(1) *The Éerie Laird*. 1 vol. 12mo. Newby, Mortimer street, Cavendish square.

"Dara, the eldest son, surnamed the Magnificent, was a noble being with many faults. Contemporary poets justly ascribe to his outward appearance and general deportment, "all that man envies and woman loves;" but along with these he had the counterbalancing qualities of a haughty, vehement, and uncompromising temper. Having an early ambition of excellence, he availed himself of the aid of eminent teachers to master the literature of the East, and could write admirable Persian prose and verse when a mere boy. Impatient of studies which he had less inclination to, this prince had scarcely more acquaintance with the sciences than sufficed to let him understand the value and applicability of them in public affairs. To poetry, the favourite of his heart, Dara always reverted, in leisure and trouble, throughout his eventful life. Born with all things at his feet, which power, treasure, and men's veneration for the hereditary great, allowed him to command, the *Walli Ahd* (heir apparent) of the Mogul empire began his career from a height above the highest aim of vulgar ambition. Hence his freedom from jealousy, low intrigue, and littleness of mind—the modern olympic dust which covers and stains humbler competitors for humbler dominion. Hence, also, the unbending resolution with which he wielded regal authority to enforce the dictates of intuitive truth, philosophy, and sentiment, in defiance of a flagitious aristocracy and priesthood. Dara, dwelling internally on what ought to be, could not endure that which he saw around him. Nobles, properly the pillars of state and guardians of the toiling multitude, were the rapacious oppressors of his father's subjects. Priests, appointed to enlighten all classes, and guide them through virtuous ways to hopes of immortality, exulted in propagating error, persecuting knowledge, and exciting Mohammedans to slay and pillage Hindoos. In vain did he make severe examples of chiefs who extorted money, and punished disobedience with the torture of the cora or Indian knout. To no purpose did he turn reverend firebrands from their livings, for teaching the ruling sect hatred against the great body of the people. On the other hand, to reconcile the wise and good of both creeds, the crown prince wrote a book with a view to reconcile the rational parts of the Mahomedan and Hindoo religions, hoping to combine the professors of both in keeping down intolerance. These efforts and performances won the intellect and worth of the country, but outraged the more powerful sacerdotal and military interests. Dara, uniformly upheld by his father as his successor, protected him in his declining years, when younger sons were ready to wrench the sceptre from his palsied hand, or, in eastern idiom, to uncanny the decrepit monarch's head."

"Aurangzebe, the third son, when a boy, had most of the lineaments and propensities of his brothers. The change which he subsequently underwent was artificial, and effected expressly to place him in contrast with them. The holy man referred to (his mother Nour Mahal's peer or chaplain) might with justice be reckoned the father of his greatness. This saint, finding the royal youth conscious of being the least favoured of his family in person and mind, (with exception of the youngest,) made him aware that the unpopularity into which the house of Timur had fallen for nearly a century past, arose from Akbar, the grandfather, and Jehangeer, the father, of Shah Jehan; having lived in avowed scepticism, permitting no spoliation of idolaters, nor showing the least partiality to the true faith. The reigning emperor, munificent in temporal things, had not retrieved the errors of his predecessors by due benefactions to the established and only allowable religion. Never was seed sown in a more genial soil, nor directive impulse given that met with less disturbing force. Aurangzebe, to make himself as unlike as possible to his heretical relatives—who shone in pleasure, pomp and luxury—mortifying his inborn desires, assumed the

austerity, coarse apparel, and sanctimonious looks of a religious mendicant; went publicly to pray at the mosque five times a-day; gave a fifth of his royal stipend to the poor; in short, conformed rigidly to the injunctions of the prophet, until he became, with certain reservations, all that at first he only affected to be. This personage was, at the same time, an accomplished scholar, had wit, and, in spite of his lugubrious aspect, liked jokes and puns, which he could not always suppress in grave political despatches. Neglecting none of the ordinary means of gaining advancement, Aurangzebe retained the affection of his father, until, on coming of age, he was installed in the important satrapy of the Deccan. From this epoch he became the centre to which all the zeal and bigotry of the dominant sect began to gravitate. Henceforth, insincere and unprincipled, wearing an impenetrable mask, and letting nothing done by him appear above-ground, he worked his way to dominion by ssp and mine."

"Jehanara, pronounced, in her day, the loveliest daughter of the seven climates, was the feminine representative of the excellences and foibles of her family. From taste, feeling, and opinion, she upheld the right of her eldest brother, and in fact made common cause with him. Nearly as thoroughly taught as he, she wrote verses, nay, political despatches of the first order with her own hand, discarding penmen, the frequent betrayers of secrets in the Oriental world. Like Dara, who was mentally a Persian, she adopted the customs of Shiraz, and, surrounded by ingenious foreigners, decorated her apartments and fitted out her equipages in an eclectic style, which was universally reckoned beautiful, though condemned as exotic. After the death of his wife, the emperor her father, whose understanding began to decay, made Jehanara, in absence of the heir apparent, his chief councillor and indeed minister. This princess, therefore, discharged the high duties of what I may call a stateswoman, in the name of her father, under the vicegerency of his eldest son."

The book is got up in a very cheap form, and there is a great deal both of real solid information and of positive literary talent for the money; but never was a good book rendered more unattractive in appearance. It is closely printed in very small type, or rather types; for there are no less than three used. The opening of the book looks to the reader very uninviting, the type is so small; after reading a chapter or two the letters become smaller; and farther on he arrives at the smallest, which, but for interest in the book itself, one would turn away from as utterly intolerable to well constituted eyes. In fact, the author of the "*Eerie Laird*" may consider it no mere compliment, but the truest and the greatest praise, to be told that such and such a one has read his book. He need not ask how it is liked. The person who has read through this somewhat portly little volume of painful print, must have found the author and his subject, *per se*, uncommonly agreeable. We say this to induce those who may throw aside the book at a first glance as impracticable, to take it up again and become patient, that they may be rewarded.

Malcolm Dalbracken, the hero, has nothing very *erie* about him, to our apprehension. After all his foreign adventures he returns to his native land to redeem the estate of his ancestors, upon which he lives in gloomy solitude, surrounded by relics of his eastern life. These, which were strange enough in

the eyes of the simple rustics in the neighbourhood, who heard of or saw them sometimes by chance—these, together with the reports of his wild and wonderful life in foreign parts, where live the

“Anthrophophagi,
And men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders ;”

and his rigid seclusion and careful avoidance of contact with the world, gained him the name of the “Éerie Laird.” Most of our readers may know the meaning of this word, but they will probably excuse us if we endeavour to explain it for the benefit of those who may not. In Scotland and the north of England the word is in common use, and signifies something more than human, something elfish, fairy-like, or weird, in the person to whom the word is applied. Also, if one says of anything, “It makes me feel éerie,” he means that the object spoken of excites a feeling of superstitious dread, or awe, or discomfort, as at the action upon the senses of something supernatural. We are not prepared to state positively that no such person as this Malcolm Dalbracken ever existed; and it is certainly quite possible that he may have pushed his fortunes among the descendants of Shah Jehan, and have been made viceroy of Malwà; many adventurous Europeans attained to fortune and honours in the East in those days; but we are inclined to believe that the local habitation, the name, and the sayings and doings of Malcolm Dalbracken, are but a “cunningly devised fable” of the ingenious author; and that to this clever oriental historic painter the world is indebted for all that concerns the “Éerie Laird.” We would advise a speedy reprint in an attractive form of this useful and interesting work.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

THE First of September! Reader, does your heart leap within you at the sound, as at a trumpet call? Do your cheeks flush, your eyes sparkle, your breath come short and quick, and your legs move involuntarily, as if they longed to be at it? If not, take my word for it, you are no true sportsman. Is it possible that you went to bed last night without ascertaining the exact state of Sancho's appetite at supper?—poor Sancho, who is to work so hard all day without having a bit of breakfast, lest it should interfere with his nose. (What an inconvenient sort of nose to be the owner of!) Can any thing, short of handcuffs and a strait waistcoat, keep you in bed after five o'clock? If so, take my advice, lock up that tempting double-barrel: albeit Joe Manton, “de rale old Joe” himself, never set eyes on a better, you'll only oil your fingers to no purpose;—off with the leather gaiters: you'll go and get your feet wet on the strength of them, depend upon it—catch a cold in your head, and render yourself a greater nuisance—psha! I mean, you'll find it a greater nuisance—than you're

aware of—dripping and sneezing like an angry tea-kettle, and all that kind of wretchedness, not to mention the wear and tear of pocket handkerchiefs, and the consumption of water gruel. No; be advised, discard your shooting jacket—those great pockets would only annoy you, by presenting an *hiatus valde lacrymabilis* at the end of the day; induce a dressing-gown and slippers, ring for coffee and the cat; and, as you were unwise enough to get up at seven o'clock, sit down, write an article against the game laws for some slow morning paper, and sign it “Philo-Perdicis,” if you affect the classical, or “Anti-Popgun,” if you prefer doing the jocose. But, I feel certain, the majority of our masculine readers *did* assure themselves of their pointer's well-being over night, and were up with and ready for the lark; for which small dicky bird (whether vocalizing at “heaven's gate,” or roasted with bread crumbs) we have a profound respect, though we are aware the Swan of Avon designates it a “bumpkin fowl;”—but that may have been jealousy, because the lark was about the only created thing that could look down on Shakspeare.—This by the way, however. Well, it is a quarter past five; you have eaten a good but not a heavy breakfast, examined your pockets for the tenth time, (we've been counting, for the curiosity of the thing) to see that nothing essential is left behind—caps, wadding, powder, shot, all the materials for slaughter, not forgetting the pocket pistol, charged with nothing more deadly than *eau de vie*, (Is that a bull, or a pun?) all are there; so now for the ineffable double-barrel. Bless its brown muzzle, how killing it looks! Yes, of course, bring it up to your shoulder and take a sight at that impudent cock-sparrow sitting on the rose-tree, like

“Jove in his chair
Of the skies Lord Mayor,”

congratulating himself (the sparrow, not Jove) that he is not a partridge.—“Hallo! Jem,” (the boy about the place is always called Jem, the name goes with the situation, we imagine, after the manner of the Pharaohs, Ptolemies, &c.) “bring round Sancho and the retriever.” “Ye'es, sirr.” And while he's gone, suppose you load: but first shake a little powder into each barrel, and squib; there's no good in losing the first shot because the “ineffable” happens to be damp this misty morning. Crack! crack! and off goes the sparrow in mortal terror, almost doubting whether he has not made a mistake in his ornithology, and mayn't be a partridge after all. As he disappears, Jem, an amalgamation of rude health and intense stupidity, relieved by occasional flashes of knowingness,—causing one to exclaim, in the words placed in the mouth of Balaam by the writer of some fifteenth-century “Mystery of Paris,” “*Mon âne parle, et même il parle bien.*”—Jem, rising fifteen, and attired in the ghost of a game-keeper's suit, evidently borrowed for the occasion from a scarecrow, comes in sight, leading, or more properly led by, a splendid retriever,—what a noble dog!—while Sancho of the sensitive nostril, not perceiving you and the double-barrel,

dear reader, strains against his collar, intent on going off at a direct angle in pursuit of something, which, with his intelligent head high raised in air, he scents, or fancies he scents; thereby distracting Jem with a divided duty, and rendering the figure of that much enduring lad an exact fac-simile of the Austrian Eagle, barring its second head. And now, with 800 acres to shoot over, containing famous stubbles, standing beans, turnips, and a brilliant little tit-bit of late clover, where the birds always lie as thick as oysters in a barrel, if you're not "good" for sixteen brace at the very least, it's a pity; and most happy should we be to go through the day with you—chronicle each clever shot—vouch for the incredible number of minutes Sancho stood, with his tail as stiff as a ramrod, his fore-foot slightly elevated, and his precious nose poked out as if he were trying (good dog!) to look like a stuffed crocodile—and bring you comfortably home to dinner at a quarter to eight, with a very decided pain in your back, the appetite of a famished tiger,—thoroughly used up, but *perfectly* happy. Much would it rejoice us to do all this, were we not an editor, and obliged to attend to business.

Amongst the new books which have come under our notice, we may mention the eighteenth volume of the Parlour Library, containing "Olivia, a Tale for an Hour of Idleness." The lady who makes her debut in this work, (for a lady we happen to know it is,) assures us in her preface, that she trusts "nothing she has written will ever do any harm, even if it should fail to do good;" in this we agree with her, though we incline to go further, and believe the reverse of the proposition to be equally true. Such very innocent writing as characterizes the pages of Olivia, will scarcely exert much influence, for good or evil. Still, although the tale savours strongly of the Rosa Matilda school, it has its merits. The most serious fault we find with it is on the score of want of originality. "Olivia" is affectionately dedicated to Mrs. Marsh; and a more fit person for the purpose it would have been impossible to select, for, had Emilia Wyndham never been written, we much doubt whether Olivia would have seen the light. Lest we be thought unfairly severe, we beg to call the reader's attention to the following somewhat suggestive coincidences:—

Emilia early in the tale loses a well-loved mother; Olivia's idolized parent dies in the first chapter; both Emilia and Olivia are left to look after an unpleasant papa apiece, for whose benefit they both marry men to whom they are indifferent,—each, in so doing, sacrificing a lover whom she adores, and whose respective deaths they are both made aware of while reading a newspaper aloud to their husbands, whose attention they draw to the fact by fainting on the spot. The rival heroines are decidedly alike in character, and each has a weak-minded but amiable young female companion as a foil. Still, the book is evidently the work of a lady, and an amiable and religious woman, and as such we can safely recommend it to those of our readers who prefer mild literature to a more stimulating, and possibly therefore a less wholesome mental diet.

"The Voice of Many Waters," by Mrs. David Osborne, is a book for young people, very full of useful knowledge, but, as we think, improperly styled "a tale." It is no more a tale than our old acquaintance, "Goldsmith's Grammar of Geography," is a tale; but it contains fully as much geographical information as that desultory school-book, and of a newer, and therefore more correct description. Mrs. Osborne favours her young readers with all sorts of curious and instructive matter, *à propos* of every river and city, sea and country, lake and mountain, which is mentioned. But the book is tainted with a sectarian tone in things spiritual, which should by no means prevail in a work intended for children. In speaking of Italy, and its beauties and wonders, the authoress deplores that such a country should be inhabited by "idolaters!" and talks of the rites of the Catholic Church as "certain ceremonies performed by *these people*!" One would think, from this, that the Roman Catholics were a tribe of bushmen lately discovered in Australia or New Zealand, who practised some altogether novel and curious ceremonies. Children who read Mrs. Osborne's book should be warned, that (without entering upon the religious question) "*these people*" have civilized Europe; taught us to read and write; given us poetry, the arts, and most of the sciences; established good governments, and laws; in fact, that we Protestants owe nearly all we inherit to them; and that it is not becoming in children to point scornfully at their parents, and call them—"these people."

"Kate Walsingham" is a pretty tale; but we confess ourselves unable to make up our minds as to its authorship, owing to the ambiguity of the title-page. From internal evidence we should judge the work to be by that old favourite of the novel-reading world, Ellen Pickering. The story is, we fear, a very natural one; it is briefly this:—Kate Walsingham, a young beauty, poetess, and sort of female Admirable Crichton, is beloved by her cousin Walter, who is as handsome, as poetical, and as full of genius for a man as she is for a woman. But Kate has been, unfortunately, brought up with Walter, and loves him only as a brother. She falls into real inflammable *novel* love with a man every way her inferior, except in person and property, who is desperately alarmed at her cleverness, thinks it unfeminine, &c. and behaves to her in the most cowardly and insulting manner. Still Kate, being a heroine, therefore unreasonable, loves him, and tries to make him forgive and forget her intellectual superiority; for his sake she endeavours to become common-place,—she is ashamed of her best gifts; and it is touching to see how she falsifies her nature that her lover may feel himself her equal, or, if possible, her superior. In vain she acts a lie;—he sneers at her, taunts her with her genius, and finally almost kills her with his cruel jealousy. Walter stands by, and sees all, and bears all patiently for Kate's sake, who, through it all, loves her tormentor. At last, to the reader's great relief, he dies; and the book ends with a significant hope that Kate may, in time, love and marry Walter.



THE CASTLE OF DOUNE.¹

PERHAPS the history of Europe during the last three hundred years can furnish us with no event so chivalrous in every sense of the word as the effort made by Prince Charles Edward against the house of Hanover, in the year 1745. In these days we can hardly understand, although we are compelled to believe, the enthusiasm and romantic attachment displayed by all classes of the Scotch in the Jacobite cause. Ladies of every rank and station seem, if possible, to have been even more devoted to the house of Stuart than their relations and friends of the opposite sex. The songs composed at the time are certainly the most spirit-stirring effusions of the kind in our language, while their abundance testifies the universality of the *furor*, for such only can we call it, which prevailed. Sir Walter Scott saw at once the vast capabilities of this subject for the purpose of fiction, and the high popularity attained by the famous Waverley novels was owing, in no small degree, to the admirable manner in which he made use of the materials thus afforded him, for the first of that unrivalled series. Although, perhaps, he may have painted the character and personal manners of Prince Charles in too favourable colours, he has by no means exaggerated the enthusiasm of the Jacobite army, and their deep devotion to the dangerous cause they had embraced. Neither did he at all overdraw, in the character of Flora Mac Ivor, the ardent attachment of the Scottish fair to the unfortunate house of Stuart. History furnishes us with numerous instances of a similar kind: mothers urged their sons, wives their husbands, and maidens their lovers and brothers, to "fight for Prince Charlie," and, even if they could not conquer, to die for his sake.

The history and results of that unhappy rebellion are too well known to need notice, but one circumstance may be here cited as an illustration of the chivalrous spirit manifested in behalf of the Pretender. I allude to the magnanimous conduct of a poor Highlander, who sheltered Prince Charles at the risk of his life, and resisted the temptation of betraying him for thirty thousand pounds, though he was so poor as actually to be compelled to steal from his neighbour food for the sustenance of his royal guest. And yet this man was afterwards hung for cattle stealing.

During this outbreak, the castle of Doune (the subject of our engraving) was held by Mc Gregor of Glengyle, a nephew of the famous Rob Roy, better known by his Lowland name of James Graham. He at once declared for the Chevalier, and fortified the castle by planting a twelve-pounder in one of the windows, and several swivels on the parapet. Soon afterwards, a party of Royalist volunteers, from the university of Edinburgh, headed by John Home, the author of Douglas, ventured as far as the Teith river, but old Glengyle managed to capture them, and confine them in his castle. Home, in his History of the Rebellion, gives the following minute description of

the manner in which they contrived to escape from their prison, a large room in the highest part of the castle near the battlements.

"To guard the prisoners there was a party of about twenty highlanders; a sentinel, who stood two or three paces from the door of the room, allowed any of the prisoners, who chose, to take air on the battlements. It was proposed, that they should make a rope of the blankets they had, by which they might descend from the battlements to the ground, a depth of seventy feet, but where there was no sentinel. The proposal was agreed to, and to prevent suspicion of their design, some of the 'volunteers' always kept company with the other persons in the Great Room, which was common to all, whilst the rest of them, barring the door of their cell, were hard at work, till they had finished the rope, of which they resolved to make trial the very night it was completed. The two officers then claimed it as their right to be the first that should hazard themselves by proving the strength of the rope. But that claim was objected to, and all drew lots, so as to settle the order in which they should descend. This done, the captain stood No. 1, the lieutenant No. 2.

"When everything was adjusted, they went up to the battlements, fastened the rope, and about one o'clock, in a moonlight night, began to descend. The two officers, Robert Douglas, and another, got down very well; but with the fifth, who was tall and bulky, the rope broke just as his feet reached the ground. The lieutenant now called to the next in the order of descent, an Englishman, of the name of Barrow, not to attempt it, as twenty or thirty feet were broken off from the rope. Nevertheless, putting himself on the rope, he slid down as far as it lasted, and then let go his hold. His friend Douglas, and the lieutenant, as soon as they saw him on the rope, placed themselves under him, so as to break his fall; but descending from so great a height, he brought them both to the ground, dislocated one of his ankles, and broke several of his ribs. In this extremity the lieutenant raised him from the ground, and taking him on his back, carried him towards the road which led to Alloa. When unable to proceed any further with his burden, two others of the company, by holding each one of Mr. Barrow's arms, helped him "to hop along upon one leg;" but thinking that at this slow rate they would certainly be overtaken, they resolved to call at the first house in their way, and that happening to belong to a friend, a horse was procured, and having reached the sea, they were received on board the Vulture sloop of war.

"But to return to the castle. Neil Mac Vicar had drawn the last number, and, while standing on the parapet, having seen the disaster of his friends, he carried the rope to his cell, where he substantially repaired and lengthened it with shreds of blankets. This done, he returned to the battlements, and there again fastening it, commenced his descent. But when he reached that part where the fracture had taken place, and which he had endeavoured to secure by adding

(1) Vide Illustration.

greatly to its thickness, he found it beyond his grasp, and falling from the same height that Mr. Barrow had done, but with no one to break his fall, he was so seriously injured, that he languished and died soon afterwards at the house of his father, a clergyman in the isle of Isla."

The castle of Doune was originally built by Murdock, Duke of Albany, who was beheaded on the castle hill of Stirling, from which his dying glance might for a moment rest on that stately pile, the monument of his fallen greatness. In the sixteenth century, it was often occupied by Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, and widow of James IV.: her grand-daughter, the lovely and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, in company with Lord Darnley, frequently resorted to it as a hunting-seat, and after the battle of Falkirk, many of the royalist prisoners were confined within its ample walls; and although only eight miles from Stirling Castle, Graham held out for the prince during all the time that the Jacobite army was in England. Its position is at once commanding and beautiful, being situated on the steep and narrow green bank of the Teith, while its opposite side is washed by a mountain stream. Its lofty towers rise far above the surrounding trees, and give great effect to a distant view of this noble baronial residence. At one end of the front rises a spacious square tower, of considerable height, while another, a little inferior, stands behind the opposite extremity: a strong back wall, nearly forty feet in length, forms the whole into an ample quadrangle. The principal room between the towers is seventy feet in length, that in the great tower forty-five feet by thirty; and the kitchen fireplace is quite capacious enough to allow space for a score of giants to spend a comfortable winter's evening beneath the chimney. A ponderous iron gate still exists within a heavy iron studded folding-door, and although the castle is now roofless, the walls are still entire, and have the appearance of great solidity and strength. The Earl of Moray, to whom Doune Castle belongs, has a seat adjoining, called Doune Lodge; and Cambus Wallace, the ancient seat of the Edmonstones, and now that of Lord Doune, eldest son of the Earl of Moray, is in the immediate vicinity. In his march from the highlands, the chevalier took a cup of welcome from the hands of a fair adherent at the gate of Cambus Wallace.

The neighbourhood of the castle of Doune is rich in associations connected with the ballad poetry of Scotland. Among these, that relating to the death of the "bonny Earl of Moray" is no doubt familiar to many of our readers.

The village of Doune, which lies in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle, has much improved of late years, and is gradually rising into some degree of local importance. Many a visitor stops to see the castle, which has been introduced by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of *Waverley*, as the fortress to which the hero of the tale was brought by his Highland captor. A fine old bridge, crossing the Teith a little above the castle, was built by Robert Spittal, a citizen of Stirling,

who had made a fortune by being the tailor of Margaret of England, whom we have before mentioned as often residing in the castle.

To the taste and liberality of the Earl of Moray the inhabitants of Doune are indebted for a new and elegant parish church, in the gothic style, with a handsome tower, and very beautiful pulpit. Many new houses, too, have been recently added to the village; and it is not the least of the signs of the times that a few cotton factories have been started here as a substitute for the manufacture of pistols, for which, in the days of old, Doune was celebrated. As the pistol then formed an important portion of the Highland costume, the demand was very considerable.

Being only eight miles from Stirling, and about the same distance from Callander, Doune is easily reached by any visitors to Loch Katrine and that part of the Highlands. It will be found worthy of a visit by any who are fond of fine scenery, or who take an interest in the time-honoured remains of the dwellings of those whose names have been famous in history.

A DIRGE.

F. R.

How wearily, how wearily,
The hours are passing by!
How slowly doth the lagging sun
Creep on in yonder sky!
They say the earth looks glad and gay,
And earth is fair to see;
But, oh! since thou art snatch'd away,
What can be fair to me!

Too softly beamed thine eye of blue,
The dwelling-place of truth;
Too brightly did thy cheek display
The seeming glow of youth.
We little deemed that gentle flame,
That all too bright a bloom,
Were but the messengers that came,
Precursors of the tomb.

The nightingale returns to bless
The summer with her strain,
The swallow seeks in early spring
Her cottage home again;
The flowers return to deck the field,
They tell me they are sweet,
I care not though a thousand yield
Their fragrance at my feet.

Spring may rejoice to see her flowers,
Her birds return again,
May robe the earth with happiness,
Yet cannot ease my pain.
What reck I of the summer day!
Though sweet its strains may be,
It cannot chase my gloom away,
Nor bring thee back to me.

Yet do I seek the holy spot,
When falls the evening shade,
And weep upon the hillock green,
Where all my heart is laid.
Then speed ye hours on swifter wing,
And this poor solace give.
O heaven! it is a weary thing,
A weary thing to live.

NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.—No. III.

METAMORPHOSES OF INSECTS.

"WERE a naturalist," observe Messrs. Kirby and Spence, "to announce to the world the discovery of an animal which, for the first five years of its life, existed in the form of a serpent; which then, penetrating into the earth, and weaving a shroud of pure silk of the finest texture, contracted itself within this covering into a body without external mouth or limbs, and resembling an Egyptian mummy more than anything else; and which, lastly, after remaining in this state without food and without motion for three years longer, should at the end of that period burst its silken cerements, struggle through its earthy covering, and start into day a winged bird, what, think you, would be the sensation excited by this strange piece of intelligence?" After the first doubts of its truth were removed, what astonishment would succeed! All men, both learned and ignorant, would flock to see this wonderful phenomenon; and all minor prodigies would be comparatively unheeded. And yet, the metamorphoses of the insect world, scarcely less strange and surprising than the transformation of a serpent into an eagle, are, because of their commonness, and the minuteness of the objects, little thought of by the greater portion of mankind.

Look, for instance, at those butterflies hovering over that bed of young nettles, and occasionally touching a leaf with the tip of the abdomen. They are females ovipositing. At each contact, a little egg is left, which is fastened to the leaf by means of a gummy secretion. It is of an oblong form, and is sculptured with elevated lines, running from top to bottom, like the meridians of a globe.

In a short time, a minute caterpillar proceeds from this egg, with a body beset with spines, furnished with six short, horny, hoof-like feet near the head, and ten fleshy tubercles, which act as clinging feet, beneath the hinder parts. It grows rapidly, for it devours the substance of the leaves with incredible voracity: but at the end of about a week it ceases to eat, appears first restless, then feeble and languid, and the colour of the skin is withered and livid. After a day or two's inaction, it may be observed to move its head from side to side as if in pain,—now stretching itself, now contracting, and now forcibly swelling the second and third segments of the body. At length the skin of the back splits from these violent efforts, and a new skin may be perceived beneath, distinguished by the freshness and brightness of its colour: the caterpillar, pressing its body into the opening thus made, speedily extends it down the back, and towards the head, till at last it entirely emerges from its old integument.

This process of exuviation is performed three successive times, and at intervals of a week or ten days: and then the insect prepares once more to cast its skin, and to become a chrysalis instead of a caterpillar. For this end it frequently draws together two or three con-

tiguous leaves of the nettle, and connecting them with a few threads of silk, forms them into a capacious tent, from the ceiling of which it must hang suspended for many days. It then begins to spin, from a peculiar organ in its mouth, a small conical knot of silk at the intended point of suspension. Into this it then insinuates the minute hooks with which the hindmost pair of clinging feet are provided, and suffering the anterior part of the body to fall, hangs with the head downwards. Meanwhile contractions and contortions go on as before, and are attended with the same result. After about twenty-four hours, the skin of the back splits, and the chrysalis appears projecting through the aperture. By continuing the tumefaction of the now exposed portion, the skin of the caterpillar splits farther and farther up towards the tail, and by the alternate contraction and elongation of the segments of the chrysalis, is at length rolled up in folds around the posterior extremity.

"But now comes the important operation. The pupa, (or chrysalis,) being much shorter than the caterpillar, is, as yet, some distance from the silken hillock to which it is to be fastened: it is supported merely by the unsplit terminal portion of the latter's skin. How shall it disengage itself from this remnant of its case, and be suspended in the air while it climbs up to take its place? As it has no arms or legs to support itself, the anxious spectator expects to see it fall to the earth. His fears, however, are vain: the supple segments of the pupa's abdomen serve in the place of arms. Between two of these, as with a pair of pincers, it seizes on a portion of the skin, and, bending its body once more, entirely extricates its tail from it. It is now wholly out of the skin, against one side of which it is supported, but yet at some distance from the leaf. The next step it must take is to climb up to the required height. For this purpose it repeats the same ingenious manœuvre; making its cast-off skin serve as a sort of ladder, it successively, with different segments, seizes a higher and a higher portion, until in the end it reaches the summit, where with its tail it feels for the silken threads that are to support it." Then by means of a number of little hooks, with which its anal extremity is covered, it entangles itself among the silk, and confirms its hold by several rapid whirlings.

A practised naturalist will soon be able to detect in this swathed mummy, all the external parts of the future butterfly. The eyes are marked by two prominences in front of the head; the wings are brought down on each side, in an opposite direction to that which they will assume when erect; the antennæ and legs are stretched upon the breast; and the long sucking-tube, not yet in its spiral curl, is extended between them. A few days before the birth of the butterfly, that is, about three weeks after the assumption of the chrysalis state, the approaching maturity of the inclosed insect is announced by the increasing transparency of the pupa-skin, and by the appearance of the

beautiful markings and colours of the butterfly's wing, perfect, but in miniature. When the time arrives, the hollow nervures that pervade the wings receive a fluid from the body, which is impelled through their whole course, lengthening them, and at the same time expanding the membranes that are stretched over them. The effect is soon manifest; the wings, which at first were smooth, though thick and pulpy, presently begin to crumple up in a strange manner, so as to cause one who watches the beautiful process for the first time, to fear that they are spoiled. But wait awhile; they grow wider and longer, and at the same time more and more crumpled; at length, their full dimensions are attained, and now, imperceptibly but rapidly, the corrugations one by one straighten and soon disappear, and the gorgeous wings are expanded in all their unsoiled and unruffled beauty, not a wrinkle marring their even surface, not a single scale of the elaborate mosaic displaced. They are still, however, soft and flaccid, and incapable of being erected, but every moment strengthens them, and in about an hour from the time when the first crack appeared on the back of the pupa, the lovely sylph begins to open and shut its pinions in the sun, and gathers courage to try its new-born powers in the fields of air.

We have given a description of the metamorphoses of the butterfly as an example of the phenomena. It must not be supposed, however, that the details are the same in all cases; variations occur in different genera and species, more conspicuously in the families; and when we compare the various orders, we find a parallelism only in the great leading facts, but endless diversity in detail.

We have seen that the states through which butterflies, and with them all other winged insects, pass, are four in number; the *egg*, the *larva*, the *pupa*, and the *imago*, as they are called by naturalists, or, as they are generally named, the *egg*, the *caterpillar* or *grub*, the *chrysalis*, and the *perfect insect*. We shall now proceed to offer a few remarks on each of these states successively.

1. EGGS.—The fertility of insects far exceeds that of birds, and is surpassed only by that of fishes.¹ But the number of eggs laid by different species, sometimes even of the same natural family, is extremely various. Thus common flies lay six or eight; the flea twelve; the burying-beetle thirty; may-flies under a hundred; the silk-worm moth about 500; the great goat-moth 1,000; the tiger-moth 1,600; the female wasp at least 30,000; the queen-bee varies considerably in the number of eggs that she produces in one season, in some cases it may amount to 40,000 or 50,000, or more. But all these are left far behind by one of the white ants, which lays not fewer than 60 eggs in a minute, which gives 3,600 in an hour, 86,400 in a day, 2,419,200 in a lunar month, and 211,449,600 in a year: probably she does not always continue laying at this rate, but if the sum be set as low as possible, it will exceed

the number produced by any other known animal in the creation.

The size of the eggs is in proportion to that of the insect producing them, though in some instances small ones produce larger eggs than those laid by bigger species. Thus the eggs of many *Aptera*, and of the bird-louse, are probably nearly as large as the parent insect, while those of the ghost-moth, and many other *Lepidoptera*, are vastly smaller. This circumstance perhaps depends principally on the number they produce; the majority of them, however, are small. The largest egg known, if it be not rather an egg-case, is that of a spectre-insect figured in the Linnæan Transactions, which was five lines in length, and three in width, or nearly the size of the egg of some humming-birds. But we do not often meet with insect eggs exceeding a line in length. A large number are much smaller; those of *Ephemera* are more minute than the smallest grains of sand, and those of subcutaneous moths are almost imperceptible by the naked eye.

The eggs of insects are not confined to any particular shape. Their most usual form, indeed, is globular, oval, or oblong, with various intermediate modifications. We meet with them ovate, flat and orbicular, elliptical, conical, cylindrical, hemispherical, lenticular, pyramidal, square, turban-shaped, melon-shaped, pear-shaped, boat-shaped, and sometimes of shapes so strange and peculiar, that we can scarcely credit their claim to the name of eggs. Their surface, though often smooth, is frequently curiously and elegantly sculptured. Some are only ornamented on one side; others on both. In some butterflies the whole surface is covered with hexagonal reticulations; in others, it is beset with minute granules or tubercles. Many other minor differences in this respect might be noticed, but these will suffice to give some idea of their infinite variety.

The colour of the eggs of insects is as various as their shape and sculpture. Those of spiders are white; those of silk-worms are yellow; those of the bloody-nosed-beetle are orange; and those of some *Tipula* are red. There are also eggs of every shade between red and black, and of every hue between blue and green. Some are speckled like those of many birds, others are banded with zones of different colours. Many eggs change their colour after they have been laid a few days. Those of the gnat are first white, then green, and lastly grey; those of the silk-worm change from yellow to a violet colour; and those of a very rare and beautiful moth are at first sulphur-coloured, then green, next rose-coloured, and lastly blackish.

2. LARVÆ.—Nearly all larvæ agree in having a body more or less constricted at intervals into a series of rings, usually twelve in number, often nearly equal in length, but sometimes very dissimilar. The general outline or shape of the body is extremely various; most frequently it approaches to a cylindrical, sometimes to a conical, and sometimes to an obovate form. Some are fusiform, others are convex; but it is useless to enumerate these peculiarities, since

(1) The sturgeon is said to lay 1,500,000 eggs, and the cod-fish 9,000,000.

they can only be advantageously learned by watching the actual metamorphosis of any singularly formed larvæ.

Many larvæ are quite naked, but a very considerable number are *clothed* with hairs or bristles of different kinds, in greater or less abundance, and arranged in various manners, whilst a small proportion have their skin beset with spines, or a mixture of spines and hairs. The spinous larvæ are principally lepidopterous, and many of our most beautiful butterflies are furnished with points so long and sharp, as readily to pierce the skin.

To attempt any classification of *coloured* larvæ would be vain, since they are tinged with almost every conceivable shade, and infinitely diversified as to the arrangement and figure of their multiform spots and markings. We may, however, observe that many are of the colour of the plant on which they feed, by which merciful provision they are with difficulty discovered by their enemies.

Our last observation under this head relates to the *growth* of larvæ. Lyonnet found that the caterpillar of the great goat-moth after having attained its full growth, is at least 72,000 times heavier than when it was first excluded from the egg. Its size had of course increased in the same proportion. Redi states that some flesh-flies become from 140 to more than 200 times heavier in twenty-four hours; an increase of weight and size truly prodigious in so short a time, but essential for the end of their creation—the rapid removal of putrescent animal matter.

3. *PUPÆ*.—There is much less variety in the *colour* of pupæ than in that of larvæ. The majority of coleopterous and hymenopterous pupæ are white, or whitish; of lepidopterous and dipterous, brown of various shades, often verging on black in the former, and on red in the latter. The angular lepidopterous ones, however, are more gaily decorated. Some are of a greenish yellow, marked with spots of black; others are of an uniform green; others are reddish; others again are red with black spots. A still greater number shine as though gilded with burnished gold; either applied in partial streaks, or covering the entire surface. It was from this gilded appearance that the term *chrysalis* was derived. The alchemist mistook it for real gold, and referred to the case as an argument in favour of the transmutation of metals. But Réaumur has satisfactorily shown that this appearance is owing to the shining white membrane immediately below the outer skin, which, being of a transparent yellow, gives a golden tinge to the former.

Though pupæ are generally not locomotive, we must not omit some account of their *motions*. Chrysalises, during the first twelve months of being pupæ, when their skin is soft, frequently turn themselves, that the side on which they lie may not be flattened. De Geer tells us that the pupa of the ghost-moth, whose cocoon is more than twice the length of the chrysalis, moves in it from one end to the other. Bonnet observed one of a moth, which alternately fixed itself at the top and bottom of its spacious cocoon; descending slowly, but

ascending as quickly, and almost in the same manner, as a chimney-sweeper in a chimney.

4. *PERFECT INSECTS*.—When the development of the perfect insect is complete, and all its parts and organs have attained the requisite firmness and solidity, it immediately begins to exercise them in their intended functions. Previously to this launching into the wide world, or at least directly after, almost all insects discharge from their intestines some drops of an excrementitious fluid, often transparent, and sometimes red. In some instances where their numbers have been considerable, this has produced the appearance of a shower of blood; and by this natural fact, all those bloody showers recorded by historians as preternatural, and regarded where they happened as fearful prognostics of impending evils, are stripped of their terrors, and reduced to the class of events that happen in the common course of nature.

Some perfect insects *live* only a few hours; some never see the sun; others, as flies, moths, and butterflies, and indeed the majority of insects, a few days or weeks; while a very few, such as large beetles, six, nine, twelve, or fifteen months. Some, however, enjoy long lives in captivity. Mr. Baker kept one of the darkling beetles alive under a glass upwards of three years. Roesel informs us that he fed the rose-beetle with fruit and moist white bread for as long a period; and Esper kept our most common water-beetle in a large glass vessel, for three years and a half.

We have now given an instance of the metamorphoses of insects, and noticed some particular circumstances connected with each of the four states through which they pass; it remains for us to answer the question, why are insects subject to these changes? We can only say that such is the will of the Creator, who doubtless had the wisest ends in view, although we are unable satisfactorily to discover them. Yet one reason may be hazarded. A very important part assigned to insects in the economy of nature, is that of speedily removing decayed animal and vegetable matter. Insatiable voracity and unusual powers of multiplication are therefore indispensable. But insects occupied in the work of reproduction could not continue their voracious feeding. Their life, therefore, after leaving the egg, is divided into three stages. In the first, their sole object is the satisfying their hunger, and this is commonly the longest period of its existence. Having now laid up a store of materials for the development of the future perfect insect, it becomes a *pupa*; and during this inactive period the important process slowly proceeds, uninterrupted by the calls of appetite. At length the perfect insect is disclosed. It now often requires no food at all; and scarcely ever more than a very small quantity. Its sole object is the multiplication of its kind, from which it is diverted by no other propensity; and this important duty being performed, the end of its existence has been answered, and it expires.

Q. Q.

THE MERIAH SACRIFICE: A TALE OF ORISSA.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

It would be difficult to imagine an oriental scene more beautiful than that presented by the sacred city of Nassik, when the Godavery is at its height. In addition to the natural features of the land, skirted as it is, with hills excavated with their innumerable cave temples and cells of "eremites of old;" in addition to the rich gardens, waving with plantain and betel trees, a foliage always lovely and refreshing in the East; in addition to the picturesque bends of the majestic river, sweeping below the city walls,—the temples and ghats at Nassik are of finer architecture than can be found in India—unless the rivals be sought for upon the banks of the far-famed Ganges. The reputation of the Godavery for sanctity is also great. The aged are consigned to die in its waters, sure of their bearing the spirit onwards to the heaven of Indra; and on a calm evening, the stream seems illumined as far as the eye can reach with lights, each floating in its little bark of cocoa-nut shell, and consigned to the care of the sacred Gunga by hands trembling with human hopes. "At the time of which I write, there was a *mela*, or fair, the result of a religious festival held at Nassik; and the city and suburbs were crowded by people from every part of India. Truculent looking Patans from Hindostan, armed to the teeth, their *sulufs*, or love-locks, exquisitely scented with sandal-wood oil, their purple and gold turbans jauntily set over one ear, and decorated with newly-blown roses and mogree blossoms, were contrasted with priests from Dwaka, as simple in attire as the Patans were gay: bigots these were of the first class, and as such, each held the tip of his ear as a stranger passed; an act hovering between precaution against the Evil Eye, and an emphatic curse upon the passenger. Then, there were parties of chiefs from the provinces, riding horses with pink tails, and silver rings above their fetlocks, followed by chosen bands of irregular horsemen, some with their swords drawn, some roaring forth the titles of their feudal lord; and all, to judge by their excitement, under the influence of very considerable drams of fermented hemp-juice, or the wine of the palm tree. Brahmin women, too, were present in abundance; some, glittering with gold and precious stones, walking hand-in-hand around the temples, in performance of certain vows; and others, crowded into *ratts*, with their handsome children, in holiday attire, all laughing and chattering together, as only Indian women could laugh and chatter, when compressed into a springless cart, drawn by bullocks, and surrounded with curtains of wadded cloth under the full rays of a tropic sun!

Such were a few of the principal features that fell under the eye at the Nassik mela; but, beyond these, were Bunjarra merchants, who, travelling from the Concan to Hyderabad in the Deekan, took this road, and halted here to mingle in the gaieties. Kalatnee jugglers, also, who, not allowed to enter the city,

pitched their camp by the river-side, and spent their time between the performance of feats of wondrous cunning, and libations of bheng to an incalculable extent. The area in front of the principal temple, too, was one mass of human beings; and as one moved among the crowd, it was impossible not to remark with interest many of its distinctive features. In one corner, for instance, was a devotee performing penance by standing upon his head on a leaf of tulsi; a rival ascetic was seated on a deer-skin, in a state of apparent abstraction, one arm extended above his head, the muscles having become rigid, and the finger-nails curling downwards, like the horns of a chamois. Not far from these, was a man who had travelled from Beema Shunka as a Dervish. He wore a green and yellow conical cap, with a sash of the same waving in the air, and was directing the motions of a dancing buffalo, gaily trapped with crimson cloth and silver bells; and as the pretty little creature stamped its feet, and shook its head, the dervish danced too, and beat time with a pair of cymbals. The snow-white buffalo and his rotatory master, sash, cymbals, and sanctity inclusive, were soon pushed aside, however, by a tall handsome figure, with flashing eyes, and hair falling in rich masses on his shoulders, who balanced on a bamboo huge vessels covered with crimson cloth, and surrounded with silver bells, while as with stately steps the bearer of holy water from Benares made his way, he shouted forth all the names of the Hindoo deities, their attributes, and best known acts. The crowd made way for the religious herald as he came; for him and his water vessels. Some touched the velvet, raising, immediately that they had done so, their hand to their forehead; and many a proud priest bowed low as the bearer of Gunga's waters passed along. Happy had it been could he have continued so to pass in his proud office; but a little child—a sweet, smiling, happy child, that had long been gazing with infantine delight on the clever tricks of the dervish and his pet, now ran gaily across the water-bearer's path, and heedlessly striking against the vessels, the sacred water was sprinkled on the ground. A deep, a fearful curse, fell hissing from the lips so lately devoted to the praise and service of the gods; and the Gosaen spurning with his foot the innocent author of his wrath, the child fell, pained and shrieking, on the ground. In a moment more a heavy blow descended on the ruffian devotee, and, a priest snatching the infant to his bosom, the crowd gathered in. "It is little Toolsee Bhye," said they, "the only child of the high priest of the Mahdeo temple!"

The Hindoo people are singularly fond of children; this feeling, and their love of flowers, are, I think, two of their most pleasing characteristics; much sympathy was consequently felt for little Toolsee Bhye, and as she lay weeping in her father's arms, many a kind hand was stretched forth with offerings of glittering sweetmeats, and pretty toys, in solace to the frightened child; while the Brahmins whispered together of the blow given by Sydajee to the Gosaen



"There is no hope for her . . . she knows that there is not yet still she kneels & presses her burning brow against the cold marble."

of Benares, and more than one prophesied the wrath of Devi on the priest of Mahdeo. None, however, could deem the father wrong; or, if they did so, their judgment was soon merged in tender sympathy, as their eye fell upon the child, looking so lovely, as she lay clasped to her fond father's heart; her little ankles decorated with silver bangles, her round and polished arms encircled with protective talismans, her glossy hair braided with festal flowers, her bodice and skirt of particoloured satin delicately embroidered; while, amid all these aspects of gaiety, the long fringes of her dark eye-lashes glittered with tears, as they rested on her round and polished cheek. But it was now some hours past mid-day, and the mela at its height; so the groups dispersed again, seeking the scenes that pleased them most. Some bathed in the sacred waters, others strolled among the booths filled with sarree cloths, turbans, and gaily tinted handkerchiefs; others looked on at the preparations for the fireworks, while some laid down and slept, singularly indifferent to the human voices and shrill discords that pervaded the temple courts. The largest masses, however, had formed a triple circle around the poles of the Kalatnees, and a clever set indeed these jugglers were! One dancer on the slack rope, after having exhibited for some time with a pair of skates girded on his bare feet, next knelt in a brazen dish, and thus urged himself along the line; then, with a tremendous vault, he dropped from the rope within a circle of unsheathed daggers, ending by tossing them among the crowd. But the buffoon of the party, whom all seemed most to delight in, was an old man, with a closely shaven head and an enormous pair of ears; who, having told a story of how, in consequence of the perpetration of a great crime, the Poonah police had been sent to seize him, and they catching him by the ears he had slipped from their grasp, the old Kalatnee challenged any pair of people present to essay thus to secure his person, promising a rupee as their reward in case of success. With a loud laugh, two Moslems sprang from the circle, and settled on the ears of the Kalatnee, but he shook them off in a moment. He challenged four! The result was the same. Six! One twirl, and the juggler was free as air! The baffled men sulkily retired; but no sooner were they seated than the old rogue sprang upon them, and seizing each alternately by an ear, dragged his victim round the arena, amidst roars of laughter from the spectators.

These follies continued until night, and then the temples were illuminated with thousands of lights, whose reflections were singularly beautiful as seen in the pure waters of the Godavery; the temples resounded with music, tents pitched for the occasion accommodated bands of Natch women; bheng and kusumba were everywhere abundant; the apparently apathetic Hindoos indulged in the loudest revelry and the most reckless dissipation; and in the excitement of the hour, the past and future of each man's life was alike unheeded, for memory and hope were scared by the wild realities of those maddening hours.

Midnight had passed. The temple lights grew dim: the players of pachesa in the verandahs of the sacred places were now weary; and except those who, stupefied with kusumba, willingly remained in the tents of the Natch women, most of the crowds dispersed, and took their way into the city of Nassik. And as the late revellers passed the Chursoo, or halting-place for travellers, near the great well, many bowed humbly as they recognised therein, seated on his deer skin, the water-bearer of Benares, who, with his head powdered with wood ashes, and a cobra twined round his neck, gazed on all that passed with that marvellous air of abstraction which Gosaens of his class acquire so perfectly from a desire to convey to the vulgar an idea of the absence of the spirit in communion with the gods of Indra. Few, even of less priest-ridden people than the credulous Hindoos of Nassik, seeing this man, whose sanctity was supposed to render all creation subservient to his will, and to reduce the subtle serpent even to be his ministering slave, would have supposed that but an hour before, in the disguise of a Mahratta cultivator starving from the effects of a late famine, he had been bartering for the sale of a little child in the camp of Bunjara grain merchants. Yet thus it indeed had been; and when, at sunrise returning from the temple of Mahdeo, the Brahmin Sydajee sought the little couch of his fair child, he uttered a terrified cry, and rushed to the temple ghat, her favourite playground. Strange contrast!—on that now deserted spot was but a single figure—a woman from the city, filling her water vessels, and on the coil of ropes that lay beside her was a little cap of blue and silver needlework, which she had found, she told the Brahmin, floating on the deep calm stream of the Godavery.

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The scene lay at the head of the Malsajghat, and was wild, bold, and beautiful. This remarkable mountain pass is about half way between Bombay and Poonah, on the Iooner road, and people travel it to avoid the tolls of the more direct route to the Deccan, over the ghat of Candalla. Its characteristics are very remarkable, and as picturesque as they are strange. The opening of the pass is extremely narrow, almost more, indeed, resembling a doorway than the entrance to a road; and on looking down the pass, the whole plain of the Concan, bounded by the ocean, lies like a map under the traveller's eye. The road is so rugged and steep, that bullocks alone can keep their footing on it, nor can one pass another; so that merchants descending blow horns to signify to those below the necessity for halting until the way is clear. The rocks towering on either side of this wild defile are occasionally excavated, and here and there appears upon their surface a rudely sculptured image of Huniman, or of Devi, panoplied against the giants. This road, in fact, had once been in good order in the old days of Mahratta government; but now its difficulties are such that it is not uncommon for the villagers to ascend the faces of the scarped rock, in preference to toiling up this stony road, a

matter they effect quite after their own fashion, by means of a rope-ladder furnished with strong grappling irons. Strangers, however, who were well accustomed to see the people of Bombay climb the tallest palm trees on the island, looked on these scarps and doubted such being the fact, until guards were placed in the pass, and it was found that, notwithstanding these precautions, Banians were de-nosed, and villages burnt about the ears of extortioners, by bands of men who so came up at night to compass their retributive work, and in the morning were calmly herding their flocks in the Concan! Bullocks, however, cannot use rope ladders so conveniently as did the retainers of Ragojee the bandit, and consequently groups of travellers, more particularly Bunjaras, are commonly to be seen bivouacked on the hard open plain at the head of the ghat until it is convenient for them to descend; and this happened to be the case at the time of which I speak.

The encampment of Bunjaras included some five hundred bullocks, from Hyderabad in the Deccan, whose bags of grain, when emptied at Bombay, were to be there refilled with salt for the convenience of the subjects of his highness the Nizam. This trade is the birth-right of Bunjaras, and they know no other. The camp in question was fenced round with the heavy grain bags, and guarded by large fierce dogs of a peculiar breed. The weary bullocks rested within, and a few watch-fires were burning brightly there: The party had halted an hour before sunset, according to Bunjara custom, and neither ablution nor prayer was made; for the grain merchants have no practical religion, but simply a code of morals, strict enough, however, among themselves; and thus the weary people had lain down to rest, and silence reigned around the camp, until the fierce barking of a watch-dog warned them of a stranger's coming. On this, several of the Bunjaras sprang to their feet, and perceived a somewhat aged man, mounted on a sorry nag, and accompanied by a single matchlock bearer, who slowly approached the party.

"Pass on!" cried the Bunjara nearest to the travellers. "We are merchants, and hold no intercourse with any but our own people."

"I pray you, suffer us to halt under your protection, brother," replied the stranger. "An aged man on this weary beast cannot descend the ghat to-night, and here is neither temple nor dhurmsaulah for us to lodge in."

"Lie in one of the caves of the pass, then," roughly answered the Bunjara. "I have spoken; we mingle not with strangers."

"Alas! alas!" bitterly exclaimed the traveller; "how can I lie in the caves of the pass? Are they not visited nightly by the tigers of the plain, and are not their broken rocks the nests of cobras and scorpions innumerable? And worse than this, is not that revengeful scourge of the Deccan, Ragojee, abroad, lurking in all such places—he and his band, with their knives whetted, and their bows strung? I am a stranger, brother, a traveller from far Orissa; pro-

tect us for this night, and let me and my servant but lie by your fire, and I will leave with you at dawn a bangle worth your strongest bullock."

A woman started from beside the grain bag beside which, in lurking silence, she had heard the colloquy. "Let him come, Dajee," (what Bunjara woman *can* resist a jewel?) "let him come," said she; "he says truly, these are not times to pillow gray hairs in the caves of the Malsaj."

The traveller dismounted, and seated himself opposite the Bunjara woman by the nearest watch-fire; and though he gazed curiously on her, she was in no degree abashed; for the hardy free life the wives and daughters of these merchants live, forms in them a peculiar character, quite Spartan-like in its purity and independence. The traveller gazed on the Bunjara woman not so much in admiration of her brilliant beauty, as in surprise at a costume altogether new to him, and peculiar to her people. Her skirt, bodice, and veil, were of that full rich tone of colour known as Tyrian purple, brodered with needlework of white and scarlet, with little mirrors sewn therein, and finished with a fringe of cowries; innumerable chains, bangles, and tassels of silver decorated her neck, ankles and arms; and on her dark, luxuriant, and carefully arranged hair, plaited with crimson and silver threads, was a tiara of bright silver, resting on a little pad studded with stars of the same metal. Had the traveller been a Jew, he must have thought of Esther when Ahasuerus made her queen instead of Vashti; as it was, he only gazed long and admiringly, as any one else would have done, and then, having been told that such dresses are heir-looms in the Bunjara families, he laid aside his chillum, took a little pill of opium, and covering his feet with his chudder, laid down to sleep.

An hour before dawn, the Bunjara camp was broken up, and all prepared for their day's journey. The leading bullock was fully attired in all his bravery; necklaces depended from his neck, and a large tuft of crimson feathers was placed between his gilded horns, from the tips of each of which also fell little tassels of particoloured silk. The grain bags were securely fixed, and on them were steadied the arms, cooking vessels, and bedding of the merchants' families; each bullock bearing a pair of crimson flags fastened to long bamboos, secured between the grain bags; and thus they set forth, in single file, to descend the rugged pathway of the ghat, Dajee bearing his matchlock in his hand, and walking immediately in advance of the stranger's poney, turning his head from time to time to talk of indifferent matters, and studiously avoiding all reference to the manners and habits of his own people, a subject on which the traveller, however, naturally felt much interest. He observed that the woman Heeree still wore the splendid dress that had attracted him so much the evening before ere he laid down to rest, and other women of the party were similarly decked, although, to judge from the tattered and travel-stained appearance of some of the veils and phylacteries, it would seem they had

passed through many generations, and seen the rocks of the Malsaj Ghat on numerous occasions, ere they, as heir-looms, had come into the possession of their present owners. The party were now half way down the ghat, having only to wind round one more sharp angle of the rocks, and the dogs were all prepared to guide the bullocks, with barks and bites, in that emergency, when one of the beasts suddenly stumbled, and a huge copper vessel, that had been tied among the grain bags, was jerked forward and fell upon the ground, while the shrieks of a child showed the purpose to which this species of howdah had been applied. Heeree ran forward, and, soothing it with much tenderness, reseated the little creature more securely among her own bedding, then laughed and talked with it, as she walked by the bullock's side, while the infant, delighted with the gay attire of the woman, and animated by the fresh morning air, returned her smiles with all the winning loveliness of single-hearted childhood.

"Who is that little one?" inquired the traveller of his companion Dajee, she is too fair for a Bunjara, and by the sacred mark of the lotus flower on her arm looks like one of the Brahmin caste; this is the badge of Crishna, and is well known to the women of the Jumna, but with you, it is only given at Dwaka, or at Nassik."

"Oh! there is no secret about the child," was the reply. "I bought her for a sack of opium, of a Mahratta peasant, at the Mela; the man was a starving cultivator, thanks to these rogues of Banians, that my friend Ragojee Bangria is bringing to their senses, and as he could not feed his child, he sold her for what would dull the cravings of his own appetite. As to her colour, why the Mahrattas are dark enough, but who knows? her mother may have been a slave in a chieftain's harem, a Persian girl perhaps, or a Cabool damsel; and as to the lotus flower, it may be an ornament to save bangles; these things are nothing to me! I bought the child, and paid the opium; Bunjaras ask no questions, we interfere with no man's business, and draw the sword on those who interfere with ours. I have said."

"And what will you do with the little Mahratta maiden?" inquired the traveller carelessly. "I suspect it requires a peculiar constitution to lead your life, lying by night under the canopy of heaven, on the cold ground, and toiling under a burning sun by day; the child need have the blood of a Bunjara mother in her veins to live with you."

"True," said Dajee; "Heeree loves the child, and wants to adopt it, but I have told her I will not suffer such folly in the camp; from Bombay we shall travel to Rajpootana, and there I shall sell the girl into the harem of Joudpore, for the Rajah's young daughter wants a companion such as they can train this child to be; she will grow as pretty and sprightly a little Mahrattah maiden as may be, and the Ranees will love her very dearly, and make her her friend, and it will be the brightest day in her whole life, that in which the peasant of Ainavale sold his child for a sack of opium, to Dajee the Bunjara!"

"This is all very well," was the traveller's reply; "but after all, my brother, it is but a matter of mirage, that may clear away, and leave you a desert for your fancied pools of water, and shading palm trees! Joudpore is not Bombay, and Ranees do not wait for slaves until Bunjara merchants travel over a thousand miles at ten koss a day, to bring them one. You may fall in with Thuggs before then, or tigers, and lose the child, or she may die of cholera, and then you will not have gained much by your opium bargain. Now it happens that I want just such a little merry damsel as this is, to bring up with my own daughter in the Khond country near Orissa; besides, being an old man, and sad at times, the child will serve to beguile the homeward way. So if you will, let us strike the bargain at once; I will give you in the Soucar's house, in Bombay, a thousand rupees for the child—a good return for your sack of opium, brother."

Dajee looked at the traveller, inquiringly. "Are you in earnest?" was the question, "it is a large sum for a mere baby."

"Beehees'm, on my eyes be it," replied the man; and this being the strongest asseveration that could be given, Dajee walked on, chatted confidentially with his wife awhile, and the matter ended in little Toolsee Bhye becoming the property of Kurti Vas, the agent of Chokra Bisshye, the Goomsoor chieftain.

Years passed, and many are not required, in oriental climes, to bring with them the full development of female loveliness. As a bud, Toolsee Bhye was the charm of Nassik, and as a flower, she became the pride of Goomsoor. The family of Chokra Bisshye seemed to live but in her smiles, and the love of the chieftain was displayed in the most anxious endeavours to render her skilled, above all the maidens of the land, in rare and delicate accomplishments, and to afford her the means, by dress and valuable ornaments, of appearing every day more beautiful. She enjoyed greater liberties than the daughters of his house, and on all festivals, the chief delighted in showing her, in all her pride of loveliness, to the people, and to do so, often placed her in the howdah of his own elephant. Happiness seemed to have become the portion of the sweet Brahminee girl, and the age at which she had been stolen from the priest's house at Nassiek was so young, and the varied scenes and persons that rapidly succeeded to this period in her life, had so banished the earlier portions of it from her memory, that Toolsee Bhye, although aware that Chokra Bisshye was not her father, yet felt his care and tenderness were all-sufficient to banish natural regret for her lost parent. At times, indeed, a dream would seem lingering in her memory—a vision float before her eyes. The aged priest was there in his white robes of office, and his eyes looked sorrowfully upon his child, and he wept as it seemed her fate; but from these oppressions, the young girl would rouse herself with a smile, a gay, glad smile. "Oh! if my father loved me," she would whisper to her heart, "would he not rejoice to see me thus?" and then again she heard, that by reason of some government interference at Nassik, many of

the priests had left it, and therefore she scarcely clung to its memory, as to that of a once loved home. Its fanes seemed desecrated to her fancy. The temples, reflecting porch and tower in the still waters of the Godavery, might still be there, but their tutelary gods to her seemed cast from their ancient altars. It might have been otherwise, perhaps, with Toolsee Bhye, but for the joy and gladness of the present,—but for the new, fresh, trusting hopes that sprang in the pure heart of that young girl; for we know that the past has ever a strange, deep interest to the human mind, when that mind is unstirred with excitements of the present. And even when it is so, remembrances of early days, of the voices of those who loved us then, of the sweet breath of flowers we plucked and wreathed, of the tones of bells, with a thousand other sweet, dream-like things, will seem re-echoed on the senses from the past, in vibrations as it were from old harmonies, charming the spirit in its intervals of rest, and puzzling the memory for links between the well-remembered and the all-forgotten passages of our dream-like life, as they come, ever toning the spirit with better and with softer thoughts. With the sweet Toolsee Bhye, however, the present filled up the measure of her joy, for already was she the willing thrall of the Love God Camdeo, and his service to a votary such as the Hindoo maiden, blinds heart, and mind, and senses, to his altar. The object of this young girl's first love was well calculated, indeed, to win it, if it be true that manly beauty, daring courage, and chivalrous bearing lead captive woman's heart; for Dora Bisshye possessed all these to a degree that made him distinguished throughout the land. As the nephew of her protector, Toolsee Bhye had seen the young chieftain day by day from her early childhood; then had he taught her to wreath garlands of every new device, to deck cocoa-nut shells, such as the maidens of Hindoostan love to float on the blue waters of the Jumna; and while yet a girl, he would sit with her, beneath the deep shadow of the palm trees, and to the sweet sounds of his sitarr sing to her delighted ear the soft love songs of Jayadevi, or the wild plaintive odes, in honour of their country's gods and demigods, with which the early poetry of Hindoostan abounds so richly. Thus grew, thus loved they, the stranger maiden and the chieftain of Ungool; nor seems it strange that neither cared for the world around them, which, lulled as they were in fond security, they believed had neither power to add to, nor to diminish their joy. This dream was, however, soon to be dispelled. In the calm hours they passed together, Toolsee Bhye learned to feel that a strong purpose nerved her lover's heart, and that, fondly as she was beloved by him, that love alone, was not the ruling passion of his soul. The lovers, as they were wont to do, had been wandering through the lovely gardens of the palace, while the cicala and the bulbul poured forth their evening lay, and the moon flower opened her pure pale blossoms in the starry light, when the chieftain suddenly pausing, gathered a chumpa bud, and placing it in the rich braids of his

companion's hair, playfully remarked, "I cannot now, sweet Toolsee Bhye, dower thee as my bride, with all the gold and gems of Ungool's royal line, for, from to-day, my sword must be my banker; but cherish this flower, sweet love, until Dora Bisshye, as soon he will, replaces it with those jewels of price, that will befit thy beauty and his power."

Toolsee Bhye raised her full dark eyes to his, doubtingly; and her sweet lips parted, as if she would have questioned the reason of his words, but the chief continued.

"My uncle, Chokra Bisshye, is fierce and cruel,—ay, sweet Toolsee, more fierce and cruel than your pure mind can image. His people, the chiefs of Boad, Hoozoor, and other lands under his power, have revolted, and refused tribute on this account. To bind me to his will, my uncle has detained from me my father's title, rank, and property, hoping that impoverishment will enslave my purpose, shackle my will, imprison my acts. But my decision is made; the malcontent lords of Khond have offered to acknowledge Dora Bisshye as their leader, and ere to-morrow dawns, I shall be with my bands upon the mountains, and thy lover, Toolsee Bhye, already notable as the brigand chief."

"Twere difficult to know what feeling most strongly at this moment possessed the heart of the Brahminee girl. The character given of Chokra Bisshye by the lips she loved and trusted, as she had neither loved nor trusted others in this wide world, startled and troubled her; but the daring character of the life chosen by the chieftain charmed her by the romance and energy which dictated its adoption. She felt that no change, no power, could separate those who loved as they had done; and when beneath the shadowing trees they pledged their faith—that trusting pair!—never had Dora Bisshye thought the fair Brahminee girl so lovely as now she seemed, her dark eyes beaming with sympathy in his high purpose; and never did her lover's form appear to Toolsee Bhye so glorious in its manly beauty, as when, turning from her, the chieftain passed to the narrow portal which led to those forest depths in which he had pledged trying to the lords of Khond.

In the present times, large numbers of the people, for many reasons, had enlisted under the banners of the rebel lords. Three years' famine had desolated the mountain district, and men murmured for lack of bread. Women sold their children for a few days' sustenance, and the soil from whence the fresh blades of corn were looked for, cracked into huge chasms, yawning graves, as they seemed, for the famished people. The priests declared their misery to be the result of the wrath of the gods, unappeased by sacrificial offering. The Meriah sacrifice, like the offerings of old to Baal, even that of human life, they thought was needed, ere the earth would yield her increase; for the Khonds believed that the life-blood of the innocent, and of the pure, and not the rain of heaven, is needed to give increase to the sower and crops to the reaper! and with this dark faith the people mur-

mured, that for seven years the rite had been unobserved. True, they knew the difficulty; they knew that the victim must be a stranger, rarely nurtured, beautiful in form, accomplished in mind, free in will, a voluntary sacrifice. They knew the British government had opposed the practice, and that among those who departed from the support of the old usage were Dora Bisshye and his chiefs. But yet the starving wretches clung to their faith in the Goomsoor prince and his priests, and they knew that more than one imprisoned stranger, reared in luxury, might be, at their will, still fitly immolated, as the Meriah sacrifice. The people murmured that it was not so, and they yet thirsted for the blood of the young and innocent, to sprinkle on their fields, and to gain for them an abundant harvest.

Weeks had passed since the young chief, Dora Bisshye, had left Ungool, and Toolsee Bhye felt life a sadder thing than she had yet believed it could be; for she had yet to learn how much existence owes its charm to those sweet dreams that, with transient and unsubstantial visions, fling bright colours on our path; sometimes, alas! to leave it, by power of contrast, but the more drear and desolate! Somewhat of this truth seemed now, indeed, opening on the young girl's heart; and as she gazed with longing eyes towards the hills in whose cave recesses lay hidden the gallant bands of him she loved, another link of cold experience was added to the new-wrought chain that sorrow wove. She felt that man can wrestle with the world, growing stronger, harder, as he wrestles; that activity, be it of whatever kind it may, affords joy to him; that novelty, that hope, the springs of high endeavour, the triumph of successful enterprise, give brightness to his lot, place it as you will; place it as even this chieftain's lot was placed, among wild and reckless men, who were risking all upon one throw: but that for woman, a patient waiting upon events is all her stay, while imagination kindles into madness, and hope wears itself to despair. Poor Toolsee Bhye! life was daily losing its rainbow-tinted hues to her, and the voice of her protector, since Dora Bisshye had spoken of him in terms of hatred, no longer sounded with the sweet harmony of welcome kindness on her ear. Yet now again he stood by her side, that powerful and dreaded chief—dreaded until now by all but the young girl who trusted in his love—and as his eye followed the direction of her own to the mountain crest, Chokra Bisshye calmly observed, "Dora has counted ill on the power of the rebel chiefs; they will betray him; your lover will find it so ere long, and must die the death that *he* deserves who opposes the government of a land, and mocks the power of its gods."

"Die!" and as the maiden uttered the dread word, she turned her dark, imploring eyes upon the prince. He answered the mute appeal: "You feel that Dora Bisshye is wrong, then, despite your love for your early playmate. It is well; you know not the deep

joy, young maiden, that it gives me to have this assurance from your lips."

The girl clasped her fair hands upon her forehead; "Wrong, wrong," she exclaimed; "oh, no! he opposes tyranny, the bloodshedding of the young and innocent, the—the—" what dared she add? The eyes of Chokra Bisshye gazed in their dark anger full upon her; it was of *his* power she had spoken, it was his will she had condemned: Toolsee Bhye tremblingly felt it so, and paused. "But you said," she at length softly added, "that he must die."

"Most surely, maiden," was the reply; "but know that in our land, we Khonds hold death as a glorious exchange for life, when we lay it down for our country's good; 'tis but to be dreaded when it comes from other causes, more especially from mockery of the gods."

"Ah!" sighed the young girl, "death must be ever fearful;" and as she spoke, she looked around on bird and flower, on the bright sky, on the rippling waters of the fountain, on the thousand forms of animated life, rejoicing in the glad sunshine, and shuddered as she thought of the cold, dread change, when these might no more bring gladness to the eye, or joy to the heart of him she loved.

The prince continued: "These flowers are bright, maiden, these skies are richly coloured, the incense of the breeze is grateful to the sense, the songs of birds form melody on the ear; but dim and harsh are sights and sounds, colours and harmonies of earth, compared to those that, in the gardens of Indra's paradise, await the raptured senses of the being dying for a country's good. The dull eye of sense, in the struggles of the victim, sees terror, it may be; but the spirit of the sacrifice, then translated to the courts of Indra, is welcomed as himself a god. Glorious change! The songs of Jayadevi breathe but of an earthly paradise, whose lotus blossoms are of the waters of earth, whose hours are the fawn-eyed daughters of Hindostan; but sense faints with ecstasy before the entrancing bowers, the sparkling waters, the ever-blossoming groves, the melodies and loves of Indra's heaven!"

As he spoke, the eyes of the Chokra Bisshye glittered with wild excitement; and as the maiden listened, a strange awe increased upon her spirit—a trembling terror, that she could in no way command.

It was not many days from the one on which the excited manner of the Goomsoor prince had exercised so painful and singular an influence over the mind of Toolsee Bhye, that her maidens bore into the under-room, or private apartment of the harem, a dress of splendid fabric, the delicate muslin of Daoca, bordered with gold; there were rich gems, too, beside it—pins for the hair, bangles, and ear jewels, fresh blossoms in abundance, and little vases of silver filigree filled with choice perfumes. It was the rich gift of the Chokra Bisshye, and with it came the request, that she would adorn herself in the khelat, or dress of honour, as it were, and accompany him to the temples of the city.

The young girl's heart beat high, as she admired the various beautiful items of her new toilette, pleasure and gratitude banishing for the time all other thoughts; and, when attired, glancing at her own lovely figure, rendered yet lovelier by the elegant folds of the delicate saree, so pure in tint, so fresh, so delicate, so soft in texture, marking, rather than concealing the charming outline of her graceful form, one desire only rested on the heart of the young beauty—that Dora, her own beloved, could see her now, beaming in the rich gifts of her indulgent patron. "Ah!" thought she, "he does him wrong; else how could he so love, so care for me, a stranger—a mere retainer on his bounty?"

The *cortège* set forth. Toolsee Bhye was seated alone in a native carriage, open on every side, and drawn by milk-white bullocks, gaily wreathed with flowers; above their broad foreheads waved plumes of peacocks' feathers, chains of silver fell around their necks, and bells sounded from every part of their rich housings as they slowly advanced towards the city. In front of this carriage, in full dress, and preceded by his elephants, rode the Chokra Bisshye, while on either side were bands of mounted men, some with the Neckaras, or royal drums, others blowing shrill trumpets, or playing upon cymbals; beyond these crowded religious mendicants, smeared with wood-ashes, and clad with little but a tiger's skin, cast about their stalwart forms. The crowd was very dense, and, surrounded as she was with guards, yet, from time to time, persons would burst forward, and strive to touch the edge of the young girl's saree, as it fell beyond the carriage; one could scarcely wonder at that, however, she was so very beautiful, and even the most barbarous people seem to have an innate love and reverence for the beautiful. Toolsee Bhye observed that some of these, more pressing than the rest, shrieked loudly, or cut themselves with knives, running back with blood-stained garments among the crowd, when they had obtained their object; but she thought little of the matter, for Orissa is full of fanaticism, and of fanatics of the wildest kind, and a Brahmin's daughter little heeds the phases in which Hindoo zeal may chance appear. She was charmed, too, with the bearing of the prince; never had he seemed so popular. The people received him with cries of joy, they wept—they cast their garments beneath his horses' feet—they called him their protector, their benefactor, the delegate of the gods, the almoner of their bounties; and amid these scenes they reached the temple. It was illumined as for a festival; and beside the altar was a framework of green bamboos, with faggots of sandal-wood lying near it. What was that? she dared not ask. She had heard a horrible tale of victims placed in such frames, while the kindling fire around them dried and contracted their place of merciless execution. Her brain grew dizzy with the fearful thought; the shrieks of the victim seemed even now sounding in her ears, and as they replaced her on the cushions of her carriage, the Brahmin's daughter was scarcely conscious that in low obeisance the priests had pressed their lips upon her robe, or

that they had hung garlands of jasmine-buds upon her fair neck and softly rounded arms. She soon recovered, however,—recovered to smile on all around her; and as she raised her hand to her fair forehead in answer to the low salaams of the admiring crowd, she in her young heart thanked her patron goddess, the beautiful Bhowani, for all the love, and reverence, and honour, thus showered on the adopted daughter of the Goomsoor prince.

* * * * *

The Meriah sacrifice!

She had then learned the truth? For this had she been, in the smiling innocence of her childhood, purchased by Kurti Vas, the agent for the rite,—for this had she been gently nurtured through her girlhood, her beauties cherished, her graces cultivated,—for this had she been decked with gems, and paraded in her spotless purity before the eyes of all the people of that land: the truth had reached her; from the hour that Kurti Vas took her in his arms, in the court of the Soucar's house, in far Bombay, from that hour she had been training to become a sacrifice worthy the acceptance of the gods of Khond! A stranger she must have been, the laws required it; beautiful, or she would not be accepted; pure, or curses would follow the oblation;—and now the time was come, a lingering, cruel death awaited her: that night the sentence had been passed.

The Meriah sacrifice!

The girl had sat, in the dull stillness of the silent room, with her fair head resting on her knees, stupefied with a horror too great, too mighty, too overpowering, to resolve itself to forms, or words, or tears. Tears?—oh, no! her brain was on fire, her senses reeling, her pulses throbbing on to madness, there were no tears for *her*! Now she starts from her low cushion; she violently forces back the masses of dark hair that had fallen over her temples as she sat, and rushes to the terrace garden; instinctively her hurried footsteps lead her to her favourite resort, an ancient tomb, the shrine of some religious devotee, on which the simple piety of the Khond peasants kept a small lamp constantly burning; she stretches out her arms towards the hills, and cries aloud.¹ But no; there is no hope for her *there*—she knows there is not; yet still she kneels, and presses her burning brow against the cold marble, and moans, and laughs, and shrieks, in the agony of her despair. But madness now is stealing into her heart, her brain; and could the people see their victim, they would call her passion the inspiration of the gods!

But a step approaches, a hand clasps hers, she is raised and drawn back from the garden, and a cup touches the lips of the devoted one—"Drink," it is the voice of the Goomsoor prince, "drink, favoured of the gods; this cup is filled with the umrita juice of paradise; to-morrow thou wilt drink it fresh in the bowers of Indra."

The girl falls upon her cushions; her fair arm pillows her flushed cheek, her dark hair sweeps round

(1) Vide Illustration.

her as a cloud. The opium has done its work. Visions steal upon her lulled senses, sweet visions of the past; she is once more on the banks of the cool Godavery, a gay and happy child—she floats her little bark of flowers, smiles and prattles in her father's arms, fondles her doves, and laughs, and laughs again, at the tricks of the old dervish, and his pretty pet. Sleep on, thou hapless one; would that waking hours had no reality for thee!

It was a cave in a mountain fastness. Stretched on a pile of deer skins lay the young chieftain Dora Bisshye, his spear and matchlock were by his side, and at the mouth of the cave reclined a group of armed men, smoking their kaliums by a bright fire kindled of bramble thorns. These heights were cold, but beyond the advantage of giving warmth, the fire was necessary to prevent the nearer approach of those beasts of prey whose roars reverberated among the dense jungles of the lower hills. The chieftain and his guard were weary, yet they had but halted until the return of a spy sent into Goomsoor, and then proposed a forced night march towards Boad, where their camp lay; this division of parties not being held as safe. Meanwhile as Dora Bisshye thus reposed, watching the fantastic forms with which the uncertain fire-light illumined the rough surfaces of the old cave, a thousand visions of gratified ambition, of fulfilled hope, of triumphant love, flitted before, and threw their bewitching forms on the mirror of his excited fancy. Long in league with the British, to abolish the hideous ceremonies of Orissa's faith, to break the car of Juggernath in pieces, and to banish human slaughter from the bloodstained land, the young chief saw in the unmistakable dissatisfaction of the people the bursting seeds of universal revolt; he hailed it as a prestige of his fortunes, and tracing his hoped-for career step by step, the young chieftain may be pardoned, if as he there lay on the rocky floor of that dim cavern, he already fancied the time not far distant when he, the ally of the British power, should rule Goomsoor with mercy, and the Brahmin's daughter be his fair, his loved, his happy bride.

From this delicious reverie the chief was rudely roused by hurried voices, with mingled expressions of astonishment and fear among his guards, but late so silent all and tranquil; and starting from his rude couch, the rebel leader sprang to the entrance of the cave; it was the returned messenger who spoke. "On, on, my lord," he cried, "while there is time; a price is set upon your head, even now the myrmidons of the Chokra Bisshye are on your track. The prince is again all powerful, the people worship him almost as a god; to-morrow, the Meriah sacrifice will be given for them, and they already riot in the certainty of abundant crops, with joy to repay all the last five years has cost them; there will be no revolt now, and your only safety is in flight." The man spoke vehemently, but his listener seemed to think less of himself, than of the aspect of things the messenger described.

"And is that poor pale victim so long immured in the Naga tower to fall at last? that hapless youth, said to have Feringee blood, who was stolen so long since by the accursed Kurti Vas from the Natch girl's tent at Delhi? Alas! poor youth, I thought to have saved thee;" and warrior as he was, a tear stood in the dark eye of the chieftain as he spoke.

The messenger looked hesitatingly upon the faces of his fellows, but the eyes of all were fixed upon the ground. "No!" was the reply. "It is no common sacrifice that could have satisfied the people of Goomsoor, no ordinary blood sprinkling that could have saved the hated Chokra Bisshye. To-morrow's victim,"—he paused; "to-morrow's victim is the young child, purchased for such a time as this, of the Deekan grain merchants. The Meriah sacrifice of to-morrow is the adopted daughter of the prince."

With a loud ringing cry the chieftain rushed forward, as if to cast himself from the scarp'd rock into the wooded depths circling the city; the guards caught him in their arms, they bore him back, they laid him on his couch of deer-skins, and for a while he seemed passive in their hands, as if in memory and thought, and power of action, all had left him. We cannot bear him on," exclaimed a warrior of the group, gazing with unutterable dismay and grief on the unconscious form and rigid features of his leader; "he will perish here: fly," cried he, turning to those who pressed around; "fly to the camp at Boad, and give the news without delay." There were brave men among that group, yet there wanted no second mandate to seek safety for themselves under any pretext; and when the first rays of early light struggled through the fissures of that rude cave, they fell but on the forms of two devoted men, the heart-stricken chieftain, and his one faithful friend and follower.

Thousands of people are already there, the gates of the city were closed and strictly guarded, crowds from the suburbs had entered it at dawn, and all egress and regress was now forbidden. The temple itself was decorated with scarlet flags, and in its chambers were bands of musicians, the loud shrill discord of whose instruments were prepared to overpower even the wild shriek of agony that might echo from wall and altar, and ascend to the skies without awakening one throb of human sympathy from hearts now scarcely of human mould. In the verandahs of the temple lounged masses of priests, Jogers, Fakirs, Gosaens, demons in all but form, the saintly race of bigoted Orissa! wretches who urge the fanatics of their faith beneath the wheels of Juggernath, triumphing as they watch a surging sea of victims, (as it were,) flowing on to agony and death, that they may enrich the temples, and feed the iniquities of their priesthood! Around the temple thronged the masses of the people; maidens in festival attire, young mothers with their babes, grey-bearded elders, who had loved, and blest, and lived, in the reflected joy of daughters, as fair, as gentle, as she now doomed to be their sacrifice! All was hope, was

triumph; and as the day advanced, every eye was turned in anxious expectation along that road strewn with flowers, by which the procession must arrive. From the houses on either side of this well-guarded avenue, might be seen stretched across it, threads of scarlet silk. Those who had placed them there, joyed in the certainty that when their children wore them, no evil, no danger, could dismay or touch them. Noon had already past. The sacrificial priest, in robes of purest white, stood by the altar; the censer filled with *Lāban*, cast its perfumed wreaths of incense round its base. The piles of sandal-wood, the green framework of split bamboo, the single cedar faggot, all were there. The anxious crowd began to murmur, but ere their anger was fully kindled, shouts of triumph rent the air, for there, amid elephants and horsemen, glittering arms, and splendid robes, appeared the open palankeen in which, in the dress the people had before seen, lay the lovely form of the beautiful Toolsee Byhe, the victim of the hour. By her side rode the prince, an aigrette of jewels in his turban, and his dark fierce eye gleaming with triumph as he gazed around on the multitude, now so wholly in his power. The shouts redoubled, yells and shrieks, mingled, with praises of the gods, and homage to the prince. The fakirs started from the temple, they rushed around the victim, leaping, dancing, and wounding themselves with knives and daggers, and trampling madly on the people. The prince lifted the victim in his arms, and bore her to the altar; she was passive as the dead. The priest received her, she laid like a bent lily in his grasp, he invoked the gods, he raised the sacrificial dagger, he cast aside her veil,—ah! what sees he there, that priest? The Lotus Flower of Crishna's favoured race has saved his votary, the father for a moment clasps his long-mourned daughter to his heart, and then with a loud cry he rushes from the altar, and the life-blood of Gomsoor's prince flows at the Brahmin's feet. There is a crash of instruments; the people shout, "The Meriah sacrifice is now complete;" some frantically force their way to dip their garments in the still warm blood. The truth is known; the people rush wildly from the spot; the gates are opened, and in a moment more the temple courts are filled with the allies of Dora Bisshye. They seek not to part that father and his child, and as they bear them from the altar's base, she sleeps upon his bosom, and dreams once more of early and of happy days.

On a miniature but very lovely lake, formed by a bend of the bright blue stream of the sparkling Jumna, stands a marble water palace, in form resembling the Taj of Agra. Around it are clustering trees of richly tinted foliage, and birds innumerable plume and dress themselves on the pellucid waters, while the brilliant little honey suoker, the mangoe bird, and the cicala abound amidst its shades. It is a fairy home, of joy, and love, and beauty, that tiny water palace, and in its cool and shaded harem the chieftain, Dora Bisshye, hastens to seek rest with his fair Hindoo wife, from the toil of government, or the active labours of the chase. The past to them is now as it had never been,

and Toolsee Byhe, of all the passages of her life, remembers only a delicious dream, that once lulled her in its heaven of rest, but whose visions, sweet, soothing, even joyous as they were, seem cold and dim and faded pictures, when compared with the realities that bless her now.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

GUTTA PERCHA A GOOD ELECTRICAL INSULATOR.

DR. FARADAY has found Gutta Percha to possess high insulating power. Thus, it makes very good handles for carriers of electricity in experiments or induction, not being liable to fracture; in the form of a thin band or string, it makes an excellent insulating suspender; a piece of it in sheet makes a most convenient insulating basis for anything placed on it. It forms excellent insulating plugs for the stems of gold-leaf electrometers, when they pass through sheltering tubes, and larger plugs supply good insulating feet for extemporary electrical arrangements; cylinders of it, half an inch or more in diameter, have great stiffness, and form excellent insulating pillars.

Because of its good insulation, it is also an excellent substance for the excitement of negative electricity. It is hardly possible to take one of the soles sold by shoemakers out of paper, or into the hand, without exciting it to such a degree as to open the leaves of an electrometer one or more inches; or, if it be unelectricified, the slightest passage over the hand or face, the clothes, or almost any other substance, gives it an electric state. Some of the gutta percha is sold in very thin sheets, resembling, in general appearance, oiled silk: if a strip of this be drawn through the fingers, it is so electric as to adhere to the hand, or attract pieces of paper. A thicker sheet might also be made into a plate electrical machine, for the production of negative electricity.

Then, as to inductive action through the substance, a sheet of it is soon converted into an excellent electrophorus; or, it may be coated, and used in place of a Leyden jar, &c.

CHANGES IN SOLID FORMS.

The gradual change of form of a body which still continues solid, is a problem at which many are confounded, because they cannot imitate the great experiment of nature. On a grand scale, it does not hold; but, in a smaller way, the barley sugar, which, in course of time, becomes crystalline and dull, presents an example of change of structure without any alteration of its solidity; and copper coins, buried in the earth, become oxidised without losing their impressions.—*Herr Karl Bruner, jun.*

MYRIADS OF ANIMALCULES.

In the Arctic seas, where the water is pure transparent ultramarine colour, parts of twenty or thirty square miles, 1,500 feet deep, are green and turbid, from the vast numbers of minute animalcules. Captain

Scoresby calculated it would require 80,000 persons, working unceasingly from the creation of man to the present day, to count the number of insects contained in two miles of the green water. What then must be the amount of animal life in the Polar regions, where one-fourth part of the Greenland sea, for 10 degrees of latitude, consists of that water!

THE LARGEST CORAL FORMATION.—ROLLING OF WAVES.

A barrier-reef off the north-east coast of the continent of Australia, is the grandest coral formation existing. Rising at once from an unfathomable ocean, it extends one thousand miles along the coast, with a breadth varying from two hundred yards to a mile, and at an average distance of from twenty to thirty miles from the shore, in some places increasing to sixty and even seventy miles. The great arm of the sea included between it and the land is nowhere less than ten, occasionally sixty fathoms deep, and is safely navigable throughout its whole length, with a few transverse openings, by which ships can enter. The reef is nearly twelve hundred miles long, because it stretches nearly across Torres Straits.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

The rolling of the billows along this great Australian formation has been admirably described: "The long ocean-swell, being suddenly impeded by this barrier, lifts itself in one great continuous ridge of deep blue water, which, curling over, falls on the edge of the reef in an unbroken cataract of dazzling white foam. Each line of breaker runs often one or two miles in length, with not a perceptible gap in its continuity. There is a simple grand display of power and beauty in this scene, that rises even to sublimity. The unbroken roar of the surf, with its regular pulsation of thunder, as each succeeding swell falls first on the outer edge of the reef, is almost deafening, yet so deep-toned, as not to interfere with the slightest nearer and sharper sound."

METALS IN THE HUMAN BLOOD.

* M. E. Millon has proved, by analysis, that the blood of man constantly contains silex, manganese, lead, and copper. The copper and lead are not in a state of diffusion through the blood; they are fixed with the iron in the globules, and everything leads us to believe that they share with it organization and life.

CURIOUS ICELANDIC PLANTS.

Many of the plants of Iceland grow to an unnatural size, close to the hot springs. Thyme grows in the cracks of the basin of the Great Geyser, where every other plant is petrified; and a species of chara flourishes, and bears seed in a spring hot enough to boil an egg!

HEIGHT OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

Sir John W. Lubbock, according to the hypothesis adopted by him in his Treatise on the Heat of Vapours, shows the density and temperature for a given height above the earth's surface. According to that hypothesis, at a height of fifteen miles the temperature is $210^{\circ} 6'$

Fahr. below zero; the density is .03573; and the atmosphere ceases altogether at a height of 22.35 miles. M. Biot has verified a calculation of Lambert, who found, from the phenomena of twilight, the altitude of the atmosphere to be about eighteen miles. The condition of the higher regions of the atmosphere, according to the hypothesis adopted by Ivory, is very different, and extends to a much greater height.

GEOLOGICAL CHANGES.—PAST AND PRESENT.

All the researches of modern Geology seem to prove that nothing is changed in the order of nature, and that the same causes which operated in the first ages of the world, are still influencing the occurrences which take place under our own eyes. Certain facts, however, have hitherto appeared not to be referable to this common origin; and the petrification of organic remains, in the midst of geological formations, is daily adduced as one of the most weighty arguments against this general law.

Few persons, indeed, will be ready to admit what, however, is an indisputable fact, that there are now forming, in the bosom of seas, petrifications which, in the double respect of chemical composition and mode of petrification, are altogether analogous to those which are formed in the bed of the ancient sea. To demonstrate this general fact, and to study the phenomena by means of which it is brought about, MM. Marcel Sederres and L. Figuier have contributed a valuable memoir to the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*.

BEAUTIFUL ACTION OF THE SUN.

The illuminating influence of the sun is displayed in a remarkable degree by the plant *cucalis ficoides*: its leaves combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere during the night, and are as sour as sorrell in the morning; as the sun rises, they gradually lose their oxygen, and are tasteless by noon; and by the continued action of the light, they lose more and more, till towards evening they become bitter.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

FERTILIZING EFFECTS OF RAIN-WATER.

Rain is never absolutely pure water: it is variously impregnated; and this in consequence of two offices which it seems to have to perform (not to mention others); namely, the purifying of the atmosphere, and the fertilising of the earth. Carbonic acid, oxygen, and azote, are always contained in it, and the former in considerably larger proportion than in the atmosphere, oxygen being more soluble in water than azote. And, besides these, there are other matters, such as carbonate of ammonia, and various substances, which it brings down with it, exercising its purifying function, from the atmosphere, in which they were suspended or dissolved.—*Dr. Davy, F.R.S.*

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

M. Blast, of Bombay, has discovered, in the neighbourhood of Cairo, an entire forest converted into silex; the vessels, medullary rays, and even the most slender fibres, are distinctly visible. The petrified

trees are from sixteen to eighteen metres in length. This phenomenon extends over a surface of many hundred miles. The whole desert which is crossed by the road from Cairo to Suez, is strewed with these trees, which seem to have been petrified on the spot, and in the existing era. At least, this forest is covered by nothing more than sand and gravels. The latter, and the trees imbedded in them, rest on calcareous limestones, which contain oysters, with their texture and colour so little altered, that one would believe them to have been left but recently by the waters of the sea. It is therefore probable that these substances belong to our own era; and we may adduce this interesting fact as tending to prove the transformation of living shells into new calcareous carbonate.—*M.M. Marcel de Serres and L. Figuiet.*

EFFECT OF COLOURED GLASS UPON VEGETATION.

Violet-coloured glass is stated to have been first used in France for aiding the ripening of grapes; the rationale of the experiment being the partial exclusion of the caloric rays, and the greater encouragement of the chemical rays. In England the experiment has failed; and French-beans and strawberry-plants grew rapidly under violet-coloured glass, but were long, spindly, and tremulous; in short, very unhealthy. A very light green has been found to answer better than a colourless glass for conservatories; and, by recommendation of Mr. Hunt, author of "Researches on Light," &c., the new vast conservatory at Kew has been glazed with this kind of flat glass, in order to afford the plants protection from the scorching heat of the meridian sun. A great improvement would be effected by the panes being of an arched form, and placed in such an aspect that the morning and evening rays of the sun would not have a tendency to reflect the rays back again, as is the case with thick flat glass, the irregular thicknesses of which, when the rays pass through them at right angles, act as burning-glasses; whereas, by the arrangement above suggested, the rays would pass in a direct course through the glass, and the condensed "drip" on the inside would be effectually carried off by channels on each side of the interior of the frames.—*Mr. Apsley Pellatt's Curiosities of Glass-making, (in the press.)*

CHEMISTRY OF ANIMAL HEAT.

The perpetual combination of the oxygen of the atmosphere with the carbon of the food, and with the effete substance of the body, is a real combustion, and is supposed to be the cause of animal heat, because heat is constantly given out by the combination of carbon and oxygen; and, without a constant supply of food, the oxygen would soon consume the whole animal, except the bones.—*Mrs. Somerville.*

SALTNESS OF SEA WATER.

In the Northern and Arctic Seas the specific gravity of the water has been found by Dr. Marcet, Mr. Scoresby, and Dr. Fyfe, 1026.7, and nearly the same at all depths. Under the equator, 1028. In the

Mediterranean, 1028.82, showing this sea to be considerably saltier than that of the oceans which surround the globe. But the saltiest, at least the heaviest of all the waters on the earth, is the Dead Sea, which is impregnated not only with salt, but also with sulphurous and bituminous ingredients. The specific gravity has been found to be 1211, showing an impregnation eight times greater than sea-water.

VANT IRRIGATION.

There are works for this purpose in India, tanks and aqueducts of immense magnitude, miles in circumference and length, which excite the wonder of the passing traveller, and are, in the labour expended on them, little inferior to the Pyramids of Egypt; themselves, it has been imagined, erected for hydraulic purposes.—*Dr. Davy, F.R.S.*

GALVANIC SHEATHING FOR SHIPS.

In 1827, by the advice of Sir Humphrey Davy, the English Admiralty caused the copper sheathing of vessels to be covered with a certain number of plates of zinc, in order to oppose, by a galvanic action, the rapid corrosion of the metal in sea-water, particularly on some parts of the coast of Africa. But this expedient had soon to be abandoned, because considerable deposits of shells and agglutinated sand encrusted the vessel so rapidly, that its progress was retarded. The galvanic action in this case accelerated the phenomenon. The copper, rendered negatively electrical by the pile formed by the superimposed zinc and copper, attracted the insoluble bases, the magnesia and lime, held in solution in the sea-water, and the side of the vessel began to be covered with carbonate of lime and magnesia, the shells and sand being then precipitated on these earthy deposits.

EARLY GENIUS OF ALEXANDER BRONGNIART.

The celebrated Alexander Brongniart, who died in October, 1847, derived from conversations with Franklin the germ of that mild and practical philosophy which he never abandoned; from those of Lavoisier, his earliest notions of chemistry, which formed one of the foundations of his scientific career. He gave early indications of that clearness of elocution which formed one of his merits as a professor; and it is related that Lavoisier himself took pleasure in listening to a lecture on chemistry delivered by Brongniart, when he was scarcely fifteen years old. At nineteen years of age, too, he was one of the founders of the Société Philomatique.—*Funeral Eloge, by M. Elis de Beaumont.*

CHANGES OF VEGETATION AND CLIMATE.

M. Adolphe Brongniart considers everything to prove, on the one hand, that the different vegetable creations which have succeeded each other on the globe, have become more and more perfect; on the other hand, that the climate of the surface of the earth is greatly modified since the earlier times of the creation of living beings up to the commencement of the present epoch.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.¹

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Comes jucundus in viâ pro vehiculo est."

PUBL.

"Illa; Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas."

IVth Georgic.

Those hurried and irregular steps treading unquietly hither and thither along the quay at Havre—those haggard features—the sunken cheek, and delirious eye; can they be his whom we saw but a few days ago rejoicing in the first dawn of such a joy as man knows but once in mortal life, and whose every look and accent bespoke the blissfulness of heart which, when already at that point where human feelings appear to be incapable of realising a greater happiness, still reached a further height of thrilling intensity?

"Vienna!" he muttered to himself, "why Vienna? what a fearful distance! days must elapse. *Tant mieux!* That horrible letter! A murderer!"

"Monsieur est malade?" inquired a neatly dressed peasant girl apparently about fourteen or fifteen years of age, with a basket on her arm, which from its weight she might have been bearing to the market to be disburdened of its contents.

Harry Sumner made no reply, but looked steadily in the face of the simple hearted inquirer with an expression of wildest vacancy. The innocent smiling expression of solicitude with which she had accompanied her question gradually gave way to a look of terror as she met his distracted gaze. Sumner's whole frame shook with a shudder of agony so visible, as he shaded his face with one hand, just as he met the little peasant girl, that she was unable to resist the gentle promptings of her heart, and was perhaps ready to render any assistance in her power, whether in the way of invoking other aid or otherwise. It is not wonderful if she shrank abashed and terrified from the wild yet fixed regard which was the only reply she obtained.

"Monsieur est malade?" she repeated, in a tone of voice so timid as to be scarcely audible, but of such winning gentleness as to be not a little affecting. At the same time she passed gently by him; and when quite out of hearing—"Pauvre monsieur!" she exclaimed to herself, "il a l'air fou! Merci, Jesu! Ayez pitié de lui! Sancte Maria, priez pour lui!" and thus she continued muttering prayers in his behalf. Sweet guardian! who would not rather have one prayer from thy guileless lips in the midst of woe and misery, than all the succour that human skill or strength could devise?

How strangely powerful were the effects of those few words, prompted by the little peasant girl's kind

commiseration! words of kindness and sympathy coming with angel touch, to relax for a moment the excruciating tension of mental agony; to alleviate with a few sounds of ravishing harmony the utter discord of the soul. With softened gaze and heaving breast he turned and followed with his eyes her departing footsteps. She had just reached the porch of the Church of —. He saw her deposit her basket at the door. He saw her enter. She went within the sanctuary. She disappeared from the outer world. She had gone to add to her ordinary devotions intercessions for "le pauvre monsieur!"

"Vienna?" repeated Sumner to himself. "Vienna?—'tis a week's business to get there, at least. There is no help for it now. I shall get no tidings elsewhere. Why did I agree it should be Vienna! What is the matter with this place? why not here? It will be shorter to remain where I am, and write to-morrow to D'Aaroni. But suppose he should start this evening, as he said, for Vienna. Must he not come here? Most probably not."

The greater part of these musings passed through Sumner's mind in a shorter space of time than the eyes of the reader can glance over them. At this point, a cloud dark and leaden seemed to gather over his mind. Again that delirious stare and shuddering frame. Then it was that vague sensations of a horrible nature fitted before him to and fro in the darkness, like phantom shadows, beckoning him to follow them to where, amidst tumult and excitement, and scenes of vice and din of pleasure, he might quench past memories, and be engrossed and distracted for the moment. Against these he had no better principle of resistance than a high morality. The system under which his good mother had received all her spiritual training had done its best, both for her and him. Amongst other omissions, however, it had not furnished him with such a view of temporal suffering, as to enable him to detect, amidst its darkest overshadowing, the star of hope; or rather, to consider it as the twilight of that night which is but the refreshing precursor of an endless day. Yet had he lived up to the dim light of the system under which he had been trained. Well may it be hoped that he shall not perish through its imperfections; but through a bitter experience of its insufficiency, emerge into one better able to supply his spirit's cravings.

When Mr. D'Aaroni parted from Sumner there was no uncertainty whatever in his mind about the course events would take. The doctor had pronounced Mr. Browne's wound to be mortal. And he easily foresaw that it would be necessary for both of them to sojourn awhile somewhere out of British territory. He was not ignorant of the chivalrous recklessness of consequences that characterized his friend's disposition in any course about the rectitude of which he entertained no doubt, and he could not anticipate how he might act under circumstances so sad and so peculiar. He therefore took advantage of the altogether unhinged state of mind into which Sumner was thrown by the terrible deed of which he had been the invo-

⁽¹⁾ Continued from p. 169.

luntary instrument, to arrange Vienna as the spot of mutual communication, from its being the most distant continental town that occurred to him on the spur of the moment. Private reasons of his own also influenced him in his choice. It seemed probable that he must accompany Sumner, or join him abroad. And as, independently of the present emergency, he must visit Vienna within a few months, it is not surprising that he should take advantage of these events to anticipate his intentions. If, however, he had had a few moments' time for reflection, it is most likely that the improbability would have occurred, of Sumner's ever making so long and troublesome a journey under the circumstances. And indeed, but for an unforeseen event, he never would have got beyond Havre. After passing through one or two streets, without any definite object in view—his mind a prey sometimes to a rush of terrible anticipations, sometimes to an utter vacancy of thought, resembling the irregular pulsations of a diseased heart—his sight was suddenly arrested by the words *Poste Restante*, painted in large red letters. It was impossible that there could be any letter waiting there for him; yet, by a sudden impulse, he knocked at the window, and handing his card, was just inquiring if there was a letter directed to him, when Mr. Banbury, who chanced to be reading a letter he had just received, attracted by a well-known voice, turned to greet him.

"Well! you are one of the last persons I expected to meet here," he exclaimed, but evidencing in every feature of his gleeful face self-gratulation at his good fortune in doing so. "When I saw you last Thursday at the Water-colour Exhibition, you and the Cliftons were looking at that 'Exterior of a Convent' of Haghe's. You had then no intention of going abroad. Let me see—Were you not to be at the Botanic-gardens yesterday? You might have got here this morning, however,—a boat left Southampton at six o'clock; but I should imagine you never *saw* six o'clock A.M. in your life, Sumner—eh?" And the speaker looked into his companion's face with such an expression of earnest amusement, as though all the fun of a life were centred in that one joke. He was, however, not a little disconcerted by the ghastly smile with which it was received by Sumner.

"I am going on to Vienna," he continued. "Are you staying here? I start immediately. There are some Syrian MSS. amongst a lot bought at Constantinople, and one of them I want particularly to look at. You see," continued Mr. Banbury, placing his finger on Sumner's arm, and his whole face glowing with enthusiasm, "I have very little doubt that the Britons were one or more of the ten lost tribes of Israel. How else can you explain the correspondence of their religion with the Mosaic ritual?"

"I am also *en route* to Vienna," interposed Sumner, who had scarcely heard a word of his companion's speech.

"Are you?—are you?" repeated Mr. Banbury, with great *empressement* of manner. "How glad I am! That is fortunate! We may travel together, can we

not? I shall be so delighted!—Now, it is a remarkable thing, that in Cornwall are several places which bear names undeniably of Syrian origin, such as Marazion; so Perranzabuloe, the original form of which was, of course, Paran Zabulon. Then the river Tamar or Tamar—"

"Would it be too much to ask you, Banbury," interrupted Harry Sumner, "to take our places, get my passport, see after the baggage, and all that? The fact is, I am not in the best health or spirits. Walk a little this way with me, and I will tell you what has happened."

"To be sure I will," replied Mr. Banbury, rubbing his hands together in pure glee at being able to be of any service to another person. "I know Vienna pretty well. We will put up at L'Imperatrice d'Autriche; 'tis a capital inn, in the Weihbourgasse. We shall get housed for four or five florins a-day. The *table d'hôte* is good and reasonable.—Hem!—hem! the Cornish people in those neighbourhoods have an unmistakeably oriental cast of countenance—black eyes, olive complexion, black hair, and so on—"

"I was going to tell you the miserable event that has lately happened," continued Sumner; and his countenance, and whole tone and manner, betrayed such profound misery, that his companion listened with unfeigned commiseration and anxiety. "A duel was fought this morning, near Southampton," continued Sumner.

"Were you a second?—Nothing serious has occurred?" inquired his companion, in a tone of the deepest earnestness.

"I was a principal—a reluctant principal. It was with poor Browne, of Oriol. He—he is—"

A terrible pause ensued: Sumner was unable to finish the sentence; his companion durst not hint an inquiry.

"I am innocent—by all that's sacred between man and man; and yet—"

"Has it ended fatally?" asked Banbury, shuddering.

"I fear so," replied Sumner, in a broken voice. "I shall know at Vienna; so, the sooner we get there, the better. Banbury, do you believe me to be a gentleman?"

"What do you mean?" inquired his friend.

"Do you believe that my truth and honour are unimpeachable?" continued Sumner.

"As much so as my own!" was the reply.

"Then, by my sacred word of honour, I had no other intention than to fire in the air: and how my ball could have gone near him, I no more know than the child unborn."

Mr. Banbury now set to work in right earnest to discharge the office of consoler; and he showed more ability therein than in his theorizings.

"You may depend upon it, the wound is not serious," he said. "There are many reasons why they should wish you to be absent. They would never have fixed on so distant a place as Vienna if the wound had been mortal, or even dangerous. Besides, I happen to know that D'Aaroni has some business or other which

takes him to Vienna. No, no; make yourself perfectly easy about that."

We will not weary the reader with the conversation that ensued; let it suffice, that its effect was to kindle a hope, distant and faint as it may have been, in Sumner's breast.

The journey was accomplished in the very shortest possible time. Both the travellers were anxious to reach their destination. Mr. Banbury was not possessed of very deep feelings; he was, however, considerate to a certain extent, cheerful, very obliging, and anxious to communicate his own cheerfulness to his companion. He was of an enthusiastic temperament. His poverty of fancy and of the dialectical faculty seemed to be made up by a redundancy of memory; and as he had travelled a great deal, and read with moderate industry, he was an eminently well-informed person, an extremely valuable *compagnon de voyage*, and generally an amusing and instructive associate. From his enthusiastic temper, however, there seemed to flow that peculiar disposition, which, if it be vanity, together with its almost cognate infirmity, selfishness, was a vanity and selfishness of the most inoffensive description.

This peculiarity of Mr. Banbury's character, however, rendered him exactly the most suitable companion whom Harry Sumner could possibly have lighted on for his distressing journey. After having exhausted all his efforts of consolation, and not absolutely without effect, he seemed to take it for granted that there was no further cause for anxiety in his companion's mind, and conversed on indifferent subjects.

The changing horses, examining passports, taking refreshment and sleep; the various towns and remarkable spots they passed; and all the other usual incidents of a long continental journey, suggested continual little episodic breaks, which only supplied him with additional zest and perseverance in the ardent exposition of his most recent enthusiasm.

Under any other circumstances, Sumner would have felt his companion's conversation to be an intolerable infliction; whilst that gentleman would have found it impossible to indulge so unrestrictedly his favourite vein. As it was, such a listener as Sumner was a treat he was not destined often to meet with; and Sumner could not possibly have met with a travelling companion more exactly suited to his present frame of mind. Recent events had stunned him. All his mental powers were too absorbed in his feelings to have even a thought to spare for aught disconnected with them; nay, they were so enfeebled by the anguish that excruciated his whole inner being, that any process of thought distinct and connected was out of the question. His whole living consciousness consisted in a vague sense of suffering, varied only by a more or less palpable intenseness. At times he would sink into a few moments' dreamy forgetfulness, a half waking sleep, from which he would wake up as though from a whole night's slumber, to the intensest realisation of suffering of all the phases through which

his internal agony passed. Oh! that culminating point of mortal misery—the *waking* to affliction! If the human heart be susceptible on this side of death of any feeling resembling despair, surely it must be this. A gentle intimation, maybe, of the first waking to eternal despair.

The more perseveringly Mr. Banbury prolonged his discourse, the greater the interest and animation he evinced, the more complete was the unconscious relief experienced by his companion at his own profound ignorance of a single word that was uttered; whilst the sound of a human voice addressing him, and the consciousness of the presence of another being who knew him and was interested in him, afforded him the only alleviation he could possibly have experienced, slight as it was, to the dreary desolation in which he appeared rather to exist than live.

At length, after a journey which appeared to Sumner as though it never would end, they drew near to Vienna.

He saw the dim blaze of light in the distance, which appeared as though it were struggling with the night-fall that was deepening over the city whose suburbs were hard at hand; but he only saw it so far as the habit of his external senses made it necessary for him to see objects at which he was looking: his brain had no share in appropriating it. Gradually he was dimly sensible of the presence of more frequent lights and habitations; the sound of voices broke more frequently on his ear; the clamour of the postilions' whips sounded more vehemently, the deafening echo of the sound of wheels startled him as they plunged into alleys of houses. Then the glare of lights, the whirl of carriages, rattling of shutters, glitter of shops, and shadowy moving to and fro of multitudes, with all the confused hum and murmur of that human hive—a large city—mingled together and danced before him, and passed away like the objects in a waking dream. Then the crack of whips sounding with sharp and reiterated echoes—the din of multitudes of sounds reverberating within enclosed walls—the greetings of friends and relations, the busy clamour of clerks, and grooms, and voituriers, and porters, and people of all imaginable positions and callings, composed altogether a discord so loud and importunate, as forced the mind of the wretched traveller for a few moments out of its lethargy—much against his will, for it was only to make him more alive to his grief. And his whole spirit sank down within him to a depth proportionate to the exhilaration it would have experienced under ordinary circumstances, as Mr. Banbury, rubbing his hands, and beginning to gather together those portions of his portable furniture which enjoyed the privilege of being more immediately around his person, exclaimed in a tone of unfeigned glee, "Here we are, Sumner; here we are, at last!—Nazan Leod! why, what is that but a Syriac name? Cassivelan, too! The 'aunus' is the Latin termination given to it by their conquerors."

The travellers have now descended from the vehicle. Sumner, with his arms folded, enveloped in a copious cloak, is leaning, lost in feeling, against a projection

of one of the buildings in the large quadrangular yard. The show of busy life is transpiring around him, divested of all its assumed reality. Mr. Banbury is superintending and arranging all those various affairs arising out of the exigency of an arrival at a foreign metropolis, with the ardour belonging to his enthusiastic temperament. The former, all unconscious of the lapse of time, may have stood in that position for one hour or for many—he knew not. Only he was at length on a sudden conscious of the immediate contiguity of his friend's eyes, which, dilating with an expression of enjoyment quite exhilarating to behold, darted brightly into his own, as he said in a hurried and excited manner,

"Now, now, my dear fellow, here it is; the fiacre is here. All the luggage is up: this way."

Sumner mechanically followed. They mounted the carriage, "To the Weibourgasse! L'Empératrice d'Autriche!" said his friend to the driver.

"To the post-office!" Sumner interrupted vehemently. "Poste Restante!"

"You cannot have a letter before to-morrow by any possibility," expostulated Mr. Banbury.

"Poste Restante!" shouted Sumner, in a voice that made the obese German shake in his blouse.

"Oui, oui, oui, Monsieur," he gurgled rapidly in his throat, with a very bad and guttural pronunciation; for he knew so much French, and readily concluded that the gentleman did not understand German.

There was of course no letter at the Poste Restante for Sumner; and although it was impossible that there should have been, yet, strange as it may appear, his mind remained in a state of intense suspense all the time the clerk was ransacking the S's; and when the answer was given that there were none for him, it occasioned him a sensation of deep relief. They were then driven to their hotel. Vainly did Mr. Banbury try to console his friend when he observed that he scarcely tasted any of the agreeable viands that were placed before them for their evening meal. Vainly did he change his tactics, and labour *con amore* to divert his mind by an account so exact and minute of various spots and objects which had interested him in his last visit to the city at which they had just arrived, that if his auditor had been listening or attending, he would have seen the superfluity of any "Guide Book for Travellers," whilst such a living compendium of information was at his elbow. Finding this entirely unsuccessful, and that his utmost efforts were unable to arouse the attention of his companion, he changed the topic and returned to the Lost Tribe theory. But this kill-or-cure expedient was for a long time as ineffectual as the others. Sumner, after placing in his mouth—more, it would seem, from instinct, than appetite or inclination—a few scraps of the fried chicken that chanced to be the dish next to him, laid down his knife and fork, and endeavoured to support his now exhausted frame by draughts of Hungarian wine. Two bottles of this refreshing beverage produced not the slightest perceptible effect upon him, either in the way of

exhilarating or still further depressing his spirits. He had, however, just arrived at the end of his second bottle, as Mr. Banbury became so animated and earnest in the further elucidation of his theory; and that gentleman's demands on his companion's attention had become so importunate and exacting as to provoke a momentary ebullition of irrepressible irritation.

"Perish the Lost Tribes and the Britons!" he exclaimed, dashing the glass he was raising to his lips, with such violence upon the table, that it was broken into fragments. Then suddenly recollecting himself, "I am not myself, my dear Banbury,—I am not myself," he said; "you must excuse me." And rising from his chair, whilst a cold perspiration stood out upon his throbbing forehead, he rang the bell, and requested the attendant who answered his summons, to show him to his sleeping apartment.

Alas for our hero! the only source of consolation from which he might now have plentifully assuaged his sufferings, was unknown to him. The shallow moral rather than religious system in which he had been trained was only fitted for the prosperous and peaceful. It failed when most needed. Against such a religion, sorrow in a form so powerful had the best of it. From the moment of his departure from Delcomb Hollow, not so much as a religious thought had appeared in the deep shadows of his mind. There were no prayers—no devotions, that night. The sufferer was *as yet* all unconscious of the loving hand that was laid upon him. There was a brilliant star glittering in the distance, but he saw it not. It was all deep midnight to him—howling elements—dashing billows—an ocean of misery without a harbour or a shore. Never beat a heart beneath the coverlid in the cheerful sleeping apartment at L'Empératrice d'Autriche, with more intense or unmitigated agony than did Harry Sumner's that night.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Oh heavy change!
Dimness o'er this clear luminary crept
Insensibly,—the mortal and divine
Yielded to mortal reflex."

The Excursion.

AND now, before the history proceeds, it may be as well to forewarn the reader, that if he be unable to be interested in behalf of a hero cast in any other than the true modern novel mould, if he have not already been disappointed, he is at least doomed to be so. Indeed, the writer is fully sensible that the ordinary, every-day character of his narrative must be more or less flat and uninteresting to readers who are habituated to the excitement of intricately involved plots, wherein impossible characters develop in unmeaning destinies, destinies in which philosophical truth, and a still *higher aim*, are sacrificed to powerful positions. The writer has ventured to neglect this happy colouring and external machinery, and to trust the interest he would excite, *wholly* to the inner

truth of his narrative. His *aim* is to develop profound spiritual truth; and to pay no further attention to events than as that truth develops itself in them. Certain specimens of human character are selected, not ideals of a sensuous fancy, but such as one may meet daily; a certain destiny is selected consistent with the revealed truth and motives of Him in whom all history begins and ends; and the mutual action and re-action of the free will of the individuals upon their respective destinies, and their destinies upon their free wills, constitute in their progress the whole plot of the narrative.

On his return from the post-office next day, having been again doomed to disappointment, Sumner found Mr. Banbury regaling himself, after a hard day's book-worming, with a plentiful supper.

"Opportune, mi Sumner!" exclaimed that gentleman, "sed omittite queso tristitiam illam! Where have you been all the day? Who do you think is in Vienna?"

"Where is he?" inquired Sumner in reply, with an eagerness and anxiety of manner which appeared to Mr. Banbury to be quite disproportionate to the occasion.

"Where is who?" he asked, with an expression of unfeigned wonder.

"You are *assuming* simplicity now!" replied Sumner, in a tone of the utmost impatience and irritation. "Tell me where he is. Is he in this hotel?"

Mr. Banbury, whose brain was not yet quite clear of the cloud of dust that had risen before it from the Syrian MSS. in the Imperial Library, stared at his companion in a state of far too inexplicable perplexity to utter a word for a few seconds.

At length he said, "The only person I have met is Lionel Roakes on the Prater this morning!"

"Lionel Roakes! Lionel Roakes!" ejaculated Sumner, musingly repeating the name, as though not able at first to realise the identity of that individual. "I thought you had met——"

"Whom?" inquired Mr. Banbury, after waiting a few seconds for his companion to fill up the hiatus in his information.

"There are no letters nor arrivals, then?" replied Sumner, half to himself, half to Mr. Banbury; who, gathering from the answer the direction of Sumner's thought, took advantage to work in his mind a wonderful hopefulness. It had appeared to him that the intense agony of excitement in the midst of which he had on this day awaited the answer to his application at the post-office could not possibly be keener to be endured. And yet it was nothing to that which he suffered on the following day, when, this time in Mr. Banbury's company, he renewed his inquiries. Again, no letters! And as the anguish of suspense with which he hung upon every movement of the letter-searching clerk, was incalculably more intense than on the day before—so was the sensation of relief he experienced at the answer proportionately more profound. Mr. Banbury did his best to improve on the

hopeful appearance of things, and he walked away with that gentleman almost in spirits.

At the earnest persuasion of his amiable travelling companion, who wished to divert his thoughts, and would take no denial, he rather allowed himself to be conducted by him, than accompanied him, to the Prater. It was not much after morning, and the promenade had not yet commenced. A few carriages were, however, driving leisurely to and fro; one of which was distinguished from the rest by the distinguished and costly elegance of its appointments. The two friends were deeply absorbed,—one in earnest conversation, apparently directed to the other, who might have passed for a listener, but who was not indeed, save in the particular of mere bodily presence, at Vienna, or on the continent of Europe at all. He was at the time, in his entire consciousness and real identity, in the little island of England. Mr. Brown had recovered—had acknowledged the accidental nature of the injury he had received—they were the best of friends—and he himself was at Clifton-house, in the midst of a soul-engrossing conversation with——"

Suddenly the carriage draws up, before Sumner is well rid of his delusive reverie, while a lady, elegantly attired, of rare beauty, and an address of singular fascination, is exchanging very cordial greetings with Mr. Banbury. As soon as a becoming opportunity offered, that gentleman begged permission to present his friend, Mr. Harry Sumner, to the Princess de Czasaun.

A more perfect specimen of a certain order of female beauty never, perhaps, existed than in this lady. Gifted with a rich imagination, a ready wit, and a memory very retentive of the impressions it received, she possessed in addition a manner at once so seemingly artless, so polished and gay, partly natural, partly acquired, that it was impossible to exchange many words with her without being sensible of the extraordinary fascination which hung around her like an element. The deepest melancholy seemed to vanish before her radiant smiles. Her ringing laugh thrilled the heart of the listener, and opened afresh therein all the sources even of youthful joy and exultation. Her exhaustless flow of brilliant raillery and repartee dazzled the dullest fancy. A real kindness and benevolence of disposition increased that charming affability which is the unfailing mark of well-bred society. Neither was a graceful consciousness of power, so perfectly discernible in her, without its own peculiar fascination. *Incedo regina* was inscribed in every look, and word, and gesture; and heart and mind were prepared to yield their homage almost before they approached her. It was the misfortune of this lovely princess that, being of Lutheran parentage, her matrimonial alliance had brought her within the sphere of a faith more likely to obtain an influence over her character, under peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances. Indeed, her husband, in addition to his free and worldly life, although he had not entirely thrown off all the

restraints and external observances of his religion, was inclined to take a decidedly sceptical view of matters that were far above the reach of his sensuous understanding. It is therefore scarcely to be wondered at that the young princess, endowed with gifts and accomplishments that rendered her the idol of every society in which she moved, plunged thus early into the gayest society of the gayest and perhaps most dissolute city of Europe, had step by step advanced deeper and deeper in the course of self-indulgence that spread its flowery path before her, until she became a settled devotee of pleasure; and even guilt became preferable to disappointment, or the denial of a darling object of gratification.

It was not that she was naturally devoid of all higher aspirations. Her descent along the falls of sin was tumultuous and violent, but not rapid. The monster was constrained to steal upon his victim through every disguise of pleasure and alleviation of custom. Her generosity was unbounded. She was incapable of dismissing unrelieved a tale of poverty or misery. The very fact of stopping her carriage to greet Mr. Banbury, was in itself no slight index of better things that were within. She had met him during his last visit to Vienna. She had fallen into a deep admiration of his open simplicity of character, his amiability and honest enthusiasm. "I have talked to Mr. Banbury frequently," she was wont to say, "and although the staple of my conversation has been raillery of others, and sarcasm, he is almost the only living being from whose mouth I never heard an ill-natured expression." And on the present occasion, she proved the reality of these sentiments by showing him a condescension she would never have dreamed of showing to the most favoured of her numberless admirers.

The reader is doubtless prepared to learn, that Sumner was exactly the individual calculated to attract such a woman as we have described Emilie, Princesse de Czaslau. This first interview drew down upon him her dangerous preference. One glance completed her rapid and correct criticism of form and expression. Not a *point* escaped—the exquisitely proportioned and elegant figure; the small and perfectly formed foot; the satirical mouth; the richly expressive eyes. But these characteristics were not perhaps altogether unique. If she had not before met with exactly their like combined in one individual, she was familiar with much that resembled it, and in particular points was far superior. But the quiet dignity of his manner, its simple self-possession, was new to her. It took her immensely. Added to this, circumstances cast around him a halo of reserve and deep melancholy, so exactly the reverse of the eager strivings for her notice to which she was accustomed, that her soul was suddenly transported afresh into a region of romance and mystery, which had been altogether out-dazzled by the glitter of the tinsel pleasures of the world.

Mr. Banbury and he must be her guests that evening. She would take no refusal. She had a private

reception—very limited and select—only her particular friends. Mr. Banbury, as the most particular of them, must be there, and his friend must share his privilege. Sumner expressed his unfeigned gratitude for her condescension and polished kindness. Alas! he was so unfortunate that it was absolutely out of his power to avail himself of so great a pleasure, so unexpectedly placed within his reach.

The princess would take no refusal. She had been so long unaccustomed to hear that word 'no,' that she had forgotten its meaning. She could not admit any circumstances as an excuse. Whatever they were, they must bend to her will. If he could promenade on the Prater, he could accompany his friend to her humble residence. She was anxious to have a chat with her old friend, Mr. Banbury, over old times, and she knew he would not come without his friend—she could not ask him.

Sumner still apologized and begged to be excused. But what was at first the wilfulness of habitual self-indulgence, impatient of the disappointment of even her smallest whim, in the distinguished lady who had honoured him with what should have been her commands, began now to develope itself in pique.

"Your friend is enough to freeze the tropics," she said, addressing Mr. Banbury, whilst her clear and merry laugh rang in Sumner's ears, and thrilled, not without a jarring sensation, his bosom. "We must charm him to a warmer zone. I see what it is, Monsieur Banbury. You have been giving a very bad account of us at Vienna. You have been telling how bitter and scandalous we are, how frivolous, how naughty and shocking——"

The gentleman addressed, expanded his eyelids to their utmost extension, their prominent inmates protruded almost perilously, his mouth was half open with an unmistakeable expression of wonder, on the eve of protesting his innocence of the accusation laid to his charge.

"It is of no use attempting to deny it," continued his merry accuser, with a coquettish laugh, "you know you have; you have been complaining of our want of hospitality, of our pride and stiffness——"

"No, no, upon my honour—I could speak only of your affability, kindness, charms——" would Mr. Banbury fain have interrupted.

"Of our dissipation, idolatry of pleasure," continued the lovely speaker, casting a brief glance of approval, if not admiration, at Sumner, and checking all attempt at reply; "I know you have. We must endeavour to make amends. Home, Joseph! *Bon jour*. We shall expect you this evening. I shall have great pleasure in presenting Mr. Sumner to the prince. Adieu!"

Mr. Banbury followed the carriage for some distance with his eyes as it drove off, and then relieved his wonderment in a hearty laugh.

"That is the wildest, merriest, prettiest princess!" he exclaimed. "There is no help for it, Sumner. We must go."

"So it seems," replied Sumner, moodily. "But,

my dear fellow, I cannot be going to parties, not to mention the intense aversion I feel to doing so, whilst I do not know whether poor Browne is dead or alive."

There was a slight admixture of selfishness with Mr. Banbury's real anxiety to divert his companion's mind, the state of which, if it continued as at present, must, he clearly saw, begin to prey upon his health, when he replied—

"Sumner, you are in a state of morbid dejection. If Mr. Browne had not been doing well, D'Aaroni would have been here, or you must have received intelligence. Besides, it is not a party. It is a private invitation. You must come. We must not offend her for the world. She's a charming creature. Any lady more irresistibly fascinating it has never been my good fortune to meet. Vienna pronounces her to be peerless."

Mr. Banbury was not a sagacious judge of character. His guileless understanding never went deeper than the surface; and unless guilt actually came before his sight, he never suspected its existence. Moreover, whatever slender stock of vanity was latent in his imaginative enthusiasm, was wonderfully tickled by the attention of the princess, so as to incapacitate him altogether from detecting the vanity, the intense yearning for admiration, the morbid craving for excitement, and its cause the intemperance of will, which rendered her liable to decline, on any adequate occasion, to the most perverted paths of criminal indulgence. Rumour had already been busy with her. *Μεγάλη ἡ δόξα*, said Pericles to his countrywomen, *ἡς ἀν' ἐν' ἑλάχιστον ἀρετῆς περὶ ἥ ψόγου ἐν ταῖς ἀρεταῖς ζήλος ἦ*.

This was a praise she could not aspire to.

Her invitation, or rather command, threw Harry Sumner into a state in which the only other conceivable natural phenomenon to which he could be compared, was a floating body in the centre of a whirlpool; a state in which every moment seemed to threaten to engulf him, and in which he felt as though he would give every thing he possessed, if some resistless external current would seize his will and hurry it he cared not in what direction. It was against his inclination, and against his conscience even, to frequent the palace to which he was this evening bidden. He even experienced an instinctive horror of going. And yet, strange to say, it was perhaps this very feeling that finally turned the scale on the side of doing so.

In the course of that evening, Sumner's aversion was gradually and slowly overcome by the tact and marvellous fascinations of the princess. This slowly retreating reserve served only to beckon on what appeared to her only a romantic admiration of the proud and melancholy Englishman; and she laid herself out to bring him to her feet. That was all. That accomplished, she would be content with her victory. There could be no harm in that. Her exquisite execution on the harp first thawed the ice in Sumner's heart. As the "high discourse" ebbed and flowed in undulating ravishment from the strings

of that luscious instrument, swept by the inspired fingers of the lovely harpist; now swelling with impassioned harmony, now melting into melodies of voluptuous tenderness; the very body of one at least of the listeners swayed to and fro—his soul began to move within him, to glow with life, and at last with delight and rapture. All pleasing dreams stole back within his thrilling bosom, and fancy toyed with sense. The music ended, he rose from his seat in a frenzy of admiration, and advancing to his exalted hostess, poured forth his enthusiastic thanks and wonder in glowing strains. That he keenly felt every word he uttered, did not diminish the danger of his eloquent and impassioned phraseology, and his polished, deferential, and distinguished manner, to the heart that beat within that fair bosom.

"What, has the evil spirit flown?" she said gaily, and turning to Mr. Banbury, who chanced to be standing close at hand, "Mr. Sumner was bent on depriving us of his and your company this morning. Here is an agreeable change!"

The gentleman addressed, whirled his hands round in numberless involutions, darted beams of delight from his glowing eye-balls, and replied,

"Yes, madame, to be sure! I knew it would be so!"

"Beware of hating or injuring your benefactress!" continued the princess, addressing Sumner; and immediately entered into conversation with a corpulent bediamonded Flemish dame who sat by. This afforded Sumner a few minutes' relapse, but a song from the princess shortly afterwards again transplanted his whole soul into a sensible elysium. It surpassed the performance on the harp, as much as the human voice does that or any other instrument, and the song had been adroitly selected by the enchantress. At its conclusion, Sumner found his whole feelings overpowered. In the course of the evening he found himself in deep and earnest conversation with his hostess. He knew not that her marked condescension and affability had drawn upon him general observation, for he was still all but unconscious of every thing *else* around him. He did not observe even the violent fancy the Prince de Czaslau had taken for him. But it was impossible to be engaged long in earnest conversation with the princess, unmoved. Wonder must at least be kindled. Her brilliant wit, her caustic observations, her pleasing fancy, her graceful memory, her pure phraseology, and, not least, the exquisite intonation and ever varying expression of her clear, musical, and rich voice, almost realised what one may have imagined of the music from the Sicilian isle. Sumner not only wondered—he was pleased—he was *lost* in admiration. He went to his hotel in a state of bewilderment. "Why should I go back to this horrible wretchedness?" even passed across his mind, and not once or twice, but ever and anon, "why, if there is no remedy or escape from it?" And whenever that tempting thought appeared, it was invariably succeeded by features faithfully portrayed on his imagination, which, in spite of the exquisite loveliness

of the Princess de Czaulan, always presented a striking contrast in his mind to that lady's—a contrast not favourable to the latter. He seemed to turn with aversion from this; he yearned to fall down and worship the former. That night he dreamed of the princess, who took all manner of queer aerial shapes in his dream.

It was some time after the post hour when he emerged from his bed-room on the following morning. Broad awake almost by sunrise, hours glided past unnoticed. He knew he must hear from England by this post. He concocted the contents of several hypothetical letters—all announced the dreaded catastrophe. His heart sank within him, as he came to the passage that conveyed the intelligence in each of the imaginary epistles. "Then all is over!" he said to himself; and his memory reverted to last night with pleasure, and he felt as though a spot had offered itself to him where he might drown thought, and where, since happiness was out of his reach, he might at least not be miserable. These feelings were at first, however, only of an instantaneous duration—unbidden instincts of a lower nature, that came and went like a thrill. And yet they grew into greater and greater force. He literally *could no longer bear* to think of his mother and his sister, nor could he endure that the very name of *another* should come into his mind. If they obtruded themselves into his thoughts, as they did continually, he shuddered and recoiled from their contemplation. He dared not face the agony of a deliberate review of the present state of matters as it concerned them. In such a state, the scenes in which he had experienced a positive pleasure last evening, formed a species of anchorage for his desponding thoughts.

Breakfast being ended, he sauntered forth with profound reluctance, in the company of Mr. Banbury, towards the *poste restante*. Not a footfall trod the pavement, that he did not from his heart wish turned in the opposite direction. It would have been a relief to him, to have been going to meet death rather than that letter. It was with a literally scared expression, that he eyed each turning as it brought them a street nearer the dreaded letter receptacle.

They were now within two streets of their destination, and were just emerging into the one which declined to the street in which the office was situated, when they beheld the absurdly dressed figure of Lionel Roakes, reconnoitring the shop window of a *changeur de monnaie*, yept Levi Hauffman, as if he were meditating an irruption upon its treasures.

Mr. Banbury, who knew that he was no favourite of Sumner's, and who, although he never breathed a syllable to his disadvantage, entertained a very deep (for him) aversion to him, proposed that they should not attract his attention, but pass him, if they were not recognised.

Sumner, to Mr. Banbury's surprise, thought it would be ungracious to cut an old college acquaintance in a foreign land. Indeed, it was quite refreshing

to meet a face that bore ever so slight reminiscences of home, even although it were Lionel Roakes. They were, however, spared any further doubt or hesitation, for Roakes, turning at the instant, recognised the familiar faces, and made towards them across the road. He had never before received so cordial a greeting from Sumner—not that he had noticed it. It was all one to him, a grip or a touch; a smile or a sneer.

And now the fastidious reader and the hero worshipper must, I fear, be rudely shocked. But truth must be considered, and it is indeed the fact, that Harry Sumner the polished gentleman bade Mr. Banbury adieu, appointed to meet him at the Prater at four, and went off to a game at billiards with Lionel Roakes, without proceeding to inquire at the *Poste Restante*. He thought he should return in half an hour or so to obtain the fatal missile. He hated what he was doing, he sank in his own estimation deeper and deeper, and yet he persevered. These irregular efforts to escape from mental torments plunged him further in. He played on and on until the hour had struck at which he appointed to meet Mr. Banbury. The game was ended; he took his departure from the Angarten, and hurried down an alley that led to the promenade. There he found his companion, and the two proceeded to call on their hostess of the preceding evening.

Their visit was of an unusual length for a morning call; a circumstance by which neither the princess nor any one else appeared to be in the least *ennuyée*. Mr. Banbury had got hold of a listener, and was dealing out the favourite subject with earnest and silent volubility, of which all that could be heard by a third person were the words Marazion—Tamar—Paran Zabulon—Nazan Leod—Druids—groves—human sacrifices, &c. To him time was not—it passed, but he knew it not, for his victim still listened. Sumner felt that they must surely be trespassing, and yet lingered and lingered; and the more he lingered the more reluctant he was to leave. He had not force enough left within him to put aside the only resemblance to a sense of enjoyment it was in his power just then to experience. At length they must take their leave; the princess pressed to prolong their visit; she complained, with an arch look at Harry Sumner, that her old friend Mr. Banbury was fond of new friends, and had scarcely spoken a word to her since first he had been at Vienna. Amidst his earnest protestations of unswerving loyalty to old friendships, especially where he was so much honoured as in the present one, and the inner fervent ejaculations of the individual who had monopolized his conversational powers, to the effect, "Would he had not said a word to me!" the two friends at length took their departure.

Had Harry Sumner then forgotten the *poste restante*?



ON SHAKSPEARE'S INDIVIDUALITY IN HIS CHARACTERS.

SHAKSPEARE'S SIMPLETONS.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

As a strong proof in illustration of his assertion that Hogarth was a great colourist as well as a great satirical artist, Hazlitt points to the circumstance in the second picture of the *Marriage à la Mode*, of the debauchee lord's pallid "morning face" being placed in juxtaposition with the yellowish white of the marble mantel-piece against which he is leaning. A painter possessing sufficient faith in his own power to venture upon allowing two such similar hues to come directly in contact, and exhibiting evidence of his power by making each tint "tell," argues, undoubtedly, a master hand in colouring. And in like manner has Shakspeare delighted to evince his own surpassing skill by painting not only divers characters of the same generic kind in different plays, but he has frequently chosen to signalize his inimitable craft by drawing apparently 'similar' personages in the same drama; while throughout each he preserves so strict an individuality as entirely to preclude monotony or confusion in the composition. His tone of colouring is so vivid, though so harmonious, his touches are so spirited and decided, though so graceful and easy, that we trace clearly the distinct proportions of each figure on the canvass, however closely they may approximate in general appearance. He will, with the fearless hand and conscious might of genius, set side by side more than one character of kindred colour; but if of a like colour, how different in hue and delicate tinting! How artistically are the broad lights contrived that shall bring one figure into eminence, and the shadows cast that shall throw another into comparative unimportance, and keep him relatively in the background! The ordinary dramatist, like the mediocre painter, seeks his effects in startling contrast, and glaring violent combination; but Shakspeare, secure in his potent expression of individuality, paints his men and women from the great human family, preserving their natural and general likeness, but delineating with master touches the peculiarities and distinctive traits that mark each specific portrait. Thus he will boldly limn you, in one play, a whole range of characters bearing a superficial complexional resemblance; but examine them minutely, and you will discover that they are as strikingly distinguishable and dissimilar as if they had nothing in common with the other persons who compose the picture.

In the two parts of Henry IV., for instance, what simpletons and sets of simpletons has he presented to us under the forms of Shallow, Silence, Mistress Quickly, Francis, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf, Fang, Snare, and the carriers; these last looming through the dim lantern-light like a group of bores by Teniers. There they all are; themes for

rich enjoyment, and never-ceasing admiration at the gifted artist who has bequeathed us such a priceless gallery of rare and undoubted originals.

The class, simpleton, is a favourite with Shakspeare, and he delights in multiplying his portraits of the species. But he never takes them from the same point of view; they are all varied sketches of the same subject; he never produces exact duplicates. Look at his simpleton-lover, for example. He has depicted him to the life over and over again; and yet how clearly and singly do the several full-lengths of Master Abraham Slender, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Thurio, Cloten, and Roderigo, glow upon the canvas before our "mind's eye!" There stands Master Slender, leaning his lank body on one hip, lingering sheepishly a few paces in the rear of "sweet Anne Page," and eyeing her askance in a kind of limp transport. How perfectly is his helpless, dependant, feeble nature expressed from first to last! His commencing self-betrayal is his evident reliance upon his uncle's dignity and station rather than upon his own, and his anxiety to impress their importance upon Sir Hugh; then comes his irresolute half accusation of Falstaff's bullying followers, with his flabby adjuration "by these gloves," and his faltering, pouting "Ay, it is no matter," in the midst of which he is suddenly stricken faint by the appearance of his mistress, exclaiming, "Oh, Heaven! this is mistress Anne Page!" Then his notion of support, and aiding inspiration in making his opening address to her: "I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here;" and afterwards his bewildered parryings of the Welsh parson's home-thrust questions about the state of his affections, putting him off with references to his uncle's influence and authority, while he neutralizes the effect of the Justice's joint attack by a series of the most vague and intangible replies that ever were uttered by addle pate, or conceived by poet's brain. Slender's helplessness and absence of all self-possession, are further displayed in the scene where his uncle endeavours to make him woo for himself. He clings to his old relation as long as he can, and preposterously endeavours to shield his own embarrassment, and delay his own speech, as long as he can, by inducing Shallow to relate an anecdote for his mistress's amusement, "how his father stole two geese out of a pen;" and, when he can defer the awful moment no longer, and is fairly left face to face with Anne Page, he can find no less futile absurdity to entertain her withal, than this; which, be it observed, he concludes characteristically with an appeal to somebody else:—

"Anne. Now, master Slender.

"Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

"Anne. What is your will?

"Slen. My will? 'Od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

"Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

"*Slas.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes."

The whole of Slender's unstable, lackadaisical career is wound up by his being foiled in a wiscacre attempt to carry off "sweet Anne Page," upon which he bewails himself in true booby style, blubbering out pointless threats of, "I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't:"—"I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy; if it had not been i' the church I would have swung him, or he should have swung me:"—"If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him."

Sir Andrew Aguecheek entertains as sublime an idea of his friend Sir Toby's judgment and abilities, as Slender does of his uncle's dignified station; but while Slender's admiration merely leads him to try and impress Justice Shallow's importance upon others, Sir Andrew's high opinion of Sir Toby's merits urges him to emulate and copy them himself. He accordingly echoes his very phrases, feebly imitates his manner, and so implicitly endeavours to form himself on the model of his idol, as to become an attenuated reflection, a shadowy outline, of the burly roysterer. When Sir Toby bids him briskly address Maria and prevent her retreat, he says:—

"An' thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again."

"*Sir A.* An' you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again."

When Sir Toby gives a gratuity to the Clown, saying:—"Come on, there is sixpence for you, let's have a song;" Sir Andrew says, "There's a testril of me, too." And when Sir Toby encourages Maria in her proposed plot against Malvolio, crying: "Excellent! I smell a device," Sir Andrew announces, "I have't in my nose too."

Afterwards, in an ecstasy of delight at the success of this scheme, Sir Toby exclaims:—

"I could marry the wench for this device."

"*Sir A.* So could I, too."

"*Sir Toby.* And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest."

"*Sir A.* Nor I neither."

She enters, and Sir Toby rapturously asks her:—

"Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?"

"*Sir A.* Or o' mine either?"

"*Sir T.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?"

"*Sir A.* I'faith, or I either?"

"*Sir T.* I'll follow thee to the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit."

"*Sir A.* I'll make one too."

This crawling imitation, arising alike from conscious incapacity and absurd ambition, is also well indicated in his commendations of the Clown's voice:—"By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had

rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has." And again, where he overhears the seeming page Viola's address to Olivia: "Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!" Sir Andrew is dotard-struck with the new style, and longs to make it his own: "That youth's a rare courtier!—*Rain odours!*—Well!"

"*Viola.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear."

"*Sir A.* *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed;*—I'll get 'em all three ready."

But with all his ridiculous craving to increase his stock of accomplishments by adopting those which he fancies he perceives in other people, Sir Andrew, like a true zany, is extremely conceited and fond of bragging. While inanely deploring his inferiority to his friend in some attainments, he does not fail to assert his own prowess in others. He vaunts his having "the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria," to prove his excellence in fencing while regretting his neglect of book-learning.

"*Sir T.* *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?"

"*Sir A.* What is *pourquoy*, do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting:—Oh, had I but followed the Arts!"

He indulges in vapouring menaces against those who offend him, and is profuse in his threats to beat them, when he thinks he is in a position to do so with impunity. When he hears that Malvolio is "a kind of puritan," and consequently not likely to return a blow, he says: "Oh, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!" When he is securely hidden behind the box-tree, with Sir Toby and Fabian in the garden, while watching Malvolio, he exclaims: "'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!" And after Viola has withdrawn from the duelling-ground, he says, "'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him."

But, certainly, the climax of his flimsy boasting is his reply to Sir Toby, who declares of Maria:—

"She's a beagle true-bred, and one that adores me, what o' that?"

"*Sir A.* I was adored once, too."

Thurio is a sketch of another simpleton-lover; but he is as much of a bully as a lover, and more of a poltroon than either. He has not courage to woo for himself, but employs another to court his mistress in his name; and has no heart to draw his sword when his insolent tongue provokes an antagonist. Upon hearing that his mistress has eloped, he avows his resolution to follow her, rather out of hate towards the companion of her flight than from any hope of regaining her; but when he comes up with the fugitives, he withdraws his claim the moment he finds he shall have to maintain it against a rival at the peril of his own precious body.

Cloten presents another variety of the species. He is as rude as he is ignorant; as cruel and ruffianly as he is brutish: the spoiled child of his mother; flattered to his face, and laughed at behind his back by

his courtiers, while he prates about his bowl-playing: so blunder-headed, that one of the gentlemen says, "He cannot take two from twenty, for his heart, and leave eighteen." Swinishly insolent to Caius Lucius, the ambassador from Rome; quarrelsome with strangers; spiteful and animal-like in his threatened revenge upon the lady who despises his proffered love; vulgarly harsh to Pisanio, the faithful dependant of his rival; yet cajoling him when he fancies he can win him over to his own service; stupidly imagining that he will be more faithful to himself because he is the richer master of the two.

Roderigo is a love-sick simpleton, who, though reverencing Iago's superior intelligence with quite as deferential a faith as the one with which Slender and Aguecheek look up to the infallibility of their respective Mentors, Shallow and Sir Toby, is nevertheless visited by misgivings of his friend's truth and zeal, which never for an instant embitter the other fellowships. Even while Roderigo admits his companion's judgment, and constantly has recourse to its assistance, he as constantly dreads the vicious false nature that accompanies that judgment, and doubts the sincerity with which it is exercised in his own behalf. His imperfect powers, and limited understanding, enable him to gain but an indistinct perception of this combination of moral defect with intellectual accomplishment in Iago; but he is sufficiently conscious of its existence to fill him with perpetually-recurring distrust of his counsellor. He often opposes and resists the suggestions of his prompter, which he instinctively suspects may prove as baneful as they are promising; he is therefore restless, querulous, and reproachful. Too "infirm of purpose" to seek a remedy, by resolutely throwing off the yoke beneath which he frets, and too little self-reliant to form a determination to proceed alone, (a perfect transcript of imbecility,) he goes on submitting to imposition and treachery, to interested counsel, and evil promptings, in a series of alternate reproach and compliance, irritable remonstrance, and reluctant obedience, until at length he falls by the very hand which he has so weakly supplied. How true to the life, and how healthy the moral of all this!

The simpleton man-in-office, too, is one whom Shakspeare "delighteth to honour" by several times hanging him up in immortal effigy for the gaze of mankind. And yet how unmistakably has he set the distinctive mark and impress of his hand upon each specimen thus suspended! Foremost among them ranks that fine brace of noodles, the two country justices, Shallow and Silence. They are akin in vacuity of intellect, as they are in relationship; they may "cry cousins," indeed; brethren in office, as they are in folly. And yet, how nicely are their several characters distinguished! How strikingly are the two men delineated! The one for ever gabbling from mere emptiness, and the other dealing in curtest speech from precisely the same cause. Silence is a mere utterer of sodden replies, an inane wonderer at his brother magistrate's sayings and doings at

Clement's Inn; and, like a true provincial-bred man, he thinks the greatest man in the kingdom is a certain "Goodman Puff, of Barson;" but when he gets drunk, and the wine stirs his sluggish nature, he falls a singing, which makes Falstaff exclaim, in surprise, "I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle;" and this elicits the highly convivial reply: "Who? I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now." And it is well worthy of remark that his joviality, even now, does not inspire him to the amount of achieving an entire song; he only trols out some odds and ends of ditties that seem to stumble into his head by association with scraps of the conversation that is going on around him. Never, sure, was sottish fatuity better hit off in a few strokes of the pen!

"*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

"*Sil. (singing).* Do me right,
And dub me Knight;
Samingo.

Is't not so?

"*Fal.* 'Tis so.

"*Sil.* Is't so? Why, then say an old man can do somewhat."

Shallow, on the contrary, runs on with his never-ceasing chatter, like a ventilator. Away he prates, mixing up grave subjects with the veriest commonplaces; now quoting the Psalmist on the certainty of death to all, now asking the price of a "score of ewes;" anon dwelling with complacency on his official dignity, or stopping an instant to regret the loss of a comrade;—"and 'is old Double dead?" Then tattling on again about his own mad youthful pranks, or his skill in swordsmanship. His restless garrulity is a part of his gossamer intellect, for it is compounded of repetition. Shallow talks and talks, and repeats and repeats, from sheer lack of ideas. He will frequently recur to a sentence he has uttered some time since, and apparently done with. And can anything better depict a wordy busy-body than what he says as he sits down to the examination of the recruits?

"Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Where's the roll? Let me see—let me see. So, so, so, so; yea, marry, sir. Ralph Mouldy, let them appear as I call; let them do so; let them do so. Let me see. Where is Mouldy?"

Shakspeare could not but note so marked a characteristic in a simpleton as this habit of repetition; he has therefore made so confirmed a signal of a limited intellect an almost universal feature in his portraiture of the class, though he has artfully varied the style of its development. Shallow's trick of repetition consists in a fidgetty iteration of his sentences, as if he thought them of vast importance, and would fain impress them on the notice of his hearers. Slender's recurrence to his former words seems to be resorted to, as affording a sort of refuge in the midst of his embarrassment and shy consciousness; he appears, as it were, to snatch at, and hold on by these favourite phrases, as if he sought some stray support for his bashfulness. Sir Andrew repeats Sir Toby's

words from inability to originate anything of his own; while Goodman Dull falls back upon the same reply, as if instinctively, though dimly, aware that he has nothing further to oppose to the sounding argumentation of Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel; and as if he quietly slipped again into a safe "coign of vantage" that he has once luckily stumbled upon.

It was a happy thought, that, of continually bringing in Dull with that prince of prozers, Holofernes, and his worthy chum, Sir Nathaniel. There we see the rustic clod ever standing gape-mouthed beside them, staring with "lack-lustre eye," while they mouth the "scraps" that they have "stolen from the great feast of languages," and from "the alms-basket of words." In one instance, we find, "*Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull,*" and we hear nothing of the last-named personage throughout the scene, until just at its close Holofernes exclaims:

"Via, Goodman Dull! Thou hast spoken no word all this while."

"Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir."

A delectable specimen of the simpleton man-in-office is Elbow; bearing a fraternal resemblance, it must be owned, to another of the tribe, the worshipful Master Dogberry, each even calling himself "the poor duke's officer." However, Elbow's splay-footed talk is in behalf of his wife, whom he is anxious to rescue from insult; while Dogberry's pomposity is all in self-glorification. Dogberry is, indeed, the very king of stolid conceit and ridiculous importance. What a superb fellow it is! How he lords it over his subaltern watchmen! With what a sovereign air he avails himself of the sexton's timely hint in conducting the examination! How majestically he patronises his old friend Verges! who hobbles ever in his rear, content to abide in the shadow of his neighbour's greatness.

To these full-length portraits of foolish constables, Shakspeare has added the slight sketches of Fang and Snare, the two sheriff's officers employed by Hostess Quickly to arrest Sir John Falstaff; and this brings us back to Henry IV., where the class under discussion abounds.

When we observe with how prodigal a hand the poet has introduced these species of heads upon his canvass in this play, it really seems as if he felt that such a legion of simpletons was needful to counterveil the rich exuberance of wit that overflows in the single person of Sir John Falstaff. In addition to the several already cited, there is one exquisite simpleton here, a female one.

Mistress Quickly, the hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, fits before our vision in a perpetual state of frustration and feminine credulity. We behold her all of a twitter at the bare mention of a swaggerer, and agitated by a thousand "tirrits and frights" at the show of drawn swords; while her devotion to Falstaff is undeviating throughout, rendering her stone-blind to his roguery. She laughs till the tears run down her face in admiration at his good acting, when, in sport with Prince Hal, he assumes

the part of the rebuking king; she allows him to abuse her on a false charge of picking his pocket, and to *forgive* her when it is proved to be false; she scolds him roundly, and has him arrested, when his impositions on her good nature encroach beyond all bounds, but she ends by giving way at his first word of cajolery, and actually consents to pawn her plate, her tapestry, and her very gown, to supply him with another required loan. She sums up her long adoration of him in the words, "Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod time; but an *honest* and *truer-hearted* man—well, fare thee well!" This is the fanaticism of "hero-worship." And we find her faithfully attending the knight's dying bed, and soothing his last hours to the best of her poor ability, in that short glimpse we have of her in the play of Henry V.

Shakspeare has presented us with another female simpleton in the person of Audrey, but the rustic wench is even more implicit in her adoration of her idol's merits than the town-bred woman. Hostess Quickly yields to the flatteries, the promises, the artful representations of Sir John; while Audrey is struck by the grandeur of her courtly suitor, and is won rather by his extolment of his own graces, than by anything he says of hers. She is dazzled by the display of his superiority; and, bewildered by his condescension in proposing to marry her, she casts off her old swain, William, as she would a broken patten.

There is a handful of goodly simpletons in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—Francis Flute, Robin Starveling, Snug the joiner, Tom Snout, and Nick Bottom, (that impersonation of theatrical vanity, dictatorial bluster, and over-blown self-sufficiency,) every one mapped and laid down with strict fidelity to the varied outline of their several bearings.

Osrice is a court simpleton, a light, fluttering "water-fly," a gay, airy "bubble," floating easily along on the surface of society, upborne merely by his own levity, and firm in nothing but unvarying subserviency to royalty and its humours; "lord of much land,"—"a chough, but spacious in the possession of dirt;"—a frothy, unmisgiving talker—a fellow who flaunts it through life pretty generally admired, having, "with many more of the same breed," (as Hamlet sums up of him,) "got the true tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions."

Thus have we (alas, how slightly and inefficiently in this limited space!) glanced at the salient points of individuality in this list of Shakspeare's simpletons—Slender, the bashful; Sir Andrew, the imitative; Thurio, the cowardly; Cloten, the brutal; Roderigo, the infirm; Shallow, the iterative; Silence, the obtuse; Dull, the ignorant; Elbow, the indignant; Dogberry, the conceited; Verges, the foggy; Hostess Quickly, the dupe; Audrey, the gawky; Nick Bottom, the strutting daw; and Osrice, the supple parasite. But let us not forget that Shakspeare has chosen to show us that

he could draw simplicity in its attractive form, quite as powerfully as he has portrayed its ludicrous features. In the one play of "As you like it," he has not feared to give two beautiful sketches of a like character, if superficially observed. Adam and Corin are both old men—both exquisitely simple and single-hearted; but see how in one simplicity takes the shape of strong, honest, unostentatious attachment,—in the other, that of plain, sound good sense. How delightfully is this native quality of the old herdsman, Corin, brought into play against the flippant coxcombry of the court-jester, Touchstone! The straightforward, tranquil replies of this unsophisticated pupil of nature, assert forcibly the wisdom of her teaching, and proclaim him at once to be truly that which his courtly hoaxer jeeringly calls him—"a natural philosopher."

And as for the faithful old serving-man, Adam,—what elaborate protestations could touch us so profoundly as the affectionate appeal he makes to his young master?—

"I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities."

THOUGHTS UPON AMBER.

It is an old and a beautiful thought which forbids us to meddle with the traditions of a people, as something too holy for profane handling, or too recondite for common study. Like the time-worn ruins of an ancient abbey, they stand as silent records of the past; like them, traces only, yet sure traces, of an age and a faith which has passed away or been changed; like them, retaining some fragments of the former current of a nation's thoughts, but in their shattered state not easy of examination, and shunning the dry gaze of the mere intellectual inquirer; as the owl, the "solemn bird of wisdom," nestles among the ivy of the tower, and hides his head from broad daylight, which would flout those ruins grey.

And in this spirit it is, if at all, that we should look upon the ancient stories of Greece and Rome; not as portions of history, to be shuffled into this or excluded from that place, to suit the skill or the ingenuity of critics, but as something alive and real; creations, it may be, at times, of a too poetic imagination, luxuriating in all the glow and energy of its

youthful strength, but at the same time embodying and preserving much that is true, and undoubted, and valuable, if for nothing more, at least for this, as a correct and faithful index to the mind and thought of the old world. Some of these legends there are which, doubtless, admit of a clear and manifest explanation; some are but a poetical relation of events which really took place, like the tale of Cadmus, and the introduction of letters to Greece, which modern philological inquirers confirm in all its essential bearings; some are allegories, yet here more rarely than we are apt to suppose, and of much less frequent occurrence than some scholars of these modern days have been ready to pronounce; for, if some stories admit such an interpretation, neither do all nor many, and it is unsafe, alike philologically and historically, to adopt a theory which may throw into confusion the order of the mythical events. For our knowledge, after all our inquiries, is little more than the careful picking up and arrangement of the drifted wood from a stranded vessel.

With this feeling of reverence for the character of the materials with which we have to deal, let us approach one of the most ancient and beautiful remains of the Greek legendary period, and see how far it may be fairly considered to relate to the natural history of one of the most valuable articles of ancient commerce—Amber.

"Of old, there was a mighty prince, (so runs the story) who dwelt in Leginia, by the peaceful waters of Eridanus; the son of him to whom Jove in his providence had assigned the duty of guiding the chariot of the sun in his daily course through the heavens. Phaeton (for so was he named) was, as men would deem, happy. He had wealth and rank, and all his father had, he gave him. This one thing only was not his—to do his father's office, and to drive the fiery horses. A neighbour he had, Epaphus, like himself young and of noble descent, who ever and anon was wont to twit him thereon, and to say he was not the great prince he boasted to be, if there was aught in his father's power which he had not allowed to him: and so it was he coveted this one thing; and his father, sadly grieving, (for he knew his end was near,) at length gave it to him, with many charges as to the way in which he should manage the unruly steeds. And away he went; for he knew not how to tarry, in his haste, and for a while all things went well with him. But he soon, in his folly, forgot his father's teachings; his wild horses, whose nostrils breathed fire, heeded not the hand of their unwonted driver, and bounding onward in their fury scorched the whole world. Then did Earth mourn her fairest lands burnt up, yet knew not for what crime of hers this was, and lifted up her head to the king of heaven and earth to stay the course of his vengeance. Then Jove looked from on high, and beheld the whole earth in her sorrow; and launching the thunder which he has ever in his hand to punish the wickedness of men, hurled Phaeton from his chariot. Long fell he, and no cloud in pity stayed his downward fall, till the waters

of his own land covered him, and Eridanus spread out his arms and caught his shattered frame. Yet, some there were to bewail his fall. His sisters, true to woman's instinct, saw not their brother's fault, but only that his life was no longer with them: for four long months they stood weeping on the banks of the river, and strangers who passed to and fro told of their goodness and constancy; and pitying Jove at length relented in his anger, and changed the sisters into poplar trees, distilling ever as they grew, tears of golden amber, which the stream bore on to many lands—the proof of their worth and true love."

So speaks the ancient legend, beautiful and touching in its simplicity; a tale of haughty pride arrested in the height of its madness, and sisterly affection, still loving where hope was not, and in mercy recognised and rewarded by heaven. Let us see if it may not admit of an explanation probable in its nature, and doing little violence to its poetical character.

The legend, recorded though it be under different forms by different poets, is in all of them of one uniform kind, and would seem to suggest two ideas; the first, the existence of amber in or on the banks of some river Eridanus, and secondly, the connexion in some way or other of this fact with the prevalence of the worship of the sun. Now, it was the constant belief of the ancient world that this substance came from the north; and Lucian the philosopher, when he tried to investigate the matter, could find no trace of it on the banks of the Italian river. And we have the authority of the father of history for the opinion on the subject which prevailed in his day. His words, in speaking of a river Eridanus, which he had been told was somewhere in the north, are too remarkable to be passed over, illustrating, as they do in a striking manner, the reasoning temper of the Greek mind, and showing how the fear of believing too much sometimes leads to believing too little.

"I cannot," says he, "admit that there is any river called by the barbarians Eridanus, which flows into the sea in the direction of the north wind, and from which, as the story goes, amber comes; for the very form Eridanus proves it to be Greek, and in no sense barbarian, but probably the invention of some poet: while I cannot hear from any one who has himself seen it, that there is any such sea in those parts of Europe; yet it is from those remote regions that our amber comes."

And Hesiod, at least two centuries earlier, speaks of a river Eridanus which flowed towards the north. It is clear, then, that though Herodotus doubts the river because its name has too Greek an appearance, the general belief was in favour of such a stream, and, at all events, that amber was the production of some place in the barbarian north, and thence imported into Greece.

In later times, Tacitus tells us that the *Ostii* (perhaps the first mention of the people so well known in our early history as the *Estorlings*) were accustomed to gather it "inter vada Suevici maris atque in ipso littore," along the shallows and on the shore of the

Baltic sea. Hector Boethius speaks of it as a native of the British coasts; and Gryphæus, in his life of Olaus Magnus, says that it was found in great quantities in Gothland, Finland, and Livonia; while it is not a little remarkable that there is a river now flowing into the Baltic near Dantzic whose present name is so like Eridanus that we cannot help being struck by it. The river *Radanne* is a tributary of the Vistula, and exactly in the locality to which the ancient traditions point; moreover, the essential part of this name is nothing else but the *Keltic* word for water, *Don*, which we find so often with slight variation in other rivers of Europe, as the Don, Donau, (*Danubius*, hence Danube), Dniester, Dnieper, &c., and in our own "bonnie Doon," which Burns has so beautifully sung of. A Greek ear would at once make of such a name, Rhodanes, or Rhodanos, and the prefix is of little philological importance, but simply for euphony. Suppose only, what indeed admits of proof, that there was a trade in amber from the north of Europe to the north of Italy, and the name Eridanus would be brought with its product to the mart in Italy, and the Po would become the new Eridanus. There are other circumstances connected with this theory which are in themselves extremely curious, and which shall be briefly alluded to here, as they have exercised the genius and philological ability of many of the great linguists of modern Europe.

Almost all modern students agree in the belief that the most ancient Romans were of Etruscan origin, though in the later times of their republican and imperial glory they were willing to suppress as much as possible the records of an ancestry which they deemed ignominious; and that the Pelasgi, whatever may be the tribe they actually represented, were strangers to the earlier inhabitants of Italy, who had come in from the north, and who at the dawn of history formed a staple element of the Etruscan people. Later inquiries, chiefly directed to an examination of the remains of the ancient customs and language of this part of Italy, seem to give a more definite character to the traditions, and to connect the Etruscans, (and through them Rome itself,) in a manner which is not a little curious, with the amber-bearing shores of the Baltic. Niebuhr tells of an obscure conception, that Rome itself was once in the neighbourhood of the Hyperboreans; and shows from an ancient author, that it was assumed in his day as self-evident, that even Rome itself was not a Latin name. The great linguists Rask and Vater have demonstrated, that the old language of Lithuania, the Letton, resembled the German in its grammatical forms, but the Slavonic in its vocabulary; and Arndt, Jakel, and others, have pointed out the same truth with regard to the Etruscan and the Roman idioms. Again, the names of Courland, *Curische Haf*, and *Curische Nerung*, (the narrow strip of land which divides the Haf from the Baltic,) preserve the essential parts of the name on which the primitive Romans prided themselves so much, viz. *Quirites*, which, like *Quirinus* and *Quirinalis*, are traced by Niebuhr to the Sabine city Cures; the name

which is local at present for the people who live along the south-east angle of the Baltic. In the religious customs of the two peoples there is also a manifest connexion. While the Ostii and other tribes held the boar in peculiar sanctity, the Lettons and the Romans venerated the *wolf*; and Malte Brun remarks that even now, if a wolf crosses a Courlander in one of his forests, it is considered by him as an omen of unfailing goodness. Again, in ancient times, we hear much of the *Curete* worship, which seems, so far as we can determine it, to have been a worship of the elements, and, Varro states, of the sun in particular, as the source of light and heat. Tatius the king of the Sabines, when he conquered Rome, erected altars to the sun and moon, to Apollo, (whom Cicero calls a Hyperborean,) and to Quirinus; his people called their capital *Cures*, themselves *Quirites*, and their chief deity, the sun-god, *Quirinus*; and we know, that in Livonia, even as late as A.D. 1618, copies, even if they were not the originals, of many of the best known customs of ancient Rome existed among the simple-minded Courlanders; and that in the idolatrous sacrifices of the Lettons, but a few years earlier, they were in the habit of offering cakes moulded in the form of different animals, as dogs, serpents, &c. to their gods; and that in their funeral ceremonies they were accustomed to place at the head of the dead person a piece of bread, lest he should be hungry in Hades, another piece as a sop for the dog that was chained at the gates of Paradise, and a piece of money for the ferryman. Finally, Müller in his "*Etrusker*," to show the connexion between Italy and the North, mentions the popular belief in the existence of a sacred way across the Alps, whose security was maintained—by the neighbouring tribes; and the frequent discovery of amber in the Etruscan sepulchres, at Valci, Tarquinia, Puglia and Basilicata, show that it was early an article of extensive commerce, and was highly valued by them.

Much more might be said on this subject, but enough has, we hope, been done to show the proposed connexion between the legend and the amber trade. And though the day has passed away when this substance was in the greatest demand in our own island, and though our "*Sir Plumes*" are no longer

"—of amber snuff box vain,
And the nice conduct of the clouded cane,"

there may yet be those who think with the poet, that it is

"Pretty, in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!"

and may be willing to know that the ancients no less than ourselves are ready to echo the concluding lines,

"The things themselves are neither rich nor rare;
The wonder's how the devil they got there!"

Z.

SOUND BREAKING DRINKING GLASSES.

John Evelyn notes, "The voice, if very strong and sharp, will crack a drinking-glass." Many years ago, Mr. Broadhurst, the vocalist, by singing a high note, at a party at the London Coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, caused a wine-glass on the table to break, the bowl being separated from the stem.—*Britton's Notes to Aubrey's History of Wiltshire.*

A VISIT TO LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

So long a period has elapsed since the death of Lady Hester Stanhope, each year bringing with it a multitude of stirring events and new topics, while public curiosity regarding her has been so fully gratified by the admirable memoirs published by her physician, that it was some surprise to the writer that the editor of SHARPE should have judged that any further reminiscences of this illustrious and unfortunate lady could be attractive to his readers. It shows that the *prestige* so long attached to her name, though fast fading, yet continues to exist, and that some interest still belongs to details which may tend to correct or confirm what we already know of her life and character. It is in this hope, at least, that the following personal recollections are added to those already before the public.

Everybody knows that Lady Hester Stanhope was for many years as great a 'lion' to Syrian travellers as the Holy Sepulchre or the Temple of Baalbec, and that no book of the many that were annually published was deemed complete without a peep within the walls of Djouni, and some fresh details about the strange and eccentric life of its possessor. Those who were fortunate enough to be admitted to a brief interview often came away with hasty impressions, which when wrought up for effect gave but a distorted view of the original; others, who were unsuccessful in their object, avenged themselves, naturally enough, by taking the most unfavourable view of her character; and thus the idea most generally formed of Lady Hester Stanhope was that of a half-crazy misanthrope, who, disappointed in her pursuit of power at home, brooded over her imaginary wrongs in this wild solitude till, her mind becoming unbinged, she with malicious pleasure loved to refuse to her own countrymen that hospitality she so profusely extended to all besides.

With this persuasion, unfurnished besides with any credentials, and absorbed in the splendid and novel scenes of which, with all their associations, every day of Syrian travels furnishes a new stock, it may be supposed that an humble artist could not have the least idea of intruding upon the seclusion of the lady of Djouni. In fact, nothing was further from his thoughts, and even his wishes; but chance, in spite of himself, brought about what all the contrivances of others had so often failed to effect.

It was in June that we embarked, a company of English travellers, at Alexandria for Jaffa, in a small crazy Arab brig, unfurnished with chart or compass, and sailing emphatically under the guidance of Providence. A week was consumed in the tedious cruise, and our last provisions had run out when we made the coast of Palestine, but whereabouts neither captain, crew, nor passengers could tell. After much discussion, the former decided upon running to the southward in search of our port; but hour after hour passed and no signs of it appeared, when, to our great relief, a solitary Arab was seen pacing along

the sandy shore. A boat was manned, but, as it neared the land, the man, apprehensive of being kidnapped as a soldier, took to his heels, and it was not till after a long chase that he was captured. He gave the agreeable intelligence that we were abreast of Jaffa in the morning, and had been all day running away from it; so well, indeed, that with a continuance of the same wind we should have found ourselves in the morning off the mouth of the Nile. It was not until the following afternoon that we regained our original position off Jaffa; and now, as we approached its dangerous port, we became aware of the existence of a more serious hindrance; all this part of Syria being in a state of insurrection on account of the conscription, the passes occupied by the Arabs, and Ibrahim Pasha waiting for reinforcements to march against the rebels. This compelled us to give up Jerusalem for a season, and proceed along the coast to Acre, where, in consequence of the reported insecurity of the road to Sidon, all the party decided on going to Beyrout by sea, excepting a young American, who was bent upon paying his respects to Lady Hester Stanhope. Without any object of the kind, I determined to accompany him to see the neighbouring mountains.

We arrived at Sidon without the slightest adventure, and, after spending a few hours there, in the afternoon ascended the Lebanon to Djouni. My servant, one of the greatest cowards the sun ever shone upon, had refused to accompany us along the coast by land, and had been suffered to go to Beyrout with the other travellers, so that we were attended by my friend's servant and a *mukharey*, or groom.

My friend had provided himself with a letter of introduction, and was in a state of the highest exaltation—greater, probably, than on any other occasion during his tour; and, as we toiled up wild hill after hill, looked out impatiently for the lonely abode of the mysterious lady. In fact, it was high time, for his reception was yet uncertain, and we might still have to seek some other shelter for the night: it was therefore with great satisfaction that from a sudden rise we caught sight of the white walls of Djouni, on the crest of a steep hill, in the midst of a wilderness of rugged ravines and impracticable looking hills, crowned with the snows of Central Lebanon, which glowed with the last rays of sunset. Here we determined to await the answer to my friend's missive, before making a nearer approach to the walls, whence after all we might have to make an inglorious retreat.

I say *we*, because, although I myself had sent neither a card nor message, yet was I not without a lurking hope that I might obtain, under cover of my companion, if not a sight of her ladyship, at least, what I more valued at the time, a supper and the shelter of her roof. The truth is, I had slept the night before on the ground, in a miserable khan, and was both fatigued and famished; it was getting quite dusk, the neighbourhood was wild and insecure, the *mukharey* did not know the mountain: there

was a bitter cold wind sweeping over the heights, sharpening the painful sense of my interior vacuum, and giving great zest to the anticipation of a soft couch and savoury fare.

But this blessed anticipation was dispelled by the return of the servant, who after long delay came back at a gallop. "Her ladyship," he said, "had made especial and pointed inquiry if his master were really an American; as such she should receive him, but not if he were an Englishman."

My Yankee friend was in raptures, but I was indignant at this strange and unfeeling caprice, and upon patriotic grounds, at this degrading preference of a transatlantic tuft-hunter; so, after hastily arranging to keep a look-out for the favoured individual in order to meet him on the following day, I turned aside in dudgeon to find some shelter for the night.

My wrath, when I found myself alone, with bed and board to seek, was extreme, but it was nothing to that of the *mukharey*, who gave way to the most furious imprecations upon a degree of inhospitality unknown among Arab hinds. We were really at a loss,—the paths among these precipitous mountains, by day all but impracticable, are actually perilous on a dark night; we had only the lights of scattered dwellings to guide us, and, in attempting to make for the nearest group, were descending almost headlong into a ravine, where we were soon brought up among tangled rocks and bushes. I urged the *mukharey* forward: he became furious, and pointing to the lights above us, significantly drew his finger from ear to ear; but whether to intimate that he intended to cut my throat, as being the cause of his troubles, or that we were both in risk of such a treatment at the hands of some fancied robbers, I could never discover. With much difficulty we scrambled up again, and, keeping to the more level ground, came at length to a village, welcomed by the clamorous onset of a pack of Syrian curs.

We stopped at a cottage; the wrathful *mukharey* explained our treatment and our troubles, at which the peasants significantly smiled. They did not invite us to enter, but spread our carpet for the night on a raised dais of hardened plaster, beneath a large mulberry tree, and soon after, a fine comely girl, in the beautiful costume of Lebanon, with bracelets around her arms and ankles, brought forth a large bowl of milk and a little Syrian bread, which restored our chilled and exhausted frames: after this, wrapped in cloaks and coverlets, we lay down like Sanche among our saddle gear, and slept soundly.

I awoke quite chilled with the keen air of the mountain, and in anything but a pleasant mood with the mistress of Djouni, the walls of which inhospitable abode I now perceived to be divided from our nocturnal bivouac by a tremendous ravine. Before noon I saw the fortunate Yankee issue from the portal, with a led horse and some servants, upon which the *mukharey* saddled my steed, and we joined him at the bottom of the valley.

His manner was provokingly triumphant and patronising,—“My dear fellow, you are to come to Djouni,—I explained it all; her ladyship was so sorry that you should have gone to that village, and would have sent for you last night, but that the path was dangerous, (from which I gathered that intelligence of my movements had been conveyed to Djouni,) and now, after visiting some convents to which she has given me a guide, it is her wish that I should bring you to see her.”

There was much within me that rebelled against this sort of invitation, but my bones were sore, and my spirit humbled; I had no wish to sleep a second night on the dais; moreover, the whole thing struck me as so ridiculous as to be unworthy of any feeling of serious resentment. I therefore gulped down my remaining chagrin, resigned my hack to the mukharey, and mounted the caparisoned steed appointed for me.

I shall not give any further details of the ride than to observe that we visited a large convent and also a nunnery, in somewhat unusual proximity, and on presenting ourselves at the latter, where as we approached we could see the sisterhood peeping at us from the lattices, we were received, not by a lady abbess, but by a goodly personage, who seemed to have the spiritual direction of the fair recluses. About three o'clock we regained the walls of Djouni, and were at once ushered into the presence. The building, or rather maze of buildings, enclosed within the old convent of Djouni, were for the most part erected by Lady Hester for the reception of those whom she imagined would, at the great epoch of trouble that would precede the coming of the Murdah, repair to her for protection; and they are so cunningly devised and intricate, as to create a feeling of mystery in the mind of strangers: through these we were conducted to her reception room,—sunk in a subdued shadow, befitting the grave and imposing appearance of the robed and turbaned sybil who professed to read in the stars the destinies of nations and of individuals, and who certainly possessed—partly, no doubt, from nature, but principally from long and penetrating habits of observation—an almost preternatural power of divining many, if indeed not all the leading characteristics of those submitted to her piercing gaze, especially those least obvious to the common observer, but of which the conscience of the startled delinquent secretly recognised the truth. No one, from prince to peasant, escaped the keenness of her scrutiny, and without respect of persons, his good and bad marks were instantly scanned, his star revealed, and the decisive and irrevocable judgment formed. “It was this comprehensive and searching faculty, this intuitive penetration,” says her biographer, “which rendered her so formidable; for, under imaginary names, when she wished to show a person that his character and course of life were unmasked to her view, she would in his very presence paint him such a picture of himself, in drawing the portrait of another, that you might see the individual writhing on his

chair, unable to conceal the effect her words had on his conscience.”

My American friend, who, to do him justice, was really a handsome fellow, had met with her unqualified approval; my own ordeal was next to come, and it must be confessed that, after all, it sounded very much like vulgar palmistry. Born under a good star, a fortunate career was promised; and amidst the cares and troubles of life it is consoling to think, that one's future advancement rests upon the secure and satisfactory basis of astrological or physiognomical prediction. Such good things were not, however, bestowed without the accompaniment of some humiliating but truthful disclosures, of which she playfully declared “she could let out more if she would.” Satisfied apparently by her scrutiny that my star was neither hostile nor malignant, she led the way into her garden, struck with the beauty of which, the fresh green of its turf and alleys, kept, especially for so sultry a climate, in the nicest order, I could not help remarking that it reminded me of England. This remark, though it might afford a secret pleasure, was by no means graciously received. “Don't say so,” she exclaimed; “I hate everything English;” but the semblance of this feeling with which she was so often reproached, was no doubt the affected hate expressed by many under circumstances of disappointment for the object secretly beloved. Lady Stanhope loved to recal her English life, and if we are to credit her biographer, it was the want of a provision suitable for her rank and pretensions that first drove her from her native land, while her experience of the hollowness of the great, and the forgetfulness or perfidy of friends, with an exaggerated estimate of what was due to one who had once played so conspicuous a part, contributed to add disgust to disappointment. Yet, there is something touching in the feelings with which, in the midst of this gloomy solitude, she loved to revert to old scenes in happy England.

Her appearance struck me as remarkably majestic: her tall and stately figure was robed loosely in a simple Arab dress, a turban of mystic and indefinite outline overshadowing her high, pale, Roman features, which, if they were not classically correct, had a nobleness of contour and an expression of mingled dignity and sweetness. She seemed fitted at once to awe and fascinate those around her. She bore a strong resemblance to the great Lord Chatham: this instantly occurred to me, when, some years after seeing her, I was turning over a volume of portraits, and lighted suddenly upon that of the above-named statesman; and on reading her memoirs, I was gratified to discover that this was also the opinion of her friends and biographer.

A black slave now summoned us to dinner, which was prepared for us in a comfortable pavilion, her ladyship always dining alone. The dinner was really excellent, setting aside the additional relish given to it by a fortnight's living upon black bread and eggs. We were especially grateful for an apricot tart, in which my last lingering bitterness was buried, and which my Yankee friend with enthusiasm declared

might vie even with the pumpkin, or as he would maintain it, according to Walker, "pünken" pies of his own country. We little thought at the time that its composition, as well as our other comforts, might have been presided over by the priestess who had just revealed our characters and destinies; for the restless spirit of Lady Stanhope was accustomed to allow nothing to pass without her superintendence, from the fate of nations to the garnishing a dish of vegetables; and besides, she could not bear to see her guests neglected: in fact, the reason why she often declined to see a visitor, was her utter inability to receive him as she wished. These difficulties are revealed in a most amusing manner by her biographer. "Now, doctor," she would say, "what can be got for their *déjeuner à la fourchette*? for there is nothing whatever in the house. Ah! yes, there is a stew of yesterday, that I did not touch—that may be warmed up again, and some potatoes may be added; and then you must taste that wine that came yesterday from Garyfy, to see if you think they will like it. The spinach my maid must do;" (and, by the way, we ourselves had some for dinner,) "Dyk (the cook) does not know how to dress spinach, but I have taught Zezeffoon to do it very well. (Ding, ding, ding.) Zezeffoon, you know how to boil spinach in milk, and you must garnish it with five eggs, one in each corner, and one in the centre." "Yes, Sytty," (my lady.) "And, Zezeffoon, send the *yacknay* (stew) to Dyk, and let it be warmed up for the strangers. They must have some of my butter and some of my bread. Likewise give out the silver spoons and knives and forks; they are under that cushion on the ottoman there: and mind you count them when you give them to Mohammed, or they will steal one, and dispute with you afterwards about the number—a pack of thieves." Such precautions may seem unworthy of a *grande dame*, but they were highly necessary: in fact, her servants were literally what she called them, and plundered her of her very wardrobe; and her uncomfortable, and even destitute state, has been known to affect her visitors even to tears.

In the afternoon we were again called, and this proved to be a sitting of several hours, during which the conversation, in which her ladyship bore the principal part, never flagged but while our pipes were being lighted afresh. It is common enough in the East for ladies to smoke, but the mistress of Djouni would indulge for hours, nourishing thus the dreamy and imaginative mood in which she loved both to recal the scenes of her earlier life, and then, by a sudden transition, to expatiate in wild and mystic visions of futurity. This double and curiously contrasted tendency it was that characterised her conversation, and gave it so singular a charm. Few, if any, indeed, of her sex, had in modern times been more conspicuous in the great world: the niece, confidant, and even counsellor of Pitt, and at the head of his establishment, she was profoundly acquainted with the political as well as fashionable life of her time, and being gifted with more than masculine vigour and penetration, as well as endowed with astonishing fluency and vivacity

of expression, her anecdotes of state intrigue or private scandal, her racy and graphic delineation of individual characters, her play of witty remark, of light and lively satire, with traits of graver and even pathetic recollections of incidents of her early days, were, especially to persons who had lived in so totally different a sphere, life-like and amusing as the finest comedy, and not the less so, that the character of the narrator herself gleamed like a thread of silk through the texture of her discourse. It was easy to divine that all her predilections were aristocratic—race with her was everything; but this was, after all, far less the vulgar prejudice of mere high birth and fortune, regardless of correspondent elevation of qualities, than a feeling that these qualities depended upon race, and that it was in vain, to use the vulgar expression, to make "a silken purse out of a sow's ear." "God created," she would say, "certain races from the beginning; and although the breed may be crossed, and the cart-horse be taken out of the cart, and put to the saddle, their foals will always show their good or bad blood. The good or bad race must peep out; high descent will always show itself." Yet here her notions were as usual inconsistent, for elsewhere she declares that "by low born she does not mean poor people; for there are many without a sixpence who have high sentiments," and "although she was constantly drawing a line between the high and low born, good qualities in the most menial person bore as high an estimate in her mind as if she had discovered them in princes."

Like many of those who exclaim the loudest for the maintenance of despotic rule, she was herself the last to brook the idea of a superior power; she preferred to keep up, in the solitudes of Lebanon, the empty image of supremacy, to being less than she was once at home; and this feeling, which, with her reduced circumstances, led to her expatriation, nourished by solitude, and unchecked by opposition, became at length the ruling principle of her character: even the shackles of "principle" were importunate and not to be mentioned, as she said, "to a Pitt," who *could* not act otherwise than royally by her own proper impulse, without being bound by the laws intended only for the restraint of meaner souls. In keeping with this, she was generous and princely, but arbitrary and exacting: she would exercise a ruling foresight over the well being of all around her, would attend with her own hand to their necessities; but then, she must be the arbitress of their most petty concerns, and woe to the recusant who stood upon his independence; a network of *espionage* was cast around him, and he would find himself in the meshes of an almost supernatural watchfulness and omnipotence of petty tyranny. Such are the painful inconsistencies of great but ill-regulated minds. But even this stern spirit, if she could not walk humbly with her God, nor recognise the superiority of man, was not without her "hero worship." Pitt was her idol, and the supposed ingratitude of his treatment and of her own, felt more on *his* account, was the theme on which she loved to dwell to every visitor. Numerous were the anecdotes she told us of

the days when he reigned supreme over the political world.

So sagacious and practical, in fact, was Lady Stanhope's conversation upon actual life, that it was matter of astonishment to hear her start off at a tangent to tales as marvellous as any in the Arabian Nights—to enchanted caves and serpents—to secret treasures, and potent spells by which they were guarded; all which, though it was impossible not to fancy she was sometimes in jest, she appeared, nevertheless, to put forth with all the gravity of profound conviction. An acquaintance with Eastern writings, and with the Bible, which, as she told us, she sometimes read "for confirmation" of her fancies, may not improbably have originated her confident belief of the approaching advent of the "Murdah," or "Good One," the "Messiah" of the Scriptures,—an event associated with her knowledge of what was actually passing in the world, fortified by a sagacious insight into impending changes, and adorned with all the fanciful and mystic lore; coloured, moreover, with the illusions of personal vanity and ambition. It is well known that she kept two mares, one of which, with a natural saddle, was destined to carry her when the appointed time should come for those events in which she was to play a distinguished part. These visions were nourished by intercourse with an old man, an inhabitant of the Lebanon, named Metta, who, with all the credulity, as well as some of the craft of such people, contrived to persuade her, out of a mysterious Arabic volume he had procured, that the coming of the Murdah was at hand, when her power and influence would become unbounded. The reader will hardly believe that she gravely told us, not only of this forthcoming event, but that the Evil Genius was actually upon earth, that she knew of his whereabouts, of the partisans he was busied in making, particularly in France; that when the Murdah appeared, as he shortly would, he would dissolve by his power the spells which locked up certain treasures concealed in tombs and caves, (for the root of all evil seemed to be necessary to bring about even these glorious changes,) that people would flock to his standard, that he would defeat the Evil Genius in a decisive engagement, and thus our poor wild world would at length be called to order. Such statements may seem to cast a doubt upon the sanity of one who could gravely put them forth; yet, when we remember that the subject of the Millennium, in itself so exciting to the imagination, has in all ages exercised a powerful effect upon particular bodies of Christians—that periods have occurred when men have sold all and repaired to the soil of Palestine to await the expected Messiah—we cannot be surprised if a woman whose imagination far outran her intellectual cultivation, dwelling apart, on a lonely mountain, in the very land of prodigies, should give way to visions that flattered her natural ambition. The real, as well as the imaginary, it must be confessed, were after all closely blended in these prophetic anticipations, and when we look at the changes that have since occurred, we might

almost be justified in believing, that after years of long insight into the character and actual state of society in Europe, she might say with the wizard—

"'Tis the sunset of life gives the mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

It is impossible not to be struck with her estimate of the character and her foresight of the destiny of that illustrious man, who, without any political intrigue, by the native force alone of genius and nobility of mind, lately rose to the guidance of the foreign policy of France.

"You are one of those men," she said to Lamartine, "sent by Providence, who have a great part to play in the work which is preparing: you will shortly return to Europe—Europe is worn out; France alone has a great mission yet to accomplish; you will share in it—in what way I know not, but I can tell you, if you wish it, this evening, when I shall have consulted your stars. I know not yet the names of them all, I can now see more than three—I distinguish four—even five—and more. One is certainly Mercury, who gives clearness and beauty to intelligence and language: poet you must be—it is written in your eyes, and in the upper part of your face; below, you are under the influence of totally different, and almost opposite stars—those which bestow energy and action."

How surprisingly all this has been verified, how these widely differing qualities have been displayed by the "poet-statesman," let the history of that "wonderful month," as it is well called by a writer in the *Times*, bear witness; during which this noble-minded man, by the generous elevation of his sentiments and the power of his eloquence,

"Wielded at will that fierce democracy,"

won the admiration even of his political enemies, restrained the wild outbreak of revolutionary excitement, and preserved the peace of Europe. It should be observed that her estimate of character, so wonderfully accurate, was, after all, by her own confession, founded more upon physiognomical insight, than, as many have affirmed, upon astrological calculation—from the formation and expression of a man's head she divined the influences under which he was born; and as her predictions of his fate were founded upon an estimate of his qualities, they might not unreasonably be expected to be occasionally verified.

It was now getting far into the night; the pipes had been repeatedly filled and emptied, and though we were beyond measure delighted with our interview, a feeling of weariness began to creep over us. We had been most graciously received—my friend had pleased her from the first, and I too had found favour in her sight, and discovered an invaluable qualification—

"In short—there never was a better listener."

She gave us a cordial invitation to remain at Djouni; "For artists," she said, "I like them, but I hate your people who go about the world setting others by the ears. It will take you a fortnight to draw these mountains—you had better remain with me." I had

been so fascinated with her conversation, notwithstanding the mysticism with which it was so strongly tintured, that I felt very much disposed to close with this gracious offer. But my Yankee friend was one of the "go-ahead" school; he had enjoyed two nights of it, and perhaps began to think he had got enough; in short, he had "killed his lion," and he wanted to be off. I was compelled to accompany him, and accordingly, with many expressions of thankfulness and respect, declining the invitation on the plea of the necessity of pushing forward in the present troubled state of the country, we retired to our divans, and at an early hour on the following morning were on our way to Beyrout.

I had entered the walls of Djouni with a feeling of lingering prejudice, dispelled by a brief intercourse with its noble and singular mistress. During the years that followed I heard with pain of her embarrassments—of the debts that she could not pay—of cruel humiliations to which she was in consequence subjected, and which goaded her proud spirit almost to insanity; then came the intelligence of her death—of her being alone in her last moments, and in the hands of servants, who, after plundering, abandoned her. It was painful, indeed, to figure that high-souled woman, outliving all her illusions of expected power and influence, conscious of the world's neglect, and wanting in her last agony the ministrations which soothe the parting passage, even of the humblest. On a subsequent journey I passed in sight of the mountains of Sidon, and looked up towards her ruined and forsaken establishment, and learned that the singular mare already mentioned, whose peculiar formation had nursed her ambitious expectations of riding to Jerusalem in triumph at the coming of the Murdah, was at Beyrout for sale. On taking up, some time afterwards, the volumes of her biographer, I recognised the truthfulness and completeness of the portraiture; traits that I had noticed were more fully developed, the very style of her conversation inimitably preserved, and much satisfactorily explained that I had never been able to understand. Thus her apparent want of hospitality was traced to the poverty of her household; her debts to the generous imprudence of providing for fugitives and outcasts, and to the usurious terms upon which she was compelled to raise money for that purpose. In short, her entire character, with all its inconsistencies, stood out clearly revealed before me—her "amazing genius and her amazing ignorance," the disproportion between an over-fervid imagination and an ill-educated mind, her faults and virtues, the growth of a noble soil, inspiring feelings of mingled compassion and reverence, were impartially displayed; and it may be some atonement for the unavoidable scantiness of these recollections, that they serve to point the reader's attention to a work, which, from the interest of its subject, and the delightful manner in which it is treated, is likely to prove one of lasting popularity.

THE RETURN.

REV. HENRY THOMPSON.

I MARKED a haggard man, and stern;
Among the tombs he came,
Long vainly searching to discern
A half out-trodden name:
Tempests and suns had scorch'd their trace
On a dark, rugged, toilworn face,
That told of wars, of pains, of years,
Of all earth's misery, save its tears.

And yet that man, so cold and wild,
Soon as that name he found,
Pour'd forth, impassion'd as a child,
A silent flood that drown'd
Vision and utterance for a while:
Then gleamed a faint and wintry smile
O'er each hard feature—and his wo
Found in this plaint its overflow:

"I clear the burial mould away,
And trace, with aching breast,
Thy name, thy years, the solemn day
That gave thee to the blest.
Three lines! and yet they mark the spot
Enough for those who knew thee not:
While all who knew from less than these
Could waken countless memories.

"They bear me up Time's reflux tide,
To verdant isles of joy,
When, by the thoughtful maiden's side,
A frank and happy boy,
I sported in the eves of May;
Or found November's closing day,
By the dim firelight, blest with thee,
As ne'er without thee May could be.

"Morn brings the boyish task—we part—
I cherish through the day
In treasury of the deepest heart
The playmate far away:
More tedious wears the toilsome hour
For distance from thy joyous bower:
'Tis past! and step as spirit free
Wings the glad idler back to thee.

"It is the holy chime! our sports
To graver joys must yield;
Tow'rd the great Father's rustic courts
We pace the daisied field.
We pass the hallowed gate—we tread
Through the mute mansions of the dead—
We enter—No!—ah me! I rave!
One stands without—and on thy grave!

"One stands without—it may not be
This sinbound soul of mine
Should view that inmost sanctuary
Where thou art now divine.
In earth's dull charnel left below,
Mid guilt, mortality, and wo,
I linger, blighted, spurned, forlorn,
Mark for each shaft of hate and scorn.

"I stand without; and yet the hymn
From forth those crystal walls,
On my soul's ear, though soft and dim,
In sweet distinctness falls;
And midst it swells a childish voice,
That bade my boyhood's soul rejoice;
It pleads for me with silver tone
Before the eternal Mercy-throne.

"I feel it—in dark hours forlorn
Of anguish and despair,
When hideous thoughts, of torture born,
Have striven with faith and prayer,
Grace came my prostrate soul to rear,
Gave strength to war, gave love to cheer;
That grace, strength, comfort, love divine
Came to no orison of mine.

"I had not deemed,—e'en though the Book
Of heaven had silent been,
Thy pure meek earnestness of look,
So stedfast, so serene,
Born of the perishable eye;
No—through that soft cerulean sky,
This conscious heart had well divined
A heaven of heavens that lived behind.

"That lamp, from clay so exquisite,
So delicately wrought,
Is shatter'd;—but the living light
Could ne'er resolve to nought.
No! for the fire celestial needs
No earthborn aid that guards and feeds;
And, this remov'd, the enfranchis'd light
Springs to the fountain infinite.

"A ray of kindred origin,
Sore darken'd and defil'd
By cloud of wo, and stain of sin,
Looms through the stormrent wild
Of this lorn spirit—in those tears
Fast melt the gather'd clouds of years,
And faintly warm, distinct though pale,
Again my being's sun I hail.

"Nor shall he set. When low in dust
This mortal frame shall be,
And mingle, as it shall, I trust,
With all earth claims of thee;
Then will I hope, in Edenland,
No more to part, with thee to stand,
And through eternity prolong
In bliss the high thanksgiving song:

"Lord, who for me didst change thy heaven
For earth and death of wo,
All glory to thy name be given
For all my griefs below:
That led my murmuring heart to learn
Earth's toys and pangs alike to spurn,
To thy blest Cross, though late, to flee,
First crucified, now crowned, with thee."

STORY OF A FAMILY.¹

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE ARRIVAL.

"It is half-past six, my dear John," said Miss Melissa Lee, as she entered the drawing-room of Evelyn Manor, in the most refined of dove-coloured silks, and the airiest of Honiton lace *coiffures*, expressive of a sublime renunciation of the claims of youth at least ten years before the departure of its charms; "do you think we need wait for them any longer, as they know our dinner-hour?"

"Oh, give them a little law, Mell—(how intensely she hated that abbreviation!)—give them a little law. You see, when I wrote to Mrs. Chester——"

"When you wrote to Mrs. Chester!" interrupted his sister, amazedly, "what do you mean?"

Uncle John's face flushed crimson as he plunged into a blundering explanation.

"Why, you see, my dear, when I found that Mrs. Chester was to come with Ida, and Percy had fixed and settled it, you see, so that it couldn't be helped—though, as you say, it is a very foolish thing, and she is only a companion—in which I quite agree with you, and only wish it wasn't so—but as it *is* so, you see, and it can't be helped, why, the only thing is just to make the best of it, and be a little civil for once in a way; and so, you see, I thought it was better, don't you see, just to write a few lines—as she is quite an elderly person, and has most probably been respectable—though I don't suppose she is quite the thing now, as you say, and I quite agree with you—only, don't you think it might be better?"

"What might be better?" asked the bewildered lady.

"Why, just to write her a few lines, in a distant, formal sort of way, to say we should be very happy to see her, and all that sort of thing—quite distantly, you know—in the third person—I flatter myself I can do a thing of that kind pretty well—I wrote as formally as possible, in the third person, and signed myself, 'Yours sincerely.'"

"It is a most extraordinary proceeding!" said the indignant Melissa. "Surely, I was the best judge of the degree of attention which this Mrs. Chester is entitled to demand. It is, altogether, the most extraordinary thing. And what can Ida possibly think—for I own I am not very anxious about Mrs. Chester's opinion, but I feel towards that dear child as if she were my younger sister—what can she possibly think of *your* writing in *my* place?"

"Oh, I guarded against *that*," cried Uncle John, triumphantly. "I thought that might seem a little strange, so I said that you would have written, only you were prevented by some of your infirmities."

"You said——!" cried his sister, almost speechless. John saw the symptoms, and muttering some unin-

telligible speech about an invisible dog, darted out upon the lawn. Just so far had he attained in his domestic policy. He knew when he had raised a storm, though he did not know how to avoid raising it, and he generally took flight, as now, from the effects of his own rashness. Melissa was left in an agony of impotent wrath, which only very gradually subsided as it occurred to her that it might be well to reassume the attitude in which she intended herself to be found, and from which in her first indignant surprise she had started—a volume of Dante hanging from her hand, and, on the table before her, a vase of yellow and white roses, and a sketch in water-colours. She was never discovered at work, because she considered that decidedly old-maidish. This may be called caricature, yet how often is an artificial carelessness to be detected in the arrangement of a room, or the introduction of a topic of conversation?—and surely there are some who, as they came up the garden-sweep for the morning visit of duty, have seen the hurried movement within, which announced that a book was to be rushed for, and a studious posture assumed, in order to impress the new-comer!

While this little scene was taking place, the carriage which contained Ida and Mrs. Chester was rapidly approaching the park gate. Ida, with all the buoyancy of her age, had sufficiently recovered from the bitter grief of parting to enjoy, though not with that gleeful and cloudless enjoyment which had once been hers, all the novelty and interest around her. The ready sigh, the tremulous lip, the half-finished sentence, told most expressively how intimately the idea of her father was connected with everything that she saw, thought, or felt—how painfully she needed him to turn to with each eager question or innocent exclamation. It is when *we* are happy that we most earnestly long for the companionship of those we love; or when *they* are sorrowful. Nevertheless, she stretched her graceful head from the carriage window, striving to recognise every tree, hedge, and stone; giving herself up to that strange, sweet, dreamy feeling which a visit to the place of our early childhood, from which we have long been separated, never fails to produce. The relics of that bright spring-time, the story-book, the dried flower, the treasured letter—these are melancholy things; they are, as it were, portions of an inner life which is gone for ever; they are so definite, yet so incomprehensible—so familiar, yet so strange—that we instinctively shrink from them as we would shrink from the presence of a ghost. But it is not quite so with the scenes where these things were sought and valued—with the place where the child played, which, after long years, the man for the first time revisits. Here are no fragmentary recollections, no sharp and bitter contrasts; but rather an entire softened picture, like one of those dissolving views in which the great cities of the primeval world are presented to our eyes in a visionary splendour, which melts, we know not how, into the ruin and desolation of to-day. The former memorials are but the fragments of a skeleton—they are real, they have lived; but their present deadness is

as real as the life that once animated them, and imagination sickens as she gathers them, and has no power to reconstruct the whole: the latter are as the garments which the living man once wore, and when we look upon them, a burst of tears proves better than argument the suggestiveness of their present vacancy. We stand still and gaze upon our own childhood as a pleasant spectacle: we see the little figure moving about, laughing, dancing, weeping, quarrelling, repenting, praying, sleeping, and we smile, sympathize, wonder, and love, and are quite startled to remember after all that we have been looking at ourselves. Is there *one* among the children of men who, if really he could be a child again, would refuse to become one? Is there one who would *consent*, if, on leaving the sweet valley, he must climb the hill by the selfsame path which he has already toilsomely ascended?

"Oh! dear Madeline, may we get out?" cried Ida, as the carriage stopped before the gate, "I should so much like to walk, I shall see it so much better. Oh, there is the very terrace where I played with Frederick; and there is the bank where I found such a number of daisies; and there is the step where poor uncle John fell down, when he was trying to show us how to waltz;—in one minute we shall see the house;—there—is it not beautiful?"

Mrs. Chester indulged her favourite, and they entered the garden arm-in-arm. Vickars dismounted from the coach-box and followed them; for Vickars, be it understood, had found it quite impossible to allow her dear young mistress to depart without her, and, with a vast deal of preambing and apologizing, and an immense amount of humble self-celebration, had volunteered to act as lady's maid. Ida, whose loving heart was already more than sufficiently wrung, was only too glad to strike one name off the list of those to whom she was compelled to say good-bye. The last three days of her sojourn at Croye had been literally passed in weeping; for there was scarcely a poor person in the village who had not come up to the great house for one last look of a face which had been the very sunshine of the country, and every simple "God bless you" had drawn tears from those gentle eyes. Then there were the children who had grown up with her, and the children she had taught and tended since she grew up; little rosy babies who put up their fearless lips to kiss her, and grave, down-cast girls who dropped profound courtesies and blushed crimson when she shook hands with them; a thousand ties, which had been years in forming, were to be snapped in a few hours. To each, in turn, she said, "I shall come back—be sure, I shall come back;" but the very words, "come back," have a sorrowful sound, for they are but a disguised farewell. So, when good Mrs. Vickars made her somewhat pompous offer, Ida responded to it with a delight at which she was afterwards surprised, herself. But it is no uncommon thing for a sensitive person to be thought cold at one time, at another too warm to be sincere, by those who cannot follow the changes of a tempera-

ment unlike their own. There are moods in which the slightest expression of feeling becomes an impossibility; when it seems as though every pulse of the heart beat beneath a mountain's pressure: there are other moods in which we could kiss the very grass under our feet.

"Look, Madeline!" exclaimed Ida, "that is the chapel window—there I first went to church. Oh! how well I remember when papa——" She stopped, her eyes overflowing with tears, which she brushed hurriedly away, that she might look steadily at those deeply-stained compartments, all glowing in the sunset which poured through the western window and struck upon them from within, causing them to look as though the figures of saint and angel were chiselled from a rainbow, and framed in dark clouds.

"May we go in?" pursued Ida after a pause, dropping her voice almost to a whisper. They entered. The fourteen years which had passed in unbroken neglect since Ida visited those walls before, had done their work of decay unsparingly; the glass of the western window was broken, and the white stone, thus left undefended from the weather, showed many a green stain and many a blunted edge. Through the aperture, which now admitted the broad red streamer of light which the sun flung from him as he sank, a passion-flower had grown, and hanging downwards, had cast a rich festoon of its mystic blossoms around the canopy of the font, which stood against the western wall. "Papa planted that," said Ida, as with timid and reverent touch she lifted one of the flowers which rested exactly upon the sacred monogram carved in the moulding of the edge; and, stooping down, she kissed, not the letters, but the leaves which had concealed them. Then advancing along the uneven pavement towards the eastern end, she kneeled down for a moment, her friend kneeling beside her, and, though neither spoke, each joined the other in a prayer for the absent. Travelling in the far east at that hour, there was the echo of a soft bell murmuring in Percy's ear, and a refreshment upon his heart like the fall of dew upon a thirsty soil. Never let feeble woman mourn for her impotence, so long as she can pray for those she loves! Who can tell how quickly and how effectually the ministering spirits carry upward the fragrance of that prayer? Only let her keep her heart pure and her life holy, for it is the prayer of the *righteous* which availeth, and she may well believe that every permitted sin of hers may lose a blessing for the friend in whose behalf it were such joy to die.

They issued from the door of the chapel, and walked slowly towards the terrace. Mrs. Chester broke the natural silence sooner than she was disposed to do, from a fear lest Ida's overstrained spirits should render her unequal to the excitement of meeting her relations, on whom she was most anxious that the first impression should be favourable. "Do you remember your aunt and uncle?" inquired she.

"Oh, uncle John, perfectly," replied Ida; "he had a round rosy face, and the kindest blue eyes I ever

saw. I don't recollect aunt Melissa quite so well; but I recollect dear aunt Ellenor, and poor Frederick who took such care of me, and naughty little Godfrey who fought for me. It is very strange that I was so fond of Godfrey, for he frightened me out of my wits, and he certainly was a very naughty boy."

"I wonder you remember any of them," observed Madeline, "you were a mere baby at the time."

"Ah, but it was the grand event of my babyhood—the epoch from which I dated every thing. Besides, I was never suffered to forget; we were constantly talking of it, and papa used to tell me so much about aunt Ellenor, who would have come to see us, only she never left her sons; and, for some reason which I don't know, it was impossible for them to come. She followed them about, and lived near them, first when they were at school, and afterwards at college, till poor Frederick was obliged to come home. Oh, Madeline!"—Ida stopped suddenly, and gazed with an intense, fervent expression, peculiar to her in moments of strong excitement, upon the distant view; the slopes of the park were mellowing into the shadowy hues of twilight, while the stripe of sea visible against the horizon between them had caught a fall of light behind a thin rain-cloud, and was glistening like molten silver. Mrs. Chester waited for her to speak, and, after a moment's pause, she added, shuddering, "How very dreadful it must be that a person you love should be blind! Poor aunt Ellenor!"

"And poor Frederick!" said Madeline.

"Ah!" cried Ida; "it must be much easier for him to bear than for her. He may be able to grow used to it, but to her it must always be new. And then, somehow, it seems a simpler duty, I think, to submit to a trial for one's self, than to submit to it for anybody whom one loves. In the first case, it is so manifest that there can be no question about it; while in the other it must be quite different, and, I think, much harder."

"Ha, you little loiterer! is that you?" exclaimed the cheerful voice of uncle John, as he caught sight of his visitors, and hurried eagerly forward to meet and welcome them. Ida sprang to his arms, and, after kissing her warmly, he put her back from him, and deliberately untied and took off her bonnet, that he might see her thoroughly. "I declare!" said he, joyously rubbing his hands together, as with many blushes she endured this unceremonious inspection, "I declare, I think I should have known you! Why, it is the very same face, only a size or two larger—and not much, either. I protest, Ida, if it were not for the height and the dress, you would look like a little child still!"

Ida laughed. "I should have known *you* anywhere, uncle John," observed she.

"No! would you, though?" cried he, with a burst of ecstatic laughter, "you don't say so! And it's fourteen years ago, too! Well, I call that a compliment. But come along with me, my love, and make haste, for your aunt Melissa is waiting dinner; and, between ourselves, that is a particularly

unpleasant thing, though it often happens, which, I suppose, is my fault. Come along. Only to think of your knowing me! By the bye, you have not introduced me to Mrs. Chester."

Ida drew her friend forward, and bashfully performed the introduction; but Mrs. Chester's slight yet stately inclination was lost upon uncle John, who, as soon as he had got over the necessary civility, was impatient to hurry his niece into the house, talking the whole way.

"I can't be so much stouter as Melissa says I am; that's quite impossible, you know, or you never would have known me. And what sort of a journey did you have? And how do you think the old place is looking? You would have known *that*, of course. Houses don't get wrinkled and grey-headed, you know," (chuckling at his own wit). "And are you not very tired, my dear, and very hungry? We shall have dinner in five minutes, and you shall go to bed as early as you like. She said I was growing so florid I wasn't like the same man; but I think this is an unmistakeable proof that I must, at any rate, be *like* the same man, or else you would never have known me, you know."

"Oh," said Ida, "you are just like the uncle John I remember who was so kind to me, only you are a little stouter, and have rather more colour."

"I have, have I!" replied he, in a manifestly dismayed tone. "A *little* stouter, eh? Only a little! Ah, well, never mind, if there's any foundation for it at all, it's no good!"

Muttering the last few words, which were wholly unintelligible to Ida, as a depressed soliloquy, he led her up the terrace steps, and into the drawing-room, where Melissa, who had entirely given her visitors up, and was expecting the summons to dinner, was *really* surprised in her attitude, which she had almost unconsciously retained. She rose with a genuine start, and, coming forward, saluted her niece with a cordiality which was not warm, because it *could* not be, but which undoubtedly did its best to become so.

"Ah, you might have waited for your dinner till midnight, if it had not been for me!" cried uncle John. "I found these two fair ladies wandering on foot about the grounds, like two distressed princesses in a fairy tale. There they were, looking here and looking there, enjoying themselves as nicely as possible, and never thinking about us. Pretty behaviour to begin with!" shaking his finger at Ida.

"Pretty behaviour, indeed!" reiterated Melissa, with a kind of sour playfulness, and an acrid glance at Mrs. Chester, which seemed to express boundless amazement that the governess could have allowed such a proceeding. "My dear Ida, how could you do so, when you must have known how impatient I was to see you? The dinner, of course, is not of the slightest consequence, but I do not like to think that you were not anxious to see me!" She squeezed Ida's hand as she spoke, and uncle John, who thoroughly comprehended the expression of her face, winked outrageously, and without the smallest attempt

at concealment, and then assured her that the ladies had lost their way when he encountered them, and that was the sole cause of the delay, drowning Ida's gentle assurances [to the contrary in a burst of triumphant laughter. "And now, my sweet girl," said Melissa, with a stern struggle after gentleness, "will you make as rapid a toilette as you can? Cécile shall show you to your room. But stop—one word." She drew her aside, and asked in a whisper, and with a very expressive elevation of the eyebrows, "Will it not be better for your governess to dine at table with us this first day, as your journey must have thrown you a little out of your usual hours?"

"Mrs. Chester?" inquired Ida, in a puzzled tone. Then, instantly remembering Madeline's stipulation, that she was not to be compelled to enter into society, and quite overlooking the improbability of her having held any communication with Miss Lee on the subject, she added, hastily, "Oh, do you really think she will refuse? I will ask her directly. Dear Madeline, you don't mean to shut yourself up, do you, except when visitors come? You are going to dine with us, are you not?"

"To-day you will give us the pleasure of your company, I hope?" said Melissa, approaching with that galling graciousness which some persons assume when they intend to mark at once their own kindness and the inferiority of the individual whom they are addressing; "to-morrow, if you please, we can resume our usual habits."

Mrs. Chester bowed as though she were replying to a courtesy. "I have promised Mr. Lee," said she, very quietly, "to remain with his daughter so long as the party only consists of her family circle; if you should have other visitors, I shall beg you to have the goodness to excuse me, as I do not wish to enter into general society."

Melissa was silent, and felt herself baffled for the moment, though she inwardly resolved to return to the attack at some future period. "I never heard of such a thing," said she, mentally, "as a governess not dining at luncheon!"

So this was her first grievance; and many are the domestic wars which have sprung from smaller causes than this. If the grievances of most people could be properly dissected and examined, I verily believe that the majority of them would be found to owe their offensiveness simply to their novelty. Human nature can bear a great deal, but it cannot bear to see a shawl fastened behind instead of in front!

In the evening, Melissa devoted herself to a sort of catechism of Ida, with the object of discovering, as far as she could, what were the principal defects in Percy's eccentric system of education. Having ascertained that she drew and played, the next question was, "What sort of a French master could be procured in that out-of-the-way place?"

"I had no French master," said Ida, "papa and Madeline taught me."

"No French master!" cried her aunt; "dear me! But how did you acquire the accent?"

"I am afraid I have not acquired it at all," returned Ida, smiling. "I cannot speak any language easily except English, because I learned all the languages I know in order to read, not in order to speak. Papa said I should learn to speak very quickly if I went to the country, and that I should not require it till then."

Melissa, who thought accent vastly more important than literature, exercised great self-command, and changed the subject. "I suppose you read a great deal, when you are at home?" said she; "you must have had so much time. I quite envy you the repose of your life—the perfect leisure. How often have I sighed for the power to spend weeks and months in uninterrupted study!"

"Have you indeed?" asked Ida, looking at her with a kind of awe. "Oh, I should get so tired of it!" Melissa looked a little disconcerted, and her niece proceeded: "But what is it that has prevented you from doing so, aunt Melissa?"

"The claims of the world, my love, and a thousand occupations which it would be impossible to explain now. I have been sadly shut out from all my favourite pursuits and tastes, but I have always been literary at heart. *Now* I hope I may be able to allow myself a little indulgence; we will read and draw together. I suppose your father was very particular as to what you read, was he not? You were never allowed to read any novels, I suppose?"

"O dear, yes!" cried Ida, "a great many! I am so fond of them!"

"Indeed!" (with a sorely puzzled expression), "and, pray, what have you read?"

"Undine, and Minstrel Love, and Thiodolf, and Ivo, and Verena, and The Old Man's Home, and Amy Herbert——"

"But, my dear child," interrupted Melissa, "those are not novels."

"Are they not?" asked Ida; "I thought novels were stories. Well, then, there were the Waverly novels, which papa used to read to me. I did not read those to myself. And Miss Austen's novels. Oh, aunt Melissa! how pleasant it is to think about those things, after one has read them! I can think of them all in this dear old place; Sir Walter Scott for the avenue and the moat, and Miss Austen for the parlours and bedrooms, and La Motte Fouqué for the chapel. I think if Sir Walter Scott had been a painter, he would have been just like Cattermole; and Miss Austen like one of the Dutch painters, only with refinement; and Fouqué—oh! I don't know what likeness to find for him!—he is more like a musician than a painter. It is very strange that there should be no painter at once spiritual and romantic, like him. I wonder why it should be impossible for painting to express two lines of thought at once. What is the reason of it, aunt Melissa?"

This speech was rather puzzling to Miss Lee, and as she did not exactly know how to answer it, she contented herself with remarking that, *she* did not perceive anything Dutch about the parlours and bed-

rooms of Evelyn Manor; an observation which caused at least as much bewilderment in Ida's mind as Ida had caused in hers. Presently, the elder lady returned to her catechism. "You had not much society at Croye, I suppose? Were you not rather dull sometimes?"

Ida's eyes glistened as she remembered, on the contrary, how perfectly happy she had been. "We had a great deal of society," answered she, gently, "we knew everybody in the village."

"But, surely," said the exclusive Miss Melissa, in considerable surprise, "there were not more than two or three visitable people?"

"Two or three!" reiterated Ida. "There was the clergyman, and Madeline, and the old sexton; and, let me see, how many—three, four, five shopkeepers, and all the poor people."

Melissa stared, and Mrs. Chester laughed outright. "My dear Ida," said she, "you have not exactly understood your aunt. You have lived so out of the world that you don't know that when one speaks of society one does not mean interchange of kindnesses."

"No, exactly," interposed Melissa, perfectly unconscious of the slight tone of sarcasm; "one means friends and acquaintance—people to visit."

"But we *did* visit them all," persisted Ida; "and all of them—that is, as many as liked, and had behaved well—used to come to the house on feast days; and some of them were quite friends, and all were acquaintance."

"But not on an equality, my dear; that is nonsense, you know," said Melissa, quite crossly, oppressed by the difficulty of combining a proper degree of refinement with a proper degree of charity, a problem which has puzzled wiser brains than hers.

"Oh, no, not on an equality," returned Ida, somewhat thoughtfully; "very few of them could be on an equality with papa."

Mrs. Chester understood perfectly well the grounds upon which Ida was judging, and, afraid lest the next moment she should announce that the old sexton was far superior to herself, and so complete the hopelessness of her aunt's bewilderment, interposed with a remark upon the natural beauties of Croye.

"Oh, yes!" observed Melissa, with a faint drawl of sentiment; "among those scenes, such a homo circle as Ida's must have left nothing to be wished. But you must have missed that dear, respectable Mr. Becket terribly. With all his eccentricities, he was so thoroughly amiable, that it was impossible not to grow very fond of him; and when the heart is good, it is so easy to excuse a few errors of the head."

Mrs. Chester smiled an artificial smile; and as for Ida, from the moment in which Mr. Becket's name was mentioned, she had been so busy in restraining her inclination to weep, that the meaning of the last part of the sentence was quite lost upon her. This was particularly fortunate; for if she had understood it, it is probable that the burst of her indignation might have frightened aunt Melissa.

Shortly after this, the clock struck ten; and the

party separated for the night. Melissa detained Mrs. Chester as she was about to follow her pupil from the room, and inquired, with a mysterious air, "how far Miss Lee was aware of the position in which Mr. Clayton Lee's will had left her?"

"She is perfectly ignorant on the subject," was the reply. "Her father thought that it would expose her to very painful embarrassment to know the view with which the family was to assemble on her eighteenth birthday: and as her choice must, after all, be determined by her own feelings, it would, moreover, be perfectly unnecessary."

"But does she not know, then," asked Melissa, "to what she exposes herself if she should, by chance, reject both her cousins?"

"It would make no difference if she did," answered Mrs. Chester, coldly, "except that she would probably feel very uncomfortable in their society."

"Of course it would make no difference," echoed Melissa, in a dissatisfied tone. And the two ladies exchanged a somewhat distant "good-night."

Madeline moved slowly up stairs, her hand to her forehead, and an expression of scorn and bitterness upon her fine features. What had she not endured that evening! and with what was she contrasting it! Yet the scorn was almost more towards herself than towards her hostess; and she felt inexpressibly humiliated in her own eyes, that her position during that evening should have appeared to her humiliating. "No more freedom!" said she to herself—"no more beauty! I am in trammels again; and these years of peace and purity have done nothing for me; but the body is still stronger than the spirit, and the will is but like a caged tiger, and ready to assert its unchanged nature the instant the bars are broken. What a life! And now for the daily encounter with weakness, pettiness, earthliness, and the daily deterioration. Is it then only the cloister and the vow which can keep the heart really pure? What shall I say to my Ida, and what will she say to me? How repulsive, how inconceivable must all this be to her! And how will it work upon her? and how shall I meet her innocent comments? I suppose I must be charitable—that is, hypocritical; for it is nothing else in such a case. For the first time I really dread to see her!"

She entered the room to receive her usual parting embrace, and Ida turned towards her that bright, serene face, and greeted her eagerly. "Oh, Madeline!" said she, "what self-command my aunt Melissa has!"

Madeline opened her dark eyes to their widest extent. "How calmly," pursued Ida, "she spoke of papa, and of—of—Mr. Becket; and I am so weak, I can scarcely name either of them without crying. Oh! how I hope I shall gain strength as I grow older!"

Madeline folded her in her arms, and kissed her tenderly. "God bless you, my darling child!" said she, and went to her own room, weeping.

Let any one compare his present impression of a book or a person which he has known all his life with the impression which he had of the same book or person in his childhood. What is the great difference?

It is the quantity of evil which he now sees, and which he then did not suspect;—it is the thorn ever springing up, and no angel's touch to turn it to a flower. For the charity of innocence is perfect; it beholds the shadow, but thinks only of the light which casts it.

Yet it was curious to see how an unconscious reserve grew up in Ida towards her aunt; after that first evening she never prattled before her in the same unrestrained manner; instinct was to her as perfect a guide as the tact which it is generally supposed that long acquaintance with the world must teach. Depend upon it, that the finer feelings have a natural armour, which grows upon them as closely as the epidermis which covers the delicately-tinted shell, and which is, like that, the result of an encounter with rough and injurious elements. It is grievous, doubtless, that this should be necessary; yet surely it is better that those rainbow colours should be hidden, than that they should be tarnished. The "perfect simplicity," as it is sometimes called, which is for ever running its head against the walls of this wicked world, and then craving pity for its wounds, is either half-conscious, and then, of course, *not* perfect simplicity, or else wanting in delicacy of organization. The bee avoids the odour which is too gross for her; she does not fly into the midst of it, and then swoon away. And the woman who has once been ridiculed for an unguarded expression of feeling has only herself to thank if she a second time encounters the same mockery. It is true that there are many cases in which she *must* encounter it, either because duty commands her, or because the motive urging to it is more powerful than that which deters from it. But these are beside the question. It is true also that impulse is sometimes stronger and quicker than the most sensitive instinct, and the evil is done before we are aware of it; but this will not often be the case where the agony which results from the blunder is genuine and keen. So Ida went on unconsciously wrapping all the deep and beautiful things of her heart within its inmost folds, and not knowing why she felt so weary.

"My dear John," said Melissa to her brother, on the first evening, after she had dismissed Mrs. Chester, "I am very anxious to hear your impression of our guests. *That* Mrs. Chester! I cannot say that I like her looks at all; she is quite a gentleman's beauty, of course, but she has a most unpleasant expression, as gentlemen's beauties generally have, and I am afraid I shall have a good deal of trouble with her. She is evidently thoroughly imbued with all Percy's strange notions, and I suspect she is very determined; and it is quite clear that she does not know her own position at all. As to our sweet little niece, she is very pretty, and I fancy she is a dear, amiable creature. But, between ourselves, I rather think she has scarcely the usual quantity of abilities. I should not say so to any body else; but I am afraid she is deficient. She has evidently no mind at all."

"I don't care for mind," was uncle John's only answer. And it was not wonderful that he said so; for his notion of "mind" was—his sister Melissa!

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

AMIDST convulsions scarcely paralleled in the history of modern Europe, in a city where the most fearful tragedies were being enacted; apart from all participation in the state of France, Chateaubriand, one of her most gifted sons, has departed full of years and full of peace. This ardent lover of his country, who has witnessed more changes, associated with more *célébres*, and taken more share in the administration of France than any other individual now living, has been removed from the theatre on which he long played so various and so distinguished a part. He leaves behind him memoirs that promise to be valuable indeed, detailing, as they will do, the events of his singularly interesting career. In the mean while, a brief sketch of the Life, Writings, Death, and Burial of this famous author may be acceptable to many.

François René Auguste de Chateaubriand was born at St. Malo, on the 4th September, 1769, in the Rue des Juifs. The house then inhabited by his parents, is the present Hotel de France, and is near the dwelling in which M. de Lamennais first saw the light. His eldest brother accompanied the infant to the cathedral as his godfather; by rather a singular coincidence, the son of that brother attended as chief-mourner on the occasion of the poet's funeral; and the same bells which joyfully pealed to announce the birth of Chateaubriand, were heard on the 18th June, 1848, after a space of eighty years, tolling for the return of the wanderer! Chateaubriand was brought up chiefly at the Chateau de Combourg, near Fougères, where the first years of his life were passed in the society of a beloved sister. He commenced his studies at Dol, and continued them at Rennes, where he met with Moreau, afterwards the distinguished general, and shared the apartment of the poet Parry. Although designed in youth for the priesthood, Chateaubriand embraced the profession of arms. At the early age of seventeen, he was a lieutenant in an infantry regiment of Navarre, but he was elevated to the rank of captain of cavalry, at the time of his presentation to the king, that he might enjoy the right of appearing at court in a coach. It will be apparent from the fact of his early admission into the army, that Chateaubriand's studies never were completed; and to this may be attributed the frequent inequalities of his style, which gave rise to the well-known words of Necker, who said, in speaking of the *Génie du Christianisme*, "The most feeble critic could easily correct its faults, yet the most powerful writer could with difficulty imitate its beauties."

At the end of the last century, the revolutionary storm which was gathering in the distance determined many noble families to emigrate; Chateaubriand resolved to visit America, and went there towards the end of 1791, with the hope of discovering a passage to the Indies through the north-west pole of the new world; being decided, in his own words, to push his way to the pole in as straight a line as from Paris to

St. Cloud. On reaching Philadelphia, the young Frenchman presented himself at the residence of the illustrious President of the United States; no liveried lacqueys crowded the ante-rooms; one simply attired servant opened the door, and Chateaubriand was in the presence of Washington. M. de Chateaubriand explained his projects. Washington listened in surprise, and spoke of the difficulties of the undertaking; but the intrepid voyager replied, "It cannot be so difficult to discover a polar passage, as to create a people, which you have done."

"Well, well," said Washington, "we will see, young man," at the same time extending his hand.

Chateaubriand pressed eagerly forward in the career he had chosen; his imagination became more and more heated, his mind more and more filled with enthusiasm. It was now that he gave the world the result of his observations in a poetical prose work (if we may use the term), which he called, after the name of the scenes it portrayed, *Les Natchez*. The youth of the author, and the novelty of the subject, must be considered before we condemn the exaggerated nature of the style. It is the first fruits of a too vivid imagination, in which we ever and anon perceive brilliant flashes of that genius which became afterwards so sensibly refined. In the year 1799, the romantic idea of crossing the American continent as far as the Pacific Ocean, was abandoned as soon as the rumour of a war, in which the interests of his country were at stake, reached his ears. Chateaubriand hastened to join Condé's army, and we are told that, "in the course of one of the Prussian marches, the King of Prussia met a young soldier with his knapsack on his back, and an old musket in his hands. 'Where are you going?' asked his majesty. 'To fight,' replied the soldier. 'By that answer,' rejoined the monarch, 'I recognise one of the noblesse of France.' He saluted him, and passed on. The soldier's name has since become immortal. It was François Chateaubriand."

Being wounded by the bursting of a bomb at the siege of Thionville, and at the same time very much out of health, Chateaubriand retired to England, and was compelled to labour for his subsistence. Between the hours devoted to tuition, he composed his *Essai sur les Révolutions*. The pages of this work breathe a spirit of bitterness, misanthropy, scepticism, and even infidelity. The young author was not yet in possession of that blessed principle of faith and trust, which lightens all calamities. Some minor works, tintured, if not deeply imbued, with the vain philosophy of the day, had already appeared; but the time was approaching when this wasted genius was to be turned into purer paths, and to rely on brighter hopes than it had yet found. The death of his mother in circumstances of great misery, and the warning message of affection she sent her son through his sister, made a lasting impression on Chateaubriand's heart. Before the awful message reached him, Madame de Farcy (his sister) had followed her beloved mother; and the

gifted Breton hastened to give the world evidence of his conversion by becoming the panegyrist of Christianity. *Le Génie du Christianisme* came out at a well-timed moment, and this increased its influence. There was a lack of faith abroad, joined to an earnest seeking after consolation, and where could this be found more surely than in the one inexhaustible source of firm trust in the sublime truths of religion? With the doctrinal errors of this, the best production of Chateaubriand, we stay not now to contend. It was written by a member of the Church of Rome, and addressed to Roman Catholic readers; therefore, its benefits should have been great to them, and it must be deemed a valuable addition to literature, from the singular richness and fervour of its diction.

When Napoleon signed a convention with the pope, Cardinal Fesch was sent to Rome as ambassador, and Chateaubriand accompanied him as secretary. In 1804 he accepted the situation of minister-plenipotentiary at Valais, but the outrage committed on the Duc d'Enghien destroying all remnants of his adherence to the existing powers, he sent in his resignation. He now undertook that voyage to which we are indebted for "*Les Martyres*," published in 1809. "*L'Itinéraire*" was brought out in 1811. These works are written in a spirit of zeal, as if the author was anxious that all should participate in his own deep conviction of the realities of religion. In 1811 Chateaubriand was appointed to occupy the chair at the Institution, vacant by the death of M. Chenier; but it was well known that, in consequence of some passages offensive to the Emperor, which Chateaubriand would not retract, he was not allowed to lecture at the Academy; consequently, he was elected, but not admitted.

The events of the year 1814, a year of disasters for France, placed Chateaubriand in a less doubtful position as to his real sentiments, and enabled him to evince a fervent attachment to the Bourbon cause, which had as yet only been suspected. Scarcely, however, had the year elapsed, when Napoleon escaping from Elba and advancing to the Tuileries, forced Louis XVIII. to leave France, escorted by the flower of his nobility. Amongst the Breton nobles, Chateaubriand was conspicuous for his loyal adherence to the exiled monarch. He had recently been named ambassador to Stockholm, but now followed the king to Ghent. In July, 1815, he was a minister of state; on the 19th of August following he was created a peer of France, and received a member of the Academy the 31st March, 1816. From this period he engaged in the editorship of many periodicals, besides publishing several works, the principal of which are, "*Rapport sur l'Etat de France*;" "*De la Monarchie selon la Charte*;" "*De la Censure*;" "*De l'Abolition de la Censure*;" "*Lettres à un Pair de France*."

Under the restoration, Viscount de Chateaubriand held many high diplomatic situations. The best proof that can be afforded of the integrity with which he fulfilled his duties, is the fact, that on leaving these employments he was less rich than when he entered upon them. Inaction was unknown to him; neither age

nor vicissitudes ever weakened his taste for the labours of literature. He gave the world, in rapid succession, "*Les Etudes Historiques*;" "*Moïse*;" "*Essai sur la Poésie Anglaise*;" and a volume called "*Le Congrès de Vérone*." In this last the style is severe and biting; as is the case with many of the author's late writings. There only remains for us now to mention a recent work, viz. "*La Vie de l'Abbé de Ranée*." This is a life of the once celebrated reformer of La Trappe, the severest of monastic orders. M. Jules Janin, in speaking of this work, expresses surprise that the charming poet who had scattered so many fragrant blossoms over the thorny road of Christianity—the eloquent author of the "*Martyrs*"—the ingenious writer of the original fiction "*Atala*"—should have dreamt of drawing from oblivion the fearful *Réformateur de la Trappe*; "but," continues this able, though often caustic critic, "it is the privilege of great minds to give light and life to all that comes under the influence of their genius; and the mysterious life of a self-condemned martyr, giving rise to a sad curiosity, pleased M. de Chateaubriand's imagination."

It must ever be the privilege of genius to judge of genius; we shall not, therefore, pursue the comments we have made on Chateaubriand's writings. Those who are desirous of knowing what effect his talents produced on other men of eminence, can find the evidence they seek in the pages of Geoffroy, Dussaulx, Lacretelle, Necker, Barthelemy, Hugo, and Sainte Beuve.

On the 3d of September, 1828, after a visit of some length to his native Brittany, M. de Chateaubriand signified to the mayor of St. Malo his wish, after his death, to be buried within the precincts of his native town, in these terms:—

"I have to request the town will grant me, at the furthest point of the Grand Bay, and on the rock which advances most into the sea, a little corner of earth, just sufficiently large to contain my coffin. I shall have it consecrated, and enclosed by an iron railing; there, when it pleases God, I shall repose, under the protection of my townsmen."

Much surprise has been felt that this celebrated man should have chosen for his sepulchre this distant rock, which the ocean bathes with restless waves. The explanation of this somewhat romantic idea must be sought in remembering the early impressions made on his warm temperament. We know that the love of our country often grows deeper when necessity separates us from its enjoyments; and that, as age advances, we remember with ever increasing delight the associations of our childhood's home. That spot of rock is visible from the window of the house where the young François was born, and from those rooms his infant ear must first have heard the roaring waves—most especially from a loophole on the roof; Chateaubriand, when confined to a turret, for some trifling error, used to beguile the lonely hours by passing his head through the narrow aperture, and contemplating the adjacent rocks, with feelings easily

understood by those who have been privileged to hear him describe them. On the 4th July, 1848, in the 79th year of his age, Chateaubriand died.

As Chateaubriand approached the termination of his days, he retired into a sad and solemn majesty of manner, and a silence which seemed anticipatory of the tomb: yet he was far from remaining insensible to what passed around. All that breathed of religion, devotion, valour, moved him deeply. He wept, wept his last tears on being informed of the heroic death of the Archbishop of Paris, and in listening to the detailed exploits of a young and brave citizen.

After his fervent love of God, M. de Chateaubriand had three objects next his heart—honour, liberty, and France. Religion is the shining ornament of his literary glory. He was a sincere Christian; his heart was no less convinced than his reason; he believed because he had suffered. "I have faith," he would say, with closed eyes, "and I would be a martyr with joy." We cannot doubt this, for no one was ever more ready to sacrifice his temporal interests, by a faithful adherence to his principles. He made many such sacrifices to honour, that second object, which was the essence of his moral being, and had ever been the hereditary gift of his ancestors. After the revolution of 1830, when the victorious party carried him in triumph, shouting "Long live the defender of the liberty of the press," honour induced Chateaubriand to renounce all dignities, fortune and political influence. Bound by respect for his oath, more strongly than tempted by the promises of flattery, he remained firm in his independence and fidelity, at the same time retaining the unanimous respect of all parties.

France can boast few sons of whom she is more proud, or who were so devoted to her true interests. In speaking of his country, which he calls "*Mon cher pays, et mon premier amour*," Chateaubriand's voice became thrillingly tender; he loved to look back and talk of her heroes, her ancient standard was his. Whatever added to her renown, attracted his sympathy and attention. We shall read in his "*Memoires*" (a work which his death will lay open to us) that Napoleon always found in M. de Chateaubriand a powerful and consistent enemy. Yet when fortune turned, and the emperor was exiled and unhappy, we shall see that he had words of tender regret for the great captive of St. Helena. In private life, Chateaubriand had none of the solemnity and gloom which characterize some of his works. His language in conversation was like his manners, extremely elegant, yet simple. He possessed a quiet gaiety, a charming ease, an affable serenity of deportment. These qualities were never lessened by illness, by trials, or by the approach of death. If M. de Chateaubriand might be considered the model of a christian, of a soldier, of a patriot, he may also be said to be a perfect type of a Breton, loyal-hearted, noble, sincere, firm, even a little tinctured with bluntness. Brittany was very dear to him, it was connected with all the recollections of childhood, all the reveries of youth, and now the last

proof of his attachment to his native town is given us—on one of its rocks, he has bequeathed to it his tomb. That rock is henceforward to be named "Chateaubriand's Isle."

In concluding this sketch, a few particulars are added of the funeral of this lamented author; which we have received, not merely from an eye witness, but from one who has borne a prominent part in the ceremony:—

"St. Malo presented on Tuesday, the 18th July, a most animated appearance. That day the mortal remains of François René Auguste, Viscount de Chateaubriand, late minister of state, ambassador, peer of France, &c. &c. &c., were received with due honours of the cathedral. Troops of national guards from Rennes, and various other towns, poured into St. Malo, and were ready to accompany the *cortège* to its place in the church. Appropriate and touching speeches were made by the Abbé Roquette, who had attended the body from Paris, and replied to by the Curé of St. Malo. The sympathies of the French are so warm that their eloquence is from the heart, and appeals to the hearts of their auditors, and on this occasion there were few eyelids unmoistened during these impassioned lamentations for the illustrious dead. The body laid in the cathedral, amidst its funeral decorations, till the following day. Every one was admitted into the chapel, and the concourse of persons surpassed any previous number known in the church. On the following morning, Wednesday the 19th, 30,000 persons flocked into the town, deputations of national guards for miles round; the troops were all under arms, the officers of the custom-house, of the artillery, of the infantry, all met in one grand crowd. An immense body of clergy from neighbouring parishes assisted at the mass, where the members of the different courts of justice, the préfet, and municipal authorities were assembled. At length the *cortège*, escorted by the whole body of armed troops, preceded and followed by music, moved on. The hearse, drawn by six magnificent black horses, covered with crape, was adorned simply, yet with grandeur. The procession wended slowly towards *Le Grand Bey*, passing the *Rue de Dinan*, the *Rue de Thoulouse*, and coasting along the magnificent ramparts of the city, to the *Porte St. Vincent*. Then going down by the new casino to the strand, the *cortège* proceeded towards *Le Grand Bey*, by a route closely cut between the rocks. At the foot of the rock, the sailors of the guard, taking the coffin in their arms, carried it reverently to its last resting place. Streamers, bearing the titles of Chateaubriand's principal works, floated around the spot chosen for his tomb. At this moment, the roaring peal of cannons, the volleys discharged by the infantry, mingled with the religious chants of the priesthood. When the coffin was lowered into the narrow cavity, prepared for its reception so many years before, an indefinable sensation of gloom spread through the crowd, and was manifested by a solemn silence which reigned some moments; during the ceremony of sprinkling holy

water over the coffin, the assembly, as if *one man*, inclined their heads with reverence.

Surely, not one of those who assisted at this funeral can ever forget its sublime poetry, those varied groups scattered thickly along the strand, and picturesquely winding up the rock; on the walls, on the roofs, at the windows, thousands; an army in battle array upon the shore; the imposing re-union of priests, of magistrates, of military, of academicians—all this multitudinous *life*, all this breathing world, gathered around *one tomb*, under the canopy of a sky without clouds, and in the centre of an ocean without bounds.

A. D. G.

HALT IN THE BLACK FOREST.

A RETROSPECTIVE SKETCH.

WE who live long, live much in the past; we turn with lingering fondness to those scenes which we have left behind, and draw from the hidden treasures of memory, thoughts and recollections,—sweet and bitter thoughts, that, like the miser's gold, become more engrossing, though more useless, as we drop into the vale of years. Objects, which at first sight were too exciting, are now so much softened by time and distance as to be viewed without emotion; while others that hardly attracted our notice in our upward pilgrimage, have acquired a beauty, a force, and importance, to which it is now impossible to shut the eye. Like the harsh, abrupt features of Alpine regions, that seem to frown as we approach, but soften as we recede from them; the map of life, viewed retrospectively, seems to have changed its character; its asperities are softened or even beautified; and we perceive many lovely flowers, which, with the haste of youthful travellers, we had left behind us unnoticed, unadmired,—but which now, in our advanced stage, exert a marked influence both on the mind and heart. We all know, that, in retracing our steps by the very path on which we first set out, such features have been presented to the eye, such thoughts pressed upon the heart, that what we had imagined stale and familiar, has become fair, fresh, and original.

Thus, in retracing the pilgrimage of life, we detect the errors of our former course; beauties that our impatience for novelty did not permit us to notice or appreciate; opportunities left unimproved, friendships uncultivated, love that we did not, or could not return; gifted minds, graceful forms, the good, the brave, the fair, all crossing our path like shadows in the twilight, speaking their own language, and calling up memories sad, sweet, or bitter. These are felt, and heard more or less audibly, according to circumstances. In solitude they speak in all their solemnity—not that solitude which is the mere absence of society, and which the next evening may repair; but that solitude which a long absent traveller feels, while standing amidst the tombs of kindred and friends, whose voices, like echoes from another world, still linger in his ear.

I am led into these reflections by suddenly finding myself, after an absence of *twenty years*, in an old

dilapidated *Schloss* in the Hercynian Forest. I have seen much, travelled far, since then; but the incidents connected with the spot where I now stand, fancy had woven into a sort of magic chain, which has stood proof against the shocks of fortune, and the oblivious influence of time and climate.

My first inquiries, as I came in sight of its pine-clad heights, were directed to the old postilion, who smoked vigorously in front of my *drosky*, and whom I had left a stalwart, ruddy-faced youth. But the stiffness with which he turned round on his saddle to satisfy my queries, showed that they applied to a generation long past, and that the household of “the good queen,” as she was emphatically called, were nearly all gone to their rest.

“But the chaplain,” I inquired, “how fares that worthy man?”

“Ah, we lost him at Christmas. The snow lay heavy on the ground, a cottage roof in the forest fell in upon its helpless inmates. Our pastor started from his warm bed at the first cry of ‘*help*!’ and after effecting their rescue, returned home, became suddenly ill, and died. We all followed him to the grave, and it was sad to see the poor family he had saved from destruction, weeping over his remains.”

“And his own family——?”

“All have been provided for by the good queen.”

At this instant the old rumbling vehicle that had brought me thus far, like a ship in sight of harbour, suddenly broke down, but with no material injury, unless to *Schwager's* pipe, which, by a sudden effort to recover his equilibrium, had received a deadly fracture in the bowl! He looked at it for a moment with inexpressible sorrow, and then taking leisurely from his pocket a bunch of cords, set about repairing the *drosky*.

I walked forward in a slow, contemplative mood; but long before I again heard the “rumbling of wheels,” I was quietly seated in the *spieles-saal*, which in former days I had often seen crowded with guests. Every thing was in its usual place, but every thing was time-worn and decrepit. The very forks and spoons on the white table-cloth before me, had each lost a prong, or a part of its bowl; so that they were now so blunt or shallow, as to be of little use, unless in very deliberate feasting. But in their metal they bore many marks of hot and faithful service in the refectory. Nothing, in short, appeared what it was in the days of “the good queen,” twenty years ago.

At length, I reminded my old landlord of our former intimacy. The recognition was received with a tear for the good queen—for my name recalled times and circumstances, when he stood behind her majesty's chair, in blue and silver, and handed her the small glass of Malaga after the first course. “Yes,” he said, “those were days when an honest man could live by his industry, and the countenance of the good queen.” Well might he say so, for in his own case the queen's favour had left him master of the ‘Weissen

(1) The late Queen of ———, Princess Royal of ———.

Schwann.' Like that of a good planet, the light of her countenance was felt as a blessing. Her life was one long summer day of charity; but the recipients of her bounty were strictly forbidden to name the author—except in their prayers! But He who seeth in secret, will reward her openly. With the outward majesty of exalted birth and station, she united the inward beneficence of angelic natures. Wherever she moved, whatever she did, she had the tribute of gratitude and admiration. She rewarded the industrious, encouraged the timid, provided liberally for the widow, portioned the orphan, pensioned the old and infirm, patronized merit, promoted the happiness of all. But as she sought not the praise of man, we shall not offend her gentle spirit by an empty parade of virtues, which, we may humbly trust, have attained their reward in heaven.

* * * * *

'Here is her palace—let us take a stroll through the desolate apartments;' and an old servant went limping across the grass-grown court, to open the gate. The experiment, however, was of difficult accomplishment; lock and key were now so rusty, and so little acquainted, that neither strength nor ingenuity could induce them to act in concert; and, leaving the *yager* to continue the struggle, and inform me of the result, I made a little circuit through the grounds, where the tutelary genius still resides, and where every rock is inscribed with the name and virtues of the good queen.

I entered the "*Rose garden*;" but a luxuriant crop of weeds had smothered its roses; and the *Leissen* vines that used to fall in rich clustered festoons over the white trellis-work, had now escaped from the trainer's hand, and presented nothing but masses of wild luxuriance. The flowers too, as if for the want of better companionship, had formed a close alliance with the weeds, unprofitably gay. Alas, for the degradation! evil communication had tarnished their lustre, and in a few years more, the "*Pæstan rose*" will have degenerated into a wild-briar!

'But how strong come the tobacco fumes from that leafy corner!' It is from the ample pipe of old Gottfried, who every day meets the sun on that rustic seat, and seldom quits it till after sunset. It was a favourite seat of the good queen—the laurel under which it stands, was planted by her own hand; and there this faithful creature spends his life, in praying for his royal mistress. But "prayers for the dead," the Chaplain tells him, "are not lawful!" "Ay—that's as you think," says Gottfried; "you're a very young chaplain!"

Round an old plaster cast of her majesty, that once adorned an alcove in the forest, the grateful pensioner has trained a rose-tree, which he waters night and morning; and from this, as the greatest honour he could confer on a sympathizing stranger, he broke off one of the largest buds, and placed it in my hand—in memory of the "good queen!"

We next, by a steep winding road, proceeded to the temple, an *octagon*, encircled by a broad terraced walk, overhung by thick foliage, and commanding the

highest and most romantic views of the Forest. Hither the "good queen" and her little court used to retire every evening during the summer, to drink tea under the verandah, and listen to the sweetest music that Handel, Haydn, and Mozart ever composed. How those evenings linger in the memory! I recal, at this distant period, the expression of every countenance. I hear the wild bugle-notes answered by the babbling echoes in the far distant recesses of the forest; then the soft melodies of harp and lute; but sweeter still, as the evening stole on, and the shadows deepened, the "nightingale's high note," and "gushing ecstasies of song." At length, as the dews fell, and the flowers gave out their perfume, we descended to the forest-palace, lingering by the way, and still loth to exchange the sweet 'air, and brilliant canopy of heaven, for the palace refectory. One evening I well remember—for the queen's ladies, in innocent frolic, as we descended from the temple, took my hat, encircled it with a chain of glow-worms, which abounded in that neighbourhood, replaced it on my head, and then commanding me "to light them home," followed me, in a laughing procession, through the palace gate. I see their sweet merry faces still; and many a pleasant allusion they made to the mystic tiara with which they crowned me. It was a crown, indeed, but a crown of which we saw the brightness, without feeling the weight!

But I must not indulge in episode—I am speaking of *changes*! And how changed is this little temple of the Dryad, since the days of "the good queen!" Nature is fast resuming the little territory borrowed from her demesne. She has replanted her roots, and grasses in the pavement—her lichens on the roof—her briars in the fissures, and every day the traces of Art are becoming more and more effaced. But thither, in grateful bands, the peasants of the Forest resort every "birthday," as if to a shrine on which, as on adamant, the name and memory of "the good queen" are indelibly engraved. Fortuitous wealth and station may command the homage of slaves, but it is only when lofty station is adorned by lofty virtues, that it touches the honest heart, and, next to heaven, inspires us with love, reverence, gratitude, and admiration. Yet it requires no little experience of life to discriminate between the glittering tinsel, and the pure gold, in society; for true worth is so unassuming, its opposite so obtrusive, that it is often difficult to distinguish between the substance and its shadow.

* * * * *

A drosky-drive through the forest, halting here and there; contrasting the past with the present; talking with the fine old peasantry, with their three-cocked hats, blue coats with buttons "large, and round as my shield," buckskin nether garments, gray hose, shoes, or *sabots*, tanned or untanned—one driving his oxen a-field—another following the plough or waggon, as ancient in harness and manufacture, as the days of "Henry the Fowler,"—a third keeping watch over a motley flock of goats and geese, the latter very noisy, and the former full of gambols—such were the moving

features that diversified a landscape, rich in all that could have inspired, in turn, a Claude, a Poussin, or a Salvator. Then the troops of children, with their antique dresses—all little men and little women of the last century, long, fair, plaited locks, here passing quietly with a musical *Gut-Morgen*, or there screaming and scrambling down the rocks over head, as I scattered a few *kreutzers* among them. The landscape was full of life, so it was *twenty years* before! and these were the children's children of those days, for whom schools were built, and endowed by "the good queen."

As we passed on, not a seat, rock, or grotto but had its association. To yonder leafy recess I used to fly with my bundle of letters from England, and there, free from all intrusion, consume the long mornings of July in delicious reveries of home—my own hearth, the now angelic being who had so recently added a new era to my earthly existence, and absence from whom kept up a continued struggle between my love for her, and my loyalty to—.

I sat down on the same rocky seat: the sentiments I had there indulged seemed for an instant vividly restored: the same trees threw their leafy canopy over my head; the same stream rose bubbling from the rock; the same flowers perfumed its border; the same timid bird, as I thought, sang from the boughs; the same troop of goats frolicked past in all their bearded gravity: the screaming urchins that followed, had the same looks, the same flaxen locks, the same musical voices! It appeared as if only a day had intervened between my visit and revisit to—ach. But no! as I turned away my eyes, and caught my own shadow in the clear pool—clear and limpid as a mirror—it was no Narcissus, but a wrinkled old man that looked upwards, upbraiding me for wilful waste of time—strength misapplied—talents unimproved! I turned hastily away (for nothing is so cutting as reproach armed with truth), muttering, "Am I not the victim of loyalty, and proud of the martyrdoms?"

Thus re-established in self-esteem, I started up, and with a quickened step proceeded towards the old *Schloss*—for mirrors, like friends, may lose favour even by their very faithfulness. A long shadowy vista through the forest, opened before me; and there, so strongly was the scene imprinted on my mind, that I could almost have sworn that I saw the good queen and her royal brother¹ entering the avenue, as they used to do *twenty years ago*! There, in the old "black and orange livery," sat the two postilions, mounted on two Holsteiners of the royal stud, and behind, two whiskered *yagers* in green and gold, whose spirited steeds, eager to escape control, were curvetting and caprioling from side to side.—But no! these scenes have passed away—'twas only their shadows, a mental *mirage*—for the very path was obliterated. The trees had thrown forth their boughs, and embraced in the centre of the road, while the surface was thickly carpeted over with interlacing shrubs, weeds, and wild honeysuckle. The faint traces of wheels

were all that the eye could discover, all that identified this favourite, but long forsaken, drive with the days of "the good queen." The wide gap of twenty years yawned before me—rife with spectral illusions; the echoes had forgotten the "royal anthem;" the cortège had passed for ever; the last of the faithful yeomen of the chamber is the trainer of yonder solitary rose tree! Rocks, trees, all appeared, to my feelings, to be inscribed with *Ilium fuit*!

"Yes," I said, in a highly poetical mood, as I thought, "here are indelible proofs that every thing has changed since my time; but the last change I am likely to admit, is that which years have produced in myself. Has improvement kept pace with time?" Gentle reader, pause for an instant, and ask thyself that important question. Look at thyself, as I have done, in the fountain, and see what image presents itself!—*Aspice—respice—circumspice*!

Moralizing as we walked along, pronouncing short homilies on the transitory stamp of all things, royal or plebeian, we returned to the old palace. The door stood open; for, after a world of tugging and twisting, the bolts had answered to the huge rusty keys; and, with an air of great moderation in his triumph, old Gottfried ushered me into the silent hall; all was cold, damp, deserted. . . . After a struggle of "twenty years," the light had penetrated the old oaken corridors, black as ebony or *Erebus*, and thrown a pale, ghastly smile over the apartment, like a wandering sunbeam foreign to the spot, that has lost itself in a sepulchre. Portraits in rich, but rusty gilt frames—several of the royal family of England; vases with mutilated handles, that still tottered on their pedestals; mirrors, in which the brave and beautiful faces of Saxony had adjusted their locks for ball and banquet—when they came forth to make, and be made, captives—the richly *parqueted* floor had long lost its waxen polish, and now opened its once invisible seams, as if to facilitate intercourse with the chambers beneath. From the chair of state, the richly embroidered satin was falling off piecemeal; and, as I placed my hand thoughtfully on the venerable relic, a startled mouse sprang from her nest in the well-stuffed cushion! This little incident spoke volumes.

I walked with a hasty step into the banquet hall. It had still a hospitable look. The chairs, surmounted with carved and gilt lions, ducal and royal, stood around the walls, arranged in pairs. In the centre was the old round table, of ample circuit, and made of the common deal board, from which the investing damask had long been stript. Many a time, at the old-fashioned hour of one o'clock, have I seen "the good queen" enter these folding-doors, leaning on the right arm of her royal brother, and, surrounded by the *hoch-wohl-geborenen* of the land, take her seat at that board. . . .

But as ludicrous images will intrude, even on our solemn contemplations, I could not look again at the old massive *bufet* without a vivid recollection of the worthy *maitre d'hôtel*, who used to be its daily ornament. His grave looks and solemn deportment were

• (1) The late king of—

a tacit rebuke to the perpetual smile and complaisance of the chaplain; he looked like Heracitus reproving Democritus. But one day the latter had his revenge. It was this: a neighbouring prince and the late minister at — having arrived, by express invitation, to spend the day with "the good queen," a state dinner was commanded at the late hour of *two*. The occasion was marked with the solemnity of an offering to the gods: there was more gold and silver on the table, less comfort and more silence around it. Two richly chased censers, or salvers, were burning, as usual, on the sideboard—throwing over the apartment a spicy perfume, which neutralized the less genial odour of the countless viands that made their circuit round the table in a perpetual revolution. These vessels, however, were not merely objects of ornament and luxury; they were useful, for, at the moment of handing the nicely anatomized morsels of *gibier* to the Hessian-booted lacqueys, that stood two-and-two at every chair, the *plats* were chafed for an instant over the flame that flashed and flickered in these golden vases. This little ceremony was managed with great neatness and precision by the officer at the table. In an unlucky moment, however, as he turned his back to the sideboard, his *perruque* caught a spark, and, whiz! phriz! the well-pomatumed curls burst into a sudden blaze.—The consternation was intense: every one instinctively applied his hand to his head—for there were several wigs at table—as if to ascertain how far the conflagration might extend. Only one old hussar, Narbonne, as he was called, rushed to the rescue; he had seen and stood much fire in his time, and, seizing a large silver bason, still dripping with cream, sprang to the sufferer, inverted it helmet-fashion on his head, and thrust him, blindfold, out of the *Saal*. For a moment etiquette was forgotten—every thing yields to accident; and what would otherwise have been a solemn, stately ceremonial, was converted into broad farce. The presence of "the good queen," however, repressed risibility; and at length the conversation appeared to embrace every thing but the real thoughts of the speaker. Gravity was restored; but when the worthy *maître d'hôtel*, who had a few minutes before gone out with a silver helmet, reappeared with a span new peruke on his head, the transformation was irresistible; for, being put on in haste, the wig was quite awry, and, coupled with the increased gravity of his expression, and the ludicrous character of the incident, the queen herself was overcome, and, yielding to the impulse, laughed heartily. I need not say what a relief this was to her loyal and illustrious guests, who were smothering with ill sustained efforts to suppress the laugh that now went freely round the circle.—Out of this little incident arose one of the pleasantest afternoons ever spent at —; the coldness of etiquette was superseded by an air of cordiality, and if you happened to look in any face opposite, you were met with a smile of *sympathetic* recognition—thanks to the accidental ignition of the perruque.

The next object, in my "*voyage contemplatif*," that
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appealed to other times, was a small hexagon chamber, panelled with mirrors, called "the queen's boudoir." It was the sanctum to which she retired when desirous of being alone, or when some member of *** family happened to be her guest; and then no member of her household had permission to enter but the Frau von R——er. She has also gone to her rest,—rest for which she ardently longed; for ever since the death of the queen, she had resigned herself to calm but irrecoverable melancholy, and now reposes at the feet of her royal mistress, in the funeral vault of the old Dukes of —bourg.... How many circumstances start forward in relief as I contemplate this favourite retreat! The only time I ever passed its threshold, was on the morning of the queen's return to —bourg. It was six o'clock on the morning of an August day, cool, cloudless, and encouraging, when thoughts of the journey passed through my mind. The "Bohemian minstrels," as usual, were playing national airs under the window; for every one, in those days, went to sleep and awoke with the strains of patriotic music in his ears. The "good queen" looked pale and agitated as she explained the cause of her summons. Madame von R——er, too, looked sadder than usual; and her effort to repress emotion rendered it only more obvious. But the cause was apparent. The "good queen" was always thus affected in bidding farewell to —, and this, there was too much reason to apprehend, would be her last visit to these peaceful shades. A presentiment of this, perhaps, weighed upon her mind; and it was not long before the presentiment was sadly verified. The morrow, too, was to be the parting day with her august brother; and the present, as too often happens, was damped by anticipations of the future. The morning, as I said, was cool and refreshing—with just sufficient air to waft abroad the mingling odours of those fruits and flowers that grew to luxuriance in this wilderness of sweets. It was a great day, but a sad day, among the peasants; the court-yard, the palace stairs, and long corridors, were filled with them; for in happy Saxony the peasant in 'hadden gray' is as free to pass the threshold of his paternal sovereign as the peer in his gold brocade. All were in holiday costume; it was a beautiful sight; in the court below, mothers were seen holding up their infants to the "good queen," who acknowledged, with a benignant smile, the simplest demonstrations of loyalty and affection. The very infants, stretching forth their tiny arms, seemed to do homage to her, whose beneficent heart, expanding in *works* of charity, was continually employed in laying plans for their future happiness. This was the unbought tribute of guileless, grateful hearts; an homage, not offered to station, but to those queenly virtues which make more captives than ever bowed at the feet of a feudal despot. Their loyalty was the result of admiration, gratitude, affection, devotion—inspired by parental watchfulness over their personal, their family, their social interests. Where such bonds unite sovereign and subject, they seem to realise the Utopia of the poets—the often sought, but undiscoverable system of political

happiness.—But to return to this well remembered scene:—

Every carriage, as it was drawn from the *remise*—and there were thirty, great and small—was completely garlanded with flowers and evergreens; *bouquets* to which every garden, field, and forest-nook, within ten miles, had contributed its quota. On the stuffed armlets, open lattice, and over the harness, nosegays tastefully arranged, and still sparkling with early dew, were profusely interwreathed. But the good queen's, a carriage half phaeton half drosky, had four times the amount of any other—more scrupulously arranged, more choice, classic, and fragrant. It looked, in fact, like a little flower-garden on wheels; and the sentiment which the ceremony was intended to convey was most delicately expressed. As “the good queen” crossed the threshold she was evidently moved. But here, again, the effect was spoiled by a little misadventure. The excellent Graf V. —bach, in his eagerness to be at the step of the carriage as her majesty descended, rushed from his half-finished toilet, and removing his scarlet nightcap—quite unconscious of the fact—received the queen with an obeisance intended to combine the utmost deference and dignity. A burst of surprise—then laughter, from one of the officers, of which the queen herself set the example, recalled the worthy count to the sense of his position.

“What,” said her majesty archly, “is the *bonnet rouge* become the badge of the ever loyal Comte de —bach?” ...

In another minute or so, all was rectified—the breach of etiquette was graciously pardoned; but for days after, the “hoisting of the *bonnet rouge*,” as it was called, in the very presence of her majesty, was often ludicrously opposed to the count's long life of loyalty. This worthy man is also dead; but his gallant son, worthy of such a father, is the inheritor of his virtues and his loyalty.

* * * *

But I pass on—there are many little incidents conjured back by the sight of these dilapidated chambers, whose living tenants were once my daily, hourly associates in the morning drama of life. My dormitory in those days was on the ground floor of the *schloss*, under which a stream from the hills—now prattling like a glassy runlet, then brawling like an Alpine torrent, and divided into numerous ramifications, flowed with a cool and refreshing tide.—When the household had retired to rest, which was always by ten o'clock, its voice—the “voice of falling waters,” filled the apartments above with a soft, gurgling sound, that, like Virgil's bees, had a soporiferous effect, I was told, upon the less contiguous sleepers. On myself, I well remember, the result was very different; and a hundred times I wished Mæcenas (who is said to have cured himself of watchfulness by sleeping near the falls of Tivoli) in this solitary but never silent apartment, where I have had so many waking dreams.

The chamber is now encumbered with *débris*—fallen plaster, falling timber, shreds of tapestry, &c.; and

through the gaping seams of the floor, formed of planks as thick as a ship's side, I can see the tiny stream, that is now slowly undermining the foundation, and, before another winter is over, may effect a breach in the main wall, and hurl the edifice to the ground. Thus, everything has changed since the death of the “good queen,”—everything but the affection that clings to her memory, like the green ivy round some noble monument of strength and beauty. Again—

The —teenth of August, a famous day in the forest, brought all the village families to the palace. In the open court, under the piazzas, and wherever a footing could be found, music, dancing, wrestling, and running, with a thorough round of antiquated local festivities, kept the multitude in perpetual motion. Animated by the presence of their royal patroness, and rewarded by the distribution of prizes, the traditional ‘games of the forest’ were revived with admirable effect.

At night, when the nine o'clock bell tolled from its wooden turret, the festivities were closed; the peasantry, some with trophies, and all with contentment and pleasing recollections of the day, returned to their homes in the forest, chanting in chorus as they went. On that occasion, as I well remember, a bright cloudless day was succeeded by a dark tempestuous night. The flash and the crash followed each other in rapid succession; and at intervals, as the lightning swept along the wooded heights, we observed the mountain streams—each converted into a roaring cataract—precipitated like snowy avalanches through the dense dark foliage. Alarming apprehensions were felt and expressed for the peasants—particularly for the poor mothers and their infants, who had to bide the “pelting of the pitiless storm.” The “good queen” was restless, and, at her command, horsemen were despatched in every direction with assistance to all whom they could overtake in the forest roads.

After contemplating the storm for nearly two hours, I retired from the old gallery about midnight, and retraced my steps to the basement. In doing so, I had to pass the door of the little family *oratory*, which, to my surprise, at that hour was left ajar, with a dim light flickering through the aperture. Prompted by curiosity, I stopped short at the door, not without some misgivings: for madame de R—er had told me in confidence, that this room was traditionally *haunted*, and that strange lights and figures had been seen in it by members of the household. Under the influence of this superstition, not an individual ever ventured to cross this gallery after midnight. I had no such strong inducement, however, to move on; I looked earnestly through the aperture; and there, kneeling at the altar, and her hands clasped in prayer, I recognised the “good queen.”—The scene was most impressive; when all the household had retired to rest, their royal mistress had repaired to the domestic altar—there to seek relief from the anxiety that oppressed her regarding her poor subjects—many of whom were that night surprised in the depths of the forest, exposed to falling rocks and raging torrents.

Next morning I told Madame de R—der in a whisper, what I had seen. She shook her head, but her silence was very significant, and she said nothing more about the superstition.


But my day is closed, my drosky is repaired, and I start under a cloudless moon for the Baths of —bourg.¹

EVERY-DAY ESSAYS ON SCIENCE.

THE LIQUEFACTION OF GASES.

ALTHOUGH the subject thus entitled belongs to pure chemical science, and is principally interesting to the students of that department of human knowledge, it has been considered worthy of a brief discussion in this place, both because it will excite the attention of every inquiring mind, and because it is more than probable that the roll of years will demonstrate its vast practical bearing upon human affairs. Were it, however, only a scientific curiosity, most instructive in itself, but having no external relations, it is worthy the consideration of the reader. The very idea supposed in the expression, a liquefied gas, is one of great interest. Can it then be possible that a body which is intangible, which the eye cannot generally recognise even to exist, whose incoherent substance the hand disperses without feeling it, and which can only be discovered to be present in a few cases by its odour, or in all by its chemical properties,—can such a body as this be made to assume a visible, sensible, tangible form, and become a liquid? Whatever may have been the case, there is now no doubt of the fact, and the page of chemistry which contains it is one on which the most unfamiliar eye will rest with satisfaction, for the discovery of this truth solved one of the long-pending questions of the science. Every one remembers the famous Arabian tale concerning the bottled up Genii. The fisherman hauling up his nets perceived some unusual weight in them, believing, to his great delight, he had made an uncommonly good catch. At the bottom of his net was a copper flask, which he hastened to open. No sooner was the cork removed, than out issued a volume of smoke, which writhed, circled, expanded, and at length assumed the form of a monstrous giant, who in terrible accents threatened the immediate annihilation of the horror-struck fisherman. Death was impending when the fisherman bethought him of a happy device. He refused to believe that the amazing form he saw before him was ever contained in the diminutive flask at his feet. To remove these ridiculous doubts, the Genii *gasified* himself, and gradually rolled his vaporous body into the narrow confines of the copper vessel. Seizing his opportunity, the fisherman popped the stopper in, and secured his formidable opponent under his thumb, after which, of course, he became a dutiful slave. Was this a beautiful allegory to illustrate the possibility of the condensation of gases, to show that the most stupendous powers are subject to the superior wisdom of man? Be it so, or not, that which fable conceived, and added to,

with its customary exaggeration, dynamical chemistry has completely effected in the liquefaction of gases.

It is beyond question now, that gases owe their existence in that form to the possession of latent heat. They are not, therefore, to be distinguished from the form of matter commonly called vapours. It is a familiar fact, that on the application of heat to a liquid, its particles fly off, and assume the condition of a vapour. So long as it remains a vapour, it does so by virtue of its possessing a considerable amount of latent caloric. Could this be removed, the vapour again returns to its original liquid condition. Steam becomes water when its caloric is removed: can a similar conclusion be arrived at in the case of gases? Such was the idea as it existed in the minds of philosophers, until the whole subject was placed in a new and striking light by the experiments of the eminent chemist Michael Faraday, at that time possessing the simple honour of the title of Chemical Assistant in the Royal Institution. The first experiment was made in a very easy manner upon the gas Chlorine. Sir Humphrey Davy, at whose suggestion the experiments were commenced, appears, with the prophetic foresight of the profound philosopher, to have foreseen the result, and he predicated that several bodies, since liquefied, although then only known under the gaseous form, would be reduced to this condition. Mr. Faraday pursued the experiments at the request of Sir Humphrey Davy; and in April, 1823, an elaborate paper of his appeared in the Philosophical Transactions, detailing the results of his investigations. The method of operating upon the gases was at first very simple, and may be readily understood. A strong glass tube was procured, and bent at an angle of about 95 deg., somewhat in this manner,  At one end, the materials for generating the gas were placed, and if the gas was a liquefiable one, the liquid would of course fall to the other. Heat being applied to that end, and cold to this extremity of the tube, and the whole being hermetically sealed, the gas arose under great pressure, and became visible at the cool end of the tube, in the form of a transparent, mobile fluid. But this method had a very limited application, being only available in those few cases where a mixture of gas-generating materials could be introduced in sufficient quantity within the small compass of a tube to exert that requisite pressure upon their own volume which would reduce them to the liquid form. Nevertheless, the fact was clearly demonstrated, even by this imperfect instrument, and chemistry saw, for the first time, a gas assuming the liquid form in one of these tubes.

For ordinary experiments these tubes are still useful to illustrate this curious fact; and as they are easily made, the reader may convince himself of it, if he will, by introducing the materials for chlorine, or sulphurous acid, into one end, hermetically sealing up the other, surrounding with a wire cage, to avoid the risk of explosion, and then proceeding as above stated. The gas may be kept in the liquid form, under the pressure which exists in the tube, for a considerable

(1) By the author of "Switzerland," &c. &c.

time. In many cases, instantly on the tube being broken open, the liquid flashes into its former gaseous condition with great violence.—Twenty-two years afterwards, Mr. (now Dr.) Faraday resumed these interesting studies; and, in a paper published in January 1845, which immediately commanded the greatest attention at home and on the continent, gave to the world the most valuable communication of the behaviour of gases under pressure, and in the liquid form, that has yet appeared. An admirably arranged and most ingenious mode of experimenting was now adopted, in which neither time, talent, nor expense was spared to render it the most complete of its kind. The principles to be attended to were, first, a great amount of compressive power; and, second, a most extreme depression of temperature: both were obtained in a remarkable degree. To accomplish the requisite pressure, mechanical force was resorted to, and applied by means of two powerful pumps arranged in a very novel manner. The cylinder of pump No. 1, was an inch in diameter; that of No. 2 was exactly half an inch. The gas was first drawn in by No. 1, then compressed to 10, 15, or 20 atmospheres; and in this state of condensation was forced through the valves of No. 2, which, being untied, condensed it still further, and finally forced it into the tube or other recipient at any requisite degree of compression. The gases to be operated on were contained in jars, and, before undergoing pressure, were freed from any watery vapour, by being made to pass through a coil of glass tube plunged in a freezing mixture, by which means all the water they contained was deposited in icy spicules in the tube, which was kept as low as the point 0 of Fahrenheit's scale, to ensure the completeness of this result. The condensing tubes were of no great size, varying in diameter from one sixth to one fourth of an inch, and from one forty-second to one thirtieth of an inch in thickness. They were curved into the form of a U at one end, and at the other were provided with stop-cocks of good workmanship, by which they were connected to the pumps. These tubes were very strong, and would endure the explosive power of fifty atmospheres without being in the least injured. Tried by the hydrostatic pressure, one tube actually sustained the pressure of one hundred and eighteen atmospheres, equivalent to a pressure of seventeen hundred pounds on the square inch! As the attainment of a degree of compression so elevated was necessarily attended with great danger, this was partly guarded against by the employment of small tubes, and by covering the face with a stout mask of iron wire. The second necessary step was to obtain an extreme amount of available cold, and it is probable that no experiments before or since have reached so far into the regions of diminished temperature as these. A quantity of solid carbonic acid was placed in a vessel, and ether was poured over it. Extreme cold was thus produced, but it was rendered still more intense by placing this cold bath under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. The temperature fell remarkably, and the vast depression obtained amounted

to one hundred and ninety-seven degrees under the freezing point of water. By this means, the combination of extreme cold and pressure, many gases were liquefied without difficulty, and could be removed from the apparatus at pleasure, by taking the precaution of tightening the screw of the cock plug, and screwing down a plug and leaden washer over its exposed end. "With these precautions," says Dr. Faraday, "I have kept several gases for several days," in the liquid form.

So far for the apparatus. In commencing his experiments in 1845, Dr. Faraday's principal object in view, was the reduction of the gases—oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, to their liquid form. The curious behaviour of the gas hydrogen, in some experiments well known to chemists, in which it actually appears to assume, in combination, the *metallic* condition, appeared to favour the idea of its liquefaction. Dr. Faraday expressed his strong expectation of reducing it to the metallic form, but in each of these three cases the experiments were totally unsuccessful. Oxygen was subjected to a pressure of upwards of 58 atmospheres, and a cold of 140 degrees below zero, Fahr. but no condensation appeared. The pressure was increased, but the apparatus then began to leak, and the experiment was concluded. The following gases also refused submission to the apparatus, and retained their gaseous condition unaffected: hydrogen at 27 atmospheres; nitrogen at 50; nitric oxide at 50; carbonic oxide at 40; and coal-gas at 32. Other experiments, under different hands, have been instituted, at which the enormous pressure of 220 atmospheres, equivalent to 3,300lbs. on the square inch, but none of these gases have yielded. The manner in which this vast compressive power was obtained, was devised by an ingenious French chemist, M. G. Aime. He sank vessels of a suitable kind to vast depths in the sea, thus causing the enormous weight of a very tall column of water to tell upon them. It is to be objected, however, that the results could not be satisfactorily examined by such means.

The total number of gases liquefied by Dr. Faraday, amounts to sixteen. They are the following:—sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphurous acid, cyanogen, chlorine, ammoniacal gas, carbonic acid, muriatic acid, nitrous oxide, olifant gas, hydriodic acid, hydrobromic acid, fluorilicon, fluoboron, phosphuretted hydrogen, eachlorine, and arseniuretted hydrogen. It is a remarkable fact, that only one of these is an elementary gas—the gas chlorine; the others are all compound. It is difficult to judge whether this circumstance is for or against the probability of the future liquefiability of the other elementary gases. Its relation appears somewhat discouraging, when contrasted with the large number of liquefiable compound gases; but the very fact of its liquefaction is also a token, that though the means of effecting it are hidden from us, the possibility of liquefying the others is grounded on the strong presumption of an analogy. Seven of the

(1) The reader may be reminded that one atmosphere is commonly taken as the pressure of 15lbs. on the square inch.

gases thus liquefied were actually reduced to the *solid* condition. Let the fact be duly considered, and its interesting nature will be manifest. Conceive of a thin air reduced by the force of pressure and cold, not only to a liquid, but actually to a solid state; a state in which it can be handled, crushed, tossed about. Ammoniacal gas became a solid, white, translucent, crystalline mass; cyanogen became also a transparent crystalline solid; nitrous oxide was only reduced to a solid form by the extreme temperature—150, that is, 181 degrees below freezing point; when solidified it made its appearance in beautiful clear and colourless crystals. The gas euchlorine, orange red in the fluid form, solidifies into hard, clear, brittle crystals. Carbonic acid is like snow in the solid form. The other solidifiable gases were sulphuretted hydrogen and sulphurous acid. The depression of temperature in these experiments was, of course, not to be measured by a mercurial thermometer, but by a spirit instrument, as alcohol has never yet been frozen; but it is a curious fact, that at the extreme limit of the cold attained, the alcohol began to thicken, and rolled about from side to side with the sluggishness of an oily body, as if a little more cold would have frozen this refractory substance itself.

One of the most interesting and important gases, in its solidification and liquefaction, is carbonic acid. It was first procured in the liquid form by Faraday, in 1823. But the eminent French chemist, M. Thilorier, first succeeded in solidifying it by a singular accident. Allowing a drop of the liquid acid to fall, it evaporated with such intense rapidity as to freeze the remainder. The solidification of this gas, says Faraday, is one of the most beautiful experimental results of modern times. It was the first example of the reduction of a gas to the solid form; we can therefore well understand the pleasurable terms in which M. Thilorier makes the important announcement to the French Academy of Sciences. (*Annales de Chimie*, 1835.) Carbonic acid liquefies at a pressure of 36 atmospheres: according to Thilorier, it becomes solid at —148 deg.; but this is probably too low. It is very curious, that while in a gaseous state carbonic acid dissolves with great readiness in water, yet in the liquid form it is absolutely *insoluble* in water, and floats above it like an oil! It is soluble in ether and alcohol. In the liquid state it evaporates with almost explosive violence when the pressure is removed, but in the solid form its evaporation is more slow and gradual. In the solid state it closely resembles a mass of purest snow, and when placed on a polished surface, it slips and glides about as if bewitched, in consequence, as M. Thilorier deems probable, of its being surrounded with a mantle of gas, which pours from every portion of its surface. Personal experience enables us to state, that the statement of the similarity of the sensations produced by the extremes of temperature is correct; for a little mass of solid carbonic acid, at a temperature as much *below* freezing point as scalding water is *above* it, felt like a *hot* coal in the hand, and

rapidly produced a blister! An ingenious apparatus was invented by its discoverer for collecting it in the solid state. A pipe being attached to a vessel containing the gas in its liquid form, the liquid is allowed to flow out into a box somewhat like a snuff-box in shape. In so doing, intense cold is produced, and the liquid falls in beautiful snow to the bottom of the box, which can then be opened, and the solidified gas removed. When this substance is mixed with ether, the most fierce cold known to chemists is produced.

It has been already seen that, by the depression of temperature procured by this gas in this form, the means were afforded of liquefying, and even solidifying, other gases. Immense masses of mercury have been frozen in a few minutes by this wonderful mixture, for the purposes of the laboratory. It is prepared in immense quantities by Mr. Addams. He detailed his method of procuring it to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1838. His apparatus is of three kinds; we shall only mention the most perfect, which is a combination of the original plan of M. Thilorier, with mechanical improvements and additions, of Mr. Addams's invention. By a proper mixture of the materials for its generation, the gas is procured, and flows, under its own accumulating pressure, into a strong wrought-iron vessel, where it condenses into the liquid form. After this, the generator is filled with water, by a powerful press, and thus all the carbonic acid is driven forwards into the receiver at an enormous pressure: thus all waste is saved, and the gas is secured by ingenious screws, caps, and leaden washers, screwed down, to prevent its escape, by great force. The imprisoned gas has a truly gigantic power, in comparison with which the efforts of a hundred Genii are but play. Nothing but a *wrought-iron* vessel, of perfect workmanship, is equal to its control. Owing to some defect in this respect, a tremendous explosion took place in Paris, in which several persons lost their lives. Mr. Addams states, that at a temperature of 150 deg. Fahrenheit, liquid carbonic acid exerts a pressure of more than 99 atmospheres, or about 1,495 lbs. in the square inch. But this is, without a doubt, very much underestimated, for even at the temperature of *ice*, 32 deg., Faraday estimates its pressure at upwards of 38 atmospheres; Mr. Addams only reckoning it at about 27. If such is its pressure at the freezing point of water, what must it be at its boiling point!

It may be a relief, after these scientific details, to ask what practical advantage the discovery promises to man. The keen eye of the illustrious Davy, immediately on the announcement of the fact, glanced at once down the long lines of thought, and caught the idea, that a new motive power, of vast energies, was here. On the week following the first publication of Faraday's results, he communicated to the Royal Society a paper, entitled, "The application of Liquids formed by the Condensation of Gases, as mechanical agents." "One of the principal objects I had in view," wrote the philosopher, "in causing experiments to be made on the condensation of different

gaseous bodies, by generating them under pressure, was the hope of obtaining vapours which, from the facility with which their elastic forces might be developed or diminished, by small increments or decrements of pressure, would be applicable to the same purposes as steam." The immense expansive powers of such agents cannot be questioned, even at temperatures far below the average temperature of the air. There would, doubtless, be some difficulties in the application, but none which the far and justly-famed mechanical skill of our country might not overcome. Mr. Perkins, in his high-pressure engines, has demonstrated the possibility of obtaining good and perfect joints at great pressures of vapour. "If," adds Sir H. Davy, "future experiments should realise the views here developed, the mere difference of temperature between sunshine and shade, and air and water, will be sufficient to produce results which have been hitherto only obtained by great expenditure of fuel."

With so exalted an authority for the originator of the idea, it was to be expected the attempt would soon be made. Accordingly, Mr. Brunel invented a machine, worked by the expansive force of carbonic acid, applied *directly*, as in the case of steam. Mr. Addams has recommended the employment of it as an agent of motion indirectly, and as a means to circulate or reciprocate other fluids. In one respect, Sir H. Davy's anticipations were not well founded; since, from facts connected with the laws of caloric, it is now well known that no saving of fuel would be found to attend the employment of these agents. If our own opinion is worth recording, we should give it in favour of the idea in a few limited cases. Where a vast concentration of power is requisite, where weight is a fatal obstacle, as in aerial navigation, to the employment of great locomotive engines, here liquefied gases, if they can be procured sufficiently economically, promise much. Time will show. M. Rontigney's experiment, producing ice in a red-hot crucible by means of liquefied sulphurous acid, mentioned in this journal some time since, can scarcely be called a practical application of our subject; as a scientific morsel, it is worth recalling in connexion with it. Sulphurous acid liquefies most readily of all, even at the pressure of two atmospheres. We leave the question, with all its inducements, contingent advantages, and formidable difficulties, in the hands of our able mechanicians. We conclude our article with the following additional remarks from Sir H. Davy:—

"These facts offer easy methods of impregnating liquids with carbonic acid, or other gases, without mechanical pressure. They also afford means of producing great diminutions of temperature; and, as compression occasions similar effects to cold, in preventing the formation of elastic substances, there is great reason to believe that it may be successfully employed for the preservation of animal and vegetable substances for the purposes of food."

THE PENNY-POST.

THAT which railroads and steamboats have effected for our bodies, the penny-post has effected for our souls. It has given thought and impetus our ancestors never dreamed of: hopes, wishes, ideas, become winged messengers, and speed on their several missions like carrier pigeons. It has done much towards annihilating space and time, and facilitated a stream of sweet communion between those who, a little while back, were too poor and too far apart to have more than a few interchanges of thought in the year.

In the days of Erasmus, we are told, "various circumstances contributed to render epistolary intercourse a favourite practice with scholars. Destitute of those helps which a ready access to books now affords, they were anxious to observe the progress of each other, and eager to profit by the attainments of the most successful; yet, while the expense, the difficulty, and even insecurity of passing from one country to another rendered their personal intercourse very unfrequent, almost their only means of communication was by letter. But, from the want of posts, this mode of intercourse was very uncertain; and, if they missed the opportunity of occasional couriers, they could transmit their letters only by the expensive conveyance of special messengers. Hence, they were anxious to crowd into a single letter a multiplicity of observations, to draw forth, by their questions, a variety of information, and to introduce such specimens of their own ingenuity and erudition as might excite the admiration of their correspondents. Sometimes a letter contained the discussion of a whole controversy."

Somewhat different from these epistles are the notes and letters that fly from hand to hand through the penny-post. We should look rather blank at the receipt of a packet which from its weight and bulk appeared likely to contain a whole controversy. We have, in fact, exchanged discourses for dialogues: the answers to our inquiries are so easily received, that we sum up what we have to ask and tell in as few words as possible. As in most great changes, something has been lost as well as gained. We think less before we write, than when thoughts were exchanged less easily. Practice gives readiness: what we have learnt to do without trouble, we gradually do without thinking, and perhaps finish by doing negligently. We multiply our engagements, and then perform them in a slovenly manner. How often does a letter fulfil the promise to the eye, and break it to the heart! We are separated from those whose conversation was interesting and profitable to us: perhaps the only cause we have for a secret dissatisfaction with our present condition is that it places a barrier between us. They promised we should hear from them: at length, a letter comes, a full-filled sheet; but is it a well-filled one? Is there a single thought in it that deserves to live—a single observation or reflection that can stand by itself—a spark of pure wit—an indication, however slight, of genuine feeling—a trace, however casual, of Christianity—an allusion that shall warm the heart—a consolation, or an encouragement, or a counsel—a single grain of salt, in short, to purify and relish the mass?—No! it contains a most commonplace relation of those concerns of the people we love which we least care to know: where they have been; whom they have seen; unimportant details of their health and the weather, and the rest is made up of excuses and "kind regards." The writer unconcernedly reflected that the letter would only cost a

penny; but there was a mistake; it has cost pain, it has left an opportunity unimproved, and a void unsupplied.

The earliest letter on record was written by a woman: it was short, distinct, and very much to the purpose: but be not elated, ladies—it was written by Queen Jezebel. Other and better queens have written well: there is a fine spirited letter extant written by Jeanne d'Albert to Cardinal d'Armagnac. Queen Elizabeth was heavy at the pen; Henrietta Maria spelt badly; Mary of Modena, without being witty or well-informed, knew how to express resignation and tenderness. Some of Pliny's letters are delightful; so are Sir Thomas More's. Lady M. W. Montague's have a wit and sense peculiar to themselves; but there are perhaps few published letters which one would more like to have received than those of Sir Walter Scott to Joanna Baillie. They are sound, wholesome, and cordial: he turns up fresh mould for her, and, if he turns up a coin or a flower-pot, she is equally welcome to it. Labour'd letters are terrible: no one wants to receive them; but a desire to improve the passing moment may be combined with an unaffected desire to amuse. It is something to call forth a gay, unbidden laugh in some dull, lonely home, where cheerfulness from without seldom comes: it is yet more to speak some word in season that shall be recurred to with reviving trust in some sad, silent watch of the night. Do not let your pen be the quill of a goose.

Consolatory letters are the most difficult to write; because all consolation is calmness which we have not tested ourselves. Pliny says pathetically of a friend he had lost, "Do not tell me that he was old, that he was infirm, that we all must die,—all this I know and have been told already. Send me some new and unexpected sources of consolation." How new and unexpected they would have proved, had his correspondent been a Christian!

Style is the voice in which thought speaks: and what we conceive clearly, we may always plainly express. "I have nothing to say," is seldom a true excuse, where there is a real obligation to write. Let us take trouble to think and to feel that our friend is subject to like affections and interests with ourselves; and we shall find some object of sympathy that will cost us less effort to discuss than is uncomplainingly made during the formalities of a morning visit.

Reviews.

GOWRIE; OR THE KING'S PLOT.

THE last occasion on which we had to review a book of Mr. James's, it was our painful duty to blame more than we could praise, for we felt that by writing such works as Sir Theodore Broughton, Mr. James was sapping the very foundation of his well earned fame. In the present instance, however, a different and far more pleasing task awaits us; in "Gowrie" we recognise the master hand which in Darnley and Richelieu charmed our youthful fancy and divided our admiration with the great wizard of the north, Walter Scott. In an age tainted with the coarsenesses of a Trollope and the brutalities of the brothers Bell, (alas, that such high talent should be coupled with such low taste!) it is refreshing to turn to the pages of a

novel like Gowrie, and read of man's nobility and woman's loving devotion, till our faith in such things, well nigh extinguished by the curse of life's experience, burns bright and pure again as in our boyhood. The novel, as its name implies, turns on the well known but inexplicable Gowrie conspiracy; and the view taken of it by Mr. James, inconceivable as even the most probable hypothesis on the subject must be, seems to us to present the least unreasonable solution of the mystery. He imagines (despite the attempts of historians to establish his innocence) that the plot was an invention of the king's, to rid himself of Gowrie whom he feared, and Alexander Ruthven whom he hated — our author adopting the idea thrown out in a letter from Sir Henry Neville, the English ambassador at the court of France, to Sir Ralph Winwood, in which he hints at a highly imprudent, if not criminal intimacy between Anne of Denmark and the younger of the Ruthven brothers. That such a plot was by no means opposed to the course of tortuous and subtle policy which James I. deemed the very essence of king-craft, any one who has at all studied the character of that monarch must readily admit. He was a man of an essentially little mind, though gifted with an unusual portion of the shrewdness and cunning which so often supply the place of the higher intellectual qualities; his selfishness rendered him despotic, his cowardice cruel, his poverty avaricious. Lord Gowrie was an amiable and religious man, liberal and enlightened beyond his age; his possessions, which had accumulated during a long minority, were vast, and his influence with his countrymen extensive. These things were of themselves sufficient to expose him to the hatred of his sovereign; he could be neither cajoled nor intimidated, and must therefore be destroyed. His name, his race, his position, and his opinions, alike rendered him obnoxious to the king, and he resolved to sweep him from his path.

On the other hand, supposing the Ruthvens to have plotted the king's assassination, what could be their motive? We quote the following passage from Robertson.

"It appears almost incredible that two young men of such distinguished virtue should revolt all at once from their duty, and attempt a crime so atrocious as the murder of their sovereign. It appears still more improbable that they should have concerted their undertaking with so little foresight and prudence; if they intended that the deed should have remained concealed, they could not have chosen a more improper scene for executing it than their own house."

"Had Providence permitted them to embroil their hands in the blood of their sovereign, what advantage could have accrued to them by his death? and what claims or pretensions could they have opposed to the rights of his children? Inevitable and instant vengeance, together with perpetual infamy, were the only consequences they could expect to follow such a crime."

Mr. James in his postscript speaks still more clearly and decidedly.

"The evidence of any crime having been committed by the earl and his brother now comes to be examined; and I do not scruple to say, that to the eyes of any man of common understanding it not only proves that Gowrie and his brother were innocent, but that James was guilty. First let it be remarked, that this evidence

(1) "Gowrie; or, the King's Plot." By G. P. R. James, Esq. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

was all on one side, that no defence was made on the part of the accused, that no witnesses were examined on their behalf, that those on the other side were not cross-examined. The king himself was the principal witness, for his statement must be taken as a deposition. He declared that Alexander Ruthven, the earl's brother, came up to him when he was going out to hunt at Falkland, and besought him to come immediately to Perth, as he, Alexander, had seized and imprisoned in his brother's house a stranger with a pitcher-full of foreign gold, which he wished to secure for the king; and that he must come privately, without letting any one know, for he feared that the man might cry out and call the attention of the earl, who knew nothing of the fact. James says he determined to go, (though the tale was too absurd to obtain credence from any rational being,) but, instead of going immediately, he continued to hunt from seven till ten o'clock, and, instead of going privately, took the whole court, all his usual attendants, and, moreover, two lacqueys from the palace, together with the porter at Falkland and the keeper of his ale-cellar. Of the conversation between the king and Alexander Ruthven, we have no testimony but that of James himself. It is true, as he rode towards Perth, he related the tale privately to the Duke of Lennox, when that nobleman at once expressed his opinion of the improbability of the story; but yet the king went on.

"His majesty did not send forward to announce his coming to the young earl till he was within two miles of Perth; but then he was met and received, not by Gowrie and his attendants in private and alone, but by the earl, as Lord Provost, at the head of the magistrates of the town, hurriedly assembled. The king then proceeds to relate what occurred at the earl's palace." *

"Setting aside the monarch's own evidence, therefore, the testimony of all other persons was rather in favour of Gowrie and against the king than otherwise; and the proofs of the monarch having assembled a large body of men in Perth were easily to be obtained, showing a preconceived plan for going to that city before Alexander Ruthven could by any possibility have told the story of the pot of gold.

"If we are to credit the testimony of Moyses, one of the king's most faithful servants, there were 500 gentlemen in Perth on that day, of whom, it would appear, full 300 were of the family of Murray, sent for to meet the king, under the Master of Tullibardine." *

"The guilt of the Earl of Gowrie was disbelieved in Scotland all but universally, and the accusation of magic and sorcery was treated with the contempt it merited, except by a few persons more curious than intelligent. Five ministers of Edinburgh refused to offer thanks for the king's deliverance, in which they did not believe; and three of them suffered severely for their contumacy and incredulity. The estates of the Earl of Gowrie were forfeited, and divided amongst favourites, and three of the earl's faithful servants were executed at Perth, declaring their innocence and his with their dying breath. An annual thanksgiving was appointed in England and Scotland, but the English laughed at the farce, and the Scotch were indignant at the impiety."

Having, after an infinity of labour and research, satisfied himself as to Gowrie's innocence, Mr. James has worked the materials thus acquired into an historical novel of deep and thrilling interest. The character of the chief actor in the tragedy—young, brave, singularly handsome and accomplished, yet thoughtful beyond his years, and tinged with a degree of melancholy, foreshadowing as it were the doom that awaited him—was one peculiarly suited to the author's powers, and in the delineation of which he has been most successful. The heroine, (an imaginary

granddaughter of the Regent Morton's) without possessing any very decided individuality, is yet a sweet loveable girl, and as such is as agreeable to read of as her reality would be to encounter in "kirk or market." The crafty king, whole knave and parcel fool; his volatile and imprudent consort, Anne of Denmark; Alexander Ruthven, the handsome young courtier, his vanity flattered and his head turned by his royal mistress's favours, but with the germs of nobler and better things in his nature, which time might have developed; Beatrice, his high-spirited leal-hearted sister; the hot-headed, impetuous, though generous-tempered John Ramsay, fitting instrument to work out the evil deeds of worse men than himself; the subtle politician Herries; the vindictive profligate Newburn,—are all cleverly drawn, and stand out with a distinct personality which shows them the work of a master-hand. In a word, James is himself again, and we advise such of our readers as delight in a good historical novel, to lose no time in procuring "Gowrie; or, the King's Plot."

VANITY FAIR.'

THERE are various ways in which critics consider a work of art; but the most common is what may be called the *pre-eminent*. The pre-eminent style of criticism is conducted on this plan. The critic (having laid it down as a rule that all men and authors are *equal*, before him as before the law,) places himself at once upon an elevated platform, raised by his self-conceit, whence he looks down upon his object, judges it, and pours forth his opinions accordingly. Thus he finds himself invested—in his own eyes, at least—with one of the attributes of the highest genius; he "is great without an effort;" at all events, he feels quite big enough to lift and handle any work that may be put before him. Book or picture, statue, music, or poem, your pre-eminent critic walks or talks over it as if he were himself equal to the "spinning" or fashioning of "a thousand such a day." Such a feeling as reverence for his subject is excluded from the whole duty of a critic. He treats it with a *du haut en bas* approval or condemnation; he praises, or *pooh poohs!* it with lordly condescension; and his readers get their minds made up comfortably for them on the matter. This is, for the most part, a great blessing to the idle; but we warn such persons, if any such there be among our readers, that this is *not* the way in which we can review "Vanity Fair." We do not feel competent to talking over Mr. Thackeray's head; and we prefer saying so at once, lest any one should begin this slight notice in hope of finding the exact dimensions of that author's mind set down therein. We have not yet fathomed the depth of his heart, nor can we give a *catalogue raisonnée* of his intellectual faculties;—for these reasons perhaps: First, that Mr. Thackeray is very

(1) "Vanity Fair. A Novel without a Hero." By William Makepeace Thackeray. Bradbury and Evans, Bouverie Street.

much greater than we can pretend to be—and the less cannot comprehend the greater. Second, that he has true genius, which, in all probability, has not yet attained half its earthly development; and the precise capacity of living genius is unknown to its admirers, and even to itself.

Among the other works of this author, those we like best are "The Paris Sketch Book" and "The Irish Sketch Book;" the one we like least is the "Snob Papers." But all his previous works, indicative as they are of the power that is in the man, are far inferior to "Vanity Fair," which is, in comparison, what a well-grown oak-tree is to a number of green cut boughs. "Vanity Fair" is not a collection of sketches, but a *book*; and a book that will live to be as old in the world as "Gil Blas" or "Don Quixote," or we are very much mistaken. The world is not fortunate enough to get many long-lived books, and it behoves it to look at one with respect when it does come, or may be fairly conjectured to have come. For some time "Vanity Fair" was scarcely heard of, out of the small circle who studied the first numbers with eager attention, and in perfect confidence that though, like most truly great performances, it neither surprised nor dazzled at first, yet that it would equal or surpass the expectations of all its admirers before the end. The end has come; and now all the reading world delights to honour the author; he may occupy a gorgeous booth in his own fair, any day that he is disposed to take possession of it.

"Vanity Fair" is emphatically a satirical novel. We hear, now and then, that it is too strong in satire. We do not think so. The author's object (as far as we perceive it) was to "show the very body of the time, his form and pressure." Could "the body" of this scoffing, faithless, satirical "time" be better shown than in real, strong, ay, bitter satire? It understands *that*—it feels *that*.

Moreover, let any moral chemist analyze the satire of "Vanity Fair," and he will find that, bitter as it is, it is wholesome. Society is often in a sickly state, from luxurious living; and we are not homœopaths enough to believe that the cause of the disease will, in this case, become its cure. Soups, sauces and *Ragouts à la Gore*, D'Israeli, Bulwer, *et hoc genus omne*, are very good things in their way; but, if we may venture to prescribe to so important a patient as "the public," we should recommend them to take occasional courses of Thackeray's quintessence of quinine and gentian. It may cause them to make wry faces at first, but it will give tone to the system, and brace them up so that they can see and feel and do better things than they ever did before.

No; "Vanity Fair" is not a philosophical, nor a sentimental, nor a fashionable, nor an æsthetical novel; although there is something of philosophy, and sentiment, and fashion, and the fine arts, to be found in its pages. The whole atmosphere of the book is brilliant with sharp, forked, electric satire, between the flashes of which you see the rugged, wide-spreading, heaven-climbing hills and deep green

valleys of his humour; and in their secret nooks spring up many fountains of salt tears.

We have heard several persons say that they can feel no interest in the characters of this remarkable work, apart from their admiration of the skill with which they are drawn. This objection appears to us in great part groundless. Nearly all the characters are as life-like as if you had known each of them individually. They all, or nearly all, enlist your sympathies; even the heartless intriguing Becky herself. Dobbin works his way into every body's affections (except that silly little Amelia's) long before the middle of the book; and Rawdon Crawley, in spite of his early vices and slowness of intellect, touches the heart of every reader from the moment of his marriage, by his thorough trust in, and devotion to, Rebecca. We know many ladies who are much astonished at the wonderful truth to nature in Thackeray's women; and we remember to have heard one lady affirm, that he must have been a woman himself once, to know so well the innermost folds of a woman's heart, and the inappreciable trifles which go to build up her character and manner. Without proceeding to this length, we may say that no man has ever described women better than Thackeray. Although he does not attempt to disguise his contempt for her poverty of soul, yet Amelia is evidently a great favourite with our author. We agree with him in admiring the class of women to which Amelia belongs, though we think them better fitted to adorn a home than to adorn a tale; but Amelia herself is not a specimen very much to our taste: she is too ostentatiously simple and negatively virtuous. We acknowledge that she is very pretty, and honest, and true, and amiable, but we cannot help echoing Talleyrand's celebrated *bon mot* apropos of some equally faultless person, "*Elle n'a qu'un défaut—elle est insupportable.*"

The other heroine, her schoolfellow Becky Sharp, as a work of art is as perfect a creation as ever came from the pen of mortal. The grand foundation-stone of Becky's character, without which all her talents would avail little in such a career as hers, is her heartless, passionless nature. Such people never wear themselves out, or worry others with their feelings;—Becky is therefore always gay, and charming, and good-tempered;—she loves no one, and only estimates the affection she gains by the consideration of how it may be turned to account in her one grand object of securing a high position in Vanity Fair. Despise her as you may, dear reader, Becky is too feminine, too fascinating, too much bent upon pleasing and being pleased, and a great deal too witty, clever, and sensible, for you not to be taken by her, and watch her with interest all through the book; in fact, just as you would inevitably do in real life. She amuses you and keeps your mind on the alert: sometimes you are quite aghast and disgusted at her cool impudence or selfishness, but you cannot help having a sort of admiration and pity for her. You mourn over the perversion of such practical talent; you remember her vicious parentage, wretched childhood, soured and

precocious intelligence in youth;—motherless, friendless, cast off by society, sinned against from her cradle, with none but bad examples before her;—and you cry, “Poor little Becky!—had she been brought up with but half the advantages of Amelia, there were a Becky indeed to witch the world to its advancement in virtue and wisdom!” Her bravery and clear sunny intelligence gain your sympathy in her cause, and you cannot help enjoying all her triumphs over the great people whom she despises, over the conventionalities, and shams, and shows of Vanity Fair. You like to see the dauntless little marauder fighting her way in society in such a courageous, laughing manner; you feel that no position is too high for her; that she would have graced the highest, had she been born in the purple; and you are angry with a state of society which has made her a hard, selfish, vain coquette, loveless, false, base, and unprincipled—and she is all this from the very beginning, when her mother the opera-dancer, and her father the drunken artist, are dead, and she is thus described at Mrs. Pinkerton’s school.

“Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articulated pupil, her duties being to talk French, as we have seen, and her privileges to live cost free; and with a few guineas a-year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

“She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down: when they looked up they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive, that the Rev. Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, the Rev. Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp, being shot dead by a glance of her eyes which was fired all the way across Chiswick church from the school-pew to the reading-desk.

“By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishment, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the diabolical precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father’s door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good-humour, and into the granting of one meal more. She sate commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit; and heard the talk of many of his wild companions—often but ill-suited for a girl to hear. But she never had been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. Oh! why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage!

“The rigid formality of the place suffocated her: the prayers and the meals, the lessons and the walks, which were arranged with a conventual regularity, oppressed her almost beyond endurance; and she looked back to the freedom and the beggary of the old studio in Soho with so much regret, that everybody, herself included, fancied she was consumed with grief for her father. She had a little room in the garret, where the maids heard her walking and sobbing at night, but it was with rage, and not with grief. She had not been much of a dissembler, until now her loneliness taught her to feign. She had never mingled in the society of women: her father, reprobate as he was, was a man of talent; his conversation was a thousand times more agreeable to her than the talk of such of her own sex as she now encountered. The pompous vanity of the old schoolmistress, the foolish good-humour of her sister, the silly chat and scandal of the elder girls, and the frigid correctness of the governesses, equally annoyed her; and she had no soft maternal heart, this unlucky girl, other-

wise the prattle and talk of the younger children, with whose care she was chiefly intrusted, might have soothed and interested her; but she lived among them two years, and not one was sorry that she went away. The gentle tender-hearted Amelia Sedley was the only person to whom she could attach herself in the least;—and who could help attaching herself to Amelia?

“The happiness, the superior advantages of the young women round about her, gave Rebecca inexpressible pangs of envy. ‘What airs that girl gives herself, because she is an earl’s granddaughter!’ she said of one. ‘How they cringe and bow to that Creole, because of her hundred thousand pounds! I am a thousand times cleverer and more charming than that creature, for all her wealth;—I am as well bred as the earl’s granddaughter, for all her fine pedigree; and yet every one passes me by here! And yet, when I was at my father’s, did not the men give up their gayest balls and parties in order to pass the evening with me?’ She determined at any rate to get free from the prison in which she found herself, and now began to act for herself, and for the first time to make connected plans for the future. She took advantage, therefore, of the means of study the place offered her; and as she was already a musician and a good linguist, she speedily went through the little course of study which was considered necessary for ladies in those days.”

It is not our intention to give an abstract of the story of “Vanity Fair,” but rather to offer some remarks upon the work generally. We have a few more words to say about Rebecca. The author has not fallen into the common error of allowing his clever unscrupulous heroine to succeed in all her daring exploits and subtle plots. By being too clever, she sometimes overreaches herself; and the reader will observe that, gifted as she is in all the arts of the wicked, she fails in the most important moves of her game. She might have been Lady Crawley, had she not been too eager to secure Rawdon; then, she does not succeed in getting Miss Crawley’s money; and fails in deceiving her husband at the moment when her whole fate depends upon it. This is, we believe, as true to nature as anything in the wide domain of fiction. The world is much indebted to Thackeray for the delineation of Becky; women who at all resemble her (and there are many such at the present day) will not be able to carry on their depredations in society quite as easily as formerly;—to be forewarned against Beckysm, will often lead to being fore-armed.

The account of Miss Crawley, the rich aunt, and of her favourite nephew, afterwards Becky’s husband, is short, pithy, and worth extracting:—

“Old Miss Crawley was certainly one of the reprobate. She had a snug little house in Park-lane, and as she ate and drank a great deal too much during the season in London, she went to Harrowgate or Cheltenham for the summer. She was the most hospitable and jovial of old vestals, and had been a beauty in her day, she said.—(All old women were beauties once, we very well know!) She was a *bel esprit*, and a dreadful radical for those days. She had been in France, (where St. Just, they say, inspired her with an unfortunate passion,) and loved, ever after, French novels, French cookery, and French wines. She read Voltaire, and had Rousseau by heart; talked very lightly about divorce, and most energetically of the rights of women. She had pictures of Mr. Fox in every room in the house: when that statesman was in opposition, I am not sure that she had not flung a main with him; and when he came into office, she

took great credit for bringing over to him Sir Pitt and his colleague for Queen's Crawley, although Sir Pitt would have come over himself, without any trouble on the honest lady's part. It is needless to say that Sir Pitt was brought to change his views after the death of the great Whig statesman.

"This worthy old lady took a fancy to Rawdon Crawley when a boy, sent him to Cambridge (in opposition to his brother at Oxford), and, when the young man was requested by the authorities of the first-named University to quit, after a residence of two years, she bought him his commissions as Cornet and Lieutenant Crawley.

"A perfect and celebrated 'blood,' or dandy about town, was this young officer. Boxing, rat-hunting, the fives-court, and four-in-hand driving, were then the fashion of our British aristocracy; and he was an adept in all these noble sciences. And though he belonged to the household troops, who, as it was their duty to rally round the Prince Regent, had not shown their valour in foreign service yet, Rawdon Crawley had already (*à-propos* of play, of which he was immoderately fond,) fought three bloody duels, in which he gave ample proofs of his contempt for death.

"And for what follows after death!" would Mr. Crawley observe, throwing his gooseberry-coloured eyes up to the ceiling. He was always thinking of his brother's soul, or of the souls of those who differed from him in opinion:—it is a sort of comfort which many of the serious give themselves."

Few things in *Vanity Fair* seem to excite Thackeray's scorn and anger so much as religious cant; but let us one, on this account, suppose that he has not a profound reverence for things sacred. True piety shows itself in a hundred minute touches in the account of Amelia, and elsewhere throughout the book; it may be seen lurking in the solemn satire against the pomps and vanities, the hideous vices and the contemptible meannesses, of this complicated social system. About religion, and love, and deep grief, Thackeray preserves for the most part an eloquent silence; a silence which impresses more than sermons, or odes, or elegies—at least, in a *novel*. He has a keen sense of the proprieties of time and place; he would not be one to pray at the corners of streets, for he knows that he would be seen of men there; nor would he, we fancy, "hang his heart on his sleeve," for he knows "the daws *would* peck at it."

Among the minor characters of the book shines forth, conspicuous, Mrs. O'Dowd—we beg her pardon, Mrs. *Major* O'Dowd, otherwise called Peggy. The following account of her preparation of her husband's accoutrements on the eve of Waterloo is altogether charming, and in Thackeray's most genial manner.

"It's my belief, Peggy my dear," said he, as he placidly pulled his nightcap over his ears, "that there will be such a ball danced in a day or two as some of 'em has never heard the chune of;" and he was much more happy to retire to rest after partaking of a quiet tumbler, than to figure at any other sort of amusement. Peggy, for her part, would have liked to have shown her turban and bird of paradise at the ball, but for the information which her husband had given her, and which made her very grave.

"I'd like ye wake me about half an hour before the assembly bents," the major said to his lady. "Call me at half-past one, Peggy dear, and see me things is ready; maybe I'll not come back to breakfast, Mrs. O'D." With which words, which signified his opinion that the

regiment would march the next morning, the major ceased talking and fell asleep.

"Mrs. O'Dowd, the good housewife, arrayed in curl-papers and a camisole, felt that her duty was to act, and not to sleep, at this juncture. 'Time enough for that,' she said, 'when Mick's gone,' and so she packed his travelling valise ready for the march, brushed his cloak, his cap, and other warlike habiliments, set them out in order for him, and stowed away in the cloak pockets a light package of portable refreshments, and a wicker-covered flask or pocket pistol, containing near a pint of remarkably sound Cognac brandy, of which she and the major approved very much; and as soon as the hands of the 'replayther' pointed to half-past one, and its interior arrangements (it had a tone quite equal to a cathedral, its fair owner considered,) knelled forth that fatal hour, Mrs. O'Dowd woke up her major, and had as comfortable a cup of coffee prepared for him as any made that morning in Brussels. And who is there will deny that this worthy lady's preparations betokened affection as much as the fits of tears and hysterics by which more sensitive females exhibited their love, and that their partaking of this coffee, which they drank together while the bugles were sounding the turn-out, and the drums beating in the various quarters of the town, was not more useful and to the purpose than the outpouring of any mere sentiment could be? The consequence was, that the major appeared on parade quite trim, fresh, and alert, his well-shaved rosy countenance, as he sat on horseback, giving cheerfulness and confidence to the whole corps. All the officers saluted her when the regiment marched by the balcony, on which this brave woman stood, and waved them a cheer as they passed; and I dare say it was not from want of courage, but from a sense of female delicacy and propriety, that she refrained from leading the gallant —th personally into action."

Contrast with the foregoing scene another on the same occasion.

"Knowing how useless regrets are, and how the indulgence of sentiment only serves to make people more miserable, Mrs. Rebecca wisely determined to give way to no vain feelings of sorrow, and bore the parting from her husband with quite a Spartan equanimity. Indeed, Captain Rawdon himself was much more affected at the leave-taking than the resolute little woman to whom he bade farewell. She had mastered his rude coarse nature; and he loved and worshipped her with all his faculties of regard and admiration. In all his life he had never been so happy as during the past few months his wife had made him. All former delights of turf, mess, hunting-field, and gambling-table; all previous loves and courtships of milliners, opera dancers, and the like easy triumphs of the clumsy military Adonis, were quite insipid when compared to the lawful matrimonial pleasures which of late he had enjoyed. She had known perpetually how to divert him; and he had found his house and her society a thousand times more pleasant than any place or company which he had ever frequented from his childhood until now. And he cursed his past follies and extravagances, and bemoaned his vast out-lying debts above all, which must remain for ever as obstacles to prevent his wife's advancement in the world. He had often groaned over these in midnight conversations with Rebecca, although as a bachelor they had never given him any disquiet.

"But these were mere bygone days and talk. When the final news arrived that the campaign was opened, and the troops were to march, Rawdon's gravity became such that Becky rallied him about it in a manner which rather hurt the feelings of the guardsman. 'You don't suppose I'm afraid, Becky, I should think,' he said, with a tremor in his voice. 'But I'm a pretty good mark for a shot, and you see, if it brings me down, why I leave

one and perhaps two behind me whom I should wish to provide for, as I brought 'em into the scrape. It is no laughing matter that, Mrs. C——, any ways." Rebecca by a hundred caresses and kind words tried to soothe the feelings of the wounded lover. It was only when her vivacity and sense of humour got the better of this sprightly creature (as they would do under most circumstances of life, indeed,) that she would break out with her satire, but she could soon put on a demure face. "Dearest love," she said, "do you suppose I feel nothing?" and, hastily dashing something from her eyes, she looked up in her husband's face with a smile. "'Look here,' said he; 'if I drop, let us see what there is for you.'"

"And so, making his last dispositions, Captain Crawley, who had seldom thought about anything but himself, until the last few months in his life, when love had obtained the mastery over the dragoon, went through the various items of his little catalogue of effects, striving to see how they might be turned into money for his wife's benefit, in case any accident should befall him. He pleased himself by noting down with a pencil, in his big school-boy handwriting, the various items of his portable property which might be sold for his widow's advantage, as for example, 'my double-barril by Manton, say forty guineas; my driving cloak, lined with sable fur, 50*l*; my duelling pistols in rosewood case (same which I shot Captain Marker), 20*l*; my regulation saddle, holsters and housings; my Laurie ditto," and so forth, over all of which articles he made Rebecca the mistress.

"Faithful to his plan of economy, the Captain dressed himself in his oldest and shabbiest uniform and epaulets, leaving the newest behind, under his wife's (or it might be his widow's) guardianship. And this famous dandy of Windsor and Hyde Park went off on his campaign with a kit as modest as that of a sergeant, and with something like a prayer on his lips for the woman he was leaving. He took her up from the ground, and held her in his arms for a minute, tight pressed against his strong beating heart. His face was purple and his eyes dim, as he put her down and left her. He rode by his general's side, and smoked his cigar in silence as they hastened after the troops of the general's brigade, which preceded them; and it was not until they were some miles on their way, that he left off twirling his moustache, and broke silence."

We cannot refrain from quoting a scene from the concluding number of the work; as it brings out unexpected traits in each of the two heroines, and shows that Dobbin, patient and persevering, gentle, and full of heaven's best gifts as he is, at last asserts his true character, and tells the truth to that pretty, soft, charming, but soulless and (must we say it?) *selfish* Amelia. Yes, in spite of our fear of exciting Mr. Thackeray's anger, we must say that Amelia's selfishness throughout the book is but a few degrees less coarse than that of Becky. We could bring many arguments in proof of this assertion, but we prefer leaving them to the reader's discernment.

"'You don't mean that, Amelia!' William said sadly. 'You don't mean that these words, uttered in a hurried moment, are to weigh against a whole life's devotion? I think that George's memory has not been injured by the way in which I have dealt with it, and if we are come to bandying reproaches, I at least merit none from his widow and the mother of his son. Reflect afterwards, when—you are at leisure, and your conscience will withdraw this accusation. It does even now.'"

"Amelia held down her head. 'It is not that speech of yesterday,' he continued, 'which moves you. That is but the pretext, Amelia, or I have loved you and

watched you for fifteen years in vain. Have I not learned in that time to read all your feelings and look into your thoughts? I know what your heart is capable of; it can cling faithfully to a recollection, and cherish a fancy; but it can't feel such an attachment as mine deserves to mate with, and such as I should have won from a woman more generous than you. No; you are not worthy of the love which I have devoted to you. I knew all along that the prize I had set my life on was not worth the winning; that I was a fool, with fond fancies, too, bartering away my all of truth and ardour against your little feeble remnant of love. I will bargain no more: I withdraw. I find no fault with you. You are very good-natured, and have done your best; but you couldn't—you couldn't reach up to the height of the attachment which I bore you, and which a loftier soul than yours might have been proud to share. Good bye, Amelia! I have watched your struggle. Let it end. We are both weary of it.'

"Amelia stood scared and silent as William thus suddenly broke the chain by which she held him, and declared his independence and superiority. He had placed himself at her feet so long, that the poor little woman had been accustomed to trample upon him. She didn't wish to marry him, but she wished to keep him. She wished to give him nothing, but that he should give her all. It is a bargain not unfrequently levied in love.

"William's sally had quite broken and cast her down. Her assault was long since over and beaten back.

"'Am I to understand, then,—that you are going—away, William?' she said.

"He gave a sad laugh. 'I went once before,' he said, 'and came back after twelve years. We were young then, Amelia. Good bye; I have spent enough of my life at this play.'

"Whilst they had been talking, the door into Mrs. Osborne's room had opened ever so little; indeed, Becky had kept a hold of the handle, and had turned it on the instant when Dobbin quitted it; and she heard every word of the conversation that had passed between these two. 'What a noble heart that man has!' she thought, 'and how shamefully that woman plays with it!' She admired Dobbin; she bore him no rancour for the part he had taken against her. It was an open move in the game, and played fairly. 'Ah!' she thought, 'if I could have had such a husband as that—a man with a heart and brains too! I would not have minded his large feet; and running into her room, she absolutely bethought herself of something, and wrote him a note, beseeching him to stop for a few days—not to think of going—and that she could serve him with.

"The parting was over. Once more poor William walked to the door, and was gone; and the little widow, the author of all this work, had her will, and had won her victory, and was left to enjoy it as she best might. Let the ladies envy her triumph."

To praise this author for his graphic power of describing persons and places, and classes of people, would be superfluous labour; and some of his very best descriptions are to be met with in this work. His serio-comic but deep meaning philosophizings and speculations in "Vanity Fair," are inimitable and as true as they are brilliant. His outlined illustrations are excellent, and the reader would be very sorry to be obliged to do without them, as they add materially to the value of the work. When this number of "SHARPE" appears, another new work by Thackeray will be beginning its life before the world; for ourselves, we expect no treat in October equal to the pleasure of reading the opening number of "Pendennis" on the 1st.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.¹

WE confess that we are growing exceedingly curious about domestic life in Sweden; that is, very anxious to know whether its reality corresponds to the representations of it with which the English public are now becoming familiarized. For several years Miss Bremer, the Miss Austin of Sweden, as she has been called, (though it would be hard to say wherein the resemblance consists,) has been among the most popular of our novelists. Her powers, humorous, picturesque, and pathetic, are all of a very high class, and in the first of her works that was translated into English, "The Neighbours," there is a beauty of conception, and a keen discrimination of character, which we do not think she has elsewhere approached. In it, also, there is scarce any of that morbid and shallow sentimentality by which all her other stories are more or less defaced; it is genuine, simple, natural; it establishes her at once as a close observer and a delicate artist; we are disposed to give her credit in future for truthfulness as well as for genius. But, passing over her intermediate works, on the faults of which it is, for obvious reasons, impossible to dwell, let us look for an instant at the state of society whose existence is indicated by the last of the series, "Brothers and Sisters," and ask our readers whether it be a probable, a credible, nay, a conceivable state.

We are introduced to the Dalberg family; orphans living under the guardianship of an uncle, and the watchful care of the elder brother and sister of the groups, Augustin and Hedwig. These are the good genii of the book, and each has had a love disappointment, as a good genius ought to have. Hedwig the sister is beautifully drawn, gentle, tender, unselfish, happy both in the happiness which she creates, and in that which she sacrifices. The rest are, Ivar, a young artist of the melodramatic stamp, a communist in principle, passionately in love with a worthless Frenchwoman, who finally deserts him (making the third love disappointment); whereupon he very properly runs into a forest at midnight, lies down amongst the snow, and has a brain fever; Bror, (*such* a name!) a second edition of Bear, merry, good-tempered, warm-hearted and clever; Gerda, a genius and a beauty, betrothed to a man whom she loves, but who turns out a tyrant, and one of so cold and petty a nature that she is compelled to give him up (love disappointment the fourth); Engel, a gentle, tender-hearted girl of sixteen; Göthilda, an improved Petrea; and Cadets Nos. 31 and 32, who like most cadets have no characters at all, but are intensely amusing.

Engel's story is the first to develope itself. Her lover, Uno, after winning her heart, withdraws without declaring himself. (Stop reader; the Swedes are very

unfortunate in their *affaires de cœur*; certainly, nevertheless, this is *not* love disappointment the fifth.) The young girl droops and fades, her spirits forsake her, her health begins to suffer. One morning she sits alone in the drawing-room, and reflects upon her position—on the happy Past, the desolate Present, the dreary Future; her heart dies within her, till, on a sudden, the "strong Northern will" arouses, and she determines that she will conquer and crush the passion which is destroying her, that she will be again the sunshine of her family, that she will endure, contend, prevail. Who would not bid her "God speed" in so holy an enterprise? And now, what are her weapons? Prayer, we suppose, hearty, constant prayer, self-discipline, action, charity, study, occupation, patience. Not at all. She has a much simpler method at hand. She gets up and dances: she does *indeed*, reader; Miss Bremer is quite in earnest, and so are we. This is the Northern method whereby a young lady overcomes an unfortunate attachment; she goes into a room by herself and dances violently; and it is so perfectly new in England, that we cannot help strongly recommending it to all persons similarly afflicted, as being at all events worth a trial. Our friend Lawless is the only parallel instance that we can remember, and henceforth the fair and refined Engel must be classed with him. But just as she is executing the highest caper of her despair, Uno enters, and an *éclaircissement* takes place. After a short time of happiness, he confesses the cause of his silence, and the young girl goes, pale, trembling, and tearful, to her mother-sister with the miserable news. Uno is an atheist! He naturally feared that this *might* be considered a defect, but, as the sequel will show, he was unnecessarily nervous. Engel is frightened—she is unhappy—what can she do? Uno is an atheist; nevertheless, she loves him so very deeply, she would rather be in darkness with him, than in light without him. The polka was not finished—he came before she had danced love out of her heart—she cannot give him up. How does the wise and tender sister counsel her? She grieves and sympathises, sends for Uno—questions him, and discovers that it is indeed true: not only does he disbelieve Revelation, but he has no faith either in a future life or in a Creator; it is blank, unmistakeable, impossible atheism. But Hedwig says gently that she has known such a case before, a lady who unhappily did not believe those truths which have ever been the support of Christians and Pagans (!) But then this lady-atheist was so charming! Her death-bed, to be sure, was a little uncomfortable, because she supposed herself on the verge of annihilation, which is not a pleasant notion. But her life! It was holy, happy, *Christian*, (!) a perpetual thank-offering to God! So Hedwig believes that it is quite possible to have an unconscious faith, which is quite unconnected with belief, and which somehow makes you a perfect Christian, though you are certainly an infidel. Only she does not think people of this kind likely to be happy. The result is, as the reader will anticipate, that Uno marries Engel.

(1) "Brothers and Sisters." By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt.

There was a short notice of this work in one of our former Postscripts, in which we said, "the book being just received we had merely had time to glance at it, but that it seemed to promise a rich treat to the admirers of Miss Bremer." Of the precise nature of that treat the reader will be better able to form an opinion by reading the present Review.—ED.

Let us take breath. Is not this a very frenzy of absurdity? Alas for the world! It has waited till nineteen hundred years have well nigh rolled over it since God's awful revelation of Himself in Christ, for a woman to proclaim to it the Christianity of Atheism! We are afraid and ashamed as we write of it. The family hearth—the hearts of loving, gentle women—these, we thought, were the refuge and shelter of Faith, when the scoffs of a foolish and misguided reason, or the sneers of a false liberality, should have driven it from the academy and the market-place. Here might all reverent instincts and holy submissions betake themselves; here was their impregnable fortress, their secure temple. We are ready to take the shoes off our feet as we cross the threshold of the sanctuary. And *what* do we encounter?—The realisation of Mrs. Trollope's miserable jest, "a namby-pamby profession of Atheism over a tea-cup!"

After this, Miss Bremer has lost the power to astonish us, and we read very composedly of the wonders which follow. It seems hardly to surprise us that Gerda and Ivar should determine to conquer *their* love disappointments by going on the stage as singers (judging from analogy, we should have thought the ballet a better scheme); neither do we start when they choose America for the scene of their *début*, while they wander about to their hearts' content, winning golden opinions, and singing tender little songs about their eldest sister to the Yankees. Hedwig, to be sure, does shrink a little from confiding this beautiful girl of twenty to the charge of a youth like Ivar, who has already shown himself to be very passionate and perfectly unprincipled; so that it seems doubtful whether he is quite a fit person to be the sole protector of a young lady starting as a public singer in a foreign country. But Hedwig is far too sensible to yield to such unworthy fears; and she finally sanctions the expedition, being greatly moved thereto by the arguments of Augustin. We must pause a moment to declare our hearty concurrence in Augustin's philosophy of life. This is its grand precept:—Make quite sure what it is that you want to do, find out exactly what you wish, and then—DO IT.

To be sure, the manner in which Hedwig has sacrificed her attachment to the good of her family is a little inconsistent with this principle; but we must not judge too strictly; a philosophy like this must necessarily build the happiness of one heart upon the ruins of another, and we need not look at the victims unless we like. But there is one difficulty—philosophers, public singers, even disappointed lovers, must eat and drink, and poor Ivar and Gerda have not the wherewithal; for Uncle Hercules, who is a decidedly commonplace person, does not seem inclined to advance the money for their operative excursion. Gothilda comes to their rescue with a very pleasant and clever plan, for which we give her the utmost credit. She determines to sell herself, and pay their passage out of her price. There could not be a better thought. She knows an old man who will assuredly like to have her, and she will make the bargain directly, only

taking care to demand a handsome sum. But she may as well try Uncle Hercules first, so she offers herself to him at a cheaper rate; and he, poor old gentleman! somewhat dismayed when he finds her resolution, eventually consents to buy her himself, as he thinks it is altogether the most respectable way of settling the matter.

And now let us reflect a little about the middle classes in Sweden. Is this a true picture, or anything like a true picture? Is Sweden really a place where heart-broken damsels dance in solitary chambers, and young girls sell themselves for the benefit of their families, and mild atheists lead happy Christian lives, and die a little mournfully? Our curiosity increases as we proceed till it almost conquers our horror, and we feel a mementary wish to go there, only that we begin to be afraid that people must there walk upon their heads. If it be true, we can wonder no longer at those awful glimpses of profligacy in thought and feeling, if not in action, which some of these views of society disclose, and to which we can do no more than allude; nor at those audacious profanities of expression which we shudder to read, as though there must be sin even in looking upon them. How should such miserable creedlessness result in anything better? How should a plant so diseased bear any but poisoned fruit? If it be true, can we be deemed pharisaical for saying that an Englishman may well thank God upon his knees, night and morning, that he was not born a Swede? Much as there is of evil amongst us, much to deplore, to condemn, to repent, the mercy of Providence has hitherto preserved us from a degradation so profound as this. And if it be not true, as we hope and believe that it is not, will Sweden endure the calumny?

In conclusion, shall we be esteemed "righteous overmuch" for pronouncing this book—rich as it is in delicate humour, sunny warmth of affection and feeling, natural and eloquent pathos—to be one of the most dangerous that could possibly be placed in the hands of a young person, or one whose principles are yet unfixed? The utter confusion of mind which it must needs produce, whosoever its fallacies are not at once felt and rejected, must equal that of the *Christian* atheist himself. And we cannot but express our wonder that Mrs. Howitt, that any Englishwoman, should have found it possible to translate some of those passages which we have forborne to transcribe.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

SEPTEMBER, the month when Britons devote their lives to bird-killing, has passed away. Once again, as at Trafalgar, our sanguine country has seen her anticipations realised; England expected every man to do his duty,—every man knew his duty was to kill partridges, (at Trafalgar it was Frenchmen,) and every man has done it,—for the few exceptions—some pitiable, for they could not, some despicable, for they would not—only prove the rule. Innumerable par-

tridges have been killed and eaten, enough bread-sauce has been consumed to fill the Chinese junk, (itself not unlike a sauce-boat in appearance,) together with gray sufficient to float the monster plaything. An amount of powder and shot has been blazed away at the feathered victims, which differently directed would have rendered Chartist as thoroughly extinct as Mastodons. Men and dogs have risen early and laboured hard in their vocation; the fair sex have been at a discount; the lover has neglected his mistress, the husband his wife, (though that, if Mrs. Caudle be not a scandalous caricature, must not be laid solely to the account of the partridges,) and the whole social fabric has been unhinged for the sake of making "a good bag."

What a dream of happiness was the honeymoon of Lady Louisa Mousseline de Laine! She had married the man of her choice, the fortunate youth who had called forth all the pure and lasting (?) affection of that warm young heart. And a lucky dog Charley Cutaway thought himself, when, during the last Polka, on the last night of Almack's, the golden ringlets that rested on his shoulder were shaken by emotion, and a pair of coral lips whispered that their owner loved him. And when, having been "coupled together," as Charley called it, at St. George's, and suffered a very severe wedding-breakfast in Park-lane afterwards, they found themselves rowing by moonlight on Windermere's glassy waters, they each in their own fashion voted matrimony a most desirable institution, Louisa declaring it elysium, and Charley "the richest dodge going." But September drew nigh; sanguine England expected every man to do his duty, and Charley Cutaway had no mind to disappoint her; so, on the thirty-first of August, the happy pair flew on the wings of love along the Midland Counties Railroad, to Stubbleton Hall in —shire. Tired with her journey, Louisa retired early, and her husband followed her example. About four A.M. she was aroused from a somewhat fanciful dream that she was a sylph, engaged in hanging a Honiton lace veil (bought at Howell and James's for fifteen guineas, and very cheap at the money,) over the moon to keep the flies away, by a man's voice shouting in her ear—

"Ponto! I say, steady there. By Jove, he's run in upon his birds!"

"Has he!" exclaimed Louisa, her thoughts still in the moon; "I hope he has not torn my veil"—then, becoming a little more alive to a sense of her situation, she added, "Why, Charles, you were hallooing in your sleep!"

"Eh! was I, my dear?" replied her husband, "I was dreaming that confounded dog ran in and spoilt my first shot—Four o'clock! I may as well turn out—Hawkins was to be here at a quarter to five—you'd better go to sleep again, Lou."

This was good advice, but it would have been easier to follow it, if Charles while dressing had not chanced to upset a bag of shot, which pattered down on the floor like a domestic hailstorm; in seeking to remedy which disaster, he trod upon a percussion cap,

which exploded with a loud crack, leading Louisa to believe that his powder-flask had burst, and they were all about to be blown up. At last, however, he departed, and Louisa went to sleep again, and never woke till nine o'clock; which, together with the four o'clock disturbance, gave her a headache.

She got pretty well through the morning, having luckily bought the September "SHARPE" at the railway station the day before. First she finished the "Bride's Tragedy," and settled in her own mind that Everard Brooke must have been exactly like her Charley; (Charley, be it known, was rather stout, with light curly hair and a ruddy face;)—then she glanced through the "Story of a Family," and thought Ida made a most unnecessary fuss about her father going abroad: (when the Diddleton Railway smashed, and the paternal Mousseline de Laine went to Boulogne for three months, she had experienced nothing of the sort, but to be sure she had been better brought up, and learnt her mission at Farthingale House, at the rate of two hundred pounds per annum;)—then she read the announcement of a new tale by that popular writer Frank Fairleigh, and wondered what the name would be—which was much what the popular writer himself was doing at that very time, if she had but known it;—then she lunched;—then she played a polka or two, and sang a German song, in which the Rhine was mentioned only six times, and love and glory twice;—then she went out for a walk all by her little self, but mistrusting a suspicious looking cow, came back prematurely and told the butler she had been frightened by a wild bull;—then she dressed for dinner, and sat down to wait for Charles. At half-past seven she felt more hungry and desolate than she had ever done since she was six years old, and Miss Backboard locked her up in the schoolroom for repudiating Pinnock;—at a quarter to eight she decided that Charles's gun had gone off of its own accord, (an attribute all women firmly believe fire-arms to possess,) and killed its master; so, feeling very unhappy and anxious, she indulged in a good cry;—as the clock struck eight she wiped her eyes, and was going to ring the bell and send all the servants out to look for the body, when, bang! bang! went a double-barrel in the stable-yard, and her husband's footsteps sounded in the hall.

"Oh, Charles, how glad I am to see you safe! I have been so miserable! tell me, what was it?"

"Sixteen brace and a half, two couple of rabbits, a hare and a landrail; besides another bird lost in old Stiggins's stubble," was the reply in a tone of triumph.

"And was that all?"

"All! yes, and pretty well too for one gun. Why, what would you have?"

"Psha! I mean, Has nothing happened to you?"

"Oh, lots of things: I've knocked all the skin off my knuckles, and torn my jacket half up the back, falling into a dry ditch; and I've got my legs full of thorns, and I'm as tired as a dog and as hungry as a hunter. So order dinner, there's a good little woman, and I'll be down in a brace of shakes."

Louisa was a good little woman; but as her husband had returned home possessed of as much brains as he took out with him, and had been the shooter and not the shooter, she felt she was an injured wife, and must behave accordingly; but as she was very hungry, she rang and ordered dinner.

"'Twere long to tell" how she ate in silence, and gave short crusty answers to the few things Charles found time to say during the meal; and how, after he at length discovered that something had gone wrong with her, and made one or two attempts to conciliate her, just as she was preparing to come round and graciously forgive him, she found he had fallen asleep so soundly that it was by a kind of miracle he could be got to bed at all. This and the various revulsions of feeling she was fated to undergo, ere she made up her mind that Charles was not really a brute, and September one of the trials to which it is a wife's duty to submit,—and so asked her pretty friend Mary Taffeta to come and keep her company, and got up a little excitement by marrying her to a highly advantageous young curate, who didn't shoot,—all this our space will not allow us to dilate upon, and we must beg our kind readers to imagine it for themselves, while we change the subject and proceed to mention certain new books which have come in our way.

Mr. J. H. Parker of Oxford, whose shop in the Strand is ornamented externally with certain cabalistic characters, which forced us to rub up our archæology to decypher them, and must afford matter of curious speculation to the cab drivers and omnibus cads, has sent us three pretty little books as specimens of the extremely good taste with which he gets up such works.

The first of these, "English Medieval Embroidery," (the lettering and title-page of which have caught the infection from the shop front, and are as delightfully illegible as that modern antique itself,) contains much interesting and curious matter, while at the same time it evinces the author's deep research, and thorough knowledge of his subject. The illustrations, thirty-six in number, representing many notable devices then in use, are exceedingly well done, and to the uninitiated form the most inviting portion of the volume.

Next we have a libretto containing seven fairy tales, adapted to the very smallest growth of readers, promising three-year-olds, who will be carrying on the business of life when we are gathered to our fathers. The illustrations and general style of the book contrast vividly with our recollections of the wretched daubs which did duty for pictures "in the merry days when we were young" and read fairy legends,—prints in which a blue prince rescued a yellow princess from a green dragon resident in a salmon-coloured landscape; still, with all their faults, we loved them, and criticized the woodcuts as little as we looked for a moral in the tales. But here we have a possible picture and an unmistakable moral to each story; the very fairies themselves are moral qualities in disguise, and reform the naughty children like so many Sunday-school teachers; even the little dog Bow-

wowsky himself is an animal of the strictest principle: however, the book is a charming little book, and as such we recommend it to our juvenile readers.

The last of the three, "Angels' Work, or the Choristers of St. Mark," and two other tales, appears to be intended for older children, and is of a more decidedly religious character. The design is good, and exceedingly well worked out; the author's views are what are commonly called "high church," and with all those who agree with him in opinion the book will become deservedly popular.

"Sir John May (Mead, the London Merchant," 1 vol. 12mo. is a very foolish production. It sets at nought all rules of art, and, we may add, of Syntax. It may not be a *sine qua non* in describing *le vrai*, that it be *vraisemblable*; we will admit that there may be a great want of agreement between them, but we are fastidious enough to desire a stricter attention to grammatical concords than this author is generally disposed to give. Even had the story itself been good—and it is more than the reverse, for it is about the worst we ever saw—the reader could not tolerate such phrases as "Is there a man *which*" or, "a man *what*"—"Is there a region where *their* women," &c. A shrewd reader *may* be able to find out the meaning of sentences in which there are no nominatives real or imaginary, but the popular prejudice is in favour of these trifles, and we would counsel the present author either to give his composition the legitimate quantity, or, what would be still better, to leave off writing altogether.

"Amynone." By Miss Lynn, the author of "Azeth the Egyptian." It is a great pity that so much talent and real labour should be devoted to a subject that could scarcely yield an adequate reward to the author. In fact, the choice of "the Time of Pericles" for writing a romance in the nineteenth century was—a notable blunder. It *could* not succeed. Why, Landor himself only ventures to give "fragments" in his "Pericles and Aspasia." He knew well enough that it exceeded his power to create or resuscitate Pericles, Socrates, Anaxagoras, Phidias—to make them walk and talk worthily throughout a three-volume novel; and Miss Lynn has, of course, failed to do so. She has her peculiar views of the character of Aspasia, which are unlike those of anybody else who has written of the fair Ionian. To these views we have not become a convert; we cannot believe that Aspasia was a disciple of Mary Woolstonecraft, or that she was an impossible abstract of all virtue, an epitome of every creature's best, though we have little doubt that she was better than most Greek ladies of her day believed her to be. There is much freshness and vigour of description in Amynone, some brilliant scenes, and throughout a marvellous familiarity with the violet-crowned city and the manners and habits of her citizens. Miss Lynn has failed in producing a good book, but she has manifested her powers of acquiring and assimilating information, and of creating a world from the stores of her imagination.

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PREFACE.

THE progress of a Periodical is in many respects similar to the life of a man.

Launched into existence with an anxious Publisher for head-nurse, and a diligent Editor as private tutor, the child of many thoughts proceeds at first with timid footsteps, distrustful of its newly-acquired powers ; but, gaining strength by the mere act of progression, it soon advances more confidently, and delights its wondering friends by the rapid developement of its faculties.

Time passes on, and the promising youth arrives at a strong and vigorous manhood : no longer doubtful of its qualifications, it dares not only to think for itself, but to promulgate its opinions boldly ; and, firm in just but not overweening self-reliance, influences men's minds to think and feel with it.

To such a clearly defined and honourable position has SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE now attained ; and at the conclusion of our EIGHTH VOLUME we avail ourselves of the opportunity to thank our Subscribers for the kindness and constancy with which they have uniformly met and seconded our endeavours in their behalf, and enabled us in this age of literary competition to establish a Periodical on the sound basis of religious and moral truth.

That certain changes which are about to take place in the conduct and arrangements of the Magazine will only tend, by infusing fresh talent, still farther to raise the character of the publication, its readers will in the NINTH VOLUME be enabled to discover for themselves.

In conclusion we would only remind our friends, that to ensure the vigour and stability of the constitution of "SHARPE," it will be necessary that the same kind patronage which has fostered its youth should be continued to its maturity ; and with this hint we make our final bow.

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L. T. ALLEN

W. H. PARFITT

SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

QUEBEC.

BY W. H. BARTLETT.

It is the proud privilege of the Englishman alone, to whatever part of the globe he may wander, to find traces of the almost omnipresent energy of his country, and none can tell, but he who has experienced it, the feeling with which he hears the thrilling swell of the national anthem, or beholds the time-honoured standard of his native land—

"The flag that's braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,"

proudly waving on the crested battlements or floating bulwarks of a chain of colonial dependencies, which stretches "from Indus to the Pole." Of these Canada is undoubtedly among the most important, and the key of Canada is Quebec. This city, magnificent in position as it is heroic in associations, was founded by the first French settlers in the fifteenth century. The river that bathes its walls—the mighty St. Lawrence—is the outlet of a chain of fresh-water lakes, whose extent imagination almost labours to grasp—the inland seas of a vast continent rapidly passing from the wildness of primeval nature into the cultured dwelling-place of civilized millions of British blood and British hearts. That stream which expands before us from the crested heights of Quebec has been churned into foam over the rocks of Niagara, and threaded its mazy course among the romantic intricacies of "the Thousand Isles." It has yet a course of some hundreds of miles to fulfil before it pours into the Atlantic its immense accumulation of waters.

The rock on which Quebec is built is provided, as it were, expressly by nature to guard and sentinel the passage of the river, and to command the surrounding territory, as from a throne. Viewed from below, nothing can be more striking than its black and perpendicular ridges, crested with frowning battlements and quaint foreign-looking steeples, unless, indeed, the view from the summit of the citadel, which is here presented to our readers. We stand on the utmost height of the ramparts—behind us expand the memorable Plains of Abraham, the "death-bed of fame" of the English and French commanders, Wolfe and Montcalm, reared to whose common memory a pyramidal monument appears conspicuous in the midst of the city. Before our eyes is seen, occupying the crest of the rock, the upper city of Quebec, with its walls and bastions, the residence of the governor, and another building, formerly a convent,—together with the dwellings of the upper classes of society.

Crouching at the foot of these embattled bulwarks

is a singular mass of antique constructions, resembling some dilapidated feudal town on the European continent, with pointed roofs and curious gables, and so completely French in style as to carry us at once from the remote banks of the St. Lawrence to those of the Loire or the Garonne. It consists of wharfs, warehouses, and a maze of dark and narrow streets, perilously overhung by the perpendicular rock of which an avalanche of mighty fragments has more than once fallen and crushed all beneath into a heap of ruins. The whole of this part of the city has been gradually won, by piles and embankments, from the bed of the river, which formerly washed the base of the precipice. All sorts of craft are grouped about the bustling quays, from the hollow "dug out," or bark canoe of the Indian, and light market boats, conveying hay or provisions to vessels of large burden from Europe, and the noble ships of war which guard the passage, and which, huge as is their bulk, seem almost insignificant from the immensity of the stream on which they are anchored. In the midst of the river, in the distance, appears the Isle of Orleans, where Jacques Cartier, the first explorer of the St. Lawrence, and founder of Quebec, first anchored his roving bark. The main channel of the river appears between this and the village of Point Levi, on the right of the picture, while on the opposite shore is seen a long suburb of white cottages, leading to the Falls of Montmorenci. A range of dusky mountains encloses the whole scene as with a magnificent frame.

We cannot here attempt a minute description of the city, which is not of any great extent, exceedingly irregular, with steep and winding streets, break-neck flights of steps, and the most picturesque and fantastic variety of dwellings. Nothing here of the "Jack of the Beanstalk" towns of the United States, as Mrs. Trollope calls them, all bran new and shining, and looking as if built in a night, or chopped off per mile to order, with churches, hotels and museums ready made to hand. Quebec has a dingy old-world look about it, particularly refreshing to the lover of the picturesque, as we come from the gay, but formal cities of New York and Philadelphia. The population is equally curious and mixed; here are few or none of the spruce and "sprit" American citizens, but a motley collection of Indians, now submissive to the faith whose first apostles they tortured and ate; half-breeds and voyageurs, who cut and conduct the rafts of timber from the distant recesses of the forests, in fantastic variety of costume; Canadian "habitans," descendants of the original French settlers, the very counterpart of the peasants of some remote corner of

France, haters of innovation and invincible in their prejudices; while groups of hardy Scotch or squalid Irish emigrants linger about the quays, whose forlorn appearance might well excite our pity, did we not know that a few years will witness a change in their condition, from pauperism to competence, from the saddening consciousness that they are the miserable outcasts of an overburdened land, to the proud feeling that they are become the founders of future states. Among this mingling crowd are seen the more aristocratic inhabitants, traders or merchants, Catholic priests in long black robes, the *noblesse* of French origin, and especially the military, who move among the denizens of the land to which they are for a while exiled, with proud independence, like the Roman legionaries upon a distant and barbarous frontier.

But one should see Quebec in winter, fully to appreciate its picturesque peculiarities. From the heights of the citadel, the eye then rests upon what seems one boundless lake of milk; all irregularities of ground, fences, boundaries, and copsewoods are obliterated; the tops of villages, with their Catholic steeples, from which the bell booms plaintive and solitary through the wintry air, and scattered farms, peep up like islets in an ocean, with here and there dark lines of pine-forest, the mast of some ice-locked schooner, or the curling smoke of a solitary Indian wigwam. The town has its strange dark gables and pointed roofs all relieved with the lustrous white snow; its rugged streets are one day choked with heaped-up ice and drift, and, upon a slight thaw, flooded with dirty kennels and miniature cascades, which the next frost converts into a dangerous and slippery surface. Cloth or carpet boots, goloshes with spikes to their heels, iron-pointed walking sticks, are the only weapons defensive against broken limbs and necks. All the world are muffled in furs and skins: the Indian is seen with his singular snow-shoes, and the gay sledging parties dash about to the merry music of the jingling bells upon their horses, over the glittering and frosty waste. That branch of the river to the north of the Isle of Orleans is always frozen over, and sometimes, but rarely, the main channel, when produce of all sorts is conveyed across the river to the city from the surrounding country, and groups of habitants and Indians are seen tracking their way across the far-stretching expanse of snow-covered ice. In general, however, the main channel remains open, and encumbered with vast masses of ice, and a strange sight it is, to see the dexterous and fearless boatmen striving with iron-pointed poles to raise their vessels upon the surface of these floating ice-bergs, and thus descend the stream with them, till they find open water on which to launch their barks anew upon the troubled and perilous flood.

Quebec, as the bulwark of British America, is, as may be supposed, fortified with the greatest care. About forty acres of the level table-land which crowns the precipice are covered with works, carried to its edge and connected by massive walls and batteries with the other defences of the place. Both the upper

town and the steep streets of the lower are abundantly defended, and the place may be pronounced almost impregnable. If it was gallantly won, it has been no less gallantly defended. We will leave to another occasion the comparatively well known circumstances of the triumph and death of General Wolfe, who at the price of his own life purchased Canada as a possession for his country. It was not long after Quebec had passed under the English rule, that the struggle for independence of the United States commenced. The spirit of the American people once fully aroused—

"What heroes from the woodland sprung,
; When through the fresh awakened land
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!"

That raw militia, who had hitherto acted upon the defensive, soon became animated by so daring and resolute a spirit that their commanders were encouraged to carry the war into the heart of the enemy's territory, and to assail him in his strongest defences.

Washington, in his camp at Boston, had projected an enterprise as startling by its novelty, as it was formidable by the obstacles and dangers of its execution. He believed a path to exist, which, though unfrequented and known but to mountaineers in the summer season, led from the upper parts of New Hampshire and Maine, across an almost impassable wilderness of marshes, forests and mountains, into Lower Canada, in the direction of Quebec. He judged that an attack upon that city from this point would produce the greatest effect—that it must prove wholly unexpected; for not only had an army never passed through these frightful solitudes, but no one had even imagined such a thing to be possible. Washington, moreover, knew that Quebec was in no degree prepared for defence. This plan perfectly coincided with that to be executed by the army under Montgomery, destined to penetrate into Upper Canada, by the lakes and the river Sorel. He well knew the insufficiency of the English governor's forces, who, obliged to divide them, could not hope to resist the simultaneous attack of two corps, one on the side of Montreal, the other on that of Quebec. If he persisted in defending the neighbourhood of the former city, the second must fall into the power of the Americans; if, on the contrary, he turned to the assistance of Quebec, Montreal and its neighbourhood could not hope to escape them.

The command of this adventurous enterprise was confided to Colonel Arnold, a man courageous even to rashness; of a mind fertile in expedients, and of immovable resolution. Ten companies of fusileers, three of riflemen, and one of artillery, under the command of Captain Lamb, were selected to accompany him. To these were added some volunteers, among whom was Colonel Burr, afterward Vice President of the United States. The total number of the corps amounted to 1,100 men.

The State of Maine is traversed by the Kennebec river, which rises in the mountains which separate

Maine from Canada, and, running from north to south, falls into the sea a little above Casco-bay. On the opposite side of these mountains, and not far from the sources of the Kennebec, rises another river, called the Chaudière, which flows into the St. Lawrence, a little above Quebec. From one of these springheads to the other there was no way but across precipitous mountains, intersected with torrents and marshes, and not a living being was to be seen for the entire distance. Such was the wilderness through which Arnold had now to penetrate.

His preparations completed, and the troops displaying extreme ardour, he left the camp at Boston towards the middle of September, and on reaching the Kennebec found two hundred boats assembled at the town of Gardiner. Loading them with arms, ammunition and provisions, he ascended the river as far as Fort Wester, erected on its right bank. Here he divided his corps into three detachments; the first composed of riflemen, commanded by Captain Morgan, forming the advanced guard, to explore the country, ascertain the fords, open the road, and especially reconnoitre the frequent "*portages*," spots so called because, the rivers there becoming unnavigable, it was necessary to carry by hand, or on beasts of burden, not only the cargo, but also the boats themselves, until the state of the river admitted of their being launched anew. Their progress was full of almost insuperable difficulties, the current being swift, the bed of the river rocky, and often interrupted by dangerous falls and rapids. To penetrate by land was even more difficult than by water; they had to make their way through dense tangled forests, climb rugged and overhanging precipices, and thread unknown and perilous morasses, and while opening a road through all the formidable obstacles of a wilderness in a state of nature, the soldiers, compelled to carry their own baggage, could of course advance but slowly, so that even before they reached the head waters of the Kennebec, their provisions began to fail. Many were already spent with fatigue and exhaustion, and when they had reached the source of the *Rivière Morte*, a branch of the Kennebec, Colonel Enoss was ordered to send back to the rear all the sick and such as could not be supplied with provisions. This officer profited by the opportunity to return with his entire detachment to the camp at Boston. The whole army, on seeing him appear, gave way to the liveliest indignation against a man who had abandoned his companions in arms, in the midst of danger, and whose desertion might compromise the success of the whole enterprise. He was brought before a court-martial, but acquitted from the acknowledged impossibility of procuring provisions for his men in those desolate and savage regions.

Arnold, undaunted, pursued his onward march; he had consumed thirty-two days in traversing a frightful solitude without meeting with a single habitation, a single human creature. Swamps, mountains, precipitous and pathless ravines, encountered him at every step, and seemed to forbid all expectation of

success, or rather, all prospect of deliverance. Death was desired rather than dreaded by his forlorn followers, overwhelmed amidst these fearful wilds by every privation, and by every suffering. Their constancy was still proof; stern necessity maintained as yet their powers of endurance. Arrived at the summit of the mountains which divide the waters of the Kennebec from those of the Chaudière and St. Lawrence, the miserable remnant of their provisions was equally distributed among all the companies, and Arnold urged his soldiers to press forward in search of subsistence, since henceforth in doing so lay their sole resource from perishing. It was yet thirty miles to the nearest habitation when every sort of provision was exhausted; they were giving way to utter despair, when Arnold, whose activity was almost preternatural, suddenly appeared from a forage, bringing with him wherewithal to satisfy the extremest cravings of nature. Recommencing their march, with inexpressible joy they reached at length the Chaudière river, and soon after, the nearest dwellings of the French Canadians, who embraced their cause, and offered them every assistance in their power. Arnold, impatient to snatch the fruit of so much toil and danger, would only halt as long as was necessary to give the rear guard time to come up, and assemble the stragglers.

On the 9th November he reached Point Levi, opposite to Quebec. The amazement of the inhabitants of that city at such an apparition can hardly be conceived—they could not comprehend how and by what road the Americans had reached them: the success of such an enterprise seemed to them little less than miraculous. Had Arnold, in this first moment of their panic been able to cross the river, he must have made himself master of Quebec, but Colonel Maclean, the commandant, had received timely warning through a fugitive Indian of the approach of the Americans, and the English had consequently withdrawn all the boats from the right bank of the river. Moreover, it blew on that day so furiously that it was manifestly impossible to cross without peril. These circumstances were the salvation of the city. Arnold, foaming with impatience, was compelled to lose several days, and to make a nocturnal passage, the river being guarded by the *Lizard* frigate and several other light vessels anchored under the walls of the town. For several nights successively, the wind was as high as during the day; but the Canadians having at length furnished Arnold with sufficient boats, he only awaited the favourable moment for attempting the passage.

The commandant of Quebec was aware how small were his means of defending the city; the spirit that prevailed there could not but alarm him, and the garrison was very weak, consisting only of the Royal Irishmen of Colonel Maclean, and some militia hastily called out by the vice-governor. The merchants and English inhabitants were extremely discontented at the recent introduction of French laws into the province. It appeared, moreover, that no reliance was

to be placed in the fidelity of the French, of whom the greater part were wavering, and some even the declared enemies of British domination. The council of naval officers would not consent to land the sailors to serve on land, on account of the bitterness of the season and the difficulties of the navigation.

But as soon as they beheld the American colours boldly displayed on the other side of the river, citizens, soldiers and sailors, both English and French, animated by one common enthusiasm, united by the common danger, hastened in crowds to the defence of the city, and laboured with the utmost ardour to complete the necessary defences before the enemy should be able to pass over and attack them. The militia were armed and stationed at their respective posts. The Irish displayed great resolution, and some sailors were landed, who, accustomed to working guns, were charged with serving the artillery upon the ramparts. In this alarming crisis, Colonel Maclean neglected nothing that could inspire resolution in the spirits of the besieged, and aid in defending the city confided to his trust.

At length, the wind having moderated, Arnold, on the night of the 13th November, embarked all his forces, excepting 500 men whom he left behind to prepare some ladders, and in spite of the extreme rapidity of the current, and the precautions needful for avoiding the enemy's ships, he reached the opposite bank, a little above the spot where General Wolfe had disembarked in 1759, under auspices so favourable for his country and so fatal to himself. Not being able to ascend the banks of the river, which are here very precipitous, he descended towards Quebec, following the shore till he reached the foot of the wood-covered ascent which Wolfe had so much difficulty in surmounting. Followed by his intrepid companions he scaled the summit, and ranged his little band on the neighbouring heights of the Plains of Abraham. He halted but for a moment, to give time to the troops he had left on the other side to rejoin him, for he hoped to surprise the city by a *coup de main*. But the alarm had been given, and the besieged prepared, his scouts informing him that they encountered the advanced guard of the enemy, who had given information of his approach.

The impetuous Arnold would have ordered the attack at all hazards, but was dissuaded by his officers. The greatest part of the guns were unserviceable, and there remained but six rounds of ammunition apiece; lastly, there was not a single piece of artillery. But if he could no longer hope to surprise the city, he endeavoured to induce it to surrender by showing himself boldly in arms before the walls. He even sent, but in vain, to summon the commandant. But the device was fruitless; Colonel Maclean not only prevented the entry of the messengers, but fired upon the officer who escorted them. Arnold learned at the same time, that the English had descended from Montreal, and were preparing for a *sortie*. Thus he found himself compelled to fall back, and encamp at Point aux Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, to await the arrival

of General Montgomery from Upper Canada. While on the way thither, the vessel was seen descending towards Quebec with Governor Carleton on board, who, on his arrival, hastened to take every defensive measure which time and circumstances permitted. Meanwhile, Montgomery advanced from Montreal upon Quebec by roads rendered almost impassable by the accumulating snows. His eloquence, his personal reputation, his virtues, and the example of resignation and magnanimity he showed to his troops, alone could have sustained their courage, and even inspired fresh ardour to follow in his footsteps. On the 1st December he reached Point aux Trembles with a small detachment of barely 300 men, where Arnold received him with indescribable joy. After another vain attempt to induce the governor to surrender, he erected a battery of six guns upon a foundation of snow and ice, but with little or no effect. They were now exposed to all the terrors of a Canadian winter. The air was darkened by continual snow storms, and the cold was so intense that human strength could no longer endure its rigour unsheltered. The sufferings of the Americans were indescribable, and, to render their position still more horrible, the small-pox broke out in the camp, growing demoralization spread itself among the ranks; constancy gives way to despair when there appears no term to suffering and no prospect of success, and Montgomery perceived, that unless he struck a sudden and decisive blow he should be compelled to a disastrous retreat, and that his military renown must be eclipsed. In a position so critical and desperate, daring becomes prudence, and he resolved rather to die covered with glory, than submit without an effort to a disgrace which might have proved fatal to the success of the American cause.

Having determined to storm the city, Montgomery divided his army into four corps, two of which were to amuse the enemy by a feigned attack of the upper town, while the two others, commanded by Arnold and himself, were to assault the lower town at two different points. On the last day of the year 1775, between four and five, in the gloom and obscurity of a winter morning, the snow falling heavily, the four columns advanced noiselessly and in perfect order upon the points respectively assigned to them. It is said that Captain Frazer, of the Royal Irishmen, in going his rounds, caught sight of the fuses which the Americans fired as signals, and instantly beat to arms without waiting for further orders. Livingston and Brown, impeded by the snow and other obstacles, could not execute their feigned attack in time upon the upper town. But Montgomery, at the head of his column, composed almost entirely of New York troops, hastened along the road called *Ans de Mer*, beneath Cape Diamond. There, at a spot called the Potasse, was a barrier defended by some pieces of artillery, and two hundred paces in advance a redoubt had been constructed defended with a sufficient guard. These soldiers, almost all Canadians, fled as they saw the enemy approach, the battery was soon abandoned,

and if the Americans could have advanced with sufficient rapidity they would certainly have taken it: but in turning the angle of Cape Diamond, they found the road was blocked up by an enormous accumulation of snow. This obstacle was fatal to their success. Montgomery with his own hands laboured hard to open a narrow pathway for his men, who were able to follow him only one at a time, and thus he was obliged to wait for them, till having at length assembled about 200, he briskly advanced to the redoubt. But at that moment, an artilleryman, recovering from his first panic when he found the enemy had stopped, returned suddenly to his post, and seizing a match which was yet burning, fired a cannon loaded with grape into the midst of the Americans, who were now but forty paces distant. That single discharge overturned the whole enterprise. Montgomery, together with Captains Macpherson and Cheesman, both young officers of merit and endeared to their general, were killed upon the spot. At the fall of their brave chief, the soldiers fell back, and thus that part of the garrison to which they were opposed, hastened to assist that which was attacked elsewhere.

For Arnold, meanwhile, at the head of the forlorn hope, had advanced to the spot called the *Saut au Matelot*, in the lower town, followed by a company of artillery and a single cannon, after which came the centre, preceded by Morgan's riflemen. The besieged had erected a battery at the entrance of a narrow passage, where the Americans were hemmed in and exposed to a sweeping discharge of grape. As Arnold advanced rapidly forward under the enemy's fire, he was severely wounded in the leg by a ball, and in spite of his resistance was carried back to the hospital. Morgan then took the command, and rushed impetuously upon the battery. The American riflemen, skilful marksmen, picked off the English soldiers by the embrasures, they applied scaling ladders, the besieged gave way and abandoned the battery. But Morgan's position was become exceedingly critical; the main body were not yet able to come up, he was compelled to halt with his men, and, in their ignorance of the fate of the other columns, the darkness, the furious storms of snow, the firing heard on all sides, and even behind them, produced a feeling of involuntary terror in the stoutest hearts. Morgan rushed hastily back to hasten the arrival of the rear, who now came up, and as the day was about to break, he renewed the attack. While advancing to a second battery, he encountered an English detachment, under Captain Anderson, who summoned him to surrender. Morgan, enraged, knocked him down with a blow of his gun; the English retreated and closed the barrier. Some of the boldest of the assailants, having placed their ladders against the parapet, prepared a second time to scale it, but recoiled at the sight of two lines of soldiers ready to receive them on their bayonets; and Morgan, seeing that the enterprise was hopeless, was compelled to beat a retreat. But it was now too late, the Americans, entangled in the town, and surrounded on all sides with

an increasing multitude of enemies, after a brief resistance were compelled to lay down their arms; Arnold, however, eventually succeeded in retiring with a portion of the army.

Such was the issue of an attempt, the success of which, desperate as it may appear, was certainly not impossible. Had not Montgomery fallen on the outset, it is hardly to be doubted that he would have gained the barrier, and Arnold and Morgan obtaining the same success, the lower town would have fallen into the hands of the Americans. Be this as it may, their heroic efforts must be the object of sincere admiration. General Carleton treated the prisoners with great humanity, and interred the American general with all the honours of war. The governor added greatly to his reputation for prudence and intrepidity, in having, in so difficult a position, known how to maintain order and union among hasty and undisciplined levies. And if such feeble means sufficed him to repulse the formidable attack of an enemy rendered more terrible by despair, he acquired no less honour by the generosity with which he made use of his victory.

The American Congress, desiring to honour the memory of one who was the object of the love and veneration of his country, decreed that a monument should be ordered at Paris, with an inscription suited to convey to posterity the memory of the virtue and the heroism of Richard Montgomery: and it is remarkable that the English showed no less enthusiasm in his favour than the Americans. A scene almost unprecedented took place in Parliament, where orators arose, whose eloquence seemed to take delight in decreeing to him all the praises with which the historians of antiquity have honoured their most illustrious contemporaries. Colonel Barré, in particular, most touchingly regretted the death of so noble an enemy: Burke and Fox, in their speeches, endeavoured to surpass him in panegyric. They were strongly censured by the minister, Lord North. He admitted that Montgomery had displayed both skill, valour, and humanity, but was no less a rebel—and he cited the line of Addison:—

"Curse on his virtues—they have undone his country."

But to this Fox as warmly replied, "that the great founders of liberty have in all ages been called rebels, and that the very constitution by virtue of which they were assembled owed its origin to a revolution."

Such are the heroic memories which cluster round Quebec: English, French and Americans, have displayed around its walls the highest valour, have shed upon its soil the noblest blood, and repose together within the shelter of its walls. Each, moreover, displayed towards his rival in the field that generous sympathy which is the chivalry of war, and half redeems with its nobility of feeling, the darker features of a system destined, we devoutly trust, to expire at no distant period, when "nation shall not rise against nation, neither shall they learn the art of war any more."

(1) These historical particulars are compressed from Botta's *History of the War of Independence*.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Oh, chide me not! Oh, chide me not! I cannot bear it now;
The fever flush is at my heart, its pulse is on my brow:
My love, perchance, has foolish been, it has but taught
me pain,
But from my heart it never can dis sever'd be again.

I know he is above me far; I know it cannot be
That such as he should e'er bestow a single thought on
me;

I know, oh! yes, I know it well, that on the border side
A fair and noble lady dwells, who soon must be his bride.

Yet I may sometimes steal a glance, at distance and
unseen,

At that dark eye which e'er to me so beautiful has been:
I may behold his beaming smile on her he loves the best,
And raise to heaven the grateful eye, that *he*, at least,
is blest.

May blessings gild his every hour! and if it be not mine
To share his joy, it is but meet, and I will not repine;
I will not breathe a single sigh, I will not shed a tear;
But do not frown, or speak me harsh—I may not long be
here.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.¹

BY POLYDORÉ.

CHAPTER XX.

"Farthest from the walk
Which I had trod in happiness and peace,
Was most inviting to a troubled mind."

The Excursion.

"I cannot fight upon this argument."

Troil. and Cres. Act I. Sc. 1.

On the following day it cost Sumner a fainter struggle than on the preceding one, to decline the application at the Post-office; and thus passed several days. Each morning his inward promptings to inquire at the Poste Restante grew weaker and more transient, until they well-nigh ceased altogether. The quiet MSS.-searching existence of Mr. Banbury, and his unflagging enthusiasm about nothing, ill accorded with this changed mood of his companion; so that he now saw little of him. At first, a great part of Harry's spare time was occupied in playing billiards with Lionel Roakes. Two evenings were spent at the Baron Hauffman's, a Jew, banker, and baron, whither he was conducted by Roakes; but, with these exceptions, his evenings were spent in the society of the Princesse de Czaulan, to whose fascinations he was yielding himself more rapidly and more completely than he was himself aware of.

He had now been a full fortnight in Vienna, every day of which, excepting the two above specified, witnessed some fresh engagement which threw him into the not unwelcome society of the princess.

As was to be expected from the temperament of the one and the attractions of the other, the admiration of her guest, which had been from the first so powerfully kindled in her bosom, was speedily fanned into a violent and consuming flame. Sumner was neither fully conscious nor entirely unconscious of the nature

of the princess's feelings towards him. The state of complete moral apathy to which he had abandoned himself, prevented his distinctly recognising what he must have observed if he had permitted himself to think of the matter at all. But this he did not do. He certainly did not reciprocate the sentiments of the princess to any proportionate extent. Her extravagant preference for him wore the looks, and spoke the language of *love*. And too welcome was any semblance of that emotion to his present dreariness of soul, to allow him to scrutinize its features too closely. Like the rapt spectator of a drama, he committed himself entirely for the moment to the false impersonation; and the enthralling illusion too nearly resembled reality for him to wish it at an end. The fervent, the passionate emotion that had been so lately kindled within him, being forcibly torn from its proper and only object, clung to the nearest that presented itself.

He was loved, and he thus found himself as near as he was able to be to the happiness he had lost. Now, all this was of course in itself cruelly selfish. And yet a generosity and nobleness of natural disposition more utterly unselfish than Sumner's could scarcely be imagined. How was this? Love, when merely human, is perhaps as *selfish* as in its proper nature it is exactly the reverse. And although in such natures as Harry Sumner's there is, even in the absence of high religious attainments, much of the spiritual and divine mixed with the grosser element; yet, in proportion as love in such is unrefined by systematic discipline, does it retain its human selfishness.

Thus, it was the genuine and deep love of Harry Sumner for Agnes Clifton which kept him from discouraging the evident attachment of the princess; which induced him indeed to acquiesce in, even if he did not positively encourage it; it was that love's selfish relief under its bereavement and disappointment. It was, however, a passive rather than an active selfishness. Let him once be made conscious of it, and he would resent it indignantly.

Upon the princess, however, the effect of this coy reception of her passion, of this only *passive* acquiescence in it, was perhaps even more fatal than if Sumner had returned it with an ardour equal to her own. It fed the lurid glowing flame with all kinds of inflammable materials; pique—the exasperation of passion always excited by difficulty—the atmosphere of mystery and romance it threw around him, all fanned her love almost into a phrenzy; she discovered too, that the being whom she idolized, she must all but solicit if she was to hope for any return. And—more miserable still—she now found that she really had *never loved before*. She had experienced a strong liking for a man much courted in brilliant circles, a handsome *roué*, and a prince: she had thought it was love; and the wealth and station of her lover materially assisted in completing the delusion. Nor had she till now been undeceived; no one had since appeared who had kindled any such emotion in her bosom. But now love had taken possession of its usurped throne in her heart, and suddenly appeared

¹ (1) Continued from p. 216.

to vindicate its wrongs. All the rebellious feelings of an undisciplined mind were already there. A severe but just retribution awaits her. She had wedded without love: she now loves where she cannot wed. The pure sanctuary of a maiden heart she allowed to be frivolously pre-occupied by an object unworthy of its homage: she has now found its true object, when not even a thought of him may be admitted within the sacred precinct without guilt.

Pass we the ungrateful task of depicting step by step the progress of her guilty passion. Let it suffice to relate, that from the first moment the unhappy lady became conscious of her affection, every difficulty, every obstacle, only rendered it more and more resistless.

The course of such a passion is of necessity headlong, impetuous, and rapid. Nearly three weeks had now elapsed, the last few days of which had been spent at the palace of Count Soheynini, a Hungarian nobleman, and an old acquaintance of the Prince de Czeslau. Thither the princess had little difficulty in persuading Sumner to accompany her. He almost gladly availed himself of the opportunity of getting so thoroughly away from the neighbourhood of the Poste Restante. His manner, although that of one deeply interested, was yet so unimpassioned and reserved, that it might have disarmed the Prince de Czeslau of all suspicion, even had he been, what he was not, of a jealous temperament. It prevented, too, the scandal which the thoughtless conduct of the princess must, but for it, infallibly have occasioned. As it was, the gossips contented themselves with that particular line of banter which showed that they did not so much as dream of aught more grave than, in gossip language, "a desperate flirtation." The prince, therefore, had not the smallest hesitation in entrusting his consort to the protection of his guest for the journey to Hungary; nor did it appear that any one pronounced him to be very rash or imprudent on that account.

The confidence thus evinced, however, produced an unhappy effect on the erring wife. It gave additional force to a suspicion which, although she wilfully shut her eyes to it, would be continually occurring to her,—that as she had married without love, she must now love *without hope*. And the bare thought that such might be the case exasperated her intemperate will to such a pitch of reckless resolution as would not admit the very whisper of a retreat or an impediment.

She had now been four days at the count's; and, beyond the rapture of Sumner's society, which she felt less and less able to dispense with, she had not advanced a step nearer to her object. With all her burning anxiety to discover the faintest symptoms of anything resembling a return of affection, she had searched for it in vain. He liked, he *admired* her—he evinced more pleasure in her society than in that of any other person; but the thrilling note that echoes spontaneously from heart to heart, the silent language of the consenting soul, the profound recognition of a mutual self,—that was wanting on *one* side. In the

feebleness of her disordered faculties, however, she at length worked herself up to the conviction that the wanting echo *was* there, though silent; that the flame was yearning for a vent, but ~~was~~ smothered down by a sense of honour of Herculean force and resolution. She even explained his reserve and melancholy in that way, forgetting that it had had a prior existence. An explanation so probable and so welcome she adopted unhesitatingly. The more she thought of it, the more confident of it did she become, until it had taken the place in her conviction of an admitted fact. The next thing was to act upon it. To this end, from the moment of the prince's arrival, she laid herself out to arouse his jealousy, and provoke him to affront and exasperate her lover. Unhappy woman! To what depths of guilt was the troubled turbid torrent of her passion hurrying her!

This hateful end accomplished,—when she was now satisfied that many hours could not elapse without a fierce separation of the acquaintance of her husband and lover,—she sought the latter, and in the shade of a wild Hungarian forest, where the fiercest language of passion would only awake the echoes of the wood, poured forth all her soul. Oh! melancholy, yea, foul disclosure! There, hid in the silent forest, let it ever remain. For ever entombed in the dark solitude be her unholy tale! "She cared not whither she fled, where she lived, what she became, might she be but his. Her princely rank, her wealth, the adulation she received, her unlimited resources of pleasure, were as nothing in her eyes. Without him, life was death; wealth, poverty; rank, degradation. By his side, to be a menial would be promotion,—beggary, wealth—death—"

In a moment of time flashed across Harry Sumner's mind such thoughts as these: "And this is my doing! Debased selfishness! Unhappy woman; how can I ever atone to thee? How can I act? What a sacrifice she offers to her love for me—a love I have perceived and encouraged—ay, encouraged! I *must* wrong her, act as I may! If I recoil, she is humiliated and heart-broken; if I consent, she is lost for ever. I seem to be a living curse. My presence anywhere is the signal for the unhappiness of every one who comes within reach of me!" For a moment he was in doubt: he hesitated. But the instant the thought of wronging one by whom he had been so kindly and hospitably welcomed in a foreign city presented itself before him, all further irresolution disappeared, whilst an expression of the most touching gentleness, of the tenderest sympathy, lighted up every feature. "Most kind and treasured friend," he said, clasping her white hand between both of his, "may I beseech you to listen to me for a few short moments?"

"Oh! speak—speak for ever!" she murmured.

"I will not torment you with telling you the agony I endure; but hear me. It demeans you, dear lady, to have these feelings towards the most selfish and mean of mankind. Would that you abhorred me as I abhor my hateful self—a man who, in return for

princely hospitality and generous kindness, has betrayed his benefactor, brought misery into his home, enticed from him a beautiful, and loving, and loyal wife's affection!"

"Oh, say not so, I conjure you!" again interrupted the poor listener, unable any longer to restrain her feelings. "If you do not love me, yet have pity on me. You know it is not so."

"Yes; it is my unhallowed work!" pursued Sumner, "my kind friend; my hostess!"

"Nay, call me Emilie, if you would have me listen to a word," interrupted the princess.

"Well, then, if I must deface that pure and cherished name with my selfish lips, gentle, *faithful* Emilie! Ever shall you remain so. For my own sake, even more than for yours, this excess of feeling you have been betrayed into, led on by——" He paused from emotion, then added, "Would you urge me to a deed of deep, of foul, dishonour? Nay, you would not. You are carried away by feelings of which I am the hateful cause: you know you would not."

"I care not," she exclaimed, with wild vehemence,—"I care for nothing—nothing, save one for whom I am ready to sacrifice everything, including life and honour."

At a sudden impulse, as the thought flashed across him, Sumner replied,

"Well, then, *Princesse de Czaslau*, know that the wretch who has thus wronged you *cannot love another!*"

"Than whom? Oh! I supplicate you, tell me, than whom?"

"Listen, dear lady! I implore you," he said, as she still urged him; "My love is elsewhere plighted."

"You love another?" she exclaimed. "Another!—Did you say another? A—noth—er!" And uttering a cry of agony she fell to the earth.

The attentions which the condition of the princess imperatively demanded served to distract Sumner's mind, for the moment, in a great measure from this new position of distress in which he found himself. The heart-stricken lady (happily for her) had fallen into a deep and prolonged swoon. Occasionally she would half open her sorrowful eyes, sigh, and begin to move; and then, shuddering violently, relapse into her former state of insensibility. Whilst Sumner was earnestly engaged in bathing her temples with water from a clear brook which ran hard by, humming its rippling melody in blissful unconsciousness of the woe to which its waters were administering, he was startled by the sound of horses' hoofs, and of human voices, which were evidently close at hand. In an instant a suspicion of the fact flashed across him. He gently moved her to a spot where the shelter of the under-wood might conceal her as much as possible from view, her head being supported by the trunk of a tree which had grown in a slanting position. He had scarcely accomplished his object, when, livid with rage, the Prince de Czaslau stood before him. The conjectures of his wife had been too well founded—her husband was in another part of the forest, not far off,

accompanied by a son of the count and some attendants, in quest of Harry Sumner, and bent on demanding instant satisfaction. Whilst the count's son and his attendants had approached in different directions, he had himself arrived by the only possible route from which a glimpse could be had of the concealed princess. Imagining he perceived some object or other through the underwood, where it chanced to be more thin and bare of foliage than elsewhere, he galloped straight up as near to it as he was able, and flinging himself from his horse, whose bridle he along over the arm of a tree, beheld his wife lying rigid, pale, and motionless as dead. He recoiled a few paces. A deeper hue overspread his dark complexion, a black cloud of unspeakable rage and hatred seemed to gather on his handsome brow. He trembled with rage; and casting one more look at the reclining motionless body, leaped at a bound, like a wild beast, over a rather high and broad shrub that intervened, snatched a loaded pistol from the hands of one of the attendants, and muttering through his clenched teeth, "You hid her there, did you? Take your just fate, assassin!" levelled the weapon at Sumner's heart.

At that perilous instant the count's son, springing forward, gently struck aside the levelled weapon, exclaiming, as he did so, "She moves! she breathes!—she is alive!" This interruption of the prince's intention was a disappointment rather than a reprieve to Sumner. Never did he more ardently crave to be rid of the burden of life. He even longed for that fatal sound which should announce that he was about to be divested of it. Yet he could not bear to be thought so basely of, even for a moment; and as the young nobleman hurried past him to render what assistance he could to his father's loved guest, he could not forbear half whispering, "The princess has swooned!"

To discover that the case was really so, and to report it to the prince, was the work of an instant. And as at that moment she began to revive, she was, by the imperative direction of her husband, conducted to their present residence, in a carriage which was in attendance at the entrance to the forest. The young count assisted her so far, and then returned to the prince.

Meanwhile, the state of mind of the involuntary cause of this untoward event may be more easily imagined than described. What to do, how to act, he knew not. His heart was well nigh rent in sunder at the bare thought of being suspected of making such a return for kindness and hospitality. "And yet, 'tis true," he said within himself. "Never would I have injured that poor wife! Never would I, did I say? I have! I saw she was every day learning more and more to regard me with such feelings as should have been her husband's only; and yet, mean, selfish, and most contemptible of all creatures that I am! by my base acquiescence I encouraged her—allured her on. I should have saved her the instant I detected it. Why could I not have made my visits far more rare, instead of spending my life in her society! Why

could I not have incidentally informed her that my affections were irrevocably engaged? Oh! I deserve death a hundred times over. Welcome—welcome the delivery. Screen her I will, at any cost. And if I can but do that without leaving the prince in the belief that I have made a baser return than I have done for his kindness, he will only add to my obligation if he—”

Although these and other considerations passed through his racked brain with the rapidity of lightning, they had only reached this point, when the prince, accompanied by his young companion, again approached him. The latter held in his hand two glittering and keenly tempered weapons. The prince's manner appeared at first to be more resolute, but more collected and unimpassioned. It seemed, however, as if the sound of his own voice was the signal for all the repressed furies within him to rage forth.

“English minion!” he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder; “Vassal! worm, that I would loathe to tread upon! This is your return for kindness—condescension! This—this—” and here rage choked his utterance. “My wife—the princess!” he continued, in a voice raised to the highest pitch, and all but inarticulate with emotion. “Trying to cheat me of my wife under cover of my hospitality!”

“Too true!” groaned Sumner.

“True, did you say?” he exclaimed. “Do you own it—confess it—to my face? Is it true, base-born? Ha! Admitted? Stand upon your guard—Hand him a weapon!”

Sumner shuddered as he took the sword. The remembrance of his last duel flashed athwart his memory.

“I will not,” he said, casting the weapon from him. “I do not, indeed, deserve to be on my defence! Nay, give me at once the punishment I deserve. I ask no greater favour at your hands.”

“Draw, I say!” shouted the prince, as he stamped violently on the ground, “Draw, minion! But first tell me, how came she here? On what base errand? Speak!”

“The goodness of her pure heart!” said Sumner.

“Dare not to talk to me, perfidious Englishman,” interrupted the prince, “of the goodness of her heart. Foul not my ears with your nauseous honey! What brought her here, I say?”

“She compassionated me,” replied Sumner. “She felt pity for me; and she came to beseech me to leave Hungary and Austria instantly.”

“Liar!” almost roared the prince, “she has spoken otherwise than this to me. Draw, I say! Nay, then, an you will not—down—down to—” And but for the rapid and effectual intervention of the young count, he would have plunged his rapier into Sumner's side.

“My dear prince, bethink you,” he remonstrated.

“Yes, yes,” exclaimed the prince hurriedly; then again addressing Sumner, “Draw, villain, if a spark of honour yet lurk in that craven breast. What, will you betray a prince's hospitality, and then refuse him the common boon of satisfaction?”

There was no alternative. Fight he must. And again beheld Harry Sumner, in spite of himself, a duellist. He was a by no means unskilful swordsman, although inferior to his antagonist; who was a perfect master of the art, and well knew that in permitting Sumner to defend himself he was only submitting to those conventional definitions which change the character of the deed he meditated from “assassination” to an “affair of honour.” There were, however, circumstances that conspired to give an unexpected turn to the combat.

Sumner was perfectly calm and collected; the prince was blind with rage, and was unable to command himself sufficiently to avail himself to the full of the resources of his skill. And, what was of yet more service to Sumner, all his efforts and skill were entirely devoted to the task of defence. For his own part, he almost longed for his antagonist to run him through the body. And, but that he was desirous of shielding the princess, and affording her husband a fuller explanation of the situation in which she was discovered, he would scarcely have made even a show of defending himself.

After one or two passes, in which the prince was completely foiled by the cool and steady guard of his adversary, the former, inflamed to a pitch of ungovernable fury, and perhaps observing that he received no thrusts himself to parry, made a fierce and rapid thrust at Sumner through his guard, which, if the latter had been acting on the offensive, must, if unsuccessful, have been fatal to him who aimed it. The rapidity and impetuosity of the movement compelled Sumner to parry it with a short and smart stroke of his weapon; which, taking his opponent's within a few inches of the hilt, struck it out of his hand, and sent it spinning several yards up into the air. He immediately advanced to the disarmed prince, and offering him his own weapon, besought him not to spare his life, “for I assure you,” he said, “it is a burden to me; and I should look upon a single word and a single effort expended in its behalf as utterly wasted. I have essayed my best defence in this affair, with no other view than that an opportunity might be afforded me of clearing the princess from the loss she might possibly suffer in your estimation by the ill-omened course events have taken.”

“You can talk well, sir,” rejoined the prince. “The princess stands in no need of your disingenuous advocacy. I have heard all that need be heard from her own lips. So, sir, since you refuse to take advantage of your good fortune,—again defend yourself.”

“Nay, sir, one word, and I will take the weapon into my hand, since you require it,” said Sumner. “Upon the honour of an Englishman, by every name and consideration most venerated amongst men, I call Heaven to witness, what perhaps is needless, for you already doubt it not,—that generous lady's honour is unstained.”

“Name her not—name her not—stand on guard, I say—defend yourself!” interrupted the prince, with a tone and gesture of ungovernable excitement.

The young noble, however, who had been attentively listening to every word his kinsman's adversary spoke, and narrowly scrutinizing his countenance, at this moment stepped up to the former, and a short but animated conversation was held in a whisper between them.

"I am to blame, I know. I admired her more than the distance between our respective ranks admitted. She is blameless. She urged me to leave immediately. Oh, it is a miserable affair! I am grievously to blame—but that kind pure lady——"

"For what purpose was the *Princesse de Czeslau* here?" inquired the young noble, turning to Sumner, and addressing him with an expression of considerable interest.

"It was to urge me to leave Hungary and Vienna immediately and for ever," he replied.

"But what if the princess herself has owned more exceptionable motives?" asked the young man.

"Would a lady own exceptionable motives in sober earnest?" asked Sumner in reply; "I ask you, as a man of the world, is it probable? Nay. An anxious wish to discover if her husband could receive such a conviction on any testimony——"

Here the youthful count made some communication to his friend, as if he were reminding him that he had already suggested this probability.

"A retaliation for some real or fancied slight or coldness," continued Sumner, not appearing to notice these signs; "these and other like motives I can imagine for such an uncalled-for avowal as you allude to. But, depend on it, did she not know such a thing to be all but impossible, no woman would ever even allude to what you intimate."

There was that in these representations of Sumner's which seemed to have a very powerful effect on one of his auditors. The furious passion with which he had been agitated seemed gradually to subside, until he was once more master of himself. Mad with jealousy when that passion was excited, he was by no means usually of a jealous nature; and the faintest semblance of a plausible explanation was enough to disarm him. Sumner could not help perceiving the effect he had produced.

"Prince!" he continued, "I am your debtor, and must ever remain so, for the most unbounded and generous hospitality. I am not going to avow that my heart is entirely free from just reproach for its feelings towards my kind hostess. I do not pretend that they have not overstepped the bounds of that deferential respect which is her due. But those feelings have never passed into action. You have undoubtedly a right to reproach me for presuming on your kindness, and for having been the cause, however unwillingly, of the painful circumstances that have happened. I am most culpable. Only let me not be the cause of that lady suffering in your estimation; that would be a misery great enough to embitter the remainder of my life. I am now at your command."

"Mr. Sumner!" said the prince, extending his sword hand, "we have been, I fear, the victims of

circumstances. It is well a more fatal termination has been avoided. Let me hope that you will return with me. I believe my friend here and his father will permit me to press this in their name."

Sumner was not averse to avail himself of this opportunity of informing the princess of the turn affairs had taken, and of conjuring her to clear him from the prevarication he had been guilty of, by acting up to the motive he had ascribed to her.

This he effected by letter—a letter so admirably adapted to its end, that from it might be dated the commencement of a happy change in the feelings and disposition of the warm-hearted, but hitherto undisciplined and self-indulgent, lady to whom it was addressed.

The following morning he bade farewell to the party at the Count Scheynini's, and set out on his return to Vienna.

CHAPTER XXI.

HI narrata ferunt alibi: mensuraque fletu
Crescit; et auditus aliquid novae adjicit auctor.

OVID, *Mét.* xli.

THE doctor had pronounced Mr. Browne's wound to be fatal. The great effusion of blood and rapid sinking of the patient allowed of no other conclusion. He was conveyed to Southampton at a gentle pace in his own carriage, in which he lay as easily as on feathers. He remained for twenty-six hours in a state of syncope. The hemorrhage had ceased before he was removed from the field, but a principal artery had been undoubtedly severed. The only doubt seemed to be the precise moment at which he should cease to breathe. Mr. D'Aaroni left him in this state, on the evening of the same day, to pursue his Parliamentary avocations. He made a brilliant speech, which damaged the tottering ministry. A division left them in a minority of two. "They must resign!" it was whispered. "Who'll be the great man?" it was asked. The place-hunters were in raptures. It was hinted, Mr. Perigord would be sent for. When the debate was over, Mr. D'Aaroni sought that gentleman, received his congratulations with a sneer, declined an insinuated offer of a place, and narrated shortly what had taken place that morning at Delcombe Hollow.

"I return to Southampton this morning," he said. "Have the goodness to see these safe in Mrs. Sumner's and Mrs. Perigord's hands. The directions on the cover are *ambiguous*. You may as well take the precaution of informing them that their relation is safe."

At an early hour in the morning Mr. Perigord returned homewards. A vision was before him, from which he could not remove so much as one glance of his mind. His pulse quickened, his eye grew restless, his movements irregular and incessant. Behold the iceberg in flames! He had scarcely a thought for the duel, except in so far as it affected matters as they stood towards himself.

"Headstrong idiot!" he muttered; "If Browne

die, I'll have nothing more to do with him. He's too unmanageable to serve my turn."

Arrived at home, he remained for several minutes, to the consternation of the valet, with one arm imprisoned in his over-coat sleeve, the other, half in and half out. He sat down, and rose up again, and walked about in the library, in the breakfast-room, in the drawing-room, in the dining room, in several other rooms. He cast his eyes towards a painting, but did not see it. He lolled in a low chair, with one leg thrown over the arm, the other excessively extended; with one hand dangling his watch-guard, with the other pinching up his lips. He tattooed on the table; he tore up letters he had never read; he took down from their shelf Demosthenes' Orations, and Thucydides. Then he became wrapt for several minutes at a time. "— shall be Privy Seal; — for the Colonies. That mad boy shall have an under-secretaryship, if he will but get in for Briberworth, and keep the ranks."

He went up stairs. He was just entering his dressing-room, when he saw Harding gliding up the stairs.

"Up, at this hour!" he exclaimed. "Nothing the matter, I hope?"

"Nothing, only what Missus told me not to tell you, sir," replied Harding.

"And what may that be?" asked her master.

"That she an't very well, sir; indeed, I may say, she's very ill. The doctor's been here, and he says she must be kept from incitement. Consequences might even be alarming, if she isn't taken care off. Oh! my dear Missus. I'm sure I do what I can. Blessed creature, I love her more than my own child, and a great deal better than my own husband, who's dead and gone—more's the pity, poor fellow! He says she's a-fretting about something or 'nother."

"Silence!" said Mr. Perigord, sternly. "By the bye—the letters! It's that heartless brother that is fretting her. Give these letters to your mistress and to Mrs. Sumner."

"Yes, sir," replied the abigail, with great alacrity; "only, please don't tell Missus as I told you she was ill. She was so particular in desiring me not."

"Do my bidding!" said her master.

It was not heartless cruelty that caused Mr. Perigord to act thus. To think of the drift and probable contents of the letters, was to him, just at present, out of the question. Almost instinctively he acted on the readiest thought that came to hand. And in sending them to the persons to whom they were addressed, he had a vague intention of setting their anxieties at rest. Even Mr. D'Aaroni's precautionary recommendation (and he was not the most acutely considerate person in the world of others' feelings) had been lost in the all-engrossing subject. He might be prime minister of England to-morrow, and the rest was not worth a fillip. He passed into his room. With the aid of a boot-jack he had removed both his boots. Forgetting that bed and sleep were the next things, he had just drawn on one of them again, when a piercing shriek startled him from the construction of cabinets to a consciousness that Mrs. Perigord

was in the adjoining apartment. This was followed by a succession of shrill screams, each more heart-piercing than the last.

"Master, Master! oh! pray come! Oh! my poot Missus! Oh! my dear Missus!" screamed the distracted Harding.

Mr. Perigord removed the boot he had drawn on again by mistake, replaced it with a slipper, and entered the bed-room.

"Lucy, my dear!" he said, "What is the matter? I fear you are ill. Harding, send for Dr. —."

Harding paid no attention to her master's directions; but flew about the room like one frantic, snatching up bottles, vinaigrettes, &c. first from one table, and then from another. It was hard if one remedy did not succeed, for she tried all.

The poor sufferer answered her husband's inquiries with still repeated shrieks, succeeded by such terrible convulsions, that her husband and Harding together were scarce strong enough to restrain her. These distressing symptoms continued almost uninterruptedly for an hour. They grew feebler at length, as nature became exhausted; and a deep sleep came to her aid. Mr. Perigord was transfixed, gazing at his wife. Harding thought it was speechless sorrow.

"Shall I send a messenger now, sir?" she inquired.

"A messenger did you say, Harding? Is he here? Where is the despatch?" was the reply.

Harding, who was not thinking of queen's-messengers at the time, did not feel quite sure that she understood her master. However, guessing at his meaning as best she could, she replied that "she had been as despatchful as she could; that the doctor was not here, for she could not be spared before to go and send a messenger for him. But I will go at once, sir!"

"No; stay, Harding," said her master, "this sleep will do much. We may now, I think, wait until the morning. Stay with your mistress—do not stir, nor make a sound. Call me as soon as she awakes." He then left the apartment.

The state into which Lucy Perigord had fallen was, at first, rather a trance of exhausted powers, than sleep. It lasted for two hours. She then opened her eyes, sighed deeply, and relapsed into what more resembled sleep. The instant she awoke, Harding rang the bell. Her master speedily made his appearance.

"My dear Lucy!—" he began, but was interrupted by his wife.

"George, oh, George!" she cried, as soon as she caught sight of him, "Where is Harry? where is my dearest brother? where is he?"

"He is perfectly safe and well," said her husband, as he approached the bed-side.

"He is not!" she replied passionately, "You know he is not! you are deceiving me, George!" And an agony of tears afforded her a relief second only to the rest of sleep.

"Compose yourself, my dear Lucy!" said her hus-

band, taking her burning hand in his own. "I assure you upon my *honour* that he is."

Lucy Perigord closed her hand upon the temperate touch of her wedded husband with a gentle pressure; and a gentle inquiring smile trembled like morning twilight in her features, on which the storm that had swept over them had left its traces.

"Say so again, George dear!" she said timidly.

"Upon my sacred word of honour," replied her husband, with portentous solemnity. The smile brightened.

"He is at this moment travelling to Vienna!" he continued.

"Then have I been delirious?" asked Lucy Perigord, trembling. "That letter! Have I not had a letter from Harry? I know I have. It was his own dear handwriting." And the smile faded; and the storm lowered again upon her pale brow.

"By-and-by, dear, I will tell you all about it. Try and sleep awhile first," said Mr. Perigord, who began to have an instinctive terror of more convulsions.

"Oh no, no!" she exclaimed, rising to a sitting posture in the bed, with her hands clasped, and raised in an attitude of supplicating entreaty. "Now—now, my dearest husband, if you would not kill me, tell me all—all!"

Mr. Perigord perceived that there was no time to be lost. He answered promptly and somewhat bluntly.

"The truth is—he was yesterday morning engaged in a duel. He has wounded his antagonist, and it was thought advisable for him to leave England for a few days."

Lucy Perigord scrutinized her husband's features for a few seconds with a deep gaze of timid incredulity. A long-drawn sigh of relief escaped her; and clasping her hands together, she exclaimed—

"I should quite believe it, if it were not too much happiness! But the letter! I'm sure there was something terrible in the letter. Where is it?"

"My dear, Mr. D'Aaroni was his friend in the matter," replied Mr. Perigord; "I saw him last night. He desired me to tell you that he himself saw him safe away to the continent; he said too, there was something ambiguous in the direction of the letter."

Harding now remembered that she had been kicking something about with her feet. Looking down, she perceived it was a letter, which she immediately raised and presented to her mistress.

"In a *fatal* event, the enclosed to be given *immediately*." Such was the direction! such then the ambiguity! Mr. Perigord felt he was slightly to blame.

"There is no fatal event, on my honour, Lucy, unless his antagonist's wound be fatal. Your brother is as safe and well as you and I."

He pressed his wife's hand as he spoke. He stooped in a stately manner and kissed her. Then a white dimpled arm wreathed round the neck of that selfish man with a grace—an expression—a sensation—to

which nothing in nature affords a parallel; warm kisses were impressed upon a forehead that felt not the rapture of their touch and light. He heard no reproaches for his inexcusable, almost cruel, thoughtlessness; no word of blame for the needless suffering his carelessness had occasioned. The gentle lips, the deep blue eyes, the encircling arm, combined in their ministries of contentment and love.

"Oh! how rejoiced I am that dear mamma has been spared this!" she exclaimed.

"And now, Lucy, do, to oblige me, try and get some more rest and sleep. I will leave you. Harding, perhaps you had better do the same. A few hours' sound repose will do more than any other prescription."

He then left the apartment, followed by his wife's waiting-maid.

"Have you given the other letter to Mrs. Sumner?" he inquired, as soon as they were outside the room.

"No, sir," replied Harding. "Missus was took much worse as soon as she looked at the letter you gave me to give her; and I were restrained to stay with her."

"That is well!" said Mr. Perigord. "Return it to me."

The following morning, Mr. Perigord took the first opportunity of giving Harry's letter to Mrs. Sumner. She had been anxious about her son. This intelligence relieved her. She felt displeased with him. There had indeed been much of late to disapprove of. This, however, she kept to herself. Lucy Perigord was sufficiently recovered to take her usual place at the breakfast table. A great weight of agony had been removed from her. A sound morning's sleep had refreshed her exhausted frame, and she was anxious that no intimation of what she had suffered should reach her mother. The perusal of the contents of Harry's letter much mollified his mother's opinions. She read and re-read the letter; and as the writer was not in the fatal position which it implied, it was an unmixed pleasure to read what he would have wished said if he had been so. Indeed, the good lady did nothing but read and weep and apply her handkerchief to her eyes all breakfast-time.

Mr. Perigord's thoughts were so pre-occupied, that he exhibited no annoyance. The chief sound his ears were alive to, was that of horses' hoofs. Not an animal of that genus passed the house unheeded. Lucy Perigord sat regarding her mother with a gaze—sad, still, unfathomable—like a becalmed sea in which the cloudless sky is bosomed. It had been arranged that she and Mrs. Sumner should leave for Pendlebury, to-morrow. She had remonstrated—fondly—even passionately. Her husband had descended to persuasives, and they overcame her. Harry was to be sent down immediately on his return.

"You need change of air—indeed you do, my love!" said Mr. Perigord. "And the influential men must be fêted. I may be down myself in a day or two."

"May, George?" sobbed Lucy Perigord.

A measured trot is heard. Mr. Perigord affects iron indifference. It is close to the house. It stops. There is a loud ring at the door. A despatch! "Mr. Perigord is commanded to attend the Queen."

It is said that the worlds of space are formed by rapid revolutions of primal fire-mists, narrowing to individual centres. It may be so. It seems as probable as any other guess of physical science.

The Perigord planet was developed from a less fervid element. Its process of formation had been similar, its results strikingly different. Instead of grace, perpetual motion, and varied beauty, they were pride, stagnation, and monotonous egotism. The new Premier perfectly spun round upon his own axis, in the interval between the command and the interview. Pass we the ungainly detail. If he retained any self-respect in his demeanour towards his sovereign, it was because of his deep conviction that his promotion was not disproportionate to his deserts. Still there was a broad difference between the loyal reverence of a great soul, and Mr. Perigord's exact etiquette. If there was no particular point in his manner upon which the objector could lay a finger, the *effort* it cost him was at least plainly discernible. He was perceptibly striving to reconcile an erect attitude with the respect due to his queen. He left the presence charged with the formation of a ministry. This cost him a fortnight's toil. At the expiration of that time he surveyed his own work with complacency. The talents laughed in their sleeves. The Premier cherished it as a fact that the new ministry was a master-stroke of policy. Already he had placed himself on the pinnacle of greatness. What was the tradition of experience to a prime minister of thirty-four? Party should henceforth disappear. Character and talent should be the only party by which he would govern—talent, that is, that would be subordinate to the culminating "I." But then, some people might have held a different definition of talent from Mr. Perigord. He had gleaned from all parties what are commonly called *long-headed* men; hard, dry, strong, untiring intellects. It was an eminently practical ministry. One post was left open—an under-secretaryship—not even the newspaper gossips could guess why, or for whom.

Meanwhile, the Premier's wife was at Pendlebury, doing her utmost to carry out her husband's wishes. It was labour lost. Without any extraordinary caresses, the electors of Bribeworth, to a man, loved from their inmost heart Mrs. Sumner, and Lucy Perigord, and Harry Sumner. Not all the hospitalities imaginable, however munificent, would have won the same feeling for the lord of the manor. They were a simple and a genuine set, those Bribeworth electors. Scarce a man of them but would have given an unbought honest vote for Harry Sumner, in the teeth of the largest bribe the squire might have tendered them. They well knew that none of the Sumners were fine-day friends; that their neighbours, however poor, had their *hearts* as well as their purses; and, to

do them justice, they were neither slow in finding it out, nor behindhand in exhibiting their appreciation of it.

They were now put to the test. The day on which their squire had been "sent for," Sir Pigby Lackworth's mercenary soul left its organic vehicle in an apoplexy. No time was lost in moving for a new writ. Mr. Perigord was not prepared with another candidate, or he would undoubtedly have proposed another. Sir Pigby had taken him by surprise. A Chartist—a dissenting teacher—sneaked upon the hustings. The instinctive cunning of the party perceived that their chance was then, if ever. Mr. Perigord had not received a line from his brother-in-law, neither had his mother nor sister. He was in a perplexity. The seat must not be lost. He made a merit of necessity, and got some one to propose Harry Sumner. The cheering with which the name was received spoke pretty clearly the result of the election. The Chartist was proposed by the Reverend Tinker Toddle, amidst the derision of his audience. But when the demagogue began to explain his principles of unbridled licence and universal spoliation, in bad grammar and a detestable nasal drawl, his audience grew mischievous. His eloquence told. A movement was perceptible amidst the crowd—a shower of hats shot up into the air—the hills echoed a hearty English hurrah!—and Nebuchadnezzar Snarl was unceremoniously removed from the hustings, carried on the shoulders of the people to an adjoining horse-pond, and therein deposited. Harry Sumner walked over the course. The Chartist retired from the conflict with twenty-five votes and a ducking.

Meanwhile Col. Flint had been spreading reports, with an assiduity worthy of a better cause, that Sumner had behaved in an unfair and cowardly manner in the duel. In every club to which he had access, as well as in other quarters, he declared, on the honour of a gentleman, that Mr. Sumner had waited until his antagonist fired, and then turned round and took a deliberate aim. Mr. Browne, if he died, would be a *murdered* man.

The intelligence quickly reached Mrs. Roakes. That lady employed four entire days in visiting every human being of her acquaintance. Every individual of these she informed of Col. Flint's version of the duel, (with sundry adornments in her own peculiar style of imaginativeness,) as well as of Mr. Sumner's being plucked for his degree. No Sunday newspaper could have given a more efficient impulse to the foul avalanche of scandal. Its marked victim bids fair to be crushed beneath it. Numbers had already passed sentence on him. There were but few who were entirely unaffected by a report so circumstantial, so open, so substantiated. Besides this, Lionel Roakes, who had returned from Vienna in debt and disgrace, gave such an account of Sumner's *liaison* with a Hungarian princess, as furnished Mrs. Roakes with a third material for her gossip's palate, more highly flavoured even than the other two.

Mr. D'Aaroni, who pretty well knew the real state

of things, was not, at best, an enthusiastic defender. The only defence of any value against all this calumny was furnished by the chief sufferer in the duel—Mr. Browne. The extensive hemorrhage from his wound, together with the nature of the wound itself, had, as we have seen, so rapidly exhausted his physical powers, that when his antagonist cast himself in anguish by his side, he appeared to be in a state of complete insensibility. Unable to move or articulate, the languid raising of his eyelids and a gentle pressure of his antagonist's hand, were the only signs of consciousness he exhibited throughout. But he had heard every word that Sumner uttered. He knew him well, was not ungenerous himself, and he cordially believed him. When, then, the report which Col. Flint had originated reached his ears, his indignation knew no bounds. As he could not leave his bed, however, and was scarcely allowed to speak, his denial of the slander only crept slowly and languidly beyond the circle of his attendants. Gratitude impelled Mrs. Roakes to reimburse Mrs. Lamb with the "Hungarian *liaison*" intelligence, for the important news which she had first learned from her. The good housewife was kind and cordial; and her visitor was half invited and half asked herself to stay dinner. Nothing could exceed the surly morosity of Mr. Lamb at this social meal. Mrs. Roakes did not love him; but he spoke snappishly of Harry Sumner, and that brought her nearly up to loving point. That gentleman's feelings towards Sumner had undergone an unhappy change. He was associated, in his sordid and unloving mind, with the blackest event of his life. Perhaps, too, there was a slight instinctive aversion to a disposition so exactly the reverse of his own: but whatever might be the cause, he had altogether ceased to think or speak kindly of him.

When the ladies had withdrawn, Mrs. Lamb apologized after a clumsily kind fashion for her husband's brusqueness.

"He had just lost a matter of thousands by buying scrip in the Huxtable and Bribeworth railway."

"Did he purchase them through Mr. Gripe?" inquired Mrs. Roakes.

"I don't know," replied the hostess; "but I think I heard him say something about buying it of the House of Commons commissary!"

What this meant Mrs. Roakes could by no means divine; so she waited impatiently for the entrance of Mr. Lamb. As soon as a dry growl was heard on the stairs, she prepared for the attack.

"How sorry I am, Mr. Lamb, to hear of the terrible loss you have suffered!" she began, as soon as he entered the room.

"Thank you, madam!" replied the gentleman addressed, in a sardonic tone of voice. "It is indeed good of you to be so sorry for another person's misfortunes. It is consoling to think they are not one's own—is it not—eh, madam?"

"Do you know who you bought the detestable shares of?" inquired Mrs. Roakes.

Mr. Lamb scowled at his wife, and replied,

"If you mean the Huxtable and Bribeworth shares, I bought them of Mr. Gripe, at the Committee Room at St. Stephen's, where the great council of the nation sits and talks!"

"And you don't know whose they were before you bought them?" pursued Mrs. Roakes.

"I am not in the secret, neither do I seek to be. Whoever it was got well rid of them, though perhaps not with the cleanest hands in the world," replied Mr. Lamb.

"I should think not either," chuckled Mrs. Roakes. "Mr. Gripe sold them for Mrs. Sumner! He told me so himself. Doubtless her son's doing. That insufferable young man!"

"Insufferable—eh! did you say? You do not like Mr. Sumner?" muttered Mr. Lamb, half to himself, half aloud.

"Me like him, indeed!" Mrs. Roakes ejaculated.

"They tell me he has shot a man in a duel!" Mr. Lamb proceeded.

Mrs. Roakes could not restrain herself from breaking in here, with—

"To be sure he has—he took deliberate aim, and shot him dead."

"No, madam; excuse me. The wounded person is not dead," said Mr. Lamb.

"Oh, isn't he?" exclaimed Mrs. Roakes. "No fault of Mr. Sumner's if he is not. He has thought it safest to run off to Vienna: there he has amused himself with ruining a friend's wife."

Mr. Lamb seemed to pay unwonted attention to Mrs. Roakes's intelligence. His grey eyes twinkled mischievously. Some internal suggestion had tickled his fancy: and that did not bode well for it, whatever it was. There was a pause. He seemed to be pondering on some matter or other. At length he said—addressing Mrs. Roakes,—

"And now what shall be my reward, madam, for the newest intelligence?"

Mrs. Roakes protested that she was "one of the *least* curious persons, and most indifferent to news and gossip living."

"I should imagine so," said Mr. Lamb with an uncomfortable emphasis. "What do you think of Mr. Sumner having been yesterday elected for Bribeworth?"

"What! a Member of Parliament! that puppy?" Mrs. Roakes perfectly shrieked. "Oh lor! what horrid creatures—the voters!"

"Do you know, I always fancied," observed Mr. Lamb, "that the grief your insufferable friend—"

"Don't call him my friend!" interrupted Mrs. Roakes.

"—exhibited about the decease of my poor son, was out of nature in its excess," continued Mr. Lamb. "It was quite unnatural—unnatural—"

"To be sure it was!" interrupted Mrs. Roakes.

"No one ever bewailed a friend in that way, merely out of friendship," continued Mr. Lamb, not noticing the interruption. "I never could quite make out the circumstances. There always seemed

to me to be something in the background. His attentions to me afterwards were so queer. I have often fancied that he was perhaps in some way or other to blame in that horrid affair."

"Oh, he's an artful creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Roakes, shuddering. "I should not be surprised at any thing bad which might come out about him!"—

GOSSIP ABOUT BOOKS, BOOKWRITERS, AND BOOKWORMS.

"Hi sunt magistri qui nos instruunt sine vergis et ferula, sine verbis et colera, sine pane et pecunia. Si accedis non dormiunt; si inquiris non se abecondunt; non remurmurant si oberres; cachinnos nesciunt si ignores."

De Bury.

"Who wrote Homer?" asked the schoolmaster. "Pope," replied the boy; and scholars affirm that the answer was by no means an injudicious one, considering the wide variations between the English version and the original Greek poem. The origin of the Iliad has caused more disputation than the authorship of Junius or that of *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*. Indeed, if gossipry be to be relied upon, (and that only do we adventure on here,) the authorship of the latter work has been a mooted point long, long since the troubles of its royal author, and the heart-burnings and fierce dissensions of his time, have become only "a tale that is told." If our informant, Madame Gossip, speak sooth, it is comparatively of late days only that a pamphlet, entitled "*Who wrote Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*?" excited as much attention and inquiry as the original work itself. The query was at length thus satisfactorily responded to:—

"Who wrote 'Who wrote *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*?'"

"I," says the Master of Trinity,

"With my little ability,

I wrote, 'Who wrote *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*?'"

It needs not to suggest to the reader the celebrated ancient poem by which, if the identity of rhythm be any guide, the idea of this happy reply was certainly suggested:

"Who killed Cock Robin?"

"I," says the Sparrow,

"With my bow and arrow,

I killed Cock Robin."

However, Who wrote Homer? Was the poem an accumulated mass of the recitations of various early rhapsodists, gathered together, pruned and arranged, and united into one connected whole by some accomplished poets of later days, antecedently to the Persian invasion? Such an idea has been suggested, though it has hardly gained much credence. Or was it indeed entirely the production of the mature years of the blind old schoolmaster, who could hardly earn his daily bread by drubbing *Propria quæ maribus* (not then written, by the way,) into the noddle, or its antipodes, of the embryo citizens of Phocæa?—which production Lycurgus transcribed with his own hands, and introduced into Greece, though not, *cheu! cheu!* till its inimitable author had mouldered for two centuries in a nameless grave.

Could we see the original manuscript of Homer,

with what veneration should we not gaze at it; *the* one taken down from his own dictation,—for, as you know, the old man was blind, and compelled to trust his immortal inspirations to the ready, though sometimes peculative,¹ pens of others; but surely, as he sat by the way-side, his fingers wandering amid the strings of his harp, "raising his sightless balls to heaven," whilst his silver locks floated on the wind, then, as he poured forth his magnificent effusions, whilst his harp accordant rang in tumultuous tones as Achilles rushed with his warriors to the plain, or wailed in silvery warblings with the chaste Andromache's notes of love, or floated in tremulous plaintive murmurs on the air, when telling how the toil-worn, weary wanderer returned to his native halls, forgotten, unrecognised by all but his faithful dog,—surely, surely, these outpourings would be eagerly recorded by the willing hands and fluent pens of many a ready writer.

Yet, sooth to say, writing was no very easy matter then; it was little practised; and, as in our own country in early times, the learning of the day, enveloped in a poetic garb, was chiefly promulgated by wandering rhapsodists. Homer's poem is considered in itself a miracle, since we hear of no preceding writers on whose works he might advance to his own height, nor of any for a considerable time after him; therefore he must claim the merit of the whole invention, perfect in all its parts as it is. "As for the poets," says Herodotus in his Euterpe, "who are said to have lived before these men," (Homer and Hesiod,) "I am of opinion they came after them." It has been said that Homer, who travelled much, purloined his Iliad and Odyssey from the library at Memphis, and afterwards published them as his own; but this opinion has been satisfactorily confuted.

We read distinctly enough of the gradual though rapid progression of every species of learning, art, and science in Greece afterwards, to warrant the existence of those mighty Titans of literature, who scaled the very heavens, and made the heights of Parnassus their resting-place, and where they still remain unassailable by the pigmy votaries of these degenerate days: but Homer stands alone in his age.

Far from being able to gratify our whim of seeing the original transcript of his work, it may be difficult perhaps to ascertain exactly even what was the material employed,—for at that time various ones were in use,—the original material of all, employed when writing, absolute writing, was in vogue; for we must understand that the earliest mode of communicating ideas was by a sort of rude painting, or representation of the thing referred to, and these figures, or representations, being afterwards, for conciseness, curtailed of some of their proper proportions, formed themselves into a sort of arbitrary hieroglyphics, such

(1) At Phocæa, one Thestorides, a schoolmaster, offered to maintain the poet if Homer would suffer him (Thestorides) to transcribe his verses; a measure to which the blind bard consented from necessity. Thestorides withdrew secretly to Chios, and there grew rich, whilst Homer, at Phocæa, scarcely obtained bread.

as are seen in the tombs of Etruria, and on Egyptian relics.¹ The first use of letters is supposed to have been communicated by the Almighty to Moses, on the delivery of the Law, "two tables of testimony, tables of stone, *written with the finger of God.*"

Writing was evidently, therefore, at first sculptured, of which we have another instance in the same book, when we are told, the Israelites made for the high priest "a plate of pure gold, and *wrote upon it a writing*, like to the engravings on a signet, HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

If the supposition of the learned author we have quoted² be correct—viz. that writing was first introduced on the delivery of the Law—it shows that the Egyptians, renowned as they were at that time for art and science, were yet confined to the hieroglyphic painting.

In the Book of Numbers (chap. xvii.) the names of the tribes are ordered to be written on rods. This style of writing was practised by the Greeks—nay, it was customary among the aboriginal Britons. They had sticks, both triliteral and four-sided, on which were inscribed on every side sacred or heroic verses and moral apophthegms. These sticks were so placed, several together in a frame, that each stick might be turned with the utmost facility, so that each side might be consecutively visible.

For these substances, of course—for lead, for stone, and indeed for the palm-leaves, which are even yet used in the East—a sharp instrument, a stylus, was used, which made the writing, in fact, a sort of engraving. These instruments, which were usually carried in the girdle, were sometimes diverted from their legitimate use: we read of a schoolmaster stabbed to death by his pupils, who, in a moment of irritation, attacked him with their styli; and Cæsar, at the moment of assassination, endeavoured to defend himself with his.

For writing with fluid on softer materials, a calamus formed of a reed was used; and although quills were introduced in the fifth century, the use of the calamus, which was cut somewhat in the form of a quill, continued until the tenth.

The first soft material used for writing was the skin of the calf or goat, tanned soft, and usually dyed red or yellow. These skins were connected in a length (sometimes even of a hundred feet) sufficient to contain the whole of the work that was meant to be written on it. There is in the British Museum a magnificent copy of the Pentateuch, on goat-skin, in beautiful preservation; the letters, probably, are not far short of half an inch in depth. Beneath it, in the same frame, is another beautiful, though less ancient and regal-looking copy of the Pentateuch on vellum, surrounded by the silken robings by which these rolls were generally canopied. Not very far apart from these is a magnificent Bible well worthy of its once magnificent owner, Charles the Great. This is now a

thousand years old, and looks perfect as if engrossed only last week.

"Well—but—what has all this to do with the first copy of Homer?"

Good reader! be just to me if you will not be indulgent. You engaged to *gossip*: Heard you ever of a gossip who "kept to the point?" Pray let me proceed.

There is scarcely any material which has not at some time been not merely written on, but made into books or rolls. In 1699, Montfauçon bought at Rome a book wholly composed of lead, having six leaves (inscribed with Egyptian gnostic figures and unintelligible writing), backs to them, rings to hold them together, with a rod passed through them, hinges and nails, *all* of lead. The book did not contain an atom of any other substance. Probably, the lead forming the leaves was beaten into exceedingly thin plates. These books must have been obviously inconvenient from their weight, but of their extreme antiquity we may be assured from a reference made by Job: "Oh that my words were now written! that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an *iron pen* and *lead* in the rock for ever!" (Job xix. 24.) The *Words and Days* of Hesiod are also said to have been written on lead, and preserved in the Temple of the Muses.

The ancient Chaldeans are said to have written their astronomical observations on brick; and many bricks have of late years been dug up near the site of ancient Babylon, which are covered with curious characters.

With the custom of engraving or writing on brass every one is acquainted; and we have referred to the inscription of Solon's laws on tablets of wood, called *axones*, from each stick being constructed so as to turn on an axle, and to the use of the sticks among the ancient Britons; it is said to have prevailed among some of the northern nations even so late as the sixteenth century.

It is thought that many of the prophets wrote on tablets of wood, which it is well known were in use long before the time of Homer, who was about contemporary with King Hezekiah. These tablets, or table-books, were made of box, ivory, citron, and other materials, and being fastened together in a kind of book, were called *codex*, or *candex*, whence the term *codices* for MSS. has passed into common use. They were generally covered with wax, though also with other soft substances, as chalk or plaster, and were written on with a stylus, of which the reverse end was always smooth and round, in order to efface the writing when necessary. These table-books, written on with styles, appear to have continued in use on the continent till the fourteenth century; nor were they quite disused in England even in the succeeding one, if we may so infer from Chaucer:—

"His felaw had a staf tipped with horn,
A pair of tables all of ivory,
And a *pointel* ypolished fetaly,
And wrote alway the names, as he stood,
Of alle folke that gave hem any good."

The Sompnyour's Tale.

(1) The earliest specimens of *picture writing* now extant are those of the Mexicans.

(2) T. Hartwell Horne. Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures, vol. iii.

No doubt these writing-tables, or table-books, (it will be remembered that Zecharias made signs for a *writing-table*, when asked by what name he would have his son the Holy Baptist called;)—no doubt these are the primogenitors of all the beautiful variety of miniature tablets which are now adapted to the calibre of a lady's reticule, and bear, I should imagine, somewhat the same proportion to the aborigines of the tablet race that our present generation does to the giants who formerly peopled the land; for, as some intimation of the earlier glories of the now 'minute and elegant race of tablets, we are told that Plautus, a school-boy seven years old, broke his master's head with his "table-book."

Leaves of all kinds have been, and still are used for writing on. In India the palmyra is used; the palm-leaf has indeed in all ages been common, but the Ceylonese prefer the leaf of the talipot-tree, which they cut into slips: for all these substances a stylus is used, and in some instances the characters are afterwards rubbed over with oil and charcoal. The Jews used at one time flags, and reeds, which grew freely in Egypt. The prophet Isaiah alludes to these very plainly: "The waters shall fail from the sea, and the river shall be wasted and dried up: the reeds and flags shall wither: the *paper-reeds* by the brooks, by the mouth of the brooks shall wither." Isa. xix. 5, 6, 7.

The bark of trees has at all times been a usual material on which to write. I have now before me a Sumatran book composed of one length of bark, folded, not over and over, but backwards and forwards, into a square shape, and closely written on both sides. The backs are formed in the simplest manner imaginable, being merely the outer rind of the bark left on at each end, instead of, as in the interior of the book, being entirely removed.

We have named the early use of goat and sheep-skin as a material for writing on; and to convince our readers that our "gossip" has not entirely obliterated Homer from our recollection, we will tell them (on the authority of the Rev. T. Hartwell Horne) that during the fire which happened at Constantinople in the fifth century, the flames consumed the intestines of a serpent on which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer were written in letters of gold.

We learn from the same writer that the library at Dresden contains a Mexican calendar traced on *human skin*; and that at Vienna is a MS. from the same country full of figures designed and coloured on the same material.

Surely this is too horrible even to gossip about!

And now, having left Homer enshrined in the skin of a serpent, emblematic of wisdom, and ascending to the skies in a pyre of flame, the type of immortality, surely we need not recall him to the rapid gossipry of this work-a-day world.

I have read somewhere that the progress of learning is aptly figured by a curved line, which no sooner attains its extreme altitude, than it gradually descends as it arose; but perhaps this is hardly borne out by fact, for while the acquisition of learning is by slow

and painful and toilsome degrees, its loss is oftentimes effected with marvellous rapidity. The rude Romans did not continue insensible to the charms and advantages of literature; and after their conquest of Greece, their cultivation of the writings of their ancient masters was rapid, persevering, and successful. The age of Augustus is a proverb; and may well be so, seeing that it was illumined by such spirits as Cicero, Livy, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

But before this time learning had risen and declined in many an ancient state; and the glory of the Alexandrian library has been the theme of every schoolboy's pen. The first library of Egypt is supposed to have been founded by Osymandyas, who lived about the year of the world 2250, or 600 after the Deluge, and who called it the Medicine of the Soul. This perished in the Persian invasion. The library *par excellence*, the Alexandrian, was founded by Ptolemy Soter about 290 years before Christ: his son, Ptolemy Philadelphus, was even more eager in this pursuit; and he it was who, at the suggestion of his librarian, Demetrius Phalereus, had that translation of the Old Testament made which is called the Septuagint, from the number of translators employed. Ptolemy Euergetes, a succeeding monarch, was unscrupulous in his mode of augmenting the royal library. He seized all books imported into Egypt by foreigners, had them carefully transcribed, and returned the *copies* to the owners, keeping the originals. He borrowed the works of Sophocles, *Æschylus*, and Euripides, from the Athenians, and served them in the same manner, accompanying the return (not of the *originals*, but of the *copies*) with a handsome *douceur*. At length this library amounted to 700,000 volumes, and the original building not being capable of containing them, part were placed in the Temple of Serapis. This latter (supplemental) part escaped the fire which destroyed the other in the Alexandrian war, only, at a later period, when its stores had received rich accumulations, to fall a prey to the bigoted Arabs.

It must be conceded to the Romans, that, wherever they turned their successful arms, they sought to win the conquered nations to their own civilization and refinement. They built baths, porticoes, theatres; introduced their own luxuries, and, above all, *their own language*; so, when the Goths and Vandals deluged the ancient capital of the world, like a flood of destruction, the learning which they so sedulously destroyed there, was gleaming, with a light tremulous yet sure, in the remotest corners of their empire. It was often overshadowed, often nearly extinguished, but never quite so; it had a principle of vitality within it, and rose again, like a phoenix, from the flame. How very much of this is owing to the universal diffusion of the Roman tongue!

Boethius is recorded as the last classical writer, or rather as "the last of the Ancients, and one who forms a link between the classical period of literature and that of the Middle Ages." His principal work, the "Consolations of Philosophy," has a peculiar in

terest, independent of its own intrinsic beauty, from the circumstance of its having been composed during a rigid imprisonment, which terminated in a violent and undeserved death.

The death of Boethius occurred A.D. 524, and "the downfall of learning and eloquence was now inconceivably rapid." All the finer emanations of the intellect were in abeyance, and that which has been called pointedly, if ungenerously, the "age of monkery and legends," was predominant. Still, owing in great measure to the universal diffusion of the Latin language, learning was never extinct; and in the very gloomiest periods of the dark ages, scholars did from time to time appear, like stars dimly rising in the twilight. It is indeed now fully allowed that the darkness of these memorable and traduced ages was neither so extreme nor so long continuing as it has been the custom to represent them.

For our *amor patriæ* let us mention, that English intellect has always been honourably recorded. "The genius of the Britons," says Tacitus,¹ "appeared to him (Agricola) superior to that of the Gauls; for the former had no sooner learned the language of Rome, than they discovered a desire to improve it into eloquence."

"I am astonished," says an Italian, writing of Erigena, a Briton, "that a barbarian placed at the extremity of the world, as remote from the conversation of men as from all knowledge of a foreign tongue, should have been able to understand, and to translate, the works of a Greek father. I allude to John, that Scottish man,² who, as I also hear, is famed for piety." One of his original works might, I fancy, excite comment in these days as well as those. It is a work "On the Nature of Things," which nature he divides into that "which creates, and is not created; that which is created, and creates; that which is created, and doth not create; and that which neither creates, nor is created."³

"But, softly!" exclaim you, reader: "softly! You profess to be incited by the *amor patriæ*, and yet you omit 'Gildas the Wise,' and have even passed over the Venerable Bede. Fie on you!"

Patience, reader! my pen may be run gossip mad; she may be restive, wild, and frolicsome; but she is yet trustworthy. When I forget our own, our Venerable Bede, may my right hand forget her cunning.

Do you know how he acquired his sobriquet?—No.—Listen then.

When he was old, and become parcel-blind by long years of unremitting study, a pupil, whose name, fortunately for himself, has not been recorded, led his master to a great heap of stones, telling him that a congregation of hearers was there assembled. The good man began, and preached with his usual ability and zeal; and, as he concluded with these words, "*Per omnia secula seculorum*," a wondrous voice was

heard to issue from the stones, saying, "*Amen, VENERABILIS BEDA.*"

And afterwards, when the senseless clay alone remained of him who had been the idol of so many hearts, a pupil endeavoured to indite an epitaph on his revered master. With parchment before him, and calamus in hand, he wrote thus:—

"Hac sunt in fossâ;"

and, after a little consideration, sketched the conclusion thus:—

"Hac sunt in fossâ
Bede . . . ossa;"

So far well; the "maggots half formed in rhyme exactly meet;" but how to make the intermediate syllables "crawl upon poetic feet," surpassed the poor scholar's skill. Intense thought and application failed to effect his wishes, and worn out by study, he swooned, or he slumbered, or he fell into a trance. On recovering, he found the verse completed thus:—

"Hac sunt in fossâ
Bede VENERABILIS OSSA."

He asserted that the rhyme was completed by the interposition of an angel, and no one was hardy enough to question the assertion. In these days of scepticism and unbelief, a matter-of-fact explanation of the occurrence would be attempted, and the angel would be clothed in the tunic of a student of the monastery.

Bede's learning is spoken of as universal; it was indeed wonderful for the age in which he lived. It was a proverbial saying of him, that "a man born in the furthest corner of the earth, has compassed the earth with the line of his genius." Even during his life, his works were appointed to be read in churches by the ordinance of the British bishops.

So early were his high talents and admirable character conspicuous, that he was ordained deacon at nineteen years of age. From his earliest youth, he devoted himself to study, to writing, and religious exercises; and combined with these, the care of a large school, and the instruction of his fellow monks. His works are very numerous, and, though frequently taxed with credulity, none have ever questioned his sincerity; whilst his history of his own time, and of that immediately preceding it, are so strictly accurate, that his errors elsewhere are in fairness attributed but to the paucity of his materials.

He received high and honourable invitations to leave his monastery; one, indeed, from the pope, who wished to have a conference with him; but he declined this flattering invitation. He was offered the dignity of abbot, but this honour he also declined.

Thus immured by choice, he passed from youth to age "in simplicity and godly sincerity," in the zealous pursuit of knowledge, in active labour, in earnest piety, and in the love and esteem of all around him.

In the sixty-third year of his age he was seized with asthma, and on the Tuesday before Ascension Day, A.D. 735, became much worse. Still he dictated as usual in his school, saying now and then—

"Go on quickly; I know not how long I shall hold

(1) Quoted by Berington.

(2) It seems matter of uncertainty whether he was born in Wales, Scotland, or Ireland.

(3) Berington.

out, and whether my Maker will soon take me away."

On Ash Wednesday one of his pupils said to him—"Master, dear Master, there is still one chapter wanting." Do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?"

"It is no trouble," he replied. "Take your pen, and write fast.—It is now time," continued he, "for me to return to Him who made me, and gave me a being when I was nothing. I have lived a long time; my merciful Judge most graciously foresaw and ordered the course of my life for me. The time of my dissolution draweth near. I desire to be dissolved, and be with Christ."

All around him wept.

In the evening the young scholar said,—“Dear Master, there is still one sentence that is not written.”

He answered, “Write quickly.”

The youth obeyed his commands, and said,—“It is now done.”

“You have well said,” replied the good man, “it is at an end; all is finished.”

He desired to be placed on the pavement of his little oratory, his accustomed place of prayer, which was immediately done. He feebly attempted a Gloria—and so died.

ON SHAKESPEARE'S INDIVIDUALITY IN HIS CHARACTERS.

SHAKESPEARE'S MEN OF INTELLECT.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

WHO so well as Shakspeare,—certainly the most pre-eminently gifted intellectual being that ever existed,—should delineate the might of intellect? Who so capable as he of fathoming its depths, of developing its resources, of displaying its powers, of celebrating its triumphs, or of portraying its varied phases? Accordingly, he has painted some portraits of men of intellect in his own immortal colours, that are no less striking in their individuality, than they are vivid, masterly, and enduring in their integrity.

How artistically has he prepared his canvasses in delineating the character of Wolsey, for instance! In the very first scene, we have indication of his sway in all things—small as well as great; matters of apparent unimportance, as of moment; pageants as well as state treaties; the appointment and details of a tournament, no less than a compact between his own nation and another; and token is not wanting of the weighty reasons he has for this universal superintendence, and of the use his foresight enables him to make of such conduct. The manner in which all this is discussed by three noblemen, each scanning the cardinal's motives, measuring his increasing influence, and evidently dreading his enmity, forms an apt prelude, and impresses us at once with the idea of Wolsey's power, pride, ambition, and intolerance of

rivalry, while we see him inspiring such men with anxiety and mistrust.

Like most commanding intellects, Wolsey elicits sparks of it in others who come athwart him, striking and kindling the ire of his opponents into defensive warmth and wit-flame. See how Buckingham's chafed spirit flares out beneath the cardinal's menacing looks, and how Norfolk's cautiously smothered wrath burns through his caustic axiomatic counsel:—

“*Buck.* I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

“*Nor.* Be advis'd.
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it doth singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.”

It rouses Buckingham to a discovery of the hostile machinations carrying on against him; it sharpens his perception of the crafty motives of his foe, as well as of the means by which these machinations are pursued; and it inspires him with bitter invective and vehement reproach; while in the cooler-blooded Duke of Norfolk it has the effect of setting him on his guard, of awakening all his prudence, of stimulating his energies, of strengthening that spirit of patient but stern resistance which in the end gives him the victory, and enables him to set his foot on the crest of his haughty adversary in the moment of his fall. For it is Norfolk who bears the king's command that the cardinal shall render up the great seal; and who (his revenge thus secured,) then, and not till then, indulges his hatred in vindictive speeches and open triumph.

This is all subtly assistant to the impression intended to be conveyed of the cardinal's potency in will and intellect. Shakspeare not only draws individuality of character by placing the most appropriate utterance in the mouth of each of his models themselves, but he still more surely indicates it by the influence they possess over the speech and action of those who surround them. On the other hand, he not only tells us through a third person, of the ascendancy that Wolsey exerts over his royal master, where the chamberlain says:—

“If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue;”

but Shakspeare gives us a manifestation of this “witchcraft;” for, in furtherance of the meekness and humility of bearing he has chosen to display throughout the scene of the queen's trial, Cardinal Wolsey contrives that the king shall aver the innocence of his conduct, instead of proffering his own defence, and vindicating himself from the charge of having “blown this coal betwixt” them.

Intellect in Wolsey takes the shape of power,—

(1) Of the Gospel of St. John, the translation of which into the Saxon tongue was Bede's last work.

power to grasp the power he covets. Imperious in his nature, and mighty in mind, he is content with nothing less than the absolute sway which his own genius enables him to attain. But his overweening confidence in his own understanding, his insolence of will, and his insatiate lust of power, bring their own retribution; and the towering height to which his ambition had elevated him, but serves to punish him by a proportionate depth of fall.

We behold him in his pomp of pride, when with lofty courtesy, and a sort of superb dominion even in the manner with which he presides at his own feast, he seems to graciously condescend in the very compliments he pays his guests, and the mode in which he receives those of his royal visitor at York-place.

We see his insolence rebuked, and his haughty spirit checked, by the simple dignity of Queen Katherine during the examination of Buckingham's surveyor, and the scene of her own trial; and afterwards, his crafty proposal of a private conference, and his proceeding to address her in Latin, are confronted with a noble candour, and with an honest consciousness of rectitude, that glow as finely in contrast with his bloated pride, as the white purity of this "lily of the field" shines out against his cardinal scarlet and purple.

Then, how well has the poet depicted a man communing with himself in the consciousness of sufficing ability to quench interference with his own views. It is when Wolsey hears of the king's projected marriage with Anne Bullen; he exclaims:—

"The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! The queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;
Then out it goes."

And again, how completely do we see the struggles of a spirit unwilling to succumb to untoward circumstances, rallying all its energies, and exerting every faculty to maintain its resistance, until the latest moment of conviction that all hope is over. This is when he reads the paper which reveals to him that he is discovered by the king. In the scene that follows, we behold him surrounded by the inimical noblemen, who have worked his downfall, and come to enjoy their conquest; he stands amidst them like a single swordsman pressed by numbers, while he waves off his adversaries with his intellectual weapon of disdain. But the true field in which Wolsey's intellectual resources best display themselves, is when he exercises their skill in analyzing his own pride, its career, and its extinction. It is there that our sympathy with this great man, and our admiration of his grand intellect, have full force—for it is there that we acknowledge him really great and grand. In the time when "the sun ushered forth his honours, and gilded the noble troops that waited on his smiles," or during those "many summers" when his "high-blown pride" bore him "in a sea of glory," did we ever feel the emotion of respect and interest that swells our heart as we hear him say:—

"I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. * * I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a softitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer."

Another man of intellect who makes the treasures of his mental power subservient to his aims in the acquisition of worldly power, is Richard III. But the consciousness of his own intellectual wealth is accompanied by so keen a sense of his personal defects, that it prevents his assuming the arrogant bearing and lofty pride of Wolsey. His ambition is as soaring, his will as aspiring, his views as far-reaching, his disdain for others as insolent; but in him, stealthy arts take the place of bold actions, crafty malice that of open attainer; while sly sneers, and hypocritical insinuations, afford a vent for the bad passions that lurk in his heart.

His consciousness of intellect takes the form of contempt—bitter, unwholesome contempt. He not only holds his species in sovereign disgust, regarding them as so many puppets, dupes, and destined victims, but his contemptuous spirit spares not even himself. At the very time he admits his own superiority of intelligence, which is to place him above these despised fellow-men, his spleen indulges itself in reflections on his personal deformity:—

"Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.

These lines, which Gloster utters in the Third Part of Henry VI., form a prologue and pregnant auto-text to his whole character as subsequently depicted in the play of Richard III. He has no self-compromises, no mental reservations, no sophistication, in the matter of his own evil purposes. He knows and allows himself to be a villain, and, in his own communings, is content plainly and openly to stand for "subtle, false, and treacherous." He takes pleasure in avowing his mind to be crooked in consort with his shape, and sneeringly admits its hideousness whilst he contemplates the ruin its schemes shall effect. He voluntarily degrades the faculties he possesses, by devoting them to the attainment of criminal ends.

Shakspeare is fond of bringing his intellectual bad men in contact with purer, though less powerful understandings. How he has done this in the instance of Wolsey and Katherine we have already seen; and again with Richard III. he has placed his swart soul close by the bright innocence of the two young princes. The clear expanding mind of the elder boy is indicated in his wise reflections upon the wit and valour of Julius Cæsar, giving promise of good and sound fruit from such early blossom; and little York, the younger prince, with his pretty flippancy, and roguish prattle, betokens an accomplished wit hereafter: while these evidences of cleverness in his young relations but serve to sharpen their uncle Gloster's hatred, to provoke his muttered derision, and to whet his desire to compass their ruin.

His contemptuous humour expresses itself in sarcasm :—Anne, Clarence, all his victims, are each in turn subjects of his scorn ; and he cannot refrain from scoffing even in the act of kneeling at his mother's feet for her blessing.

There is contempt throughout in his treatment of Buckingham ; in his strained humility towards him at first, where he says :—

" My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet !—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction :"

also in his leading Buckingham on to commit himself, and to boast of possessing powers of simulation—(to boast of this to Richard, of all men !)—it is the very waggery of contempt,—the insolence of a jocose disdain. We see his eyes sparkle in cruel mockery, and his lip curl with combined malevolence and sport. And when, at last, he finds that "high-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect," and demurs to commit murder to please him, he unhesitatingly throws him off, and consigns him to death, as one of no further use, and to be put out of the way. He deigns not even to listen to his returning obedience ; interrupts his solicitations by addressing some one else whilst he is speaking ; parries his earnest remonstrances by an irrelevant inquiry of "What is't o'clock ?" and at last turns on his heel with, "Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein."

Richard's hypocrisy, too, has contempt in its impudent transparency ; such as his accusing himself of too yielding a disposition :—

" I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine ;
I am too childish-foolish for this world :"

his affected submission, and desire to be at peace with all good men, at the very moment that he knows he has caused Clarence to be murdered ; his ostentatious sighs, and use of scripture phrases ; his weeping over the head of Hastings, when it is brought to him after the decapitation which he has himself ordered ; his dissembled meekness, and refusal to wear the crown he has so long aimed at ; all this, with his frequent appeals to the Most High, impiously calling God to witness whenever he would avouch his virtuous meaning, forms a picture of a consummate hypocrite, contemptuous in his very audacity and shallowness of pretence.

But grandly and consistently has Shakspeare limned this portrait of Richard from first to last ; and fitly is the prologue to the character met by its corresponding piece of self-knowledge in that terrible soliloquy, when he starts from his sleep, and the "cold, fearful drops stand on his trembling flesh :"—

" My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dirt'st degree,
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all—Guilty ! guilty !
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me ;
And if I die, no soul will pity me :—
Nay, wherefore should they ? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself."

We cannot help being moved by these retributive throes and heart-shudderings of a clever wicked man, who beholds, in the clearer light of an awakened remorse, the true measure of his capacity for evil ; and whose original contempt for love, charity, and virtue, is now expiated by involuntary scorn for his own nature. Shakspeare is no less profound in his sympathy with erring humanity, than he is skilled in revealing and reprobating those very errors ; and yet the homily he reads us loses no jot of its impressive warning.

Hamlet's intellectual power assumes the shape of argument, reflection, love of study, contemplation, refined intercourse with his friend Horatio, philosophical analysis, and severe introspection ; but so much has been said of this character in a former paper that more space must not be allowed to it here.

Iago is another of Shakspeare's men of intellect, though the lustre of his mental endowments is sullied and well-nigh obscured by his vicious nature. That he is proud of these endowments is evident from the display he makes of them, as well as from the excuses he makes to himself for condescending to associate with one so much his inferior in understanding as Roderigo :—

" Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit."

We gather that he is in the habit of displaying his mental accomplishments, from the circumstance of Desdemona's drawing him out, when she wishes to beguile the time while awaiting the arrival of Othello in Cyprus, as if it were no unusual thing with him to hold forth for the entertainment of his friends ; she playfully leads him on to give his description of a woman who shall be indeed worthy of praise, while he hangs back at first with the customary coyness of an exhibitor :—

" O gentle lady, do not put me to't ;
For I am nothing, if not critical."

And afterwards, in mock humility, he says :—

" I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all : but my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd."

Which ushers in his celebrated cynical speech concluding with—

" She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

But, indeed, the whole colouring of his diction is cynical. Iago's sentiments are compounded of self-worship, an ill opinion of others, and want of faith in goodness itself. He thinks it no shame thus to proclaim his views :—

" Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their
coats,
Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
And such a one do I profess myself."

He affects a bluntness of speech, and makes no secret of his poor opinion of mankind; he pretends to no merit of his own, but that of honest plainness; and he openly speaks of virtue as a pretext—a hollow semblance. He can conceive the veritable existence of goodness only as a part of folly, and invariably couples the mention of its qualities with a depreciating tone when instancing those whom he knows to be worthy:—

"The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are."

And elsewhere he calls Cassio "this honest fool." He takes pride in the exercise of his own intellectual power, as a thing not only apart from virtue, but as opposed to it; he values himself upon his mental superiority, confounding knavery with wisdom, cunning with perspicacity, duplicity with skill, treachery with ability, scepticism with judgment, sophistry with philosophy; while he treats all goodness as a phantom, generosity as weakness, integrity as a mistake, faith as irrationality, and virtue as an ideal.]

This want of belief in good it is that makes him use coarser language than perhaps any one of Shakespeare's characters, and which makes such grossness of utterance appropriate in the mouth of a man, who, otherwise, is so intellectually endowed as to have rendered such diction unfit.

There is one slight touch, quite in Shakespeare's manner, and which, though so slight, strikingly indicates Iago's habit of mind, and the want of faith above insisted on. He says to Roderigo—"If thou be'st valiant,—as (*they say*) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me."

Ulysses is one of Shakespeare's men of intellect, whose historical reputation for sagacity and acuteness the poet had to sustain, when he proposed to draw the character in his play of *Troilus and Cressida*; and admirably has he worked up to the traditional model of the original. The wise politician, the prudent colleague, the astute Ithacan, the crafty "dog-fox Ulysses" (as Thersites calls him) lives again; he reappears upon the scene, and mingles in the Grecian councils, while his lofty speech, and wary advice, are listened to by his brother warriors with admiration and respect.

Ulysses, like Iago, is proud of his mental superiority; he is not averse from its display, and can enact the intellectual gladiator when called upon for the exertion. But he, unlike the Italian, exercises his talent for the benefit of his fellows, not for their injury; he pleads and argues in their behalf,—not that he may calumniate them, plot their misery, and bring about their ruin; he exhibits as much knowledge of mankind, its impulses, its capabilities, its duties, its failings,—but he deduces very different conclusions, and devotes the result of his deductions to equally different purposes. His object is the advancement of his fellow men, the furtherance of their interests, and the amelioration of their condition.

His first grand speech upon degree and social

order is an eloquent piece of declamation, followed by several others distinguished for sound sense, acute perception of the sources of existing evil, true appreciation of the character of Achilles and others, with keen policy and prudent advice, no less than for beauty of rhetoric, and power of expression.

Shakespeare, with the true courage of genius, has placed near Ulysses, Agamemnon and Nestor, who also speak greatly; knowing well that their excellence would only serve to enhance the extent of his merit who should surpass them both in oratory. Ulysses is also made to be a good listener,—a valuable gift in one who is conscious that he is worth being heard in return. Like a man accustomed to argue, he is in the habit of drawing logical inferences, and defining subtle distinctions from the subject-matter of his consideration; and in this spirit he animadvert upon his book, when he is reading before the tent of Achilles in the design of attracting his attention.

His speeches in this scene are some of the finest things Shakespeare ever wrote of their kind, and are replete with philosophic thought, profound knowledge, and wise axioms, that may well afford food for study, and, laid close at heart, be adopted for guidance in our own course through life.

Timon is a man whose intellect is developed by adversity. He does not speak eminently until his disappointment, and then, as might be expected, his thoughts take a bitter turn, and his mind vents itself in misanthropic indignation and harsh injustice. But if his views of human depravity are exaggerated, if his rancour is vehement, he has cause for his resentment; and his real cynicism is judiciously brought into contrast with the aversion which Apemantus affects towards his species.

Shakespeare has given us a spirited sketch of an intellectual head in Pandolph, the pope's legate. The able churchman, the wily statesman, stands before us as clearly and individually as a portrait by Titian or Velasquez. At the court of France, how thundering are his menaced anathemas, how imperative are his commands, and how artful are his sophistications to vindicate evasion of vows that interfere with pontifical sway! how calmly does he rebuke the intemperate grief of the child-bereft Constance! how prudently does he check the youthful rashness of Lewis, the Dauphin, with words of cold experience and long-sighted policy! And afterwards, at the court of king John, we find him again asserting papal supremacy, offering his aid in effecting peace between France and England, and negotiating mutual treaties. In the last scene where he appears, he utters two quiet lines precisely in keeping with his character of a calm, long-headed man; he meets the impetuous harangue of the Dauphin with the words, "You look but on the outside of this work;" and he mediates between the two young fiery spirits, Lewis and Faulconbridge, with "Give me leave to speak."

The elements of Falstaff's intellect are wit, imagination, humour, shrewdness, and ingenuity, with an ever-ready and dexterous command of these gifts.

His mind is as genial as his body; his faculties, comprehensive as his size; his fancy, abundant as his person; while his own physical conformation affords constant and fruitful subject for his inventive capacity.

How fertile are his jokes on this theme! "A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder." Again: "Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty." On Gadshill he says, "Eight yards of uneven ground, is three scores and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough." And when the prince bids him lie down, and listen for approaching footsteps, he answers, "Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer." In the very battle-field he exclaims, "I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than my own bowels." Then, too, how ingeniously palliative are his epithets upon occasion, where he speaks of himself as "plump Jack," and as "a good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage;"—with his plausible casuistry, "If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved."

What aptness in his similes! "There's no more valour in that Poin than in a wild duck." See these where he pretends he has fallen away:—"Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John." Or those where he orders Pistol to be thrust down stairs:—"Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling;" with, "The rogue fled from me like quicksilver." Or those where he likens Justice Shallow to "a man made after supper of a cheese-paring;" and to "a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife;" adding that "you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court." In another place, he bids his followers "vanish, like hailstones!" and in another, he says of Prince Hal, "You shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up." Bardolph's red nose glows in his glibbing description as an "ignis fatuus,"—"a ball of wildfire,"—"a perpetual triumph,"—"an everlasting bonfire-light:" nor does his serving-man's fiery feature excite his imagination to richer jesting than does his own throwing into the water. His humorous sense of the situation seems a relief to his vexation; as if his own immersion was drowned in the flood of ludicrous images it suggests.

But perhaps his most abounding wealth of fancy is to be found in the speech upon his recruits, beginning,—“If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souced gurnet;" and the glorious encomium upon "good sherris-sack."

His impudent hypocrisy is too provocative of laughter for blame; and the roguish twinkle of his eye seems to dazzle our moral vision, and prevent our desecrating his delinquency, as he protests, "I'll

repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent." And elsewhere,—“Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent." How alert and responsive his wit is in a sudden emergency, and how equal to the occasion he always proves himself to be! In his encounter with the Lord Chief Justice, for instance, how ingeniously he defends himself—how adroitly he evades—how dexterously he parries—how slyly he shifts his ground—how ably he extricates himself, and foils his adversary! In the scene where he brags about the men "in buckram," how happy is his plea of knowing the prince by instinct! "The lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct." And when the sheriff is coming, and the prince says,—“Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience," Falstaff replies, "Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me." When Prince Hal suddenly turns upon him, in consequence of what Hostess Quickly repeats, Falstaff is not at all taken aback:—

"P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?"

"Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love."

And upon the reproach that his recruits are "exceeding poor and bare," he carelessly retorts, "Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me."

There are many other men of intellect depicted by Shakspeare, though, necessarily, a few only of them have been adverted to in this limited space; but of these it has been attempted to point out the most striking individual features, and to indicate the characteristic bent which intellect has taken in each instance. In Wolsey, we see the proud power-worshipper (his superb "*Ego, et rex meus*" supplying an index to his character); in Richard, the contemptuous evil-doer; in Iago, the moral sceptic; in Ulysses, the wise politician; in Timon, the bitter misanthrope; in Pandulph, the astute diplomatist; and in Falstaff, the imaginative wit,—the witty rogue,—the quick-witted evader of all that may interfere with his own ease and delight; he who is "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

The following lines, which Shakspeare has placed in the mouth of one of his men of intellect, may serve in illustration of our theme, and may form its meet conclusion:—

"The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to"

If ever pen could do this, that pen was William Shakspeare's.

THE FATHERLESS.

BY MRS. HENRY LYNCH.

SPEAK softly to the fatherless !
 And check the harsh reply
 That sends the crimson to the cheek,
 The tear-drop to the eye.
They have the weight of loneliness
 In this rude world to bear ;
 Then gently raise the fallen bud,
 The drooping floweret spare.

Speak kindly to the fatherless !
 The lowliest of their band
 God keepeth, as the waters,
 In the hollow of his hand.
 'Tis sad to see life's evening sun
 Go down in sorrow's shroud,
 But sadder still when morning's dawn
 Is darkened by the cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless !
 Ye may have power to wile
 Their hearts from sudden'd memory
 By the magic of a smile.
 Deal gently with these little ones,
 Be pitiful, and He
 The friend and father of us all
 Shall gently deal with thee !

LEWIS ARUNDEL ;

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE TRAIN STARTS, AND THE READER IS
 INTRODUCED TO THREE FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS.

"SURELY he ought to be here by this time, Rose ;
 it must be past nine o'clock !"

"Scarcely so much, mamma ; indeed it wants a
 quarter of nine yet ; the coach does not arrive till half-
 past eight, and he has quite four miles to walk after-
 wards."

"Oh ! this waiting, it destroys me," rejoined the
 first speaker, rising from her seat, and pacing the room
 with agitated steps ; "how you can contrive to sit
 there, drawing so quietly, I do not comprehend !"

"Does it annoy you, dear mamma ?—why did you
 not tell me so before ?" returned Rose gently, putting
 away her drawing-apparatus as she spoke. No one
 would have called Rose Arundel handsome, or even
 pretty, and yet her face had a charm about it, a charm
 that lurked in the depths of her dreamy grey eyes,
 and played about the corners of her mouth when she
 smiled, and sate like a glory upon her high smooth
 forehead. Both she and her mother were clad in the
 deepest mourning, and the traces of some recent heart-
 felt sorrow might be discerned in either face. A
 stranger would have taken them for sisters, rather
 than for mother and daughter ; for there were lines of
 thought on Rose's brow which her twenty years
 scarcely warranted, while Mrs. Arundel, at eight-and-
 thirty, looked full five years younger, despite her
 widow's cap.

"I have been thinking, Rose," resumed the elder

lady, after a short pause, during which she continued
 pacing the room most assiduously, "I have been
 thinking, that if we were to settle near some large
 town, I could give lessons in music and singing : my
 voice is as good as ever it was—listen ;" and, seating
 herself at a small cottage piano, she began to execute
 some difficult solfeggi in a rich clear soprano, with a
 degree of ease and grace which proved her to be a
 finished singer ; and, apparently carried away by the
 feeling the music had excited, she allowed her voice
 to flow, as it were unconsciously, into the words of
 an Italian song, which she continued for some mo-
 ments, without noticing a look of pain which shot
 across her daughter's pale features. At length, sud-
 denly breaking off, she exclaimed in a voice broken
 with emotion, "Ah ! what am I singing ?" and, bury-
 ing her face in her handkerchief, she burst into a
 flood of tears ;—it had been her husband's favourite
 song.

Recovering herself more quickly than from the vio-
 lence of her grief might have been expected, she was
 about to resume her walk, when, observing for the
 first time the expression of her daughter's face, she
 sprang towards her, and placing her arm caressingly
 round her waist, kissed her tenderly, exclaiming in a
 tone of the fondest affection, "Rose, my own darling,
 I have distressed you by my heedlessness, but I forget
 everything now !" She paused ; then added, in a
 calmer tone, "Really, love, I have been thinking se-
 riously of what I said just now about teaching ;—if I
 could but get a sufficient number of pupils, it would
 be much better than letting you go out as governess ;
 for we could live together then ; and I know I shall
 never be able to part with you. Besides, you would
 be miserable, managing naughty children all day,—
 throwing away your talents on a set of stupid little
 wretches,—such drudgery would wear you to death."

"And do you think, mamma, that I could be con-
 tent to live in idleness, and allow you to work for my
 support ?" replied Rose, while a faint smile played
 over her expressive features. "Oh, no ! Lewis will
 try to obtain some appointment ; you shall live with
 him, and keep his house, while I will go out as go-
 verness for a few years ; and we must save all we can,
 until we are rich enough to live together again."

"And, perhaps, some day we may be able to come
 back and take the dear old cottage, if Lewis is very
 lucky, and should make a fortune," returned Mrs.
 Arundel. "How shall we be able to bear to leave
 it !" she added, glancing round the room regretfully.

"How, indeed !" replied Rose, with a sigh ; "but
 it must be done.—Lewis will not feel it as we shall,—
 he has been away so long."

"It seems an age," resumed Mrs. Arundel, musing ;
 "How old was he when he left Westminster ?"

"Sixteen, was he not ?" replied Rose.

"And he has been at Bonn three years.—Why, Rose,
 he must be a man by this time !"

"Mr. Frere wrote us word he was taller than him-
 self last year, if you recollect," returned Rose.

"Hark !" exclaimed Mrs. Arundel, starting up, and

going to the window, which opened in the French fashion, upon a small flower-garden. As she spoke, the gate-bell rang smartly, and in another moment the person outside, having apparently caught sight of the figure at the window, sprang lightly over the paling, crossed the lawn in a couple of bounds, and ere the slave of the bell had answered its impatient summons, Lewis was in his mother's arms.

After the first greeting, in which smiles and tears had mingled in strange fellowship, Mrs. Arundel drew her son towards a table, on which a lamp was burning, saying as she did so, "Why, Rose, can this be our little Lewis? He is as tall as a grenadier!—Heads up, sir!—Attention!—You are going to be inspected. Do you remember when the old serjeant used to drill us all, and wanted to teach Rose to fence?"

Smiling at his mother's caprice, Lewis Arundel drew himself up to his full height, and, placing his back against the wall, stood in the attitude of a soldier on parade—his head just touching the frame of a picture which hung above him. The light of the lamp shone full upon the spot where he had stationed himself, displaying a face and figure on which a mother's eye might indeed rest with pride and admiration. Considerably above the middle height, his figure was slender, but singularly graceful; his head small, and intellectual-looking. The features, exquisitely formed, were, if anything, too delicately cut, and regular; and, together with a brilliant complexion, and long silken eyelashes, tended to impart an almost feminine character to his beauty. The expression of his countenance, however, effectually counteracted any such idea; no one could observe the flashing of the dark eyes, the sarcastic curl of the short upper-lip, the curved nostril slightly drawn back, the stern resolution of the knitted brow, without tracing signs of pride unbroken, stormy feelings and passions unsubdued, and an iron will, which, according as it might be directed, must prove powerful for good or evil. His hair, which he wore somewhat long, was, like his mother's, of that jet black colour characteristic of the inhabitants of a southern clime rather than of the descendants of the fair-haired Saxons, while a soft down of the same dark hue as his waving curls, fringed the sides of his face, affording promise of a goodly crop of whiskers. Despite the differences of feature and expression—and they were great,—there was a decided resemblance between the brother and sister, and the same indescribable charm, which made it next to impossible to watch Rose Arundel without loving her, shed its sunshine also over Lewis's face when he smiled.

After surveying her son attentively, with eyes which sparkled with surprise and pleasure, Mrs. Arundel exclaimed, "Why, how the boy is altered! Is he not improved, Rose?" As she spoke, she involuntarily glanced from Lewis to the picture under which he stood. It was a half-length portrait of a young man, in what appeared to be some foreign uniform, the hand resting on the hilt of a cavalry sabre.

The features, though scarcely so handsome, were strikingly like those of Lewis Arundel, the greatest difference being, that the hair in the portrait was of a rich brown instead of black. After comparing the two for a moment, Mrs. Arundel attempted to speak, but her voice failing her from emotion, she burst into tears, and hastily left the room.

"Why, Rose, what is it?" exclaimed Lewis in surprise, "Is my mother ill?"

"No; it is your likeness to that picture, Lewis dear, that has overcome her: you know it is a portrait of our dearest father" (her voice faltered as she pronounced his name), "taken just after they were married, I believe."

Lewis regarded the picture attentively, then averting his head as if he could not bear that even Rose should witness his grief, he threw himself on a sofa, and concealed his face with his hands. Recovering himself almost immediately, he drew his sister gently towards him, and placing her beside him, asked, as he stroked her glossy hair,

"Rose, love, how is it that I was not informed of our poor father's illness? Surely a letter must have miscarried!"

"Did not mamma explain to you, then, how sudden it was?"

"Not a word, she only wrote a few hurried lines, leading me to prepare for a great shock; then told me that my father was dead; and entreating me to return immediately, broke off abruptly, saying she could write no more."

"Poor mamma! she was quite overcome by her grief, and yet she was so excited, and so anxious to save me, she *would* do every thing herself. I wished her to let me write to you, but she objected, and I was afraid of annoying her."

"It was most unfortunate," returned Lewis; "in her hurry she misdirected the letter; and, as I told you when I wrote, I was from home at the time, and did not receive it till three weeks after it should have reached me. I was at a rifle match got up by some of the students, and had just gained the prize, a pair of silver-mounted pistols, when her letter was put into my hand. Fancy receiving such news in a scene of gaiety!"

"How exquisitely painful! My poor brother!" said Rose, while the tears she could no longer repress dimmed her bright eyes. After a moment she continued, "But I was going to tell you,—it was more than a month ago—poor papa had walked over to Warlington to see about selling one of his paintings. —Did you know that he had lately made his talent for painting serve as a means of adding to our income?"

"Richard Frere told me of it last year," replied Lewis.

"Oh yes, Mr. Frere was kind enough to get introductions to several picture-dealers, and was of the greatest use," continued Rose. "Well, when papa came in, he looked tired and harassed; and in answer to my questions, he said he had received intelligence

which had excited him a good deal, and added something about being called upon to take a very important step. I left him to fetch a glass of wine, and when I returned, to my horror, his head was leaning forward on his breast, and he was both speechless and insensible. We instantly sent for the nearest medical man, but it was of no use; he pronounced it to be congestion of the brain, and gave us no hope: his opinion was but too correct, for in less than six hours all was over."

"How dreadful!" murmured Lewis; "My poor Rose, how shocked you must have been!"—After a few minutes' silence, he continued, "And what was this news which produced such an effect upon my father?"

"Strange to say," replied Rose, "we have not the slightest notion. No letter or other paper has been found which could at all account for it, nor can we learn that papa met any one at Warlington likely to have brought him news. The only clue we have been able to gain is, that Mr. Bowing, who keeps the library there, says papa came in as usual to look at the daily papers, and as he was reading, suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise, and put his hand to his brow. Mr. Bowing was about to inquire whether any thing was the matter, when he was called away to attend to a customer; and when he was again at liberty papa had left the shop. Mr. Bowing sent us the paper afterwards, but neither mamma nor I could discover in it any thing we could imagine at all likely to have affected papa so strongly."

"How singular!" returned Lewis musing; "What could it possibly have been? You say my father's papers have been examined?"

"Yes, mamma wrote to Mr. Coke, papa's man of business in London, and he came down directly, but nothing appeared to throw any light on the matter. Papa had not even made a will. But oh! Lewis, do you know we are so very, very poor!"

"I suspected as much, dear Rose; I knew my father's was a life income. But why speak in such a melancholy tone? surely my sister has not grown mercenary?"

"Scarcely that, I hope," returned Rose, smiling through the tears which had flowed freely during this recital, "but there is some difference between being mercenary, and regretting that we are so poor that we shall be unable to live together; is there not, Lewis dear?"

"Unable to live together!" repeated Lewis slowly; "Yes, well, I may of course be obliged to leave you, but I shall not accept any employment which will necessitate my quitting England, so I shall often come and take a peep at you."

"Oh! but Lewis, love, it is worse than that—we shall not be able to—Hush! here comes mamma; we will talk about this another time."

"Why, Lewis," exclaimed Mrs. Arundel, entering the room with a light elastic step, without a trace of her late emotion visible on her animated countenance, "what is this? here's Rachel complaining that you

have brought a wild beast with you, which has eaten up all the tea cakes."

"Let alone fright'ning the blessed cat so that she's flowed up the chimney like a whirlpool, and me a'most in fits all the time, the brute! But I'll not sleep in the house with it, to be devoured like a cannibal in my quiet bed, if there was not another situation in Sussex!"—And here Rachel, a stout serving woman, with a face which, sufficiently red by nature, had become the deepest crimson from fear and anger, burst into a flood of tears, which, mingling with a tolerably thick deposit of soot, acquired during the hurried rise and progress of the outraged cat, imparted to her the appearance of a variegated variety of female Ethiopian Serenader.

"Rachel, have you forgotten me?" inquired Lewis, as soon as he could speak for laughing: "What are you crying about? You are not so silly as to be afraid of a dog? Here, Faust, where are you?" As he spoke, he uttered a low peculiar whistle; and in obedience to his signal, a magnificent Livonian wolf-hound, which bore sufficient likeness to the animal it was trained to destroy to have alarmed a more discriminating zoologist than poor Rachel, sprang into the room, and, delighted at rejoining his master, began to testify his joy so roughly, as not only to raise the terror of that damsel to screaming point, but to cause Mrs. Arundel to interpose a chair between herself and the intruder, while Rose, pale but silent, shrank timidly into a corner of the apartment. In an instant the expression of Lewis's face changed; his brow contracted, his mouth grew stern, and fixing his flashing eyes upon those of the dog, he uttered in a deep low voice some German word of command; and as he spoke, the animal dropped at his feet, where it crouched in a suppliant attitude, gazing wistfully at his master's countenance, without offering to move.

"You need not have erected a barricade to defend yourself, my dear mother," said Lewis, as a smile chased the cloud which had for a moment shaded his features; "the monster is soon quelled. Rose, you must learn to love Faust—he is my second self; come and stroke him."

Thus exhorted, Rose approached, and patted the dog's shaggy head, at first timidly, but more boldly when she found that he still retained his crouching posture, merely repaying her caresses by fixing his bright truthful eyes upon her face lovingly, and licking his lips with his long red tongue.

"Now, Rachel," continued Lewis, "it is your turn; come, I must have you good friends with Faust."

"No, I'm much obliged to you, sir, I couldn't do it, indeed,—no disrespect to you, Mr. Lewis, though you have growed a man in foreign parts. I may be a servant of all work, but I didn't engage myself to look after wild beasts, sir. No! nor wouldn't, if you was to double my wages, and put the washin out—I can't abear them."

"Foolish girl! it's the most good-natured dog in the world. Here, he'll give you his paw; come and shake hands with him."

"I couldn't do it, sir; I'm a-going to get the tea ready. I won't, then, that's flat," exclaimed Rachel, backing rapidly towards the door.

"Yes, you will," returned Lewis quietly, "every one does as I bid;" and, grasping her wrist, while he fixed his piercing glance sternly upon her, he led her up to the dog, and in spite of a faint show of resistance, a half-frightened half-indignant "I dare say, indeed," and a muttered hint of her conviction, "that he had lately been accustomed to drive black nigger slaves in Guinea," with an intimation "that he'd find white flesh and blood wouldn't stand it, and didn't ought to, neither," succeeded in making her shake its great paw, and finally, (as she perceived no symptoms of the *humidivorous* propensities with which her imagination had endowed it,) pat its shaggy sides. "There, now you've made up your quarrel, Faust shall help you to carry my things up stairs," said Lewis; and slinging a small travelling valise round the dog's neck, he again addressed him in German, when the well-trained animal left the room, with the astonished but no longer refractory Rachel.

"You must be a conjuror, Lewis," exclaimed his mother, who had remained a silent but amused spectator of the foregoing scene; "why, Rachel manages the whole house. Rose and I do exactly what she tells us, don't we Rose? What did you do to her? was it mesmerism?"

"I made use of one of the secrets of the mesmerist, certainly," replied Lewis; "I managed her by the power of a strong will over a weak one."

"I should hardly call Rachel's a weak will," observed Rose, with a quiet smile.

"You must confess, at all events, mine is a stronger," replied Lewis; "when I consider it necessary to carry a point, I usually find some way of doing it;—it was necessary for Faust's sake to manage Rachel, and I did so."

He spoke carelessly, but there was something in his bearing and manner which told of conscious power and inflexible resolution, and you felt instinctively that you were in the presence of a master-spirit.

Tea made its appearance; Rachel, over whom the charm still appeared to retain its power, seeming in the highest possible good humour,—a frame of mind most unusual with that exemplary woman, who belonged to that trying class of servants who, on the strength of their high moral character and intense respectability, see fit to constitute themselves a kind of domestic scourges, household horse-hair shirts (if we may be allowed the expression), and bent on fulfilling their mission to the *enth*, keep their martyred masters and mistresses in a constant state of mental soreness and irritation from morning till night. Tea came,—the cakes demolished by the reprobate Faust in the agitation of his arrival (he was far too well-bred a dog to have done such a thing, had he had time for reflection) having been replaced by some marvellous impromptu resulting from Rachel's unhoped for state of mind. The candles burned brightly; the fire, (for though it was the end of May, a fire was still an agreeable com-

panion,) blazed and sparkled cheerily, but yet a gloom hung over the little party. One feeling was uppermost in each mind, and saddened every heart. He whom they had loved with a deep and tender affection, such as but few of us are so fortunate as to call forth, the kind and indulgent husband and father, the dear *friend* rather than the master of that little household, had been taken from amongst them; and each word, each look, each thought of the past, each hope for the future, served to realise in its fullest bitterness the heavy loss they had sustained. Happy are the dead whose virtues are chronicled, not on sculptured stone, but in the faithful hearts of those whom they have loved on earth!

During the evening, in the course of conversation, Mrs. Arundel again referred to the project of teaching music and singing. Lewis made no remark on the matter at the time, though his sister fancied, from his compressed lip and darkened brow, that it had not passed him unobserved. When the two ladies were about to retire for the night, Lewis signed to his sister to remain; and, having lighted his mother's candle, kissed her affectionately, and wished her good night, he closed the door. There was a moment's silence, which was broken by Lewis saying abruptly, "Rose, what did my mother mean about giving singing lessons?"

"Dear unselfish mamma!" replied Rose, "always ready to sacrifice her own comfort for those she loves! She wants, when we leave the cottage, to settle near some large town, that she may be able to teach music and singing, (you know what a charming voice she has,) in order to save me from the necessity of going out as governess."

"Leave the cottage! go out as governess!" repeated Lewis in a low voice, as if he scarcely understood the purport of her words; "Are you mad?"

"I told you, love, we are too poor to continue living here, or indeed anywhere, in idleness; we must, at all events for a few years, work for our living; and you cannot suppose I would let mamma—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Lewis, sternly, "you will distract me." He paused for some minutes in deep thought; then asked, in a cold, hard tone of voice, which, to one skilled in reading the human heart, told of intense feelings and stormy passions kept down by the power of an iron will, "Tell me, what is the amount of the pittance that stands between us and beggary?"

"Dear Lewis, do not speak so bitterly; we have still each other's love remaining, and heaven to look forward to; and with such blessings, even poverty need not render us unhappy." And as she uttered these words, Rose leaned fondly upon her brother's shoulder, and gazed up into his face with a look of such deep affection, such pure and holy confidence, that even his proud spirit, cruelly as it had been wounded by the unexpected shock, could not withstand it. Placing his arm round her, he drew her towards him, and kissing her high, pale brow, murmured,—

"Forgive me, dear Rose; I have grown harsh and stern of late—all are not true and good as you are."

Believe me, it was for your sake and my mother's that I felt it: for myself, I heed it not, save as it impedes freedom of action. And now, answer my question, What have we left to live upon?"

"About 100*l.* a-year was what Mr. Coke told mamma."

"And, on an average, what does it cost living in this cottage as comfortably as you have been accustomed to do?"

"Poor papa used to reckon we spent 200*l.* a-year here."

"No more, you are certain?"

"Quite."

Again Lewis paused in deep thought, his brow resting on his hand. At length he said, suddenly,

"Yes, it no doubt can be done, and shall. Now, Rose, listen to me. While I live and can work, neither my mother nor you shall do anything for your own support, or leave the rank you have held in society. You shall retain this cottage, and live as you have been accustomed to do, and as befits the widow and daughter of him that is gone."

"But, Lewis—"

"Rose, you do not know me. When I left England I was a boy: in years, perhaps, I am little else even yet; but circumstances have made me older than my years, and in mind and disposition I am a man, and a determined one. I feel strongly and deeply in regard to the position held by my mother and sister, and therefore on this point it is useless to oppose me."

Rose looked steadily in his face, and saw that what he said was true; therefore, exercising an unusual degree of common sense for a woman, she held her tongue, and let a wilful man have his way.

Reader, would you know the circumstances which had changed Lewis Arundel from a boy to a man?—They are soon told. He had loved, with all the pure but ardent passion, the fond and trusting confidence of youth—he had loved, and been deceived.

Lewis had walked some miles that day, and had travelled both by sea and land; it may therefore reasonably be supposed that he was tolerably sleepy. Nevertheless, before he went to bed, he sat down, and wrote the following letter:—

"MY DEAR FRERE,—There were but two men in the world of whom I would have asked a favour, or from whom I would accept assistance—my poor father was one, you are the other. A week since, I received a letter to tell me of my father's death: yesterday I returned to England, to learn that I am a beggar. Had I no tie to bind me, no one but myself to consider, I should instantly quit a country in which poverty is a deadly sin. In Germany or Italy I could easily make myself independent, either as painter or musician; and the careless freedom of the artist life suits me well; but the little that remains from my father's scanty fortune is insufficient to support my mother and sister. Therefore I apply to you, and if you can help me, you may—your willingness to do so, I *know*. I must have, immediately, some situation or employment

which will bring me in 200*l.* a-year; though, if my purchaser (for I consider that I am selling myself) will lodge and feed me, as he does his horse or his dog, 50*l.* less would do. I care not what use I am put to, so that no moral degradation is attached to it. You know what I am fit for, as well or better than I do myself. I have not forgotten the Greek and Latin flogged into us at Westminster, and have added thereto French, Italian, and, of course, German; besides picking up sundry small accomplishments, which may induce somebody to offer a higher price for me; and as the more I get, the sooner I shall stand a chance of becoming my own master again, I feel intensely mercenary. Write as soon as possible, for, in my present frame of mind, inaction will destroy me. I long to see you again, old fellow. I have not forgotten the merry fortnight we spent together last year, when I introduced you to student-life in the 'Vaterland'; nor the good advice you gave me, which if I had acted on—Well, regrets are useless, if not worse. Of course I shall have to come up to town, in which case we can talk; so, as I hate writing, and am as tired as a dog, I may as well wind up. Good bye, till we meet.

"Your affectionate Friend,

"LEWIS ARUNDEL.

"P.S. Talking of dogs, you don't know Faust—that happened after you came away last year; but wherever I go, or whoever takes me, Faust must go also. He is as large as a calf, which is inconvenient, and I doubt whether he is full-grown yet. I dare say you think this childish, and very likely you are right, but I *must* have my dog. I can't live among strangers without something to love, and that loves me; so don't worry me about it, there's a good fellow. Can't you write to me to-morrow?"

Having in some measure relieved his mind by finishing this letter, Lewis undressed, and sleep soon effaced the lines which bitter thoughts and an aching heart had stamped upon his fair young brow.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING HOW LEWIS LOSES HIS TEMPER, AND LEAVES HIS HOME.

"Has the Post come in yet, Rose?" inquired Mrs. Arundel, as she made her appearance in the breakfast room the following morning.

"No, mamma; it is late to-day, I think."

"It is always late when I particularly expect a letter; that old creature Richards the postman has a spite against me, I am certain, because I once said in his hearing that he looked like an owl—the imbecile!"

"Oh, mamma! he's a charming old man, with his venerable white hair."

"Very likely, my dear, but he's extremely like an owl, nevertheless," replied Mrs. Arundel, cutting bread-and-butter with the quickness and regularity of a steam engine as she spoke.

"Here's the letters, ma'am," exclaimed Rachel, entering with a polished face, beaming out of a mar-

vellous morning cap, composed of a species of opaque muslin, (or some analogous female fabric) which appeared to be labouring under a violent eruption of little thick dots, strongly suggestive of small-pox. "Here's the letters, ma'am. If you please, I can't get Mr. Lewis out of bed no how, though I've knocked at his door three times this here blessed morning; and the last time he made a noise at me in French, or some other wicked foreigneering lingo; which is what I won't put up with—no! not if you was to go down upon your bended knees to me without a hassock."

"Give me the letters, Rachel," said Mrs. Arundel eagerly.

"Letters, indeed!" was the reply, as, with an indignant toss of the head, Rachel, whose temper appeared to have been soaked in vinegar during the night, flung the wished-for missives upon the table; "Letters, indeed! them's all as you care about, and not a poor gal as slaves and slaves, and gets insulted for her trouble; but I'm come to—"

"You're come to bring the toast just at the right moment," said Lewis, who had approached unobserved, "and you're going down to give Faust his breakfast; and he is quite ready for it, too, poor fellow!"

As he spoke, a marvellous change seemed to come over the temper and countenance of Rachel: her ideas, as she turned to leave the room, may be gathered from the following soliloquy, which appeared to escape her unawares:—"He's as 'andsome as a duke, let alone his blessed father; but them was shocking words for a Christian with a four years' carikter to put up with."

During Rachel's little attempt at an *émeute*, which the appearance of Lewis had so immediately quelled, Mrs. Arundel had been eagerly perusing a letter, which she now handed to Rose, saying, with an air of triumph, "Read that, my dear."

"Good news, I hope, my dear mother, from your manner?" observed Lewis, interrogatively.

"Excellent news," replied Mrs. Arundel gaily; "Show your brother the letter, Rose. Oh! that good, kind Lady Lombard!"

Rose did as she was desired, but from the anxiety with which she scanned her brother's countenance, as he hastily ran his eye over the writing, it was evident she doubted whether the effect the letter might produce upon him would be altogether of an agreeable nature. Nor was her suspicion unfounded, for as he became acquainted with its contents, a storm-cloud gathered upon Lewis's brow. The letter was as follows:—

"MY DEAR MRS. ARUNDEL,—“To assist the afflicted, and to relieve the unfortunate, as well by the influence of the rank and station which have been graciously entrusted to me, as by the judicious employment of such pecuniary superfluity as the munificence of my poor dear late husband has placed me in a position to disburse, has always been my motto through life. The many calls of the numerous dependents on the liberality of the late lamented Sir

Pinchbeck, with constant applications from the relatives of his poor dear predecessor, (the Girkins are a very large family, and some of the younger branches have turned out shocking pickles,) reduce the charitable fund at my disposal to a smaller sum than, from the noble character of my last lamented husband's will, may generally be supposed. I am, therefore, all the more happy to be able to inform you, that, owing to the too high estimation in which my kind neighbours in and about Comfortown hold any recommendation of mine, I can, should you determine on settling near our pretty little town, promise you six pupils to begin with, and a prospect of many more should your method of imparting instruction in the delightful science of music, realise the very high expectations raised by my eulogium on your talents, vocal and instrumental. That such will be the case I cannot doubt, from my recollection of the touching manner in which, when we visited your sweet little cottage on our (alas! too happy) wedding trip, you and your dear departed, sang, at my request, that lovely thing, 'La ci darem la mano.' (What a fine voice Mr. Arundel had!) I dare say, with such a good memory as yours, you will remember how the late Sir Pinchbeck observed, that it put him in mind of the proudest moment of his life, when, at St. George's, Hanover Square, his friend the Very Reverend the Dean of Dinnerton made him the happy husband of the relict of the late John Girkin. Ah! my dear madam, we widows have to sympathise with misfortune; one does not survive two such men as the late Mr. Girkin, though he was somewhat peppery at times, and the late lamented Sir Pinchbeck Lombard, in spite of his fidgety ways and chronic cough, without feeling that a vale of tears is not desirable for a permanency. If it would be any convenience to you when you part with your cottage, (I am looking out for a tenant for it,) to stay with me for a week or ten days, I shall be happy to receive you, and would ask a few influential families to hear you sing, some evening, which might prove useful to you. Of course, I cannot expect you to part with your daughter, as she will so soon have to quit you, (I mentioned her to my friend Lady Babbycome, but she was provided with a governess) and wish you to understand my invitation extends to her also.

"I am, dear madam, ever your very sincere friend,
SARAH MATILDA LOMBARD.

"P.S. Would your son like to go to Norfolk Island for fourteen years? I think I know a way of sending him free of expense. The climate is said to produce a very beneficial effect on the English constitution; and with a salary of sixty pounds a-year, and an introduction to the best society the Island affords, a young man in your son's circumstances would scarcely be justified in refusing the post of junior secretary to the governor."

"Is the woman mad?" exclaimed Lewis impetuously, as he finished reading the foregoing letter, "or what right has she to insult us in this manner?"

"Insult us, my dear!" replied Mrs. Arundel

quickly, disregarding a deprecatory look from Rose. "Lady Lombard has answered my note informing her that I wished for musical pupils, with equal kindness and promptitude.—Mad, indeed! she is considered a very superior woman by many people, I can assure you, and her generosity and good-nature know no bounds."

"Perish such generosity!" was Lewis's angry rejoinder; "Is it not bitter enough to have one's energies cramped, one's free-will fettered by the curse of poverty, but you must advertise our wretchedness to the world; and put it in the power of a woman whose pride of purse and narrowness of mind stand forth in every line of that hateful letter, to buy a right to insult us with her patronage? You might at least have waited till you knew you had no other alternative left. What right have you to degrade me, by letting yourself down to sue for the charity of *any one*?"

"Dearest Lewis," murmured Rose, imploringly, "remember it is mamma you are speaking to."

"Rose, I do remember it; but it is the thought that it is my mother, my honoured father's widow, who, by her own imprudence, to use the mildest term, has brought this insult upon us, that maddens me."

"But, Lewis," interposed Mrs. Arundel, "I cannot understand what all this fuss is about; I see no insult; on the contrary, Lady Lombard writes as kindly——"

An exclamation of ungovernable anger burst from Lewis, and he appeared on the point of losing all self-control, when Rose, catching his eye, glanced for a moment towards her father's portrait. Well did she read the generous though fiery nature of him with whom she had to deal; no sooner did Lewis perceive the direction of her gaze, than, by a strong effort, he checked all farther expression of his feelings, and, turning towards the window, stood apparently looking out for some minutes. At length he said abruptly, "Mother, you must forgive me; I am hot and impetuous, and all this has taken me so completely by surprise. After all, it was only my affection for you and Rose which made me resent your patronizing friend's impertinent benevolence; but the fact is, I hope and believe you have been premature in asking her assistance. I have little doubt I shall succeed in obtaining a situation or employment of some kind, which will be sufficiently lucrative to prevent the necessity of your either giving up the cottage, or being separated from Rose. I have written to Frere about it, and expect to hear from him in a day or two."

"My dear boy, would you have us live here in idleness and luxury, while you are working yourself to death to enable us to do so?" said Mrs. Arundel; her affection for her son overcoming any feeling of anger which his opposition to her pet scheme had excited.

"I do not see that the working need involve my death," replied Lewis; "perhaps," he added, with a smile, "you would prefer my embracing our Lady Patroness's scheme of a fourteen years' sojourn in Norfolk Island. I think I could accomplish that

object without troubling any body: I have only to propitiate the Home Office by abstracting a few silver spoons,—and Government, in its fatherly care, would send me there free of expense, and probably introduce me to the best society the Island affords, into the bargain."

"Poor dear Lady Lombard! I must confess that part of her letter was rather absurd," returned Mrs. Arundel: "but we must talk more about this plan of yours, Lewis; I never can consent to it."

"You both can and will, my dear mother," replied Lewis, playfully but firmly; "however, we will leave this matter in abeyance till I hear from Frere."

And thus, peace being restored, they sat down to breakfast forthwith; Lewis feeling thankful that he had restrained his anger ere it had led him to say words to his mother which he would have regretted deeply afterwards, and amply repaid for any effort it might have cost him, by the bright smile and grateful pressure of the hand with which his sister rewarded him. Happy the man whose guardian angel assumes the form of such a sister and friend as Rose Arundel!

Rachel was spared the trouble of calling her young master the following morning, as, when that worthy woman, animated with the desperate courage of the leader of a forlorn hope, approached his room, determined to have him up in spite of any amount of the languages of modern Europe to which she might be exposed, she found the door open, and the bird flown; the fact being, that Lewis and Faust were taking a scamper across the country, to their mutual delectation and the alarming increase of their respective appetites. Moreover, Faust, in his ignorance of the Game Laws and the Zoology of the land of his adoption, would persist in looking for a wolf in the preserves of Squire Tilbury, and while thus engaged could not resist the temptation of killing a hare, just by way of keeping his jaws in practice; owing to which little escapade, he got his master into a row with an under-keeper, who required first knocking down, and then propitiating by a half-sovereign, before he could be brought to see the matter in a reasonable light.

This gave a little interest and excitement to his morning ramble, and Lewis returned to breakfast in a high state of health and spirits. A letter from his friend Frere awaited his arrival; it ran as follows:—

"DEAR LEWIS,—If you really mean what you say, (and you are not the man I take you to be if you don't,) I know of just the thing to suit you. The pay is above your mark, so that's all right; and as to the work—well, it has its disagreeables, that's not to be gainsayed; but life is not exactly a bed of roses—or, if it is, the thorns have got the start of the flowers nine times out of ten, as you will know before long, if you have not found it out already. In these sort of matters, (not that you know any thing about the matter yet, but I do, which is all the same,) it is half the battle to be first in the field;—*ergo*, if 300*l.* a-year will suit your complaint, get on the top of the first coach that will bring you to town, and be with me in time for dinner. I have asked a man to meet you

who knows all about the thing I have in view for you. Pray remember me to Mrs. Arundel and your sister, although I have not as yet the pleasure of their personal acquaintance. Don't get into the dolefuls, and fancy yourself a victim; depend upon it, you are nothing of the kind. Mutton on table at half-past six, and Faust is specially invited to eat the bone.

"So good-bye till we meet.

"Yours for ever and a day,

"RICHARD FRERE."

"There!" said Lewis, handing the epistle to his mother, "now that's something like a letter:—Frere's a thorough good fellow, every inch of him, and a real true friend into the bargain. I'll take whatever it is he has found for me, if it is even to black shoes all day; you and Rose shall remain here, and Lady Lombard may go to——"

"Three hundred a-year! Why, my dear Lewis, it's quite a little fortune for you!" interrupted Mrs. Arundel delightedly.

"I wonder what the situation can be," said Rose, regarding her brother with a look of affection and regret, as she thought how his proud spirit and sensitive nature unfitted him to contend with the calculating policy and keen-eyed selfishness of worldly men. Rose had of late been her father's confidante, and even adviser, in some of his matters of business, and had observed the tone of civil indifference or condescending familiarity which the denizens of Vanity Fair (as one of our cleverest contemporaries styles modern society) assume towards men of broken fortunes.

"Yes," resumed Mrs. Arundel, "as you say, Rose, What can it be! something in one of the Government offices, perhaps."

"Curator of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, and Master of the Robes to the waxwork figures, more likely," replied Lewis, laughing. "Or what say you to a civic appointment? Mace-bearer to the Lord Mayor, for instance; though I believe it requires a seven years' apprenticeship to eating turtle soup and venison to entitle one to such an honour. Seriously, though, if Frere wishes me to take it, I will, whatever it may be, after all his kindness to me, and Faust too. Faust, *mein kind!* here's an invitation for you, and a mutton bone in prospect—hold up your head, my dog, you are come to honour." And thus Lewis rattled on, partly because the ray of sunshine that gleamed on his darkened fortunes had sufficed to raise his naturally buoyant spirits, and partly to prevent the possibility of his mother offering any effectual resistance to his wish—or, more properly speaking, his resolution—to devote himself to the one object of supporting her and Rose in their present position.

It was well for the success of his scheme that Mrs. Arundel had, on the strength of the 300*l.* per annum, allowed her imagination to depict some distinguished appointment (of what nature she had not the most distant notion), which, with innumerable prospective advantages, was about to be submitted to her son's consideration. Dazzled by this brilliant phantom, she

allowed herself to be persuaded to write a civil rejection of Lady Lombard's patronage; and took leave of her son with an April face, in which, after a short struggle, the smiles had it all their own way.

Rose neither laughed nor cried, but she clung to her brother's neck (standing on tiptoe to do it, for she was so good, every bit of her, that Nature could not afford to make a very tall woman out of such precious materials), and whispered to him, in her sweet, silvery voice, if he should not quite like this appointment, or if he ever for a moment wished to change his plan, how very happy it would make her to be allowed to go out and earn money by teaching, just for a few years, till they grew richer; and Lewis pressed her to his heart, and loved her so well for saying it, ay, and meaning it too, that he felt he would die rather than let her do it. And so two people who cared for each other more than for all the world beside, parted, having, after a three years' separation, enjoyed each other's society for two days. Not that there was anything remarkable in this,—it being a notorious though inexplicable fact, that the more we like a person, the less we are certain to see of him.

Having wearied our brain in the vain endeavour to find a reason for this phenomenon, we should feel greatly indebted to any philosophical individual who would write a treatise on "The perversity of remote contingencies, and the aggravating nature of things in general," whereby some light might be thrown upon this obscure subject. We recommend the matter more particularly to the notice of the British Association of Science.

And having seated Lewis on the box of a real good old-fashioned stage coach (alas! that, Dodo-like, the genus should be all but extinct, and nothing going, now-a-days, but those wonderful, horrible, convenient, stupendous nuisances, railroads; rattling, with their "resonant steam-eagles," as Mrs. Browning calls the locomotives), with Faust between his knees, apparently studying with the air of a connoisseur the "get up" of a spanking team of greys, we will leave him to prosecute his journey to London; reserving for another chapter the adventures which befel him in the modern Babylon.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

"SINCE trifles make the sum of human things," it cannot be altogether unbecoming the dignity of humanity for us to talk about them and think about them occasionally—ay, and to talk and think about them somewhat seriously; as, with the concurrence of the reader, the present writer is about to do.

In the first place, What is a "trifle?" Oh for some sharp-witted youngster, like Shakspeare's Moth, to whom I might say, "Define, define, well educated infant;" with a certainty of receiving such a definition in reply, as should make the reader merrier, if not wiser. But there are no *boys* now. The male human being of this generation is either a child or a young man; and that blessed period of boyhood is denied it. More's the pity, for a true boy is a

charming animal—high-spirited, intelligent, apt, daring, droll, and the farthest thing possible from a dull adult, or a thoughtless child. In short, I like a boy; and instead of assenting to the proposition of the cynic, who declared that “a boy is the link between monkey and man,” I set up this rival proposition of my own, that “a boy is more nearly akin to heaven than a man.” I will even back my assertion with the high authority of Wordsworth:—

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth who farther from the East
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.”

These observations in praise of a boy, I feel bound in conscience to prefix to what I have to say on the subject of trifles, because there is no denying the fact that a boy is “a thing of no moment, of no account,” in society; and as that is the definition which the dictionary at my side gives of the word *Trifle*, it follows that a boy is a mere trifle among men.

At the head of my list of trifles therefore stands—A Boy. Every careful calculator will perceive that this trifle is of some importance prospectively, for “the boy is father to the man.” Look well, then to the nurture and treatment and propensities of the mere boy, if you would have an active manly life follow his trifling boyish existence.

A book is often given as “a trifle,” which proves to be of mighty import to the receiver. Such a trifle has aroused genius within a child; has brought truth home to the erring man; has awakened the dead conscience; softened the hard heart; and made the wicked pause in their career, and turn back. How often has a book, “a trifling present” or “purchase,” refreshed the weary, solaced the wretched, strengthened the weak, and made glad the careworn!

A flower is a trifle; but the captive's “Picciola” will tell you how important a one it may become, even in our unfigurative western regions; and if you would know how vast a meaning Eastern nations find in these “stars of the earth,” read Hafiz and Sadi, and the Arabian, Hindoo, and Chinese tales.

A song is emphatically a trifle—“a mere song,” yet with such a trifle have whole armies and nations been moved. Tyrtaeus and Pindar, Roland, Burns, Goethe, and a hundred others, can show us how strong a lever to raise the heart of man is one little song. Or, go and see what Rouget de Lisle has done with his “Marseillaise.” No trifle that, though such a trifle has produced it.

Certain habits, that are reckoned the veriest trifles in themselves, make us feel their true importance by their results at the middle or latter end of life. Punctuality, for instance. What a trifle, not worth speaking about, does it seem for a man to be five minutes beyond the appointed time! And yet that trifling five

minutes may contain the pivot on which his future fortune turns. To have a habit of being punctual, is no contemptible addition to the trifling outfit of education and capital with which a young man begins the world; it is as good as a hundred pounds in his pocket-book: and to be without that habit is a great hindrance to getting on in the world; in many cases it is an insuperable obstacle, trifle as it seems. Then there are the habits of early rising—plain and moderate diet—never putting off till to-morrow what should be done to day—speedy acknowledgment and answering of letters; these, and many other little habits are among the trifles which are of importance. They are, as it were, the iron tacks and brass-headed nails by which the fabric of our character is held together, and made firm and trustworthy, so that our fellow-creatures can place confidence in it and depend upon it. Such seeming trifles constitute great part of the difference between barbarians and civilized nations; so that we may consider a man who despises all these trifles, or who cannot see the utility of them, as little better than a barbarian, let him be never so brave and noble and clever. Barbarians are often very fine fellows.

In one view of the matter, all things temporal are trifling or unimportant—not absolutely and *per se*, but relatively. The falling of a stone into a pond, and of an apple from a tree, are not in themselves very noteworthy or important phenomena; but Archimedes learned the great principles of hydrostatics from the former insignificant circumstance; and the fall of an empire would have been a trifle compared with the fall of an apple, on a certain autumn evening, to the meditative mind of Isaac Newton.

In what relates to the feelings and imagination, the slightest things are often invested with quite unlooked for importance, and the psychologist is not surprised at the apparent inadequacy of the cause to the production of the effect. “Trifles light as air,” a mere word, a gesture, a glance, things impalpable and imponderable, have been known to weigh heavier than much tonnage and poundage. They have borne down many a stout heart, and stopped its true pulsation for a time; and some they have crushed for ever—that is to say, for the *ever* of our mortal life, in which most things are an illusion, and we set our affections upon vanity, and disquiet ourselves in vain. Hearts that have been numbed and motionless with the painful pressure of such “trifles” for long years of mortal life, have waited patiently till the beautiful angel of death came to bear them to the happy world of wisdom and truth. There the elastic human heart springs up from beneath that direful load, and “Behold how light a thing it was!”

Do not let us be above caring for trifles: often they are the only things in our power. It does not fall to the lot of every man to write an Iliad, to discover a hemisphere, to save a nation from ruin, or to lead it onwards towards virtue and civilization; but all men can utter the “soft answer” that “turneth away wrath;” all can find out something in which they can

add to the pleasure or profit of another, all can give sympathy, true tears or kind smiles to the sorrowful or joyful heart. "A word spoken in season, how good is it!" How good—but what a trifle! Take care of the trifles, and the grand things will take care of themselves. He that shows himself a good economiser and manager in small things, will be the better prepared to deal with larger matters. Jean Paul has taught us to value all trifling blessings, for, says he, "a hidden treasure is not of so much account as the penny for a rainy day; and Plutus's heaps are often less than his handfuls," which means, in plain English, Trifles are things of importance. J. M. W.

"A FURNISHED COTTAGE TO BE LET."

"LISTEN to this advertisement, which I have just been writing," said Clara Worthington to her sister Jane and their younger brother William:—

"*A Furnished Cottage to be let, for three or four months; situated within two miles of Piccadilly, in a quiet lane surrounded by nursery-grounds. It is enclosed in a pretty garden, and is not overlooked from the road. A small greenhouse attached to the house; accommodation for a horse and chaise, and almost grass enough to feed a pony. References and terms, &c. &c.*"

"Do you think that will do, Jenny?"

"I dare say it is quite right; but that is a very bald account of this dear pretty place," replied Jane, springing out of the window into the verandah, to take a comprehensive view of the little domain. "It gives no idea of the extreme beauty of our little nest. Does it, William?"

"Every bird thinks its own nest beautiful," replied William, sententiously; "but give me the advertisement, Clara dear, if I *must* take it to the 'Times' office; for I should be off," he added, looking very *affairé* for sixteen; "so, good bye, girls. Take care of yourselves; and expect me back by six."

Jane ran with him to the gate, and then returned to the parlour, where her sister Clara was sitting, lost in thought. As Jane approached, Clara said, "If the advertisement be inserted in to-morrow's paper, depend upon it we shall have a host of answers the next day. Eh! sister Jenny? I begin to feel anxious about the people who——"

"Yes," interrupted Jane; "I dare say there will be a host of answers;—and the day after, there will be a host of people come here, to run about the house and make rude remarks upon our dear old-fashioned furniture. And the children will scamper all over the garden, and pick the flowers, and trample on the beds. However, I will take care that they shall not go near William's flowers; for I will have Dido chained under the walnut-tree. Oh, Clara, I cannot bear the idea of letting our house!—it is such a *desecration of the Lares*, as poor papa would have said. Every one says that no good ever comes of letting a furnished house."

"But how is it that every one does it, then?" asked Clara, smiling.

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"Because we are all more inclined to do evil than to do good, I suppose," replied her sister. "But, seriously, Clara, the thought of giving up our house to strangers, for three or four months, is very painful to me."

"What else can we do? Dr. B—— says that you and William both want sea-air and horse-exercise. We cannot pay for them unless we let the cottage; at least, I can see no other way by which it can be done," said Clara, looking at her sister gravely.

"No! you are quite right, I am sure, dearest. We all want change of air, especially William. I wish he were not to be an artist: the horrid air of that studio is enough to kill him. However, his *maestro* will not alter that. Old Mrs. West told me, yesterday, that if William were *her* boy she should send him to the sea-side directly; this Brompton air is too warm and relaxing for him. Yes, Clara, we must hope the best from the advertisement. Who knows?—It may produce some amusement. Yes!—it will certainly bring forth some fun; for you may be sure we shall have *bien de belles carieuses* come to answer the advertisement. People of all sorts and conditions;—grand, absurd, silly, ridiculous, rich, poor, tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, ploughboy—thief, perhaps! Think of that!"

"May we not also have beautiful, clever, and charming applicants?" asked Clara; "the generous, the wise, the good?"

"Certainly. But in that case I should lose my heart; and it would not sound well to lose one's heart to—a lodger. No, I am determined to find them all disagreeable."

"*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*," said Clara, as she sat down to the piano, while Jane went out of the room to help Phœbe with the raspberry-jam which that invaluable maid-of-all-work was preparing for their winter store.

Clara, Jane, and William Worthington were orphans. Clara was just six-and-twenty; Jane, nineteen; and William, sixteen. They were all much attached to each other, and lived together on two hundred a-year, in the above-named "furnished cottage," at old Brompton. It was their own property, left to them by their father, a London physician. They had all been born in Elm Cottage, and their parents had died there. Every piece of furniture, every trifle, whether of use or of ornament, about the eight rooms of the house, was associated with some affectionate remembrance;—each poker was connected with some joke,—each hat-peg with some loving recollection; the chairs brought up long-forgotten fancies between their arms; and behind the folds of every curtain was hidden the spirit of a bygone pleasure. It was natural enough that Clara should be grave; that Jane should declare how much she hated the thought of leaving home; and that all their acquaintances should say, when they heard what was in project,—"Dear me! I wonder the young Worthingtons can think of letting that sweet little place of theirs!"

Clara was a staid, matronly person for her age;

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circumstances had conspired with nature to form her thus. She was born grave and prudent, and circumstances had thrust more gravity and prudence upon her. Her mother died when she was eighteen, and she then became mistress of her father's household, and a mother to her sister and brother. Her father died two years before the date of this story; and since that period she had managed all the business of the family. She was handsome, and, during her father's life, had gone into society; but she seemed to rejoice when, after his death, the narrowness of their income shut them out from the round of parties and visiting to which she had been accustomed. Her manners were always quiet; and she was considered by most of her acquaintance as an excellent but uninteresting person. There were some, however, who thought that, for strength of mind, industry, and unobtrusive talent, few young women could compare with Clara Worthington; still it was agreed, on all hands, that Clara was not *amiable*. Why was this? Most people said that she was too cold-hearted and too proud to be amiable. Yet why did these very same people think her *estimable*?

Jane was of a bright, impulsive character; with a *piquant* face and lively manners. She had the strongest affection for her sister and brother, and such gaiety of disposition that she was a dispeller of all sadness. Clara's soberness was often a trial to Jane, but then she could shake off her vapours by singing, or by gardening with William. William was rather like Jane in character, only not so mercurial or so graceful. William was a great observer of all things: Jane never observed anything that did not interest her; but her powers of perception were keen and quick where her feelings were concerned. William had a little dry humour; Jane loved fun, and was a little too fond of the ridiculous. They were the best friends in the world, and strove with each other which should love and honour Clara the most.

William Worthington was pupil to a celebrated artist who had been his father's friend. His constitution was not strong, and by too close application to painting he had induced a general debility, which Dr. B——, their medical man, desired to see removed as soon as possible, and he had therefore ordered him to the sea-side. Clara had at once decided that they must let their cottage; and advertized it accordingly.

On the following morning, before going to town, William brought in the "Times," that his sisters might see the advertisement. After it had been read aloud, and speculated on, William departed, and the sisters were left alone.

"Phoebe tells me, Clara dear, that the Maurices' house is being renovated; perhaps *that* is going to be let too,—or, do you think," she added, stealing a glance at Clara, as she was arranging the books in a *cheffonier*,—"or is it likely that the Maurices are coming to live here again?"

Clara did not stop in her work, but replied, "I should think it very likely that they are coming to

England. They have been away three years. I should not think they would let their house."

"It will be pleasant to have them back in the neighbourhood. Do not you think so, Clara?"

"It will be pleasant enough for the neighbourhood, I dare say," said Clara; "but as we hope not to belong to it for the next three or four months, it cannot make much difference to us, Jenny."

"Not for three or four months, but—*après*?"

"Why, if I know anything of Mrs. Maurice, she will not remain in any place longer than that time. The Maurices will spend the winter at Brighton."

"How do you know that?" asked Jane.

"Because I had a letter from George yesterday, in which he told me so. They are going to have part of a house with his mother."

"Oh! you and George still correspond, do you?" asked Jane, curiously.

"Certainly, Jenny; because you were not inclined to receive him as a lover, I was not inclined to lose him as a friend. George is an excellent creature, although *some* bright eyes may not have the gift to see it *yet*."

Jenny made a grimace, and said, "Yes!—No, nor ever!"

"Well! I will not have you make faces at my friends," said Clara, laughing; "George Selby is under my protection."

"Oh, very well, I will treat him with the greatest respect when you are near! But how about the Maurices, Clara?"

"We can have nothing to do with the Maurices," said Clara, gravely.

"I do not see why! We are poor, and they are rich; but that is no reason why!" Jane looked up, and found that Clara had left the room. "What is it, I wonder, which makes Clara dislike the Maurices?—She used to be so much with them, I remember; and papa was greatly attached to Mr. Maurice. I should like to know the meaning of Clara's change. I do not like unreasonable changes," mused Jane; and while she was musing, Phoebe came into the room with a large tray full of pots of raspberry jam, which she said must "be tied up *immediate*." "And, if you please, Miss Jane!" added Phoebe, "would you mind making the pie for to-day's dinner?—I have determined to clean out the verandah thoroughly to-day, as I shouldn't like the strangers to find anything not quite in the best order about the place. We haven't got as many hands here as they have at the Maurices', to be sure; but I'll warrant I make our little place look as well as their big one; and a deal more snug and coey," continued Phoebe, taking a corner of her apron to wipe a fly-spot from the window. "I suppose," she added, in a low tone, "Miss Clara knows that the family is expected back?"

"Yes, Phoebe; but that does not seem to affect her in any way."

"Lor, child! How you talk!—Seem!—Just as if any on us could tell what affects Miss Clara, when she has a mind that you shouldn't;—any hows, it's a

lucky thing that we're a-going to the sea-side, out of the way of them *wampyres*!"

"Vampyres!" exclaimed Jane; "what do you mean?"

"Oh! never mind what I mean, miss; I ain't a wery good un at elerquence, but a wampyre's a wampyre; and afore her face or behind her back I'd say it (if I was being martyrsed for it at the stake), there ain't a bigger wampyre going, than Mrs. Herbert Maurice!!! No! there ain't a more mealy-mouthed, soft-spoken, cunning, hard-hearted, gaiety-loving wampyre than that lady, whose name I won't demean myself by saying any more."

Jane stood transfixed between astonishment and amusement; but her love of the ridiculous prevailed, and she began to laugh; while Phoebe went out of the room to calm her indignation by scolding Dick, her satellite, who cleaned the knives and weeded the garden.

On the following day a number of letters were forwarded to "C. W." (Miss Worthington,) in answer to her advertisement, inquiring terms, &c. Clara, in her business-like way, sent each of the applicants a copy of the letter containing all necessary particulars, which she had prepared in answer to such inquiries, and appointed two days during which the cottage might be seen.

Jane having made up her mind that sea-air would be of great advantage to William, was eager to assist Phoebe and Clara in their endeavours to make the cottage look to the best advantage; while Dick and William, with the assistance of the hired gardener, made the greenhouse and the garden look so beautiful, that Jane could not enjoy the idea of leaving it to strangers. The poor girl was sadly tormented between her wish that every one should admire the place, and her regret that they were to leave it. On the morning of their first *reception-day*, William announced his determination to stay at home all day. "Not," he protested, "that he was curious about the people who were coming, but Mr. Crosby (his *master*) had recommended him to do so, because his sisters ought to have some *man* about them, when so many strangers were invading their home."

"Now, Jenny," continued he, in answer to her laugh at the word *man*, "I know I am only a boy of sixteen, but I am the best man among us; and so you must put up with me for the nonce. Or, if you do not think I shall be wanted, why——"

"Nonsense! I would not be without you for the world," replied Jane; "depend upon it, we shall have some rude people, and if they see that we have a coat belonging to us——"

"A jacket, you mean."

"Well, a jacket—and that its wearer is a youth of five feet eleven——"

"Six feet, if you please, Miss Jenny; I was measured last week."

"Of six feet, then," continued Jane, "with tolerably broad shoulders, and a pretty budding moustache, it is likely they may refrain from impertinence."

"It is very likely indeed!" added William, as he drew himself up, and arranged his collar before the glass, in the fashion of a dandy of sixteen; while Jane looked on, in approval of her brother's personal appearance. It must be admitted that he was a handsome, manly youth.

"There goes the bell!" exclaimed William. "Let me peep out of the window and see who comes:—Dick is opening the gate,—enter two ladies and a gentleman;—while Dick is trying to spell the name on the card they have given him, they are looking round the garden."

"Let me see!" said Jane. "Oh!—father, mother, and daughter, I suppose;—daughter pretty."

"No!" returned William. "Husband, wife, and mother-in-law. Wife sets up for a beauty, but is *not* one. But, let us sit down; and, pray, be found in some useless, lady-like employment, Jenny. I long to see how Clara will get on!"

Phoebe brought up a card—"Mrs. Colonel Stark," read William, looking over Clara's shoulder.

"Show them up!" said Miss Worthington; but they had not waited to be shown up. Mrs. Colonel Stark had opened the door of the breakfast-room, into which they had been shut by Phoebe; and had come up-stairs *sans cérémonie*, with her companions, and the whole party was in the middle of the drawing-room as Clara pronounced her order. She was somewhat astonished; but, before she could rise and invite them to take a seat, the elder lady began to walk about the room, speaking all the time, and occasionally staring at the Worthingtons.

"We called in answer to your note, ma'am—Mrs. Colonel Stark—you see, ma'am!" pointing to her card. "Your terms suit us very well. We like the situation too;" dragging back the curtain to get a better view of the garden. "Your grounds are pretty, too:—I think this room will do, Fanny?" turning to the younger lady who accompanied her.

"It's very small, mamma!" drawled the young lady, as she sank upon a sofa, and surveyed the room and everything in it through her eye-glass; at length she dropped her glance upon Clara, and said, with a lisp of the most childish kind, "The *drawing-room* is larger and more stylish, I suppose?"

"This is our drawing-room, and we have nothing stylish about our house;" replied Clara, with a *non-chalance* that effectually silenced the lisping lady.

Mrs. Colonel Stark then seated herself at the piano, without asking permission, and discovered that it was an excellent one; whereupon she said, "Pretty good!" and, turning round upon the music-stool, she faced the company with one twirl, and began to examine the room again. It was one of those simple, old-fashioned, yet elegant and comfortable rooms, in which a person of fine taste, whatever might be his rank, would feel at home. Nothing was splendid, but all was in good taste, and bore the stamp of the *genius loci*. It was just such a room as Mrs. Colonel Stark had never inhabited, and could not appreciate; yet she felt an indescribable something, as her eyes

glanced rapidly around, that forbade her to think that the room was vulgar or inelegant; and the appearance of the Worthington family, together with Clara's cold dignity, put it out of her power to behave as she was in the habit of behaving to people who let lodgings or houses. "Well, my dear Blake!" she said, addressing the gentleman who had accompanied them, "what do you think of this room?"

"I think it's tasty, and countrified, and all that," he replied, staring at Jane with marked approbation. That young lady, quite unconscious of his gaze, was making a rapid caricature of the whole party, under pretence of continuing a drawing which was before her.

Mrs. Colonel Stark, as soon as she saw how "dear Blake" was occupied, tried to divert his attention, and requested to see the bed-rooms. Clara rose to lead the way; Mrs. Stark and "Fanny" followed;—the gentleman was inclined to remain where he was, but Mrs. Colonel Stark called out, "Now, Blake, we want you!"—and he was obliged to follow her.

When William and Jane were left alone, the former uttered the word "Puppy!" while the latter held up her sketch in triumph.

"A puppy!—Is he? I did not notice him much; I must examine him. My impression is that he is nearly an idiot."

"Why, my dear, he has done nothing but stare at you the whole time!" said William, swelling with rage.

"I dare say he takes me for a piece of the furniture," said Jane, laughing. "But here are some more people come to see the house. Two gentlemen and an old lady,—distinguished-looking men. I am sure I have seen one of them before. Who is that—the taller one—who is looking up at the house so eagerly? Do you not know him, William? I am sure I remember the face."

"I think I must have seen him before. Why, Jenny!—I do believe it is young Maurice!"

"Mr. Herbert Maurice, who used to send me *bons*, and let you ride his horse?"

"Yes. What a fine handsome fellow he is, by Jove!" exclaimed the boy, with the enthusiastic approval which we commonly vouchsafe to merit akin to our own, or which we fondly suppose to be so. "He used to be very kind to me when I was a child. I wonder whether he will remember me now?"

"Do you know, William, I fancy Clara will not be pleased at any of the Maurice family coming here to hire the house. I am sure she has taken a dislike to the whole family."

"Dislike the Maurices! Impossible, my dear child! I am sure they were great favourites of hers once," said William, with energy.

"Humph," said Jane, musingly; "Clara does not change her opinion without cause. I wonder why Phoebe, who knows everything, calls old Mrs. Maurice a '*wampyre*.'"

William gave vent to a loud laugh, just at the moment when Phoebe opened the door, and ushered in

the two gentlemen and the lady whom they had observed from the window.

The last-mentioned personage ought, in due deference to her age and sex, to be mentioned first. She was a quiet, slow-moving woman, of about sixty. Her figure was tall, and she had the remains of great personal beauty. She entered the room without examining the furniture, but glided up to Jane, and took a seat beside her, looking with a curious sort of interest into her face. Jane, who did not know Mrs. Maurice, and who had taken it for granted that this lady must be she, sustained her scrutiny with a pretty, half-pleased sort of embarrassment. She felt that those mild grey eyes would judge her favourably; and she was glad to be an object of interest to an old friend of her father. She held the card which she had taken from Phoebe, but she did not look at it; there was no occasion to do that; for she was certain that the lady-like but somewhat awful-looking woman beside her was—"the *wampyre*!" A multitude of vague thoughts and feelings passed through her mind, all connected with this person, who seemed to have some sort of mysterious influence on her sister, but whose presence had an irresistible charm for her; so that she did not turn away from her gaze, but met it with one of her bright smiles.

The two gentlemen, in the meantime, stood looking, the one at the various articles in the room, the other at a picture of Clara, taken some years previously. The latter was the gentleman whom William Worthington had recognised as Mr. Herbert Maurice. He advanced a step or two, with outstretched hand, to greet the friend of his childhood, but he had not boldness enough to proceed, when he found that Mr. Maurice had not observed him;—he stopped in the awkward attitude of one who is ashamed of being precipitate, for fear he should be thought impertinent. He was baffled, and retired to a window to look into the garden and try to think "young Maurice" *rude*.

"Young Maurice" was a good specimen of an English gentleman; tall, with a finely-proportioned figure, in which it was difficult to decide whether strength or elegance predominated; his bearing was imposing from its simple dignity, and attractive from its unassuming repose. His every movement was striking, from its perfect decision and ease. A fool, a knave, a slave, or a tyrant, could not stand or walk like Herbert Maurice; for high intelligence and principle, noble self-reliance, and deference to others, were legible in his whole bearing. His face was by no means what is termed handsome, though the brow and eyes were good. It was bronzed a little by travel, and worn a little by study, or sorrow, or sickness; but it was not a solemn, or sentimental, or melancholy countenance. The eyes were full of thought, even when he smiled; and the mouth never lost its unmistakable curve of feeling, even when he was most business-like. As he stood looking at the portrait of Clara Worthington, his *first*, his *only* love, the poetic upper-lip that trembled with emotion was a strange contrast to the steadfast, somewhat haughty and ob-

stinate attitude into which he had drawn up his stately form to confront her. Again he looked into those bright, kind eyes, and admired the skill of the painter who had contrived to unite in his picture the womanly dignity, and the frank, girlish beauty, which were so characteristic of Clara at twenty, when she was "the starlight of his boyhood," the embodied ideal of noble womanhood,—beside whom all other girls, however pretty or charming in the eyes of others, were in his "mere girls," and mostly "inane" and "little misish." Clara was a woman—

"Nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, to command."

Mr. Herbert Maurice had not looked at the portrait many seconds before his attitude lost its haughty stiffness, and he could have thrown himself on his knees before it. He could not believe, when he looked on that broad, noble head, so graciously inclined to commune with the spectator, that Clara had ever deceived any one. He could not believe that such eyes belonged to a heartless and cold nature. "A vain coquet!" he thought within himself; "impossible!—she could not be a *living lie*, and look like truth itself. Let me think that I have been a fool, a madman, anything, so that I may never more doubt that Clara was, and is, all that woman should be! But what is that to me, now? She is lost to me for ever!" And he turned slowly away.

The room was little altered since he had seen it last. His quick eye had recognised Clara's brother and sister on entering the room; but he had not stopped to consider them, for his memory had carried him at once to the picture, at the execution of which he had presided, and which still hung in the old place. There, too, was the couch opposite to it, on which he used to recline that he might see the face he loved best in the world whenever he looked up. On that couch lay working materials, and a small box which he knew to be Clara's. How mechanically he bent to take up that little plaything of former days! As he was about to grasp it, he heard some one address him; and he stood up once more erect, and apparently unmoved.

"Herbert! Have you forgotten your promise to introduce me? However, I cannot be mistaken," continued the old lady, who had been engaged in exchanging a few words with Jane. "This young lady is Miss Worthington?"

"Not yet, madam, I believe!" replied Mr. Herbert Maurice, with a peculiar smile. "Miss Worthington is not in the room; and I myself stand in need of an introduction to this lady, I fear; although," he added, with a bow to Jane, "I remember *her* perfectly, in spite of the absence of a straw hat and a pinafore."

"I remember Mr. Herbert Maurice's *bon bons* very distinctly; and my recollection of himself is scarcely more dim," replied Jane, laughingly; and she held out her hand to him. She was sorry for having done so, directly afterwards;—perhaps Clara did not wish them to become intimate with the Maurices; she might have been civil without being cordial; and poor

Jane was vexed with herself for not being cold in her manner.

"This lady, madam, is Miss Jane Worthington.—Miss Jane Worthington, Mrs. Selby."

The surprise of the two ladies was mutual; for now Mrs. Selby recognised her son's description of his lady love. Jane, indeed, was incautious enough to show her surprise on her countenance. Mrs. Selby said, with a smile, "Who did you fancy I was?"

"I—I thought you were Mrs. Maurice," said Jane.

"Indeed! I thought you knew her."

"No! During the time that Mrs. Maurice used to visit here, I was in Scotland."

"It was in Scotland that my son had the honour of making your acquaintance, I believe," returned Mrs. Selby, with a look which made Jane turn her eyes away, and wish that this very delightful old lady were not George Selby's mother.

Mrs. Selby, seeing that the name of her son embarrassed her new acquaintance, began to speak of the object of her visit. "You know, perhaps, my dear young lady, that my old friends the Maurices are returning to their house in this neighbourhood. My eldest daughter has lately married young Maurice, here;" waving her hand towards the part of the room where her two companions stood talking to William. "The young couple wish to get a furnished house, for a few months, near Maurice-court;—we saw your advertisement in the 'Times,' and answered it, without any suspicion that the house advertised was that of a family whose name I have heard so often. We should like—that is, my daughter and her husband would very much like—to take this house for the time specified; but they will regret your absence from the neighbourhood very much."

Jane bowed, and said that they wished to remove to the sea-side on account of their brother's health. She proceeded to say that her sister Clara was at that moment engaged with some persons who had, like Mrs. Selby, come to see their cottage.

"Oh! my dear, pray do not let her decide in their favour, until she has listened to the claim of an old acquaintance. Maurice will be so vexed to lose it, I am sure. Though he says little, I can see, by the expression of his face, that he wants to have the house; and Mary would be charmed with this delightful room, and the appearance of the whole place. It is a perfect bijou!"

(To be continued.)

TWO CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF THE MARÉCHAL D'ANCRE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

EVERY student of French history is familiar with the fact, that when upon the death of Henry IV. his widow, Marie de Medicis, induced the Parliament of Paris to invest her with unlimited powers during the regency which devolved upon her from the minority of her young son, Louis XIII., she selected as her prime minister a Florentine gentleman named Concino

Concini, who had accompanied her to France at the period of her marriage, and who was the husband of Leonora Galigai, her foster-sister. His first appointment at court had been that of principal equerry and maitre d'hôtel to the queen, and even in that comparatively subordinate post he soon drew down upon himself the hatred and jealousy of all the national nobility by his haughtiness and assumption; but it was far worse when, on the death of Henry, all the influence possessed both by his wife and himself over the mind of their royal mistress, became fully revealed. With the craft peculiar to his country, the Florentine, who suddenly found himself both Marshal of France and Governor of Normandy, profited by the dissensions which were rife among the ministers and the more powerful of the nobles, to aggravate by every means in his power the feuds which already required no extraneous aliment; while, from his having during the lifetime of Henry IV. been in the confidence of both sovereigns, he had acquired a moral power over the queen which rendered her plastic in his hands; and the indignation of the grandees of the court reached its climax when they saw him selected as the constant companion of the moody boy-king.

Nor was his wife less obnoxious than himself to those whom she had supplanted; and when she first kissed hands as Madame la Maréchale d'Ancre, there was a sneer upon the lip of every court-lady who could venture to exhibit her disgust beyond the ken of the queen. But little recked the arrogant favourite, as she thus established her precedence over some of the best blood in France, how many cheeks might flush with hatred, or how many hearts might swell with mortification.

No wonder that both the Marshal and his wife believed themselves to be beyond the reach of fate. Admitted to the most intimate privacy of Marie de Medicis, herself absolute in power; bending her haughty spirit to their will, and standing beside the very steps of the throne; they thought only of self-aggrandisement, and of the overthrow of all those obstacles by which it was retarded. To one lasting mortification, however, even Concini was subjected. The sword of Constable of France, the highest dignity in the kingdom, had been bestowed upon Charles Albert de Luynes, the chosen friend of Louis XIII. during the life of his father; and he shared with the boy-king a hatred of the marshal, which was at once bitter and deep-seated. As years wore on, the disgust of the young monarch was increased by the contrast which he could not fail to feel, between the almost penury to which he was himself condemned, and the ostentatious magnificence of the Florentine favourite; nor was it long ere he permitted himself to betray his sentiments.

CHAPTER I.

THE GAME AT BILLIARDS.

It was in 1616. The Maréchal d'Ancre had just recovered from the effects of a wound received during the suppression of the confederated princes; and

Marie de Medicis had determined that his convalescence should be celebrated by a public reception, known at that period as "the king's game." This gambling upon a great scale had originally been introduced into the court-circle by Henry III. and was too congenial to the tastes of the often needy, and always avaricious, courtiers, to fall readily into disuse. Louis at this period inhabited the palace of the Louvre, and the whole scene was magnificent. The façade of the building was brilliantly illuminated by the light of the massive chandeliers which were visible through the unshuttered windows. In the centre of the grand saloon stood the royal billiard-table, the only one at which etiquette permitted the king to play. It was supported by ponderous pedestals of ebony incrustated with ivory in quaint devices, and the surface was of fine cloth, fastened by nails with golden heads. Ranged about the apartment were a great number of tables prepared for the games of *sixte partie*, and *prime*, the favourite diversion of the queen-mother; while in a distant corner, where the noise of the dice could not interfere with the amusement of those who preferred a more quiet pastime, backgammon boards were displayed, about which many courtly gamesters were already collected. But although the great saloon, the guard-room by which it was approached, and the grand gallery, were alike crowded with groups of brilliant cavaliers and noble dames, no play was as yet going forward; and even the different conversations which were carried on, were only indulged in suppressed tones. Every thing, however, gave promise of a splendid entertainment. Bassompierre, Pinetti, Dagéant, Richelieu, then Bishop of Luçon, and a host of the adherents of Concini were grouped together, and the name of the Maréchal was upon every lip. It was known that the fête had been instituted in his honour, and his star was consequently in the ascendant. The Connétable de Luynes, on his entrance, met only with averted eyes, or chilling salutations; but as the sight of some sealed despatches lying upon a side-table assured him that the king was expected to join the circle, he controlled his indignation, and affected to be unconscious of the coldness of those about him.

A sudden indisposition of Anne of Austria, the young queen, had detained Louis, but Marie de Medicis was momentarily expected; and meanwhile, the assembled courtiers amused themselves by watching for the arrival of the hero of the night. Suddenly, the clashing of spurs and the dragging of swords along the brightly-waxed floor of the guard-room were heard, the door was flung back by the usher on duty, and the Maréchal d'Ancre, followed by a train of more than a hundred gentlemen, entered with a loud laugh. He looked paler and thinner than usual, but more haughty and arrogant than ever; his power had reached its culminating point; and there was a cold light in his eye which flashed defiance upon all on whom it rested.

In an instant every group was in movement; feathered caps swept the floor, words of courtly

congratulation were uttered, and even tears of rapture and enthusiasm were shed in honour of the occasion.

"How now!" he asked imperiously; "What means this inaction? I came here to play, and I find you all contenting yourselves by merely looking at the cards and dice. Where on earth are the royalties? It is too dark for a game at soldiers, or I might seek for the king in the courtyard of the Tuilleries."

The Comn table shrugged his shoulders, but disdained to notice the impertinence, which he felt was directed against himself.

"Room! room!" pursued Concini, as he made his way towards the table upon which the despatches had been placed, and flung himself insolently into the arm-chair which was reserved for the monarch, where he began to fan himself with the plumes of his hat; "I am literally so heated by your somewhat boisterous welcome that I can scarcely breathe. Usher, give me air. Throw back one of those windows."

"What is this, sir?" he inquired of a state-secretary who was standing beside the table, to receive the commands of the king. "Despatches from the army, I imagine—" and, drawing the papers towards him, he glanced rapidly over the superscription. "Ha! I thought as much; and now we will see what is going forward yonder."

In the next instant he had broken the seals, and was reading the contents of the violated packet, while every eye was riveted upon him in astonishment. "Nothing could be better!" he exclaimed as he at length looked up; when the first object which met his gaze was the dowager-queen, gorgeously attired, with her fine figure drawn to its utmost height, her arms folded upon her breast, and her large dark eyes dilated in indignant wonder at his audacity.

"You are courageous, Mar chal," said Marie de Medicis, in an accent of cutting coldness.

"I am not singular, Madam," smiled the favourite, as he rose; "All the subjects of your royal son are equally anxious to serve the interests of his glory. Rethel is taken, Madam."

"Ha! Do you hear this, my lords?" asked Marie, disarmed in a moment by the happy intelligence; "Rethel is ours!"

"And I, Madam, have secured the enviable privilege of announcing this welcome news to your majesty:" and, as the Mar chal spoke, he bent his knee gracefully before his royal mistress; "I, who perhaps rejoice more than any other of your subjects to greet you with happy tidings. Here is the despatch, Madam.—I was told recently," he added in an under tone as he extended the packet; "that I had lost your favour: but I know that such is not the case, for I bring victory with me."

"Truly, Madame la Mar chale," said the dowager-queen with a smile, as she turned to her foster-sister, who was standing close behind her; "it is impossible to retain one's displeasure against him. Come, mad-cap," and she held her hand towards him, which he pressed respectfully to his lips; "that attitude will irritate your wound."

"While this scene was passing, the sound of billiard-balls had echoed through the vast saloon, as they were violently struck, and fell at intervals with a smothered sound into the pockets; but the noise had been unheeded amid an interest so absorbing as that which had enchained the immediate circle of the dowager-queen. Louis was alone at the table, whistling to himself under his breath; despised by his mother, neglected and utterly overlooked by his court, disgusted by his own insignificance, and affecting to be absorbed by his puerile occupation, in order that he might not be compelled to admit that he had witnessed an insult which he wanted energy to punish.

One individual alone had shrugged his shoulders at the insolence of the Florentine, and felt that the man who had dared so much was lost—a month, or even a year sooner or later, it might be, but not the less hopelessly and irreparably lost;—and that one, gliding from the group about the writing-table, without adding one word to the chorus of adulation and congratulation which surrounded the favourite of the queen-mother, slowly approached the solitary boy-king.

"Sire," said a low and somewhat cracked voice; "he who plays alone can never be a gainer."

"Nor a loser, bishop," was the dry retort.

"Pardon me, your majesty," said Richelieu, with a profound salutation; "he may lose—his patience."

"At all events, he cannot suffer from deceit." And Louis made a cannon with such force that one of the balls overleaped the table, and fell with a loud crash upon the floor.

"Your majesty will at least concede," persevered Richelieu, when he had recovered the ball, and respectfully replaced it; "that it is fatiguing to undertake so much: neither the head nor the arm can ever be at rest,"

"Perhaps so; but the heart?"

"Still less, if I can venture to presume upon my own experience, Sire."

"You may be right, M. de Lu on," said the king, as he leaned languidly upon his mace; "and truly, it is wearisome always to feel alone."

"Moreover, Sire," continued the pertinacious adventurer; "everything is better done by two heads than by one."

"Are you reading me a lesson, Sir?" asked Louis suddenly, with one of his most repelling frowns.

"The saints forefend!" said the young bishop humbly; but what more he would have added can never be known, for at that moment the Mar chal approached them. He had watched the conversation; and although Richelieu was his *prot g *, and indebted to him for his present fortune, he had too little faith in human nature to trust, amid the atmosphere of a court, to the gratitude of any created being. He advanced, however, with a smile upon his lips, and after a hurried obeisance, asked calmly,

"Is your majesty willing to contend against me?"

"Against you, sir?" echoed the king with a saturnine look. "If you desire it, I can have no objection."

"I should have solicited the honour earlier, Sire;" said the unabashed favourite; "but I was not aware of the arrival of your majesty."

"There is no time lost;" was the calm reply; "although I have been here ever since, at the request of the queen-mother, you broke the seal of my despatches."

Even the self-sufficient Maréchal was confused for an instant, but he soon rallied.

"I am at your orders, Sire. What is the stake?"

"It is immaterial;" said Louis; "we are both so rich, that we can afford to gratify our inclinations in that respect. Though, now I reflect," he added, with a singular expression of brow and lip, "by some strange chance," and he affected to bury his hands in the vacant pockets of his *haut-de-chausses*, "I must have forgotten my purse, for I find that I am absolutely penniless."

"Let that circumstance be no impediment to your good intentions, Sire;" said the impertinent Italian, throwing a handful of gold upon the table. "I can lend your majesty any sum you please, if you will condescend to remain my debtor for one evening."

The young king turned his eyes full upon the Maréchal, and for a single instant regarded him stedfastly; but, as if repenting the frankness of such a demonstration, he in the next moment looked away, saying quietly; "All royal debts are cancelled sooner or later;" and pushing one of the balls against the pile of gold, he scattered it in every direction. "Royalty has its privileges under all circumstances, M. le Maréchal;" then beckoning the usher, he demanded, "What, sir, are the rules of this noble game? What is the fine imposed upon those who impede the progress of the royal ball?"

"The forfeit of the obstacle, Sire, of whatever nature it may chance to be," was the reply.

"Take your perquisite then, my friend;" said Louis; "clear away this golden lumber, which obstructs the progress of the game;—and now, sir," he added, turning to Concini, as the usher hastened to collect and carry off the glittering spoil, "we will to our struggle. It is no longer a question of money, but of honour, of which even a Maréchal of France can never have too much. Do you understand, sir? We are on our honour."

"It is as necessary to sovereigns as to their subjects," retorted the insolent Italian.

"And they will not fail, believe me," said Louis, with an unaccustomed exhibition of spirit. "Those who conquer abroad will, sooner or later, conquer at home. There is my first stroke, Monsieur;" and, as the obedient balls answered successfully to his words, he added; "depend upon it, others as good will follow."

"We shall see, Sire."

"And you shall be the judge, De Luynes;" said the young king, as the Connétable drew near the table to watch the progress of the game. "M. d'Ancre and I are trying our strength; it remains to prove who will come off victorious."

CHAPTER II.

THE CONSPIRACY.

TIME passed on. Several months had elapsed since the *fête* which celebrated the convalescence of the Maréchal d'Ancre had flooded the saloons of the Louvre with light and splendour; when, on Monday, the 14th of April, 1617, the young King Louis XIII. rose long before his usual hour, to attend a hunt which had been announced to the court on the preceding evening. A coach and six awaited him in the great court of the palace, and his guard were assembled in readiness for his appearance; but still the king did not arrive. All was in perfect order, and his passion for the amusement in which he was about to indulge was known, but still he delayed. The queen was in good health, there was no public business to detain him, the impatient courtiers were marvelling what could be the cause of his unpunctuality, and still he was slowly pacing the grand gallery, in earnest conversation with M. de Vitry, the captain of his guard, and Colonel Ornano, all evidently in strong agitation.

"I know not what to say;" he murmured gaspingly; "the scheme revolts me; and yet——"

"Even so, Sire;" said De Vitry, as the king paused; "and yet it is the sacrifice of one life to save scores—the crushing of one overbearing spirit to avert rebellion."

"My mother loves him so much."

"He is a Florentine, your majesty!"

"True, true;" replied Louis, knitting his brows; "and yet, even such is she. Is there no other method, M. de Vitry?"

"Can you suggest one, Sire?"

"I?" said the young king, with a slight shudder; "Not I!—I am a poor hand at expedients of any sort—scarcely yet a man—scarcely yet a king!"

"And you may in an hour or two be both, Sire, should you will it."

"If I could be assured of that, Ornano——"

"Take the word of a soldier, Sire; it depends only upon yourself."

"But my mother, M. de Vitry; I must not see my mother before all is over. I could not resist—nay, I mean not her reproaches, nor her expostulations,—but her tears."

"Your majesty need be subjected to no such ordeal. Give us one hour, and no regret, however poignant, shall avail to leave so poisonous a reptile on the soil of France, or on the path of your majesty. Perhaps, if M. de Luynes——"

"No, no;" said Louis, hastily; "I love De Luynes, it is true, but I have equal trust in your own loyalty. You were a faithful servant to the king my father, and I feel that you will not fail his son."

At this moment an equerry entered the gallery, and made a sign to De Vitry.

"Speak, Sire!" exclaimed the latter earnestly, but in a suppressed voice; "in one hour I pledge my head that all shall be terminated."

"Go, then!" said Louis, with a sudden vehemence which was almost spasmodic; "I will detain you no longer. Go, and calculate upon my gratitude."

Vitry bowed deeply, and left the gallery, followed by his confederate; while the king seated himself in the deep embrasure of a window, and, leaning his head in his hand, abandoned himself to a train of bitter thought.

De Luynes, conscious that the Maréchal d'Ancre was only awaiting a favourable moment to insure his disgrace, and doubly anxious to rid himself of so powerful an enemy before he should ally himself to the princely house of Vendôme, (a measure which he was about to effect by a divorce from Leonora de Galigai, whose influence was no longer necessary to insure his fortunes,) had already arranged all the preliminaries of his assassination with M. de Vitry and other nobles of the court to whom he had rendered himself obnoxious. His ambition and his avarice had disgusted the princes of the blood; while the high nobility murmured at the assumption of the son of an attorney in a petty Italian town; and amid this general discontent, had arisen animosities engendered by personal affronts and extortionable pretensions.

Thus, beyond his own immediate followers, Concini had no friends or adherents at court: a fact which had facilitated the plans of the conspirators. Several safe persons had been planted at different points to reconnoitre; every chance had been calculated, and every detail arranged. The Maréchal would, as they knew, be compelled to present himself at the *levée* of the king, and it was on his way to the palace that they awaited him. M. de Vitry had posted his brother, the Sire du Hallier, at one extremity of the lower court with two or three determined men, and Persan, his brother-in-law, of whose fidelity he was equally assured, at the other, with a like number of soldiers. M. de Lachesnayé was placed on guard at the outer gate; while De Vitry himself, after having received the signal, and left the presence, passed into the *salle des Suisses*, where he seated himself upon a chest, and entered into conversation with the guard, lounging away the time, apparently glad to be relieved from the tedium of his own society.

About ten o'clock the Maréchal left his hôtel to pay his respects at the Louvre, accompanied by fifty or sixty persons, all of whom preceded him. He was possessed of a singularly handsome person. His large, deep, well-opened eyes, high brow, and profusion of lustrous hair, flashing teeth, and symmetrical figure, all combined to give him a noble and princely air, which he endeavoured still further to enhance by a rich and costly costume. On this occasion he wore a vest of black silk, watered with gold, and trunk hose and mantle of light-grey velvet in broad Milan stripes; and as he walked forward amid the salutations of all whom he encountered, he had rather the bearing of a prince of the blood than of a courtier about to pay his humble devoirs to his sovereign.

M. de Vitry was no sooner apprised of the approach of the Maréchal than he left the guard-room, and

throwing on his cloak, walked towards the gate of the palace. Du Hallier, Persan, and their men, followed close behind; and when they reached the passage which connected the lower court and the drawbridge, drew closely together, and slowly made their way through the escort of Concini, many of whom were well known to De Vitry, and stopped for a moment to greet him.

"So, you must have heard the news—You, the captain of the king's guard?" said the Baron du Tour, as he passed him. "We shall have bloody work before all be over."

"Bloody work!" involuntarily echoed De Vitry. "When? Where?"

"Where? Why, in the south, where the Huguenots have revolted. As to the when, that his majesty must decide." And the baron pursued his way.

"So the king hunts to-day!" exclaimed another; "and how fares the health of his majesty?"

"Admirably, M. de Caisny; but I apprehend that the Maréchal is indisposed, as I do not see him with you."

"No!" was the reply. "You had turned to speak to Du Tour just as he passed. Yonder he stands, reading a letter."

As these words were spoken, Du Hallier and Persan moved behind the Maréchal, and thus separated him from his attendants; while Vitry, at the very moment when he was apparently engrossed by the contents of the packet upon which he was engaged, suddenly seized him by the arm, exclaiming, "M. le Maréchal, I am commanded by the king to possess myself of your person."

"Of my person!" exclaimed, in his turn, the astonished Florentine, half in defiance, and half in consternation.

"Even so; and no resistance will avail you. Comrades, do your duty."

In an instant five pistols were fired in the direction of the powerless victim, two of which only drove their balls into the wood work of the gate; but the other three were more skilfully aimed; one entered the head of the Italian, just above the right eye, another penetrated his throat, and a third shattered his forehead. As he received the death-volley, Concini sank to his knee, supported by the wall; but although he did not fall, he was perfectly lifeless; and with a shout of *Vive le Roi*, Vitry gave him a sabre-stroke which brought him to the earth.

A few days subsequently, the body of the Florentine was torn from the grave by the rabble of Paris, despite the expostulations of the priests of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, to whose pious care it had been consigned. The legs were tied together by a cord cut down in the belfry of the church, and it was thus dragged to a gallows which the Maréchal had caused to be erected at the extremity of the Pont Neuf, where it was hung up by the feet amid the execrations of the exasperated populace, and afterwards fearfully mutilated; thence it was dragged once more, disfigured and bleeding as it was, to the Place de

Grève, and again hung upon another and more elevated gallows, which had also been constructed by order of the victim; together with a huge doll, formed of the fragments of the shroud in which he had been interred, and intended as an effigy of his wife, who was no less obnoxious to the people than himself; and finally, the gory and dishonoured remains of the once haughty Italian, after having been trailed through the kennels of the city until they had lost every semblance of humanity, were taken back to the Grève, where they were burned in a fire fed by the splinters of the different gallows which he had erected, that the mob had passed upon their way; who, finding that from some occult cause the bones would not consume, ultimately pounded them, and threw the dust into the Seine.

So perished the Florentine favourite of Marie de Medicis.

REVERIE.

BY THOS. CORNOCK.

WHEN time, or care, hath done its destined work,
And I and all my hopes have pass'd away
Without a record, as the morning star
Fades in the dawn, leaving no trace behind
Of former brightness in the lingering sky,
Oh! let these lines awake some thoughts of him
Who, with a poet's deep and tender love,
Remembers thee! I would not have them come
Whilst the world smiles upon thee, to make dim
One hour of sunshine; but, when thou shalt be
Alone, and darken'd by sad thoughts, perchance
Thine heart shall then recall long vanished years,
And I shall stand beside thee, silently:
For there is magic in a sigh to bring
The wanderer home again from distant lands;
To bear us from the present to the graves
Of long forgotten hopes; to bid us hear
Familiar voices; view familiar scenes;
And strew joy's wither'd blossoms round our feet.
It is a spell that from her distant home
Lures the sweet spirit whom the poet meets
To talk of distant lands and other worlds
Which he, tho' exiled, still remembereth,
Farewell! farewell! the future's face is veil'd,
I look not now upon it, but with sad
And tearful eye, oftentimes peruse the past:
And, as I read, my voice becomes a spell
To raise the dead around me, aye—and more,
To sweep from this worn heart the trace of years,
Recalling feelings which, when life was young,
Untouch'd by care, undimm'd by sorrow's tears,
Had power to charm, but long have passed away.
The past is always mine—it cannot change;
And the few happy moments I have known
In other years, a brighter lustre cast,
As my fate darkens round me.

THE DARK LADY.¹

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PEOPLE find it easy enough to laugh at "spirit-stories" in broad daylight, when the sunbeams dance upon the grass, and the deepest forest glades are spotted and checkered only by the tender shadows of leafy trees; when the rugged castle, that looked so

mysterious and so stern in the looming night, seems suited for a lady's bower; when the rushing waterfall sparkles in diamond showers, and the hum of bee and song of bird tune the thoughts to hopes of life and happiness; people may laugh at ghosts then, if they like, but as for me, I never could merely smile at the records of those shadowy visitors. I have large faith in things supernatural, and cannot disbelieve solely on the ground that I lack such evidences as are supplied by the senses; for they, in truth, sustain by palpable proofs so few of the many marvels by which we are surrounded, that I would rather reject them altogether as witnesses, than abide the issue entirely as they suggest.

My great grandmother was a native of the canton of Berne; and at the advanced age of ninety, her memory of "the long ago" was as active as it could have been at fifteen: she looked as if she had just stepped out of a piece of tapestry belonging to a past age, but with warm sympathies for the present. Her English, when she became excited, was very curious—a mingling of French, certainly not Parisian, with here and there scraps of German done into English, literally—so that her observations were at times remarkable for their strength. "The mountains," she would say, "in her country, went high, high up, until they could look into the heavens, and *hear* God in the storm." She never thoroughly comprehended the real beauty of England; but spoke with contempt of the flatness of our island—calling our mountains "inequalities," nothing more—holding our agriculture "cheap," saying that the land tilled itself, leaving man nothing to do. She would sing the most amusing *patois* songs, and tell stories from morning till night, more especially spirit-stories; but the old lady would not tell a tale of that character a second time to an unbeliever: such things, she would say, "are not for make-laugh." One in particular, I remember, always excited great interest in her young listeners, from its mingling of the real and the romantic; but it can never be told as she told it; there was so much of the picturesque about the old lady—so much to admire in the curious carving of her ebony cane, in the beauty of her point lace, the size and weight of her long ugly earrings, the fashion of her solid silk gown, the singularity of her buckled shoes—her dark-brown wrinkled face, every wrinkle an expression,—her broad thoughtful brow, beneath which glittered her bright blue eyes—bright, even when her eyelashes were white with years. All these peculiarities gave impressive effect to her words.

"In my young time," she told us, "I spent many happy hours with Amelie de Rohean, in her uncle's castle. He was a fine man—much size, stern, and dark, and full of noise—a strong man, no fear—he had a great heart, and a big head.

"The castle was situated in the midst of the most stupendous Alpine scenery, and yet it was not solitary. There were other dwellings in sight; some very near, but separated by a ravine, through which, at all seasons, a rapid river kept its foaming course. You do

(1) Vide illustration.



The Dark Lady.

not know what torrents are in this country; your torrents are as babies—ours are giants. The one I speak of divided the valley; here and there a rock, round which it sported, or stormed, according to the season. In two of the defiles these rocks were of great value; acting as piers for the support of bridges, the only means of communication with our opposite neighbours.

“‘Monsieur,’ as we always called the Count, was, as I have told you, a dark, stern, violent man. All men are wilful, my dear young ladies,” she would say; “but Monsieur was the most wilful: all men are selfish, but he was the most selfish: all men are tyrants—” Here the old lady was invariably interrupted by her relatives, with, “Oh, good Granny!” and, “Oh fie, dear Granny!” and she would bridle up a little and fan herself; then continue—“Yes, my dears, each creature according to its nature—all men are tyrants; and I confess that I do think a Swiss, whose mountain inheritance is nearly coeval with the creation of the mountains, has a *right* to be tyrannical; I did not intend to blame him for that: I did not, because I had grown used to it. Amelie and I always stood up when he entered the room, and never sat down until we were desired. He never bestowed a loving word or a kind look upon either of us. We never spoke except when we were spoken to.”

“But when you and Amelie were alone, dear Granny?”

“Oh, why, then we did chatter, I suppose; though then it was in moderation; for Monsieur’s influence chilled us even when he was not present; and often she would say, ‘It is so hard trying to love him, for he will not let me!’ There is no such beauty in the world now as Amelie’s. I can see her as she used to stand before the richly carved glass in the grave oak-panelled dressing-room; her luxuriant hair combed up from her full round brow; the discreet maidenly cap, covering the back of her head; her brocaded silk, (which she had inherited from her grandmother,) shaded round the bosom by the modest ruffle; her black velvet gorget and bracelets, showing off to perfection the pearly transparency of her skin. She was the loveliest of all creatures, and as good as she was lovely; it seems but as yesterday that we were together—but as yesterday! And yet I lived to see her an old woman; so they called her, but she never seemed old to me! My own dear Amelie!” Ninety years had not dried up the sources of poor Granny’s tears, nor chilled her heart; and she never spoke of Amelie without emotion. “Monsieur was very proud of his niece, because she was part of himself: she added to his consequence, she contributed to his enjoyments; she had grown necessary; she was the one sunbeam of his house.”

“Not the ~~one~~ sunbeam surely, Granny!” one of us would exclaim; “you were a sunbeam then.”

“I was nothing where Amelie was—nothing but her shadow! The bravest and best in the country would have rejoiced to be to her what I was—her chosen friend; and some would have perilled their lives for one of the sweet smiles which played around

her uncle, but never touched his heart. Monsieur never would suffer people to be happy except in his way. He had never married; and he declared Amelie never should. She had, he said, as much enjoyment as he had: she had a castle with a draw-bridge; she had a forest for hunting; dogs and horses; servants and serfs; jewels, gold, and gorgeous dresses; a guitar and a harpsichord; a parrot—and a friend! And such an uncle! he believed there was not such another uncle in broad Europe! For many a long day Amelie laughed at this catalogue of advantages—that is, she laughed when her uncle left the room; she never laughed before him. In time, the laugh came not: but in its place, sighs and tears. Monsieur had a great deal to answer for. Amelie was not prevented from seeing the gentry when they came to visit in a formal way, and she met many hawking and hunting; but she never was permitted to invite any one to the castle, nor to accept an invitation. Monsieur fancied that by shutting her lips, he closed her heart; and boasted such was the advantage of his good training, that Amelie’s mind was fortified against all weaknesses, for she had not the least dread of wandering about the ruined chapel of the castle, where he himself dared not go after dusk. This place was dedicated to the family ghost—the spirit, which for many years had it entirely at its own disposal. It was much attached to its quarters, seldom leaving them, except for the purpose of interfering when anything decidedly wrong was going forward in the castle. ‘La Femme Noir’ had been seen gliding along the unprotected parapet of the bridge, and standing on a pinnacle, before the late master’s death; and many tales were told of her, which in this age of unbelief would not be credited.”

“Granny, did you know why your friend ventured so fearlessly into the ghost’s territories?” inquired my cousin.

“I am not come to that,” was the reply; “and you are one saucy little maid to ask what I do not choose to tell. Amelie certainly entertained no fear of the spirit; ‘La Femme Noir’ could have had no angry feeling towards her, for my friend would wander in the ruins, taking no note of daylight, or moonlight, or even darkness. The peasants declared their young lady must have walked over crossed bones, or drunk water out of a raven’s skull, or passed nine times round the spectre’s glass on Midsummer eve. She must have done all this, if not more: there could be little doubt that the ‘Femme Noir’ had initiated her into certain mysteries; for they heard at times voices in low, whispering converse, and saw the shadows of two persons cross the old roofless chapel, when ‘Mamselle’ had passed the foot-bridge alone. Monsieur gloried in this fearlessness on the part of his gentle niece; and more than once, when he had revellers in the castle, he sent her forth at midnight to bring him a bough from a tree that only grew beside the altar of the old chapel; and she did his bidding always as willingly, though not as rapidly, as he could desire.

"But certainly Amelie's courage brought no calmness. She became pale; her pillow was often moistened by her tears; her music was neglected; she took no pleasure in the chase; and her chamois not receiving its usual attention, went off into the mountains. She avoided me—her friend! who would have died for her; she left me alone; she made no reply to my prayers, and did not heed my entreaties. One morning, when her eyes were fixed upon a book she did not read, and I sat at my embroidery a little apart, watching the tears stray over her cheek until I was blinded by my own, I heard Monsieur's heavy tramp approaching through the long gallery; some boots creak—but the boots of Monsieur!—they growled!"

"Save me, oh save me!" she exclaimed wildly. Before I could reply, her uncle crashed open the door, and stood before us like an embodied thunder-bolt. He held an open letter in his hand—his eyes glared—his nostrils were distended—he trembled so with rage, that the cabinets and old china shook again.

"Do you," he said, "know Charles le Maitre?"

"Amelie replied, 'She did.'"

"How did you make acquaintance with the son of my deadliest foe?"

"There was no answer. The question was repeated. Amelie said she had met him, and at last confessed it was in the ruined portion of the castle! She threw herself at her uncle's feet—she clung to his knees: love taught her eloquence. She told him how deeply Charles regretted the long-standing feud; how earnest, and true, and good, he was. Bending low, until her tresses were heaped upon the floor, she confessed, modestly but firmly, that she loved this young man; that she would rather sacrifice the wealth of the whole world, than forget him.

"Monsieur seemed suffocating; he tore off his lace cravat, and scattered its fragments on the floor—still she clung to him. At last he flung her from him; he reproached her with the bread she had eaten, and heaped odium upon her mother's memory! But though Amelie's nature was tender and affectionate, the old spirit of the old race roused within her; the slight girl arose, and stood erect before the man of storms.

"Did you think," she said, "because I bent to you that I am feeble? because I bore with you, have I no thoughts? You gave food to this frame, but you fed not my heart; you gave me nor love, nor tenderness, nor sympathy; you showed me to your friends, as you would your horse. If you had by kindness sown the seeds of love within my bosom; if you had been a father to me in tenderness, I would have been to you—a child. I never knew the time when I did not tremble at your footstep; but I will do so no more. I would gladly have loved you, trusted you, cherished you; but I feared to let you know I had a heart, lest you should tear and insult it. Oh, sir, those who expect love where they give none, and confidence where there is no trust, blast the fair time of youth, and lay up for themselves an unhonoured old age."

The scene terminated by Monsieur's falling down in a fit, and Amelie's being conveyed fainting to her chamber.

"That night the castle was enveloped by storms; they came from all points of the compass—thunder, lightning, hail, and rain! The master lay in his stately bed, and was troubled; he could hardly believe that Amelie spoke the words he had heard: cold-hearted and selfish as he was, he was also a clear-seeing man, and it was their truth that struck him. But still his heart was hardened; he had commanded Amelie to be locked into her chamber, and her lover seized and imprisoned when he came to his usual tryst. Monsieur, I have said, lay in his stately bed, the lightning, at intervals, illuminating his dark chamber. I had cast myself on the floor outside her door, but could not hear her weep, though I knew that she was overcome of sorrow. As I sat, my head resting against the lintel of the door, a form passed through the solid oak from her chamber, without the bolts being withdrawn. I saw it as plainly as I see your faces now, under the influence of various emotions; nothing opened, but it passed through—a shadowy form, dark and vapoury, but perfectly distinct. I knew it was 'La Femme Noir,' and I trembled, for she never came from caprice, but always for a purpose. I did not fear for Amelie, for 'La Femme Noir' never warred with the high-minded or virtuous. She passed slowly, more slowly than I am speaking, along the corridor, growing taller and taller as she went on, until she entered Monsieur's chamber by the door exactly opposite where I stood. She paused at the foot of the plumed bed, and the lightning, no longer fitful, by its broad flashes kept up a continual illumination. She stood for some time perfectly motionless, though in a loud tone the master demanded whence she came, and what she wanted. At last, during a pause in the storm, she told him that all the power he possessed should not prevent the union of Amelie and Charles. I heard her voice myself; it sounded like the night-wind among fir-trees—cold and shrill, chilling both ear and heart. I turned my eyes away while she spoke, and when I looked again, she was gone! The storm continued to increase in violence, and the master's rage kept pace with the war of elements. The servants were trembling with undefined terror; they feared they knew not what: the dogs added to their apprehension by howling fearfully, and then barking in the highest possible key; the master paced about his chamber, calling in vain on his domestics, stamping and swearing like a maniac. At last, amid flashes of lightning, he made his way to the head of the great staircase, and presently the clang of the alarm-bell mingled with the thunder and the roar of the mountain torrents: this hastened the servants to his presence, though they seemed hardly capable of understanding his words—he insisted on Charles being brought before him. We all trembled, for he was mad and livid with rage. The warden, in whose care the young man was, dared not enter the hall that echoed his loud words and heavy footsteps, for when

he went to seek his prisoner, he found every bolt and bar withdrawn, and the iron door wide open: he was gone. Monsieur seemed to find relief by his energies being called into action: he ordered instant pursuit, and mounted his favourite charger, despite the storm, despite the fury of the elements. Although the great gates rocked, and the castle shook like an aspen-leaf, he set forth, his path illumined by the lightning: bold and brave as was his horse, he found it almost impossible to get it forward; he dug his spurs deep into the flanks of the noble animal, until the red blood mingled with the rain. At last, it rushed madly down the path to the bridge the young man must cross; and when they reached it, the master discerned the floating cloak of the pursued, a few yards in advance. Again the horse rebelled against his will, the lightning flashed in his eyes, and the torrent seemed a mass of red fire; no sound could be heard but of its roaring waters; the attendants clung as they advanced to the hand-rail of the bridge. The youth, unconscious of the *pursuit*, proceeded rapidly: and again roused, the horse plunged forward. On the instant, the form of 'La Femme Noir' passed with the blast that rushed down the ravine; the torrent followed in her track, and more than half the bridge was swept away for ever. As the master reined back the horse he had so urged forward, he saw the youth kneeling with outstretched arms on the opposite bank—kneeling in gratitude for his deliverance from this double peril. All were struck with the piety of the youth, and earnestly rejoiced at his deliverance; though they did not presume to say so, or look as if they thought it. I never saw so changed a person as the master when he re-entered the castle gate: his cheek was blanched—his eye quelled; his fierce plume hung broken over his shoulder—his step was unequal, and in the voice of a feeble girl he said—'Bring me a cup of wine.' I was his cupbearer, and for the first time in his life he thanked me graciously, and in the warmth of his gratitude tapped my shoulder; the caress nearly hurled me across the hall. What passed in his retiring-room, I know not. Some said, the 'Femme Noir' visited him again: I cannot tell, I did not see her; I speak of what I saw, not of what I heard. The storm passed away with a clap of thunder, to which the former sounds were but as the rattling of pebbles beneath the swell of a summer wave. The next morning Monsieur sent for the Pasteur. The good man seemed terror-stricken as he entered the hall; but Monsieur filled him a quart of gold coins out of a leathern bag, to repair his church, and that quickly; and grasping his hand as he departed, looked him steadily in the face. As he did so, large drops stood like beads upon his brow; his stern, coarse features were strangely moved while he gazed upon the calm, pale minister of peace and love. 'You,' he said, 'bid God bless the poorest peasant that passes you on the mountain; have you no blessing to give the master of Rohean?'

"My son," answered the good man, 'I give you the blessing I may give:—May God bless you, and may your heart be opened to give and to receive.'

"I know I can give," replied the proud man; 'but what can I receive?'

"Love," he replied. 'All your wealth has not brought you happiness, because you are unloving and unloved!'

"The demon returned to his brow, but it did not remain there.

"You shall give me lessons in this thing," he said; and so the good man went his way.

Amelie continued a close prisoner; but a change came over Monsieur. At first he shut himself up in his chamber, and no one was suffered to enter his presence; he took his food with his own hand from the only attendant who ventured to approach his door. He was heard walking up and down the room, day and night. When we were going to sleep, we heard his heavy tramp; at daybreak, there it was again: and those of the household, who awoke at intervals during the night, said it was unceasing.

"Monsieur could read. Ah, you may smile; but in those days, and in those mountains, such men as 'the master' did not trouble themselves or others with knowledge; but the master of Rohean read both Latin and Greek, and commanded *THE BOOK* he had never opened since his childhood to be brought him. It was taken out of its velvet case, and carried in forthwith; and we saw his shadow from without, like the shadow of a giant, bending over *THE BOOK*; and he read in it for some days; and we greatly hoped it would soften and change his nature—and though I cannot say much for the softening, it certainly effected a great change; he no longer stalked moodily along the corridors, and banged the doors, and swore at the servants; he the rather seemed possessed of a merry devil, roaring out an old song—

'Aux bastions de Genève, nos canons

Sont branqués;

S'il y a quelque attaque nous les feront ronfler,
Vive! les canonniers!'

and then he would pause, and clang his hands together like a pair of cymbals, and laugh. And once, as I was passing along, he pounced out upon me, and whirled me round in a waltz, roaring at me when he let me down, to practise *that* and break my embroidery frame. He formed a band of horns and trumpets, and insisted on the goatherds and shepherds sounding reveillés in the mountains, and the village children beating drums: his only idea of joy and happiness was noise. He set all the canton to work to mend the bridge, paying the workmen double wages; and he, who never entered a church before, would go to see how the labourers were getting on nearly every day. He talked and laughed a great deal to himself; and in his gaiety of heart would set the mastiffs fighting, and make excursions from home—we knowing not where he went. At last, Amelie was summoned to his presence, and he shook her and shouted, then kissed her; and hoping she would be a good girl, told her he had provided a husband for her. Amelie wept and prayed; and the master capered and sung. At last she fainted; and taking advantage of her unconsciousness, he conveyed her to the chapel;

and there beside the altar stood the bridegroom—no other than Charles Le Maitre.

"They lived many happy years together; and when Monsieur was in every respect a better, though still a strange man, 'the Femme Noir' appeared again to him—once. She did so with a placid air, on a summer night, with her arm extended towards the heavens.

"The next day the muffled bell told the valley that the stormy, proud old master of Rohean had ceased to live."

REMARKABLE LITERARY IMPOSTURES.

No. I.

GEORGE PSALMANAZAR.

ON Tuesday, the 23d of May, 1763, died, at his lodgings in Ironmonger Row, Old Street, St. Luke's, the eccentric individual who had for many years been known in England by the assumed name of George Psalmanazar.

His real name and nation have never transpired. The secret he kept so religiously in his life-time was buried with him. A sense of shame, according to his own confession, had sealed his lips upon the subject: he deserved, he said, no other name than that of the Impostor.

Psalmanazar is now only remembered as the author of a strange fabrication, called "A Description of the Island of Formosa," of which place he professed to be a native. Without having even travelled out of Europe, he invented an account of an Asiatic island, and preserved sufficient consistency in his narrative to obtain for it, for a time, almost universal credence. Long after the imposture was discovered and confessed, the book was quoted as genuine, and it is admitted to carry with it an air of fact and reality, which does credit, at any rate, to the ingenuity of the author.

But little interest, perhaps, now attaches to a fabrication once so famous. There was, however, (if we may use the word,) a *completeness* about the imposture which renders it remarkable. Psalmanazar's great difficulty was to support the character he had assumed. There was nothing of the Asiatic in his appearance; he was surrounded by sceptical inquirers, and frequently puzzled with questions and objections; but his hardihood and ingenuity enabled him to maintain his ground, and baffle his most pertinacious opponents. In the narrative of his life, which, in a spirit of penitence, he drew up in after years, he has given an interesting account of the strange adventures of his youth, from which we will extract a few particulars.

He was born, he says, in "the southern part of Europe"—most probably, it has been suggested, "beneath the bright sky of Languedoc." His mother was a good and pious woman, whom he seems to have truly loved. At the age of six he was sent to a free-school taught by two Franciscan monks, where his remarkable quickness made him a favourite with his masters, and laid the foundation for his future ruin. He was afterwards removed to a Jesuit college, the course of study in which he minutely describes. Upon leaving college, he was engaged as a tutor in what he calls "a middling family." His pupil was

"an overgrown youth, and taller by a head and shoulders than himself." Here he gave way to idle habits: instead of graver studies, he and his pupil occupied themselves in learning the flute and violin; and, as a natural consequence of his thoughtlessness and indolence, he became dissatisfied and unsettled. At length he resolved to return home, and commence a new course of life. Having no money, he begged his way, in fluent Latin, accosting none but clergymen and persons of condition, and found this so profitable that he formed a taste for a wandering life, which he was afterwards unable to conquer. We need not dwell minutely on his subsequent adventures. His first step in the art of deception was to procure a certificate stating him to be "an Irish priest who had been persecuted for his religion." He soon resolved on a bolder speculation. In his college days he had heard the Jesuits speak of India, China, and Japan; and his imagination was warmed by their descriptions. It occurred to him that a Japanese convert to Christianity would be an object of interest. He accordingly forged a certificate setting forth the fact. His scheme succeeded. In his own words, "he travelled many hundred leagues through Germany, Brabant, and Flanders, under the notion of being a Japanese converted from heathenism by some Jesuit missionaries, and brought to Avignon by them, to be further instructed, as well as to avoid the dreadful punishment inflicted on all that turn Christians in Japan." His miserable appearance everywhere excited compassion; and even the wayside beggars regarded him with contempt. After many vicissitudes of fortune, he found himself in the garrison town of Sluys, where he attracted the attention of a Reverend Mr. Innes, the Scotch chaplain of a regiment stationed there. This gentleman immediately took a remarkable and most suspicious interest in the alleged Formosan, whom he forthwith persuaded to visit England. He wrote an account of him to Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, who, when Psalmanazar arrived in England, received him with interest and kindness. He had by this time become an adept in the art of deception. He had invented a language in a peculiar character, which he wrote with ease, from right to left, after the manner of the orientals; a new division of the year into twenty months; and an original system of mythology. In order to gain still greater credit for his story, he would eat nothing but raw meat and vegetables, and he soon became fully reconciled to this disgusting diet. At the request of Bishop Compton, he translated the Church Catechism into the Formosan language, which was examined by many learned individuals, and pronounced "regular and grammatical." Having been so far successful, and curiosity having now attracted to him a numerous circle of friends, he commenced writing in Latin his famous Description of Formosa, which was translated for him as it went through the press. The composition of this work occupied him two months, and he was at the time scarcely twenty years of age. Although much of it was pure invention, he derived

a great part of his materials from a genuine account of the island written by Candidus, a Dutch minister, and from Varenus's Description of Japan. In order to avoid any variance from the statements he had made from time to time in conversation, he was compelled to insert many improbabilities in his narrative that he would gladly have omitted or altered. "Thus," he says, "having once inadvertently in conversation made the yearly number of male infants sacrificed in Formosa to amount to 18,000, I could never be persuaded to lessen it, though I had often been made sensible of the impossibility of so small an island losing so many males every year, without becoming at length quite depopulated."

The immolation of children he makes a characteristic feature in the religion of the islanders, and he gives rather a strange account of his own escape.

"My father had three sons by his first wife, of which I was the youngest: my eldest brother was free from being sacrificed, as the law directs; the second was but one year and a half old when his heart was broiled, and before the turn came to me I was near eight years of age: my father was extremely concerned for me, especially because my brother was almost eat up with a cancer. . . . My father then, considering the short life of my brother, and that he should have no heir or successor if I was sacrificed, . . . he went to the high priest, and used all the arguments he could invent to induce him to spare me. The high priest replied, he was sorry it happened so, but the laws of God were to be preferred to the good of a family, and even of the whole country. . . . At last, my father, seeing nothing would do but money, offered him a large sum to accept of my brother. This argument prevailed: so my father sent the money and my brother."

Many persons naturally wondered that a stripling of twenty could give such an account of himself. According to his own story, he could not have been much more than sixteen when he left the island, and it was not thought likely that a youth of that age could have made the minute and shrewd observations recorded in the volume. Dr. Halley, again, puzzled him by inquiring about the duration of the twilight in Formosa, and how long every year the sun shone down the chimneys. As a further example of some of the improbabilities and monstrosities contained in the work, we quote the commencement of one chapter, which is entitled "Of our manner of eating," &c.

"All who can live without working eat their breakfasts about seven of the clock¹ in the morning; first they smoke a pipe of tobacco, then they drink Bohea, green, or sage tea; afterwards they cut off the head of a viper, and suck the blood out of the body: this in my opinion is the most wholesome breakfast a man can make," &c.

The first edition of this remarkable romance was soon exhausted, and another called for. In spite of

(1) In a former chapter we are expressly told that neither clocks nor watches are known in Formosa, and that their mode of measuring time is altogether different from the European method.

its improbabilities, the book was devoutly believed in. Psalmanazar was sent to Oxford, and maintained there by the Bishop of London. He seems at college to have indulged in many irregularities, and to have displayed, as might be expected, a total want of principle. From the 20th to the 32d year of his age he describes as "a sad blank."

We now approach the *second* period of Psalmanazar's life. The first, it must be confessed, was sufficiently infamous; but in the latter part of his life he endeavoured by sincere and bitter penitence to atone for his youthful errors and disreputable impostures. Dr. Johnson, who at this period knew him well, often stated that he was the *best* man he had ever known. "I have heard Johnson," said Mrs. Piozzi, "frequently say, that George Psalmanazar's piety, penitence and virtue, exceeded almost what we read as wonderful in the lives of the Saints;" and when the great lexicographer was asked, whether he ever contradicted Psalmanazar, "I should as soon," he said, "have thought of contradicting a bishop."

Psalmanazar's powers of conversation must have been considerable. In his *Life of Johnson*—that rich store-house of literary gossip—Boswell has preserved this little dialogue—

"He (Johnson) praised Mr. Duncombe of Canterbury as a pleasing man. 'He used to come to me; I did not seek much after him. Indeed, I never sought much after anybody.' Boswell: 'Lord Orrery, I suppose?' Johnson: 'No sir; I never went to him, but when he sent for me.' Boswell: 'Richardson?' Johnson: 'Yes, sir; but I sought after George Psalmanazar the most. I used to go and sit with him at an alehouse in the city.'"

During the latter portion of his life, Psalmanazar supported himself entirely by literary pursuits. He wrote several articles for the *Universal History*, and, amongst other compilations, a genuine account of the island of Formosa, to serve as a counterpart to the description he had forged. There can be no question about the sincerity of his repentance; he would speak of himself, on all occasions, as a despised, dishonoured, and degraded being, who had forfeited all claim to the regard and respect of society; and he commences his narrative by avowing "his steady resolution publicly to disclaim all the lies and forgeries he had formerly published in that monstrous romance (the *Description of Formosa*), and at any rate or risk to take the shame to himself, and make a free confession of the whole imposture."

Psalmanazar's Will is a singular document, and bears out all we have said respecting his penitence and humility. It is entitled "The last Will and Testament of me a poor sinful and worthless creature, commonly known by the assumed name of George Psalmanazar." One clause is worded as follows: "And it is my earnest request, that my body be not inclosed in any kind of coffin, but only decently laid in what is called a shell, of the lowest value, and without lid or other covering which may hinder the natural earth from covering it all around."

THE TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

"And, trust me, dear, good humour will prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scoldings fall."

Nobody reads Hayley in our days, I fancy! and one might steal largely, or, to use M. Dumas' language, one might make very extensive "conquests" from that well-nigh forgotten poet, without much danger of detection. Yet Hayley was once what is called a *great Poet*. Some seventy years ago he was *the rage*, the lion of æsthetic coteries, (only the word *æsthetic* had not yet travelled out of German circles,) the darling of the Della Cruscans, the admired and imitated of the Blue-stocking Society;—wits and fops, and belles, and literary ladies, all swore by him; that is to say, the two last named classes uttered "their pretty oath, by yea and nay," built upon the name of Hayley. And now what has become of his immortal fame? Why, probably, my young reader, of either sex, may be asking "Who is Mr. Hayley?" and "What on earth has he to do with the present subject?" Rise up and enlighten this new generation, oh, sage and stately Anna! immaculate Seward! fair, but verbose critic! Most formal and most correct of gossipers! Oh, hear this generation, and tell it who was Hayley! Methinks the shade of the departed "tenth muse" appears before me. I see the soft grey hair rise rebellious from the confining cushion; it stands erect, in critical and affectionate indignation; and a cloud of perfumed powder is shaken forth upon the ample brocaded petticoat. In grandiloquent dialect she proclaims the merits of "The Triumphs of Temper;" she points out the author of that great poem with her fan, and calls him "Apollo's favourite, the immortal Mr. Hayley," and, with a polite, but very distinct sneer, challenges posterity to surpass his excellence.

The sight of Anna Seward brings forth to one's fancy those other lights of the time, looked upon as Hyperions in their own town; or, as she herself with alliterative felicity has styled them, "Lichfield Luminaries." They too will bear testimony to Hayley's contemporary fame; if not by their praise, yet by their jealousy.—Here comes Dr. Darwin rolling along in his carriage; pursuing the medical profession and the Muse, in his daily drives. He has been very successful this morning, apparently; for he leans back with a sort of self-glorification in his face, and while he fingers the guineas with one hand, measures out the syllables of his polished couplets with the other; composing the last line first, as a careful peruser of the "Botanic Garden" can readily believe. Yes; the muse has been propitious to-day, and he declaims with extreme satisfaction—

"Hail, adamant steel! Magnetic Lord!
King of the prow, the ploughshare, and the sword!
True to the pole, by thee the pilot guides
His steady helm amid the struggling tides,
Barges with broad sail the immeasurable sea,
Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but thee!"

Yonder moves "the young and gay philosopher, Mr. Edgeworth," to quote the elegant Anna's own words, that universal favourite with the ladies, who had so many wives, and so many other good things which

help to make a man happy, or miserable, (as the case may be,) to say nothing of that thing called literary fame, which ordinary men and "Lichfield luminaries" prize highly.

There, too, is the eccentric Mr. Day, who mystifies and surprises the correct and point-device Anna, while she speaks admiringly of his genius, and with womanly kindness of his generous disposition. Now, Mr. Day, with all his faults of person and of mind, is a far more interesting individual than even the fair Muse of Lichfield herself; not merely for the sake of "Sandford and Merton," but because he had originality of intellect, and a queer character and temper of his own; and was crossed in love, and had some curious and impracticable ideas about educating a wife for himself; which ideas he endeavoured to carry out, as Miss Seward relates, and failed signally—poor man! There was more true poetry and romance about Mr. Day, than in the Hayleys, and Darwins, and Edgeworths, and Seward. One cannot help wishing that Sabrina (the subject of his educational experiments) could have borne to be made into a Spartan woman by him; that she had let him fire pistols at her without flinching, as he desired, and drop hot sealing wax on her bare arms, without screaming. She might have saved herself all her terrors and pains if she had been a good girl, and loved her tormentor and master. The said theoretic tormentor had a heart in his large, awkward frame, and would gladly have yielded it up to Sabrina's keeping, and would have thrown his theories aside, and, in that case, have been a happy man at last. She might then have shaken her auburn locks, and laughed lovingly in his ugly, earnest face; and covering up her white arms in the skirts of his long coat, she might have commanded her master to put away his odious sealing-wax, with tolerable certainty that he would have made a bonfire of all the writings of all the stoic philosophers rather than sear one pin's point of her little finger. But the Fates were adverse, and "Sabrina fair" did not like her ugly tormentor of a guardian any better than she liked the pistols and the burning wax; and utterly repudiated the idea of becoming his wife. So he let her do as she liked, and gave her a portion when she married some one else. His pet system was destroyed, and his beautiful pupil was gone; leaving him to become a crabbed, stern old bachelor. And then, when all his young dreams had vanished, and he was misanthropical, and despised womankind, and would not have given a button to be loved, even by the object of his first passion; when he had learned to do without love, that perverse goddess, Fortune, grinned in his face, and sent him a rich gift in that kind. The hard, cynical, uncouth Mr. Day became loved, venerated, almost adored by a gentle lady, who devoted her life, fortune, and liberty to him, reaping in return but a small harvest of thanks. He who during his youth sought in vain for love, valued it not when it came unsought in middle age; and the woman who sacrificed what others called the pleasures of life to subject herself to his harsh temper and cold

severity, made a vow never to see the light of the sun after his death,—and kept it. This is a very good instance of the contradictory way in which things fall out on this earth. Desire a thing eagerly, with your whole soul, and you will not get it;—cease to care for it,—take rather a dislike to it, and down it will fall in prodigious quantities at your feet.

Ah! I see before me the huge form of Dr. Johnson;—that recalls me to a sense of duty. I cannot presume to speak of that great man as a mere “Lichfield luminary,” and I retire back to my title, for which I make my acknowledgments to Mr. Hayley, beg pardon of the reader for this long digression, and proceed to business.

Of all the minor tyrants of domestic life, ill-temper is the most triumphant—the most detestable. Ladies, do not think the few remarks I am about to offer on this subject are addressed solely to masculine spirits: Gentlemen, my observations do not apply solely to the ladies. Ill-temper is of various kinds, but the three main divisions are these:—the hasty and violent; the peevish and cross-grained; the sullen and vindictive. We have even seen cases in which an individual favoured society with all three by turns; but we hope, and believe, that such cases are rare. Let us face the subject fairly. We are all of us—at least, very nearly all of us—liable to some kind of ill-temper. I am not so fortunate as to be an exception to this rule myself; and, owing to this and various other circumstances, I happen to know a great deal about ill-temper and its effects. Its causes, too, have sometimes presented themselves to my observation; and it is on this branch of the subject that I should like to say a few words, believing that we can remove the cause in many cases, if we fairly set about it. There are two causes of ill-temper which are more to be pitied than any other, and are more easily pardoned. These are, want of health, and want of sense. The last is, perhaps, the chief cause of all bad temper. Single out the remarkably sensible men and women of your acquaintance,—not the most witty, or the most versatile, or the most artistic minds,—(they may or may not be of the number,) but those who have the largest share of *sound sense*, and you will find that they are also the best tempered. Good sense is shocked and disgusted by the utter foolishness of ill-temper, just as much as good taste is by its ugliness. Good sense sees, at a glance, the impotence of rage, the stupid brutishness of a fit of the sullen, and the absurd waste of time and mental strength in peevishness and perversity. Things that we really despise have no power over our minds; and a man of sense knows that it is beneath him to give way to temper upon every petty occasion.

The wise king of Israel has said “Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city.” Those, therefore, who have a rebellious temper to subdue, have a task before them worthy of the highest ambition; and one which, by its fulfilment, will bring a rich reward of peace and love. Still, it is a task to which not many are adequate; and all parents should endeavour to prevent the growth of evil temper among

their children, lest when they become men and women they find it too hard a task “to rule their own spirits.” Much may be done in infancy and childhood towards marring a naturally good temper, or mending a naturally bad one. Bring up a child among ill-tempered people, and it will become ill-tempered by force of habit and imitation; and *vice versa*. If a child be disposed to certain faults of temper, do not dwell upon them severely; pass them over as lightly as justice to others will permit, and be careful to put out of his way all temptations to a recurrence of them; by these means they may—nay, they certainly will become weakened by want of opportunity for action. We are so much the creatures of habit, that such a child may grow up a good-tempered man because he was prevented from forming a habit of getting into ill-temper when he was a boy.

Activity is another preventive of bad temper. People who have nothing to do but to trifle away their time are often out of temper. For this reason, women are more subject to fits of ill-temper than men: I say it with all due respect to the sex. There is my pretty friend Mrs. Supine, *par exemple*; she has positively nothing to do but to get up, every day, dress, drive out, dress again, dine, doze, drink tea, and go to bed. She has none of the idle occupations of ordinary ladies: reading hurts her eyes, letter-writing is too much trouble, she hates needlework, and cannot find time to attend to flowers. “Here is a state of things!” I thought to myself when I first knew her; “I hope, poor thing, she is stupid, or she must be very uncomfortable.” Upon further acquaintance it appeared that she was not at all stupid, she was only indolent; and that she was very uncomfortable, for she was always out of temper. Her temper was so bad that she had no friends; no servant could remain in her house more than three months; and her husband sometimes wished that he too could give her a month’s notice, and go. If he could have given her something to do, they might have been a happy couple; as it was, temper reigned triumphant over that luxurious household—and reigns there at this very moment. Ah! if Mrs. Supine had but half of busy Mrs. Brown’s fourteen children, what a blessing it would be to Mr. Supine and all their acquaintances! not to mention my pretty friend herself.

One grand cause of bad temper among *men* is dyspepsia. A man eats and drinks too much, or eats and drinks things which do not agree with him;—his digestive organs are impaired—and his temper, in consequence. There’s my friend the Rev. Gustavus Grumble. He was a merry fellow enough when we used to club for toffy at school. He has always been lucky through life. In all his doings he has prospered. In great-goes and little-goes he has never been plucked, but come off with flying colours; especially in that very greatest “go” for a clergyman, we mean the one in the matrimonial lottery. Gustavus drew a prize, and there never was a sweeter tempered woman than his Saccharissa. Ever since

that period Gustavus, has been living comfortably, nay, in good style, upon an ample benefice. But alas! alas! his dinners have been too good every day; and, at the end of twenty years, my friend is a dyspeptic domestic demon. He is angry with every one without cause; his wife is afraid to speak to him, for fear of ruffling his temper; his children get out of his way as fast as they can, for they know he will find fault with them. His parishioners do not love him, for he does not bring a healing balm to their sorrowing hearts, but a caustic querulousness. He has quarrels and lawsuits about tithes with all his neighbours. He rules the charity schools and their teachers with a rod of iron: he reads prayers like the murmur of an angry, sullen sea; and preaches like a spirit of desolation. This dreadful fate of Mr. Grumble I attribute to an over-indulgence in the good things of the table.

Seriously, dear reader, we would commend to your attention the charms and graces of that beautiful household *Lar*—Good Temper. Never neglect to worship her. In the secret recesses of your heart offer up your forbearance and forgiveness of injuries, your self-restraint and self-denial to her, and she will bless you and gird you round with peace and contentment. It may not be that you, fair maiden, will be loved because you are sweet tempered,

"Non è bellezza non è sennò, o valore,
Che in noi risveglia amore;"

but it is assuredly true that your chance of awakening love is increased thereby, and your power of retaining it, when once awakened, magnified a hundred fold. Youths and maidens, I preach no new doctrine, when I tell you that good temper is better than fortune, than station, than talents, or than beauty; and that without it they are but feeble agents in the attainment of virtue or happiness. "It is," as Jeremy Taylor says, "neither manly nor ingenuous to be ill-tempered. It proceeds from softness of spirit and pusillanimity; which makes that women are more angry than men, sick persons more than healthy, old men more than young, unprosperous and calamitous people more than the blessed and fortunate. It is a passion fitter for flies and insects, than for persons professing nobleness and bounty. It is troublesome not only to those that suffer it, but to them that behold it; there being no greater incivility of entertainment, than, for the cook's fault, or the negligence of the servants, to be cruel, or outrageous, or unpleasant in the presence of the guests. It makes marriage to be a necessary and unavoidable trouble; friendships and societies and familiarities to be intolerable."

In conclusion, let me quote a few more words from that most eloquent of divines, since they bear upon my subject, and express my meaning better than any I could use. They are grave, indeed, but we must remember that our subject is no mere bagatelle; it is one that affects the daily, hourly, the mortal and immortal life of the great human family. We venture to say that the triumphs of temper have desolated as many hearths as the triumphs of Sesostris or Napo-

leon. It is to mitigate or ward off this desolation in a few instances, that we would awaken the reader's serious feelings now. "Prayer is the great remedy against anger; for it must suppose it in some degree removed before we pray; and then it is the more likely it will be finished when the prayer is done. If anger arises in thy breast, instantly seal up thy lips, and let it not go forth, for, like fire when it wants vent, it will suppress itself. Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger in the world; for he that by daily considering his own infirmities and failings, makes the error of his neighbour or servant to be his own case, and remembers that he daily needs God's pardon and his brother's charity, will not be apt to rage at the levities, or misfortunes, or indiscretions of another; greater than which he considers that he is very frequently and more inexcusably guilty of." "In contentions be always passive, never active; upon the defensive, not the assaulting part; and then also give a gentle answer, receiving the furies and indiscretions of the other, like a stone into a bed of moss and soft compliance, and you shall find it sit down quietly."

By heeding these and similar exhortations to patience and gentleness of spirit, you and I, dear reader, small though our spheres may be, can in some measure drive out the enemy from our homes, and there, at least, check the triumphs of temper. With a hope that in such a work you may have all the success you deserve, let me now bid you farewell.

J. M. W.

STORY OF A FAMILY.¹

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—THE BIRTHDAY.

THE letters which Ida received from her father were brief, and came at long intervals. It was beyond the power of his self-discipline to write to her with the fulness and freedom of that affection which had made the happiness of both, when he knew all the while by what a blow the links which had bound them were to be smitten asunder. It was strange to him thus, as it were, to contemplate his own death in the person of another—to join in the tears that should hereafter be wept upon his grave. For the first time in his life he felt actual cowardice—impotence of will—prostration of mental strength; and this was especially painful to him, as it proved the incompleteness of the self-conquest at which he was aiming. Sometimes this view of the subject would press so forcibly upon him, that he would start up and snatch his pen with the sudden resolution to acquaint her at once with his state. He would write the first words—"My dearest Ida,"—and then, pausing as the name brought before his mind in an instant the vision of those young clear eyes whose fountains were scarcely yet opened, of that pure unsunned heart, of that

(1) Continued from p. 234.

happy child-nature, he would throw aside what he had written, and bury his face in his hands in a passion of helpless sorrow. Sometimes he would rejoice when he saw the ravages which disease had already wrought in his appearance, thinking that it would thus be easier to break the truth to her—that, in fact, it would reveal itself; at other times he would use every stratagem to conceal those very symptoms, in the dread of shocking her too suddenly, in the utter desolation which overwhelmed his spirit when he thought how the joy of their meeting would be dashed. Deep was his self-abasement, earnest his entreaty for that strength which is made perfect in weakness! He, who would have died to save her from sorrow, was now to die in order to inflict sorrow upon her; and in bitterness of soul he prayed that the cup might pass from him!

Meanwhile Ida heard that the business which had summoned him away was advancing very slowly. He had traced the supposed Mrs. Gordon from place to place, and finally discovered that she was, beyond a doubt, now residing in Malta; but ere he returned so far upon his steps, it was necessary for him to go on to Delhi to receive and examine his friend's legacy, as he did not choose to incur the risk of having it sent to him. There had been much delay, and instead of returning home according to his original intention, to assist in the celebration of his daughter's eighteenth birthday, he was at that very time on his road to Delhi. This was a bitter disappointment to poor Ida; and, perhaps, when that long-expected birthday dawned upon her, she had never felt so unhappy in her life. No thought so profane as one of blaming her father ever entered her gentle heart; and when she received one of those unsatisfactory letters, she attributed the chillness and depression which came upon her, to pain at the separation, to weakness in herself, to *anything* except a want of tenderness in him. Eagerly and eloquently she wrote to him, opening her whole soul, detailing every particular of her new life, making humble confessions of not loving aunt Melissa so well as uncle John,—of having gone to sleep in the twilight when the former was recounting the history of her youth,—of having laughed in spite of all her efforts when the latter was reading Milton aloud:—no worse sins had she to chronicle. But the correspondence of those we love is a poor substitute for their company; one look is better than a thousand words. The man who said that language was invented to disguise thought, stumbled upon a truth where he only meant a sarcasm; for, indeed, how dense a veil do the simplest words weave around the feeling which they profess to exhibit! Words are the clouds which gather upon the mountain's edge, and suggest the height while they conceal the form; looks and tones are the bright flashes which cleave the vapour, and give a momentary glimpse of the mighty outline beneath it.

Ida felt so lonely on this birthday morning! True, she was waked by Madeline's soft kiss upon her cheek; but, much as she loved Madeline, it was but a small,

weak affection, compared with that which she cherished for her father, and she pined feverishly and hopelessly for the sound of his blessing in her ears. Besides, Madeline had grown graver than ever of late, and would sometimes look silently at Ida till her eyes filled with tears; which was not very cheering to spirits already disposed to sink. True, uncle John had taken her kindly in his arms, and presented her with a very pretty bracelet; and aunt Melissa had touched her forehead with her lips as cautiously as though she feared it would burn her, and had produced her gift also—a *sachet* of amber satin, embroidered in green braid by her own fair hands. It was remarkable how pale the green and amber were; indeed, they looked a little faded,—which was not wonderful, as the *sachet* had reposed ingloriously in a drawer for four years and a half, having been originally manufactured for a friend, with whom the workwoman had unluckily contrived to quarrel just as her labours came to a happy issue. But this history was not to be published; and aunt Melissa's equivocal little speech—"Will you accept this trifle, my love?—you may perhaps value it as my work!"—would have passed exceedingly well, and *did* pass, till uncle John stopped it short by bidding Ida guess why it was lucky for her that Miss Lee and Lady Anne Grimston were not on terms. Ida was altogether puzzled, and, with a merry chuckle, he answered the riddle himself, unobservant of the battery of frowns which was discharging itself upon him,—"Because, but for that, you wouldn't have got your bag!"

Melissa, as a last resource, hurried the breakfast very much, and flattered herself that Ida had not understood the joke.

And Ida strolled out into the hall and arranged the geraniums, and felt that oppressive sense of womanhood, so common when one is still half a child; and she wondered when the other members of the family party would arrive, and tried to stir herself up to that keen, curious interest about them which she had formerly felt. And good Mrs. Vickers now ventured to approach with her congratulations, and her little offering,—a rose-tree from the garden at Croye, brought away privately, and carefully preserved for this grand occasion. "God bless you, Missy!" concluded she, kissing the hand which her young lady had put into hers; "and many happy returns of the day to you!—Oh, what a pity Master isn't here!"

This little stroke was quite too much for poor Ida, who could bear the multitude of her own thoughts, but not three words from another; and she burst into a flood of tears as free and rapid as ever poured from the eyes of childhood.

She hastened out into the garden to escape the well-meant condolences of Mrs. Vickers, and passing rapidly through the shrubbery, seated herself upon the grass in a favourite retreat of hers, at the foot of a fine old beech-tree whose drooping branches formed a natural arbour.

"What did papa say was my great fault?" soliloquized she. "Want of power to control my feelings!"

Oh, how true! He did not say temper; but I think he *would* have said so, if he had known how cross I sometimes feel when I am wanted to read Dante. Alas, alas! It is six months since he went," (here her tears began to flow afresh,) "and I am not improved. Oh, *how* I will endeavour! It is good, I think, to make a resolution on one's birthday; it seems so solemn—like beginning life again. If, when he comes back, he should find that I have cured my great fault—what happiness! I wonder what it comes from: from selfishness, I suppose. Yes, it must be selfish; because it is indulging my own inclination and not thinking of others. I will pray to be quite unselfish. Oh, what a long time I shall have to try! How I wish one could grow perfect directly, by one great effort! How happy the angels must be, who have only to take care that they do not fall, instead of perpetually labouring to rise! A 'just man made perfect,' *quite* perfect,—that might be, even on earth. I think papa is, though he is not old; and I am sure Mr. Becket was. But I shall never be so, I am afraid, if I am six months without improving. I will begin to-day. How I must watch for opportunities! I must practise being unselfish in all kinds of little things, and then I suppose the strength will come to conquer myself in great things. Oh, how much easier it is to be good when one is happy!"

As Ida came to this conclusion, in which very few moralists will agree with her, she rose, and slowly and thoughtfully entered the chapel. Kneeling down on the pavement, she made her simple confession, and put up her innocent prayer, finishing her devotions by an earnest vow against self-indulgence in matters of feeling. She stood a moment in reflection ere she crossed the threshold again.

"I was selfish this morning," thought she; "when aunt Melissa asked me to read Dante, and uncle John said I ought to have no lessons (as he always calls reading) on my birthday, I agreed with him directly. Now, I suppose, the best thing I can do is to go and ask her to read with me. Doing right is very disagreeable sometimes!" (with a sigh.) "I hardly know why I dislike it so much; but I suppose it is because I feel so shy and stupid when aunt Melissa is admiring. I never know what to say when I am told what to admire. And then it is so unlucky for me when she makes mistakes. I don't know how to tell her of them, and yet it would not be sincere to let them pass; and then I always feel inclined to laugh.—How I wish," added Ida, unconsciously uttering her thoughts aloud, "how I wish I had never learned Italian!"

"What a cross master you *must* have had," said a voice close to her ear, "if the lessons are so afflicting, even in recollection!"

She started, and looking up beheld the face of an exceedingly handsome young man, who was resting his chin on the sill of the window, and contemplating her very much at his leisure. With an exclamation of surprise, not unmingled with terror, she ran out.

The stranger followed her, his face expressing as clearly as possible, "What a timid little rustic this is! How am I ever to tame her?"

"Why did you run away?" asked he, as he strode to her side. "Are you frightened at me?"

"Oh, no!" returned Ida, stopping, and smiling very composedly in his face; "only I thought you didn't know it was the chapel."

He looked puzzled, and seemed about to speak, but checked himself. Ida held out her hand to him. "Are you Alexander, or Godfrey?" inquired she.

"I will leave you to find that out for yourself," he replied. "Whichever I am, I was so anxious to make my cousin Ida's acquaintance, that I had not patience to wait for the rest of the party; so here I am, to wish you many happy returns of the day, and total ignorance of Italian, since that appears to be the only thing wanting to your happiness. I wish you would explain that mysterious sentence."

"Oh! it is quite impossible to explain it;—it was only nonsense," said Ida, blushing, and looking uncomfortable.

"Nay," cried he, "so far from its being nonsense, I think it is the most refreshing sentiment I ever heard from the lips of a young lady of the present day. You wish yourself back again in a state of blissful ignorance; you wish to undo the misdirected labours of the school-room. No wonder! It is the conventional law of to-day, to smother every unhappy female mind under a huge conglomerate of knowledge, swelling and empty like a great air-cushion. We start by saying that women have less intellect than men, and then we teach a girl thirty things in the time which it takes a boy to learn three. It is a very wise piece of consistency."

Ida felt rather dismayed, not being in the habit of hearing so long and sudden a disquisition from a new acquaintance. She did not think herself nearly clever enough to reply to such a speech, so she held her tongue.

After a short pause, her new cousin proceeded.

"I want to be good friends with you, Ida; you mustn't be afraid of me."

"Oh no!" cried she, laughing quite easily, "I am not afraid of you. Why should I be?"

He looked a little disconcerted in his turn, but replied directly,—

"You are an enviable person. Many would find your situation overpoweringly *nervous*, as ladies call it; and you don't even know why you should be afraid. And you are quite right; there is no reason for *you* to fear the reception you might meet with from anybody."

"Not the reception I may meet with from my own cousins, certainly," answered Ida; either disregarding, or not comprehending the complimentary emphasis, and the admiring expression. "I remember so well the few days we spent here together, when we were children. I can't fancy this a first introduction, though in reality you are all strangers to me."

"No, no, not strangers," he exclaimed; "that is a

hard word. We can never be strangers to each other. You cannot remember those few happy days so vividly as I do. You cannot fancy the sweet, innocent, peaceful picture which they impressed on my mind, and which has remained there ever since through many dark days of trial and trouble. You have been living a happy life; you have been tenderly cherished, you have breathed nothing but love from your cradle, and you don't know what it is to have to imprison all that you feel in your inmost heart, and never suffer it to see the light of day, because you live among those who—— But I must not speak of this.

"Ah!" said Ida, "you have lived at school and college. I often think how much harder a man's life must be than a woman's. It is no wonder that men should sometimes be stern—and, indeed, it seems strange that they should ever be gentle, when one thinks what struggles they must have with their feelings, what sorrow and desolation of heart they have to encounter even in boyhood. The boy's first going to school—surely it must change and stamp his character for life."

"Especially," answered he, "where, as in my case, the boy would rather die than show what he suffers. I have always had a perfect horror of occupying others with my trials and sorrows,—which have not been few,—or, indeed, with myself in any way. Life does not seem to me to be life, unless it is devoted to some one whom we love."

"But you form friendships, I suppose," said Ida, rather pursuing the course of her own thoughts than answering the last observation, "which last for life. That must be the happy part of school and college."

"Yes," he replied, "you form friendships—that is, you form a *few* friendships: for the most part, however, I fear you meet with ingratitude and disappointment. But sometimes I think I was particularly unfortunate. Some opportunities which I had of serving others, which I was not slack to take advantage of, showed me a very dark side of human nature, and I grew dispirited. It has ended in an unfortunate reserve, which I cannot shake off, though I am conscious that it often prevents me from making friends where I might really do so. I regret it—but I cannot get rid of it; except, indeed, where I feel immediately that I shall meet with comprehension and sympathy, and *then* the attraction is irresistible. And such moments are the happiest of my life: it is so delightful to confide, especially where it is one's habit to withhold confidence."

"Hush!" said Ida softly, holding up her hand. He stared. "A nightingale," whispered she; "don't you hear it?" and she stood still in a listening posture, scarcely drawing her breath, that she might drink in that flood of music, that luxury of sound. If her new friend was irritated by the interruption, he was a great deal too well bred to show it.

"Ah," whispered he, with a sigh, "it is charming indeed, to retain that keen, fresh enjoyment of nature! The rough hand of life rubs it away from most of us as soon as we leave our childhood."

"How much you must lose!" said Ida simply.

"We do, indeed," was his answer: "I remember well when I returned from college, thinking that all my triumphs and all my prizes were dearly purchased by the loss of the fearless, innocent glee of boyhood."

"Are boys so very fond of nightingales?" asked Ida demurely. Then blushing with a sudden fear that she had been unpolite, she added in a great hurry: "I was only joking. But, do you know, I fancy that gaining of prizes must be such a happy part of a man's life—such a joyful kind of triumph. And then, the coming home afterwards—causing such happiness by one's own exertions, and then coming home to see it! Was it not very delightful?"

"How alike we are in our manner of feeling!" he replied, the exclamation escaping him suddenly, and as if unawares. "Yes; that is a very delightful part of one's life, and you have exactly expressed the cause and nature of its happiness. It is not the triumph, it is the consciousness of the joy which it creates at home, the bright fireside picture which is before the mind's eye, which is so delightful! Yet there is one great drawback—you triumph at the expense of others. I declare to you I have grieved so much over the defeat of a rival, if he was a good kind of fellow and I liked him, that I have lost all pleasure in my own success."

"Indeed," said Ida.

"Yes, indeed!" cried he: "What are you trying to find out, that you look at me so fixedly with those piercing eyes of yours? You put me out of countenance." She laughed, but, colouring, withdrew the oppressive gaze, and he proceeded: "I see you have a great deal of penetration, and in a little while I shall be afraid of you, rather than you of me. I am afraid already—lest—lest—I should miss of *one* triumph on which I have specially set my heart. But I perceive that nothing escapes you. You have as clear an idea of the inner life which I have led, as if you had watched it and shared in it. How came you by such a gift? Is it instinct or inspiration?"

Ida laughed her merry silvery laugh, which had still the music of childhood in it.

"I am a very innocent witch," said she; "you told me all about this mysterious inner life yourself. I don't think you are at all reserved; you have said so much about yourself,—indeed, I have found out nothing but what you told me."

"I could not be reserved with *you*," he answered, "and I know not when I have been betrayed into saying so much. But suppose I were to tell you something about other people—about all these new relations to whom you are to be introduced? Will you try my skill as a portrait painter?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Ida with eagerness, "I shall like it excessively. I want so much to know them all; and I do not feel as if I understood much about them from the descriptions which aunt Melissa and uncle John have given me. Now, please, begin, and be very accurate."

She seated herself on the turf as she spoke, and

her cousin threw himself gracefully down at her feet.

"Aunt Melissa and uncle John!" repeated he: "No! I should scarcely put very implicit faith in their delineations. The lady's opinions are regulated entirely by the quantity of attention paid to herself; and as to good uncle John, he has no opinions at all. I would lay a wager that I could make him contradict himself three times in as many hours, by going the right way to work."

Ida's violet-blue eyes opened to their widest extent.

"The *wrong* way to work, you mean," she replied, smiling, as if certain that he must be in joke, yet with a little hesitation of manner; "dear kind uncle John! He hates to contradict! he is so fond of giving pleasure—so yielding and good-tempered."

"His heart is just like a feather-bed," rejoined her cousin, caricaturing her tone of affection, "so very soft, and yet nothing leaves an impression upon it. And his dear head, too—that is just the same. That is the reason why he always wears that lovely little cloth cap—the hats hurt him so that he can't bear them. But to proceed, for I see you are shocked, though you can't help laughing; I am going to begin my portrait-gallery. Please to observe that simple truth—fidelity to nature is all I aim at; and I shall speak to you with perfect sincerity of those nearest to myself, for I have always thought that the mere fact of relationship does not blind you to faults and foibles: on the contrary, it brings you into such close contact with them that you can't help finding them out. As long as we are contemplating that scraper at a distance, you may maintain that it is sharp, while I protest that it is blunt; but there can be no room for argument after I have broken my shins against it."

"Oh yes, there can," exclaimed Ida; "you know I may say it was your fault for running up against it, mayn't I?"

"Why—a—yes—you see, there is nothing so fixed but it may be made a subject of discussion." He was again a little disconcerted; but making sure that she did not see the full force of her rejoinder, and had pursued the metaphor without thoroughly following out its application, he resumed. (*Nota bene.*—When you are conquered in argument, it is excellent policy to take for granted that your adversary has said a better thing than he knows himself, and so to pass it over, and answer on one side of it. If he be a modest man, it is ten to one that he will think he has somehow made a blunder, and you have only to encourage that impression in order to secure your victory.) "We will begin, as in duty bound, with the head of the family—your uncle, Alexander. He is a man of high intellect, cultivated, too, though his life has been chiefly practical. There is the polish of the workshop, you know, imparted by sharp tools and careful labour; and there is the polish resulting from constant friction against other substances: of this last he has plenty. He is like a native diamond, which has been rolled and rubbed till it only needs to be cut into shape to be fit for a lady's finger. Now, please

don't tell me that such a phenomenon is impossible: Who cares for truth in a metaphor, so long as it serves one's purpose?"

"Especially," observed Ida, "as I have not the least idea whether it is true or false."

"Have you not? I am delighted to hear it. I would not have you literary or scientific, for the world. I would not even have you too accomplished. A little music and drawing should be the extent of a woman's acquirements, and then she can dream away her existence in a vague sweet poetry, the soul of which is—what I must not say yet, or you will call me impertinent. Why do you smile?"

"Because," replied Ida, "I was thinking how different papa's ideas are from yours; and how lucky, if I may say so without being rude, the difference is for me. I should have missed so much pleasure if he thought as you do."

"Ah! he has tried to make a blue-stocking of you then! You will be terrifying me with Greek quotations, or smothering me with the harmless heaviness of German sentiment! Very well! I long to recant my heresies—to be convinced how charming all I have most dreaded may be. But we are getting on very slowly with our portraits. I must finish my first sketch by letting you know that your uncle is extremely fond of young ladies, and that, by a very little coaxing, you may win him to whatever you like."

"And my aunt Ellenor?" cried Ida. "What do you say of her? I remember such a pretty pale face, and such a musical voice."

"The face is still pale and pretty, and the voice still musical. She is a gentle, amiable person, who knows that she has been a beauty, and is inclined to put the verb still in the present tense, not without some reason. She is kind and affectionate, and will be very fond of you; but—do not make a friend of her! It hurts me to say so, and I only say it for your sake. She is—not sensible."

"Oh, then she will suit me exactly!" exclaimed Ida quickly. "I know aunt Melissa is a very sensible woman, and——" She stopped short, colouring crimson. He burst into a fit of laughter. "How perfectly delicious!" cried he. "I would not have missed that for the world. Now, pray do not look ashamed. You seemed a little troubled at my theory, that we are specially quick to find out the faults of our relations; but only see how charmingly you have illustrated it. That sudden silence was more eloquent than a thousand words. But I shall have to take charge of your education, I see; and one of the first lessons I shall teach you is, that your aunt Melissa is a very silly woman. We will put her into the portrait-gallery by-and-by. Poor Frederick comes next. He is exactly like his mother, both in person and mind; perfectly sweet tempered, but with no judgment. Of Godfrey I must say little; I believe he is capable of better things than he has ever yet achieved. His unfortunate temper meets him at every turn, and does him irreparable injuries."

"And Alexander?" inquired Ida.

"Is altogether detestable."

"Oh," said she laughing, "you need not be so careful to mislead me. I have known for a long while that you are Alexander."

"And you say you are not a witch! By what necromancy did you discover me?"

"I don't know," she replied, "but I felt quite sure of it, from the first. And then, you know, you described aunt Ellenor in language that Godfrey could not have used."

"Did I?" cried he, "I thought my description of her was quite *coulent de rose*. I said she was pretty, amiable, affectionate—What more could a woman wish to be? In what was my portrait deficient?"

"In respect," said Ida, blushing.

He looked at her for an instant, as if he felt inclined to laugh, but, quickly changing the expression, replied with an air of conviction, "You are right. That was a false move of mine. I forgot that the reverence which one must needs feel towards a parent, is altogether different from the easy familiar affection for any other relation. I could not condemn a mother's faults."

Ida looked at him with an innocent surprise in her face, which plainly showed that she scarcely thought he would find such a condemnation impossible. He rather shrank under the glance, and said hastily, "But to proceed—shall I sketch aunt Melissa for you?"

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Ida.

"Uncle John, then?"

"Oh no, please do not describe any body I know."

"That is a singular prohibition," observed Alexander; "well, then, it is now your turn. I want to hear all about the happy, peaceful life you have been leading; you must describe your father to me. I have a bright, imperfect recollection of a commanding figure and a noble face; I want to have the outline filled up. And you must tell me all about the garden on the sea-shore, and the village church, and the country walks, and the poor people,—all the thoughts and things that have made up the history of your childhood; and I will shut my eyes, and dream myself back into the past, and fancy myself your companion in fact, as indeed I have often been in spirit. You were always with your father, were you not?"

Ida looked about her with a kind of dismay that was positively comic. "I am a very stupid person," she said, "I like listening a great deal better than talking, it is so much easier."

"Do you always feel that?" asked Alexander, insinuatingly, in the hope that a compliment to his powers of conversation was implied.

"Oh no, only sometimes, and with some people. I could talk for ever to Mrs. Chester, but I never can talk at all to aunt Melissa."

"Tell me," exclaimed he, seizing both her hands, and trying to hide his annoyance at the class to which she seemed to be consigning him, under a sudden outbreak of vivacity, "tell me why you cannot talk to me!"

She extricated herself gently, but very decidedly.

"One reason is," she said, "because there is no time; the dressing-bell has rung, and I must not be late for dinner on this important day." And she bounded from his side and was in the house ere he could stretch out a hand to stop her.

Alexander felt excessively uncomfortable, though he could not exactly tell the cause. He had planned his part in the conversation which had just taken place with great care and consummate skill, and he had a strong suspicion that somehow or other he had been baffled. He had intended to suit himself exactly to the character which he had imagined for Ida; avoiding small talk, which would have been unintelligible, and the ordinary language of gallantry, which might have proved distasteful; and presenting her with just such a *mélange* of sentiment, philosophy, and frankness, with a softening under-current of compliment, and a stimulating dash or two of satire, as could not fail to win her at once. He had done it all to perfection, but it had somehow turned out quite differently from his intentions. He was like Ruth Pinch, if the comparison be not profane, and had made a pudding without knowing it. And the worst of all was, that though he could not tell why, some of his strongest misgivings arose from the recollection of the certainty with which Ida had guessed him to be himself. He could not understand it at all, and was more than half disposed to agree with aunt Melissa, and pronounce his pretty new cousin "decidedly deficient."

"Oh, Madeline!" exclaimed Ida, when that lady came to inspect her toilette before she descended to the drawing-room, "I have seen my cousin Alexander, and he is such a strange person—I hope he will keep away from me. I am sure we should never get on together. Do you remember laughing at me for saying that nobody ever comes up to you and makes a bow, and says 'See how unhappy I am!' Well, that is just what he does! At least—not the bow, though I really think he might do even that. He talked about his feelings for a long while, and then he asked me to tell him all about mine, and I think I never was so frightened in my life. You know it would have been quite impossible—and yet I was so afraid of being rude, I said I was stupid and could not describe them—which was quite true, for I never can describe what I feel. And he wanted me to talk to him of papa, and I thought he expected me to talk in the same way that he did, and—oh dear, it was very disagreeable! I was so glad when the dressing-bell rang. But you are not dressed, and it is quite late!"

"I am not coming down stairs, love," said Madeline. "It is too large a party for me."

"Must I go quite alone, then?" asked poor Ida, with a sudden feeling of shyness which most persons will allow to be very natural under the circumstances.

Madeline looked at her, and thought she need not fear her reception in any society; and certainly it would have been difficult to find a lovelier creature than Ida, with the timid blush glowing upon her delicate cheeks,

the falling curls of sunny brown, the straight nose, the full dark blue eyes and soft childlike lips; and the simple white dress, relieved only by a knot of choice flowers which she had fastened in her bosom. A form slender and airy as that of Undine, and an expression which seemed to embody that familiar line "a spirit, yet a woman too," completed the picture. "They are all relations, you know," said Madeline soothingly, "and indeed, dearest, I *could* not come: I assure you it is impossible. Come quickly, and you may be in the room before they assemble." She led the shrinking girl down stairs, and did not part from her till she had opened the awful door; and Ida entered, much as she had entered the same room, to nearly the same party, fourteen years before, pausing on the threshold as if to see who would welcome her. Now, too, as then, the only feeling which gave her courage to advance might have been expressed by those little words—"Papa sent me."

Reviews.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND LITERARY REMAINS OF JOHN KEATS.¹

"FOR, if it be, as I affirm," writes Sir Philip Sidney, in his "Defence of Poesy,"—"that no learning is so good as that which teacheth and moveth to virtue, and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as poesy, then is the conclusion manifest, that ink and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose employed." And if, as *we* venture to affirm, the biography of a poet, (of any artist, indeed,) written wisely, honestly, and lovingly, will be itself a poem, "teaching and moving to virtue," in those minds capable of apprehending it, as a whole; then, also, is this conclusion manifest,—that if Mr. Milnes's book about Keats be biography of the *right* sort, his ink and paper have been very profitably employed. And that it *is* a biography of the right sort will, we think, be agreed on all hands. He has had a difficult task; a task which some of the poet's surviving personal friends might be supposed more competent to execute, but which circumstances imposed upon him who never saw the living or even the dying Keats; and this task he has achieved nobly and modestly in the two volumes before us. They are appropriately dedicated to Lord Jeffrey, who first taught the world at large that Keats was indeed a poet. The portrait by Joseph Severn, prefixed to the first volume, is more satisfactory than most "counterfeit presentments" of the departed great. It is a silent, but very strong support to the testimony of this book concerning the character of Keats. "Killed by a savage article in a review!" Look in the face of this man, and believe it if you can. Is that a weak, irritable, vanity-devoured boy? Are those the eyes likely to be filled with tears? or that the mouth to quiver with emotion because an ignorant reviewer said he was no poet? Heaven help the

poor dear public! To think that it has gone about believing such nonsense these many years. And it will probably repeat the mistake on the very next opportunity. "*Tant nous avons l'esprit bien fait!*" In a preface, the style and substance of which must command universal approbation, Mr. Milnes speaks thus:—

"I hesitated some time as to the application of my materials. It was easy for me to construct out of them a signal monument of the worth and genius of Keats: by selecting the circumstances and the passages that illustrated the extent of his abilities, the purity of his objects, and the nobleness of his nature, I might have presented the world a monography, apparently perfect, and at least as real as those which the affection or pride of the relatives or dependents of remarkable personages generally prefix to their works. But I could not be unconscious that if I were able to present to public view the true personality of a man of genius, without either wounding the feelings of mourning friends, or detracting from his existing reputation, I should be doing a much better thing in itself, and one much more becoming that office of biographer which I, a personal stranger to the individual, had consented to undertake. For, if I left the memorials of Keats to tell their own tale, they would in truth be the book, and my business would be almost limited to their collection and arrangement; whereas, if I only regarded them as the materials of my own work, the general effect would chiefly depend on my ability of construction, and the temptation to render the facts of the story subservient to the excellence of the work of art would never have been absent.

"I had also to consider which procedure was most likely to raise the character of Keats in the estimation of those most capable of judging it. I saw how grievously he was misapprehended even by many who wished to see in him only what was best. I perceived that many who heartily admired his poetry, looked on it as the production of a wayward, erratic genius, self-indulgent in conceits, disrespectful of the rules and limitations of Art; not only unlearned, but careless of knowledge; not only exaggerated, but despising proportion. I knew that his moral disposition was assumed to be weak, gluttonous of sensual excitement, querulous of severe judgment, fantastical in its tastes, and lackadaisical in its sentiments. He was all but universally believed to have been killed by a stupid, savage article in a review, and to the compassion generated by his untoward fate he was held to owe a certain personal interest, which his poetic reputation hardly justified.

"When, then, I found from the undeniable documentary evidence of his inmost life, that nothing could be further from the truth than this opinion, it seemed to me that a portrait so dissimilar from the general assumption, would hardly obtain credit, and might rather look like the production of a paradoxical partiality than the result of conscientious inquiry. I had to show that Keats in his intellectual character revered simplicity and truth above all things, and abhorred whatever was merely strange and strong; that he was ever learning, and ever growing more conscious of his own ignorance; that his models were always the highest and the purest, and that his earnestness in aiming at their excellence was only equal to the humble estimation of his own efforts; that his poetical course was one of distinct and positive progress, exhibiting a self-command and self-direction which enabled him to understand and avoid the faults even of the writers he was most naturally inclined to esteem, and to liberate himself at once, not only from the fetters of literary partizanship, but even from the subtler influences and associations of the accidental

(1) *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*. Edited by Richard Moncton Milnes. 2 vols. Moxon.

literary spirit of his own times. I had also to exhibit the moral peculiarities of Keats as the effects of a strong will, passionate temperament, indomitable courage, and a somewhat contemptuous disregard of other men—to represent him as unflinchingly meeting all criticism of his writings, and caring for the *Artide* which is supposed to have had such homicidal success, just so far as it was an evidence of the little power he had as yet acquired over the sympathies of mankind, and no more. I had to make prominent the brave front he opposed to poverty and pain—to show how love of pleasure was in him continually subordinate to higher aspiration, notwithstanding the sharp zest of enjoyment which his mercurial nature conferred on him; and, above all, I had to illustrate how little he abused his full possession of that imaginative faculty, which enables the poet to vivify the phantoms of the hour, and to purify the objects of sense, beyond what the moralist may sanction, or the mere practical man can understand.”

We have not curtailed this ample recognition of the duty incumbent on the biographer of John Keats, for two reasons; first, because it is an eloquent and clear statement of the facts which had to be dealt with concerning the poet and his reputation; and, secondly, because it shows the spirit of earnestness and impartiality in which the biographer set about his task. We are aware that Mr. Milnes has given a long time and very careful consideration to it; and we have now to congratulate him on the result. “The thing he would do” that has he done. He has made Keats speak for himself, and prove to others the truth of what Mr. Milnes and all true admirers of his great genius could not help believing concerning him in despite of the prevalent opinion to the contrary.

The external life of Keats, like that of many poets, presents nothing very remarkable to the eye of the careless observer. The poet's real existence is in his poetry; and Mr. Milnes says truly, in one sense, that Keats's “whole story may be summed up in the composition of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one passion, and a premature death.” And yet it is not wholly so. The external life is indicative of the internal, and is seen distinctly influencing and evolving it. Three volumes of verse are large worlds of thought and sensation; and what is any life (above the vegetable or animal) composed of, but of thought and sensation? They are pure spiritual existence, and all acts, words, moods of human beings apart from these are not entities at all. Earnest friendships and a passionate love, these are in themselves rich, full life; and Keats at twenty-five had truly lived more than men of twice his years with half his highly organized vitality. We, for our parts, find little or nothing to regret in the external or internal life of Keats, up to the moment when the mortal disease within him declared itself; then began the dreadful struggle; of strong eager passionate love of life battling with the inevitable death. Painful beyond most deaths is that of this young poet. It is impossible to read the account of the last few months of his life without heart-rending emotion. His childhood was healthy and happy, and so was his early youth. Surrounded by brothers and friends

who loved him and who were proud of his genius, who encouraged and enjoyed his earliest efforts, Keats was spared the awful desolation and loneliness so frequently the lot of youthful genius—he was a poet in his own family—a “prophet in his own country;” and he was fed on poet's best food—love and praise. On his entrance into the business of life, troubles came, it is true;—he disliked his profession (that of a surgeon), and abandoned it and turned to literature. He and his brothers were harassed by occasional money difficulties; but these cares were trifles to such a spirit as his, conscious of power to destroy their sting in a few years of literary exertion. The death of his brother Tom, by the painful lingering disease to which he himself became a victim, was his first great trial: apart from those unknown ones which ever accompany the growth of poetic genius. At this time he was known to and appreciated by such men as Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Haydon, Reynolds, Cowden Clarke, Dilke, and Brown. His letters show the fine healthy tone of his moral being; it is only in the agony of physical disease that there is any morbid feeling perceptible in his mind. His letters are very characteristic. They are always true to himself; unaffected and natural either in their gaiety or gravity; sometimes eloquent and poetic, at other times overflowing with drollery and humour (your true poet is always a humourist); now about himself and his poems (unrestrained by an ignoble fear that his friends will laugh at his egotism), and anon, full of people and things quite foreign to himself. Judging from the generality of biographies, we should say that the poets are the most charming letter-writers. Perhaps the next best thing to a good conversation, is a good letter. We have not room to transcribe a hundredth part of the original reflections, liveliness, and pathos scattered so profusely through these letters. A few must suffice. He is visiting the birth-place of Burns when he writes the following to his friend Mr. Reynolds:—

“We went to Kirk Alloway. ‘A prophet is no prophet in his own country.’ We went to the cottage and took some whisky. I wrote a sonnet for the mere sake of writing some lines under the roof: they are so bad I cannot transcribe them. The man at the cottage was a great bore with his anecdotes. I hate the rascal. His life consists in fuzzy, fuzzier, fuzziest. He drinks glasses five for the quarter and twelve for the hour; he is a mahogany-faced old jackass who knew Burns: he ought to have been kicked for having spoken to him. . . . I should like to employ Caliph Vathek to kick him. Oh! the flummery of a birth-place! Cant! Cant! Cant! Many a true word, they say, is spoken in jest; this may be because his gab hindered my sublimity: the flat dog made me write a flat sonnet. My dear Reynolds, I cannot write about scenery and visitings. Fancy is indeed less than present palpable reality, but it is greater than remembrance. You would lift your eyes from Homer only to see close before you the real island of Tenedos. You would rather read Homer afterwards than remember yourself. One song of Burns's is of more worth to you than all I could think for a whole year in his native country. His misery is a dead weight upon the nimbleness of one's quill. I tried to forget it;—to drink toddy without any care;—to write a merry sonnet: it wouldn't do;

—he talked, he drank with blackguards,—he was miserable. We can see horribly clear, in the works of such a man, his whole life, as if we were God's spies. What were his addresses to Jean in the after part of his life? I should not speak so to you. Yet why not? You are not in the same case. You are in the right path, and you shall not be deceived. I have spoken to you against marriage, but it was general. The prospect in these matters has been to me so blank, that I have not been unwilling to die. I would not now, for I have inducements to life. I must see my little nephews in America, and I must see you marry your lovely wife."

Keats was at this time twenty-three years of age, and had not seen the woman who was to awaken all his immense capacity of loving. Earnestly engaged in study, attendance on his brother, and the composition of his works, he had hitherto lived a quiet and retired life, mostly in the country. To a friend who urged his going more into society, he gives his objections to doing so, and goes on thus:—

"I am certain that I have not a right feeling towards women—at this moment I am striving to be just to them, but I cannot. Is it because they fall so far beneath my boyish imagination? When I was a school-boy, I thought a fair woman a pure goddess; my mind was a soft nest in which some one of them slept, though she knew it not. I have no right to expect more than their reality. I thought them ethereal, above men—I find them, perhaps, equal. Great, by comparison, is very small. Insult may be inflicted in more ways than by word and action. I do not like to think insults in a lady's company. When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen; I cannot speak or be silent. I am full of suspicions, and therefore listen to nothing. I am in a hurry to be gone."

On the subject of the articles in the "Quarterly" and "Blackwood," let us hear what he says of their effect on himself:—

"I cannot but feel indebted to those gentlemen who have taken my part. As for the rest, I begin to be a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain, without comparison, beyond what 'Blackwood' or the 'Quarterly' could inflict: and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine. J. S. is perfectly right with regard to the 'slipshod Endymion.' That it is so, is no fault of mine. No! Though it may sound a little paradoxical, it is as good as I had power to make it by myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice, and trembled over every page, it would not have been written; for it is not in my nature to fumble. I will write independently. I have written independently *without judgment*, I may write independently, *and with judgment*, hereafter. The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself. In 'Endymion' I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and taken tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure, for I would rather fail than not be among the greatest. But I am nigh getting into a rant."

And now we would fain say a few words about the

dawning of that passion which has been supposed to have hastened his end. To a nature like that of Keats, love would be impossible for any mere commonplace beauty, and of this we may be sure, that the woman beloved by such a man was no ordinary person. Somewhat may perhaps be gathered concerning her by the impression produced on his mind at their first acquaintance, as indicated in the following extracts. About the same time he talks eloquently against marriage, in his own case; showing that Ideal Beauty is the only fit wife for a poet, and poetry the only child he ought to give to the world. These considerations, and the opinion he has formed of the generality of women, who are to him like children, to whom, he says, he would rather give a sugar-plum than his time, are barriers to matrimony for him. In all this, and a thousand other incidental remarks, do we see the strong yearning of a powerful soul for love—the painful *besoin d'aimer* struggling against that other instinct of his nature which forbade him to love an inferior being. At this time he is introduced to one, who had, at all events, a large nature.

"The Misses — are very kind to me, but they have lately displeased me much, and in this way:—now I am coming the Richardson! On my return, the first day I called, they were in a sort of taking or bustle about a cousin of theirs, who having fallen out with her grand-papa in a serious manner, was invited by Mrs. — to take asylum in her house. She is an East Indian, and ought to be her grandfather's heir. At the time I called, Mrs. — was in conference with her up-stairs, and the young ladies were warm in her praise downstairs, calling her genteel, interesting, and a thousand other pretty things, to which I gave no heed, not being partial to nine days' wonders. Now all is completely changed: they hate her, and from what I hear, she is not without faults of a real kind; but she has others, which are more apt to make women of inferior claims hate her. She is not a Cleopatra, but is, at least, a Charmian: she has a rich Eastern look; she has fine eyes, and fine manners. When she comes into the room, she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess. She is too fine and too conscious of herself to repulse any man who may address her; from habit she thinks that *nothing particular*. I always find myself more at ease with such a woman: the picture before me always gives me a life and animation which I cannot possibly feel with anything inferior. I am, at such times, too much occupied in admiring, to be awkward or in a tremble; I forget myself entirely, because I live in her. You will by this time think I am in love with her, so, before I go any further, I will tell you I am not. She kept me awake one night, as a tune of Mozart's might do. I speak of the thing as a pastime and an amusement, than which I can feel none deeper than a conversation with an imperial woman, the very 'yes' and 'no' of whose life is to me a banquet. I don't cry to take the moon home with me in my pocket, nor do I fret to leave her behind me. I like her, and her like, because one has no *sensations*: what we both are is taken for granted. You will suppose I have, by this, had much talk with her—no such thing; there are the Misses — on the look out. They think I don't admire her because I don't stare at her; they call her a flirt to me—what a want of knowledge! She walks across a room in such a manner that a man is drawn towards her with a magnetic power—this they call flirting! They do not know things; they do not know what a woman is. I believe, though she has faults, the same as Charmian and Cleopatra might have had, yet

she is a fine thing, speaking in a worldly way; for there are two distinct tempers of mind in which we judge of things—the worldly, theatrical and pantomimical; and the unearthly, spiritual and ethereal. In the former, Buonaparte, Lord Byron, and this Charmian, hold the first place in our minds; in the latter, John Howard, Bishop Hooker rocking his child's cradle, and you, my dear sister, are the conquering feelings. As a man of the world, I love the rich talk of a Charmian; as an eternal being, I love the thought of you. I should like her to ruin me, and I should like you to save me.

'I am free from men of pleasure's cares,
By dint of feelings far more deep than theirs.'

Not long after writing the above, we find such passages as this in his letters:—

"I never was in love, yet the voice and shape of a woman have haunted me these two days—at such a time, when the relief, the feverish relief of poetry, seems a much less crime. This morning, poetry has conquered—I have relapsed into those abstractions which are my only life—I feel escaped from a new, strange, and threatening sorrow, and I am thankful for it. There is an awful warmth about my heart, like a load of immortality. Poor Tom, that woman and poetry were ringing changes in my senses."

Mr. Milnes's few words on this important and delicate subject, we now transcribe:—

"It may be as well at once to state that the lady alluded to in the above pages inspired Keats with a passion that only ceased with his existence.

"However sincerely the devotion of Keats may have been requited, it will be seen that his outward circumstances soon became such as to render a union very difficult, if not impossible. Thus, these years were passed in a conflict in which plain poverty and mortal sickness met a radiant imagination and a redundant heart. Hope was there, with Genius, his everlasting sustainer, and Fear never approached but as the companion of necessity. The strong power conquered the physical man, and made the very intensity of his passion, in a certain sense, accessory to his death: he might have lived longer if he had loved less. But this should be no matter of self-reproach to the object of his love, for the same may be said of the very exercise of his poetic faculty, and of all that made him what he was. It is enough that she has preserved his memory with a sacred honour, and it is no vain assumption that to have inspired and sustained the one passion of this noble being has been a source of grave delight and earnest thankfulness through the changes and chances of her earthly pilgrimage."

We have neither space nor inclination to give our readers any details of the slow and agonizing death of Keats; although we would call attention to the noble and disinterested conduct of his friend, Joseph Severn, through all that awful struggle. "Verily, he will have his reward." We now quote one of the dying man's last letters almost entire. Is not its eloquent incoherence almost appalling?

"The fresh air revived me a little, and I hope I am well enough this morning to write you a short, calm letter; if that can be called one in which I am afraid to speak of what I would fainest dwell upon. As I have gone thus far into it, I must go on a little; perhaps it may relieve the load of wretchedness which presses upon me. The persuasion that I shall see her no more, will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her while I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh! God, God, God! everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head.

My imagination is horribly vivid about her. I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her for a moment. This was the case when I was in England; I cannot recollect without shuddering the time that I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again. Now! Oh, that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her. To see her handwriting would break my heart. Even to hear of her anyhow—to see her name written—would be more than I can bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do! Where can I look for consolation or ease! If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish Town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write to me, which you will do immediately, write to Rome, (*poste restante*.) If she is well and happy, put a mark thus, +; if—

"Remember me to all. I will endeavour to bear my miseries patiently. A person in my state of health should not have such miseries to bear. Write a short note to my sister, saying you have heard from me. Severe is well. If I were in better health I would urge your coming to Rome. I fear there is no one can give me any comfort. Is there any news of George? Oh, that something fortunate had ever happened to me or my brothers; that I might hope! But despair is forced upon me as a habit. My dear Brown, for my sake be her advocate for ever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me. I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh, Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast! It surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her and her mother, and my sister, and George and his wife, and you, and all!

"Your ever affectionate Friend,

"JOHN KEATS."

"Oh, weep for Adonais!" His mortal remains lie buried in a lovely spot in Rome, and while we weep, the flowers are growing on his grave, and his glorious spirit is pursuing its allotted course in another world. God recalled his gift to earth at his appointed time, and who shall say that it was *too soon*? All our passions are presumptuous, and grief is not the least so. We must learn to submit to God's will, even in such things as the early death of the Keatses and Chattertons of the world.

Of the literary remains we have this to say, that had they appeared as the only works of a poet who died at the age of twenty-five, they would probably have been considered as full of promise and of actual power and beauty, and they would have excited some curiosity about their author. They are by no means so good as Keats's previously published works, but they have enough of his peculiar genius to make them extremely interesting as specimens of the versatility of his poetic faculty.

In conclusion, let us hope that Mr. Milnes will find the reward of his labours in the increased popularity of this exquisite and original poet. To reflect upon what Keats did in poetry before his twenty-fifth year, is to see clearly how much greater he might have become than almost any poet of our day. Let us take the best thing he has left us, and that only a fragment, "Hyperion," and compare it with anything of a

similar length written before the age of five-and-twenty by his most celebrated contemporaries. Did Scott or Byron, Moore or Campbell, Rogers or Southey,—ay, even Shelley, or Coleridge, or Wordsworth,—produce anything before that age which can be compared with “Hyperion” for grandeur, beauty, and power of conception?—for solemn grace and unencumbered magnificence of diction? We appeal to any impartial reader. Let him take up “Hyperion,” and read it carefully, and he will, we think, agree with us that it is unrivalled as the work of a youth. It can fairly be compared with Milton, and (in another department of art) with the Elgin Marbles. It is like a realised dream of the primeval world and the earliest gods. Some of his shorter poems, such as the “Ode to a Nightingale,” “On a Grecian Urn,” and “To Melancholy,” may boldly challenge comparison with anything of the same kind and compass in our literature, and the world is beginning to be aware of this. These volumes will do much towards establishing other truths, and teaching some of those grave lessons, which God wills that man should learn in this world. To quote Mr. Milnes’s eloquent last words on the subject of the Life of Keats:—

“Let no man, who is in anything above his fellows, claim, as of right, to be valued or understood: the vulgar great are comprehended and adored, because they are in reality in the same moral plane with those who admire; but he who deserves the higher reverence must himself convert the worshipper. The pure and lofty life; the generous and tender use of the rare creative faculty; the brave endurance of neglect and ridicule; the strange and cruel end of so much genius and so much virtue; these are the lessons by which the sympathies of mankind must be interested, and their faculties educated, up to the love of such a character and the comprehension of such an intelligence. Still the lovers and scholars will be few: still the rewards of fame will be scanty and ill-proportioned: no accumulation of knowledge or series of experiences can teach the meaning of genius to those who look for it in additions and results, any more than the numbers studded round a planet’s orbit could approach nearer infinity than a single unit. The world of thought must remain apart from the world of action, for if they once coincided, the problem of life would be solved, and the hope, which we call heaven, would be realized on earth. And therefore men

‘Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.’”

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

*Robert Browning’s “Bells and Pomegranates.”—
“Pippa passes.”* Moxon.

“THE world knows nothing of its greatest men:” so at least says an excessively mediocre poet in that embodiment of mediocrity, yclept “Philip von Artevelde.” As a general rule, nothing can be more opposed to truth. Genius of a high order always has obtained, and always must obtain, the world’s recognition, “in the long run.” Such talents are not communicated by Providence to serve no purpose. There is no instance on record of the discovery of an anonymous work which could pretend to merit of a lofty nature. The German middle-age poems, “Das Niebelungen-

Lied,” and “Reynard,” despite their force and oddity, are not sufficiently beautiful to be admitted as exceptions to the rule. Nevertheless, though the world always does, sooner or later, know something of its greatest men, yet true it is, that genius has certain primary difficulties to encounter and surmount, which do not beset the path of mediocrity. Genius frequently selects an unusual form for its development; or it expresses a phase of thought and feeling which is not familiar to the critics of the day, and which they consequently shrink for some time from acknowledging. Thus, Tennyson was long passed over by the majority of critics, from their ignorance and cowardice, whilst others were audacious enough to ridicule and condemn. None, at first, had sufficient courage to admire. Taylor, on the other hand, who walked according to the traditions of the past, who observed the wonted forms, and fell in with the conventional errors frequent in English poetry, and more especially characteristic of the English drama, (employing a false didactic style, essentially inimical to dramatic truth, but long naturalised among us);—Taylor, we say, was at once hailed by Quarterly and Edinburgh, and, consequently, by all the smaller fry, as *the* dramatist of the age, and, indeed, as one of our greatest modern bards. The line quoted at the head of these remarks will be found (as nine-tenths of our readers may know) in this author’s “Philip von Artevelde,” and has “*sait les délices*”—in plain English, charmed the souls—of all the small babblers and scribblers of the literary world. It was written, we may remark, before its originator had been hailed as one of these said “greatest men;” but we may venture to assert that such a sentiment could only have proceeded from one who felt the spirit of mediocrity strong within him, and so protested beforehand against the final judgment of posterity.

But to our theme. Robert Browning, then, of whom we purpose to discourse, is certainly anything but unknown. Walter Savage Landor has recognised him in one of his fugitive pieces, as gifted with the freshest soul that ever bard possessed since Chaucer’s days: (always excepting, we presume, that incomparable Swan of Avon, who soars above the condition of humanity). Sergeant Talfourd has celebrated him as the most rising dramatist of the age, in the preface to his own classic “Ion;” and Charles Dickens (to complete a worthy triad) is known to consider and declare this poet’s “Blot on the Scutcheon” the most poetic, pathetic, and generally beautiful of domestic tragedies. Some readers, perhaps, would not give Dickens credit for such elevated taste; yet, remembering the childhood of little Dombey, they surely cannot wonder that he who conceived such exquisite prose-poetry should be able to appreciate the loftiest creations of art.

Nevertheless, though Robert Browning is thus appreciated by the best and worthiest, he is not generally popular. We think he *should* be so; and, since we address a public of many thousands, through the medium of SHARPE’S MAGAZINE, we shall labour on the present occasion to bring the perception of his merits

home to those as yet unacquainted with this poet, and endeavour to convince them, that, despite the occasional audacity of his conceptions and the frequent harshness of his diction, the beauty of thought and feeling which they will invariably find beneath the surface, should recommend his works to their immediate attention and most careful study.

Before we proceed to the examination of "Pippa passes," we are moved to take a cursory survey of the state of our Poetic Literature (very cursory it shall be), since it would otherwise be difficult for us to place our readers at the point of view we wish them to occupy, for the thorough estimation of Robert Browning's poetic and dramatic merits. We have said, then, that he was "a genius." Now, genius is no hourly or daily visitor in any age; and certainly in our own its angel-apparitions are few and far between. The Georgian era, when Byron discoursed in such passionate, but also such faulty strains; when Southey soared to the highest glories of epic song; when Scott chanted his romantic lays of chivalry; when Burns, Moore, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, Keats, Shelley, Milman, and many others, woke the lyre and stirred the world to admiration, has been naturally followed by a period of comparative rest, of seeming inertia. Moore and Wordsworth are still indeed *among* us, yet no longer *of* us. Coleridge and Campbell have at last departed. Milman has subsided into a somewhat rationalistic Church historian. However, certain new lights have arisen. Landor, in those days but little known, has since given his "Hellenics," his "Pericles and Aspasia," his "Trial of Shakspeare," his "Decamerone," and other works, to the world; mostly fraught with the spirit of classical antiquity, reflected with chastened outlines, and in pale, though pleasing hues. Then Tennyson, also, has appeared, the greatest of living lyric bards, who has found the means of restoring to us the ballad-poetry of the middle-ages in a modern form, etherealized and subtilized by the spirit of the nineteenth century, and breaking a strain of loftier and deeper passion than found utterance in those simple days. Miss Barratt, now Mrs. Browning, may be named as a poetess, of a high order, despite her occasional mannerisms and seeming affectations of thoughts and style: she, too, is gifted with the soul of passion, and compels the reader's heart to vibrate with the thrill of sympathy. Other poetesses we have had among us during the last five-and-twenty years; this comparatively barren era, as contrasted with the first quarter of the century. Mrs. Hemans's sweet, but somewhat monotonous strains, have found many admirers, and, perhaps, more *lovers*, yet have tended, in a degree, to lower the popular taste for poetry, by substituting a languid sentiment for deeper and fresher emotions, and so erecting a conventional standard, which almost every poetaster might venture to approach. L. E. L. sinned more flagrantly in the same direction, substituting sentimentality for sentiment. Keble, it may be remarked, approximates in some respects to Mrs. Hemans, but is distinguished by a far higher and

deeper apprehension of sacred things, calm devotional fervour, and occasional sublimity. He is, however, faulty as an artist, wanting concentration, both in thought and expression, and frequently leaving his main idea to wander on some side-path conducting to an anti-climax. Yet, despite these artistic foibles, and that tendency to doctrinal novelty, which sadly mars the "Lyra Innocentium," his name will not easily pass away. Williams is even more diffuse, but has also more freshness. Neither of these can be placed on an artistic level with the evangelic Cowper. Monckton Milnes should also be adverted to in any general notice of living poets, though frequently diffuse and feeble; as he is still distinguished by a certain delicacy of thought and feeling, which should seem to be the leading quality of the modern school. Of Barry Cornwall we will not discourse; but Macaulay, with his trumpet notes from Ivry and from Rome, seems to challenge our attention. Of him, then, we must say, that, in his quality of essayist and critic, he seems to us a brilliant wordmonger; glittering and glaring like the sunshine, but never penetrating beneath the surface; deficient, indeed, in the first qualities requisite for critical appreciation; but we cannot deny that his strains seem to glow with living fire, and that in rapid battle-panoramas he is without a rival. Marston also should be remembered here. He is waxing, alas! more and more artificial; and will, we fear, never achieve the wreath which once seemed within his grasp. His "Gerald" promised noble things. That promise has not been kept. He is like a racer on the Olympic course, who should foot it on the stilted and weighty Cothurn, when his own feet, unimpeded, would have borne him swiftly to the goal. Finally, let us commemorate Martin Farquhar Tupper, fresh, genial, and eminently English; at moments even "John Bullish," but capable of the loftiest elevation of thought and feeling. His is the maytide of sunshine, full of life and joy.

But though we have named many worthy names, one yet is left behind, whose owner we should place, in some respects, above all these worthies, more especially for the combination of creative genius with the most truthful and most touching sentiment; and this one is Robert Browning. He is, indeed, pre-eminently, if not exclusively, a dramatist, and therefore should not be compared with those who excel in such distinct departments. But it is our impression, for reasons to be named hereafter, that his works may yet be studied with most devotion of all these. We say, studied: for study, unfortunately, is requisite to obtain a just appreciation of their merit. His first acknowledged production was unintelligible to the general reader, and displeasing even to the believing student, because the portraiture of an unhealthful and imperfect nature,—"*Sordello*," supposed to perish because his powers of execution prove unequal to the active task he has conceived. This was a painful poem, and gave a false impression of its author's powers; more especially as a certain clique of literary men happened to be connected with Browning, (them-

selves, for the most part, unsuccessful dramatists,) who extolled him for his very faults, instead of directing attention to his beauties, thereby exciting a very natural prejudice against him. The style of this poem was conversational, and "*would-be*" natural, to such an extent as to be supremely unnatural, and almost unintelligible. And here be it observed, that a tendency to the same bold simplicity is even yet visible at times in Browning's artistic creations. "Paracelsus," a very fine dramatic poem, came next, which, with beauties of the highest order, had also its measure of deficiencies, being somewhat vague and shadowy, and, consequently, unacceptable to the general reader. Then came the "Bells and Pomegranates," to which we propose at present to direct attention,—a series of plays, and dramatic utterances in the shape of lyrics, published by Moxon, in shilling numbers; and these "Bells and Pomegranates," as a whole, are masterly, and stamp their author as one of the most singular poets of his age and country. By the bye, we must not altogether omit to notice our author's "Strafford," a very remarkable tragedy, produced by Mr. Macready, who performed the principal character, and repeated it many nights with great effect. We do not wish to dwell on this play; its political and historical sympathies being diametrically opposed to our own, but, as a work of art, it has great merit.

It is not, however, in technical adaptability for performance, but intensity of passion and truthfulness of characterisation, combined with high dramatic interest, that Robert Browning's plays surpass the productions of the English school. We do not imply so much of laudation, in saying this, as might at first sight appear. Of course, the matchless Shakspeare pertains to no school, and is beyond all parallel; but Beaumont and Fletcher, despite their brilliant gifts of imagination, are unartistically vulgar and painfully immoral—nay, base; and Massinger is harsh and crude; and the lawless Ford, and the colourless Shirley, and the "minor Elizabethans" generally, do appear to us to be little better than talented barbarians, sadly deficient in nobility of thought, and therefore wearisome, and for the more part even repulsive. The masques of rare Ben Jonson are "beautiful exceedingly," but his tragedies and comedies are intolerably laborious, and void of dramatic vitality. The barbarism of Dryden is yet more disagreeable, he having added the false refinements of a "pinchbeck" age to a substratum of native coarseness. "All for Love," indeed, has merit, but is wholly devoid of originality. We cannot bestow more admiration on the tediously immoral *Rowes* and *Otways* in whom our fathers delighted, and whom we have left behind us, it is to be hoped, for ever.

Superior to all these dramatists of the past is the living Sheridan Knowles, who has feeling, fancy, and dramatic impulse, but is, alas! deficient in the highest qualities of conception, and executes in a borrowed strain, closely reflecting all the conventionalisms, the "i'fecks" and the "quothas," of the Elizabethan school.

By casting his ideas into a by-gone mould, by returning to what might be considered the infancy of Art in this country, (despite the one glorious exception who transcended all ages,) he has compelled us to entertain some doubts of his originality of genius. Nevertheless, he was and is our most successful acting dramatist since Shakspeare, and will always maintain an honourable position in our country's literature. (We speak, of course, only with reference to the effusions of the tragic muse, and would not detract from the fame of the clever but not over-moral Congreve, Farquhar, Sheridan, &c.) Other living dramatists, it may be added, have surpassed those that went before them. Sergeant Talfourd has given us a classical creation in "Ion," and his "Glencoe" has much merit. Bulwer also, though subject to the charge of conventionalism, has exhibited real dramatic power, and may yet accomplish far higher things in this sphere, than he has till now attempted. Leigh Hunt has given us a sweet drama in his "Legend of Florence."

We have no great respect for the so-called unacted drama. Mr. Stephens's plays, though indicative of talent, are obviously the fruits of a diseased imagination, mainly corrupted by Elizabethan studies, which scorns the trammels of common sense, and absolutely delights in heaping together the most incongruous epithets and far-fetched and unnatural similes. R. H. Horne appears to us a painstaking, laborious student—nothing more. Mr. Heraud's dramas are certainly not dramatic, whatever their other merits may be: witness the extraordinary "Roman Brother." One more writer of dramatic poems must be referred to, already mentioned, whom it is, or perhaps rather has been, the fashion to regard as a poet of lofty genius: the author of "Philip von Artevelde." We will only say, for the present, that we are utterly unable to discover this gentleman's merits, whether as dramatist or poet, (though we believe him to be a sensible and noble-hearted man,) inasmuch as he appears to us to be devoid of impulse or of dramatic vitality, and, further, addicted to many conventional errors.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SAMUEL PEPYS, F.R.S.¹

THE historians, the philosophers, the poets of ancient Rome, afford us but a faint insight into the great human heart pulsating in their age. The heroes and magnates are placed before us, we are introduced to *their* feasts, informed of *their* pursuits, and shown how *they* felt and acted; but the people were long lost to us: we looked in vain for any faithful and distinct records of their habits and customs, domestic economy and social relations. Every one was required to colour and fill up, according to his own peculiar

(1) "The Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S. with a Life and Notes, by Richard Lord Braybrooke." Third Vol. Third Edition. Colburn: London, 1848.

notions, the vague outline left us. All was indistinct—until some labourers digging, one day, struck their spades into the midst of two buried cities. After a sleep of many centuries, Herculaneum and Pompeii had a resurrection, and saw once more the light of day shining on them: loud voices and busy footsteps again resounded in their streets. The veil which had divided us from a long-lost generation was rent asunder, and we learnt how men really worked and thought, felt, hoped, and feared in the olden time. Yes! there was the skeleton, engaged at the moment of death in a debauch, the handle of the *amphora* still grasped in its bony fingers—there was the miser, who had lingered to save his gold at the cost of his life—and the belle, with a shattered mirror by her side. All the little articles of ornament and use were returned to sight—the tailor's implements, the carpenter's tools, the jeweller's gewgaws—in a tavern remained its drinking cups and wine vessels, some broken in the last moment of jollity—and, in a chemist's shop, some half-made pills, *inter alia*, the "medicine man," whilst engaged in preparing for another the means of battling with death, saw the grim foe advancing on himself, and fled at his approach, leaving his work undone, his patient uncared for. We beheld the men of Herculaneum and Pompeii engaged in the very last acts of their lives, and with the imprints of their individual minds exposed before us.

The Diary of Pepys is like the discovery of another Herculaneum: it reveals to us much that had been lost, and makes plain more that had been imperfectly understood, or mistaken. How few are there who do not derive their knowledge of our history from Shakspeare and Scott, rather than from the pages of Hume, Smollett, Lingard, or Macaulay? And why? Because the latter exhibit little more than a fleshless skeleton—plain, dry facts—only the most prominent points of which fix themselves in the memory; whilst the former conjure up the people of old, living and acting in our presence, and not mere objects of vague conjecture or curious inquiry. And yet, our immortal dramatist and novelist induce us to receive, as facts, much which is the product of their imaginations, tinged, in too many instances, with prejudice. The exhilarating and tempting draught which we eagerly and unreflectingly imbibe from their hands, is often calculated to impair the judgment and mislead the fancy. A writer like Pepys is, therefore, most valuable as a corrective to it: his relations can be almost implicitly depended on; and he, too, presents them in a form which compels perusal and remembrance. He must have been a kindred spirit with Boswell—each was a well-disposed, gossiping, vain man—each has been rescued from the slough of oblivion by clinging to the skirts of men who could not be submerged in it—and each attests the veracity of his narrative by most amusing, because involuntary, self-exposure. Both were men of far quicker apprehension, and possessed of far more common sense and sound judgment than superficial observers would give them credit for. This is particularly true of Pepys; whose verdict on his contemporaries, and their manners and customs,

is quite in accordance with that pronounced in the present day.

The character of Charles II. and the nation under his rule, has been greatly misrepresented, especially in the alluring pages of "Woodstock." Most people conclude that there then existed nothing but a scene of unmitigated and wide-spread dissipation; and that the sense of virtue, and almost of decency, had fled the land: but Pepys corroborates the views of those inclined to take a juster and more philosophic estimate of human nature. He represents the king as sick in body, oppressed with *ennui*, and "weary of everything;" instead of the free, jovial, thoughtless man he is generally believed to have been. Such is the inevitable result of certain causes upon one naturally of good intentions and kindly disposition, but wanting in energy and moral firmness; ungrounded, during youth, in right principles, and destitute of any great command over his subjects, condemned, in fact, to tolerate much which he did not approve of. Brought up in the midst of luxury and splendour; then, unexpectedly, deprived of even the necessaries of life—enduring evils and privations of the severest kind, and afterwards suddenly reinstated in his first position: it is scarcely to be wondered at that he should have plunged, for awhile, in his restoration, into pleasure of every kind, with an appetite for it rendered keener by previous abstinence; and though there is too much to condemn in his conduct and career, still there are some extenuating matters which Pepys's Diary relates.

"Men's evil manners live in brass—their virtues
We write in water."

Therefore we bear in mind the excesses of Buckingham, Rochester, and others of the same stamp, and accept them as types of a genus, instead of isolated and exceptional specimens. They seem, on the contrary, to have been regarded then, much as we regard our "fast men" now. Indeed, one nobleman was furiously attacked by the House of Commons for a matter which in this day would be left to the exclusive cognisance of the courts of law. And hear Pepys's opinion about bull-baiting! "It is a rude and nasty pleasure; we had a great many hectors in the same box with us, and one (very fine) went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager, which was thought strange sport for a gentleman." We fear that the present age has somewhat relaxed in its estimation of similar "pleasures." Such also was the puritanical spirit then existing, that "it was feared, that setting up of plays would undo the nation:" and the autobiographer, having slyly ventured into a theatre, says—"I sat with my cloak about my face, in mighty pain, lest I should be seen by any one." On the whole, the Diary induces us to remind our contemporaries, when inclined to indulge in unmitigated vituperation of their ancestors in the latter half of the 17th century, and to vaunt their own superior morality, to weigh the facts on each side justly and carefully.

The volume before us is principally occupied by memoranda of the Great Plague and the Fire of London.

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

"Remember, remember, the Fifth of November,
Gunpowder Treason and Plot,
I see no reason why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot!"

So says the bard, whoever he was, who wrote a rhythmical commemoration of the notable plot to blow up the king and commons of England, which recoiled upon the head of its prime agent and victim, Guy Fawkes. So says the bard whose rhymes have outlived his reputation; and so say we—we see no reason why such a pet little bit of history, annually brought back to our recollection by a peculiar popular ceremony instituted to preserve its memory, should ever be forgot; and we feel a strong conviction that whoever may be the fortunate individual editing SHARPE five hundred years hence, will, in his postscript for November 2348, express much the same sentiments on the subject as we are now doing. Guy Fawkes, as he sat in the cellar, contemplating the coals, and conscious of the barrels of black dust destined to effect a massacre, overthrow a dynasty, and crush the Protestant religion in England, doubtless conjured up in his scheming brain many wondrous visions of the future. To a mind like his, the situation must have been strangely suggestive. See! His dark eye flashes—his pale face lights up—his stern brow unbends, as thoughts of success present themselves! Revenge gratified—his faith triumphant—personal advancement secured—his enemies overthrown—and all by one bold act, and that act his own! Others may plot and scheme, he alone dares execute. And the blood that must be shed ere all this is brought about—does he feel no compunction on that account? *Will* he feel no remorse? Hark to his muttered words: "The end justifies the means. It is good that men should die for the public weal. We shall have nought to reproach ourselves with if we succeed."

"If we succeed!—if!"—and as the possibility of failure presents itself, his brow contracts, his eye grows fierce, and the smile of triumph fades from his cruel mouth. What are his thoughts now? Discovery—arrest—the lonely cell—the stern investigation; ay, even by torture—the fearful sentence to die—solitude again—the yelling crowd—the block—the headsman's axe—death—and what then? The end justifies the means—will the plea hold good then? Would he could believe it!

Such things he might, and very probably did think, dear reader; but what we feel convinced did *not* occur to him, and which he did not in the smallest degree foresee, was the delicate little tribute which we, Frank Fairleigh, at the tender age of six years, should, in the nineteenth century, pay to his memory; or the small festival which, making the utmost of the very limited resources at our command, we should then and there celebrate in his honour (or dishonour, as the case may be). Well do we recollect how, on the fifth of November, eighteen hundred and twenty *something* (for we are not going to tell you the exact date, gentle

reader,) we at break of day aroused our establishment, consisting of one vicious-tempered old nurse, and declared, with an ardour of authority which the greatness of the occasion alone could have called forth, that we **WOULD HAVE** a Guy. We were told to lie still, and go to sleep—not we, indeed. Sleep!—Macbeth himself never murdered "the soft restorer" more effectually than we did—and so, at last, our acidulated domestic, finding for once that we were determined to have our own way, made a virtue of necessity and gave it us, though not without affording us a very plain hint of the ultimate destination of little boys who disturbed their attendants at unseasonable hours. Our youthful toilet completed, we hastened, with Nurse's assistance, to realise our "historic fancies" by manufacturing a Guy, and thus we set about it:—

We clothed a bolster in a brown Holland pinafore, leaving out one end for a head. The sleeves, filled with soft articles, did duty for arms; a pair of socks, similarly distended, formed the feet; then came the triumph of our art: we obtained a sheet of paper, and, by aid of pen and ink, we made him a square face!—this we surmounted with a nightcap; and we enthroned the little monster, thus constructed, in a small arm-chair, our especial property, which we generously devoted to his use. If ever we were guilty of idolatry, it was on that day. With Frankenstein (of whom we were happily ignorant) we could have felt little sympathy; but Pygmalion himself never adored his own handywork as we loved that abortion. Nurse had nearly a sinecure on the occasion;—we and Guy spent the morning in a quiet *tête-à-tête*, dined together, took an early tea in each other's society, and would willingly have made a night of it, had not Nurse, about half-past eight o'clock, determined on vindicating her supremacy, and, laying violent hands on our companion, literally torn him limb from limb. We shed a few natural tears on the occasion, but soon recovering ourselves, sought our couch, happy in the proud consciousness that we had done our duty,—we had had a Guy on the fifth of November.

Our reviews having run to a greater length than usual, this time we have little room for notices, and must confine ourselves to a few words about—

"The Gap of Barnesmore." This is a very respectable novel; full of incident, and half full of history: the history of the Revolution in Ireland in 1688. The author starts with an assurance to the reader that he has endeavoured to avoid the qualities of style he has met with in modern fashionable novels. We can assure him that he has succeeded. His book is not a flimsy, slight, merry affair; but we are ready to admit that its greatest fault is being too grave.

"Affection." 3 vols. 8vo. A clever but rather absurd book, dedicated to Lord Ashley, and all about him and his benevolent schemes.

"Mildred Vernon." The best novel that has appeared for a long time. As we hope hereafter to give our readers a regular review of so remarkable a work, we will say no more about it now, except that it is apparently the work of a Roman Catholic.



The Landing of the Maharis.

THE DAUGHTER OF HEREMON :

A TALE OF THE VALE OF AVOCA.

BY DINAH MARIA MULLOCK.

"My words leapt forth—'Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath.' She rendered answer high,—
'Not so—nor once alone—a thousand times
I would be born and die!'"

Tennyson.

READER, wilt thou go with us, far back into the shadow of the past?—so far that, looking into the mists of that dim horizon which girds our modern world, earth and cloud-land, reality and mythical fable, seem mingled into one? Let us pass, then, into this shadowy region, whence the poet draws his symbols, and in airy images shows to living and breathing humanity the reflex of itself.

In the olden times—before even the footsteps of the Celt or the Gaul were upon the western mountains—when there was not a trace of those land-marks of history which in after days were to be the glory of Irish antiquaries,—there came a little colony of Phœnicians to that beautiful shore beyond which now rise the Wicklow hills. Then the nameless island lay in its untrodden loveliness on the bosom of that unknown sea which the adventurers had dared to cross. Strange birds sang to them in the woods, and beautiful and harmless beasts came and looked at them as they passed, but no human face did the wanderers behold. The virgin earth budded and blossomed, year by year, with her luxuriance ungathered, her beauty unbeheld.

The little colony nestled itself in the mountains;—there it grew, and brought to this far-off home the arts and refinements of the East. The plenteous land produced all that the strangers sought; they pierced its depths for mineral riches, and fabricated ornaments of silver and gold; its fruitful surface yielded every appliance of luxury; they went clad in Tyrian purple, and made their dwellings as fair as the house which their father Hiram builded for Solomon.

And over all these glories the tide of ages has rolled, sweeping them into nothingness. They were themselves but nothingness—so we will pass them by. The deep heart of humanity, which throbs the same in all generations, and through all variations of time and place, is, after all, the only truth, the only reality,—the rest are merely shadows. Let us look on that:—

A little child lived among the mountains. She was the only one of her father,—gentle, fair, beloved. Reader! in the daughter of Heremon you may trace, shining through the shadowy mists of the past, the same type of childhood which, ever renewed from age to age, is eternal in its loveliness and purity. Your little son, lying at your feet, looks up to you with the same mystery of love and beauty in his eyes which shone in those of the young Helys. She it was who drove away from the heart of her Phœnician sire whatever there was in it of evil, until he valued all the gold of his rich mines less than a single hair on this child's beloved head.

Helys lived among the mountains secure and happy.

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She, and the land where she trod, exulted alike in the fearless beauty of youth. The purple and fine linen of Tyre,—the enervating luxuries of that distant clime from whence her father came,—had never oppressed the daughter of Heremon. Born in the new land, she united the strength of the North with the rich beauty of the South. Light and active as was her childish frame, it yet had at times the languid grace which marked her descent from climes whereon the sun casts nearer and more burning rays; and Phœnician Dido herself never turned towards the beloved Eneas eyes whose dark glorious depths revealed more of the slumbering soul beneath, than was shadowed forth in the intense gaze of the child Helys.

Out of the cloud-picture which we draw, shaping its images from the mists and darkness that encompass these dim ghostlike ages of old, let this one image stand out clear. Let it become defined, and form itself into the similitude of a woman's life-history, beheld at the several epochs which make a day the symbolization of an existence—Dawn, Morning, Noon, and Night. And, first, cometh—

DAWN.

The child stood on a mountain-side, looking up towards its top with a mysterious, yet half-longing gaze, even as in our youth we look towards life, wondering, as we climb on, how far distant is that cloud-hung summit, and through what strange paths will our journey thither lead! Helys cast her childish glances forward, but they could not pierce beyond the verdure-covered crag, at the base of which she stood. It rose above her head, just lofty enough to shut out the further view, and to keep those young feet safe within the little paradise of flowers and green bushes that lay below. Yet still the child could not but look beyond, as if the future, even then, wore in her sight a mysterious beauty and charm.

Look up, sweet Helys, with that lovely serene face, the lifted eyes, the parted lips; look up! for even now, though thou knowest it not, the shadow of that dim future is falling upon thee!

On the top of the crag, gleaming from between the branches of a low tree, the child saw a face! Human it seemed, and beautiful; but its beauty was unlike any the little Phœnician maiden had ever beheld. It startled her; and, half in surprise, half in delight, she uttered a cry. The next moment, there fell from the tree, down almost at her feet, a young boy!

He lay without speech or movement; his cheek was bloodless, and in its fairness looked so deadly white, that Helys began to tremble lest it should be no human being she beheld, but one of those spirits which she heard drew their existence from airy mists and mountain snows. Still there was a human likeness in the slender form; and the young limbs, which the rude garment of skins left bare, were fearfully wasted and torn with briars. It could not be a spirit; for spirits could not suffer thus! The child's fear vanished, and a tender compassion stole into her heart, filling her eyes with tears.

She crept nearer to the boy; and, at last, stooping

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over him, ventured to lay her tiny finger on the rings of pale gold hair that fell round his face in wild confusion. She touched the closed eye-lids, and put her cheek to the mouth, from which the breath could scarcely be perceived to issue; she lifted the hand, but it sank down again on the green grass; then the little maiden grew terrified, and began to weep.

"Wake, beautiful stranger!—wake!—and I will take thee home, and make thee my brother! I will give thee honey and milk, and love thee! Dost thou hear? Wake, then!"

And, when there was no answer, the child knelt down, laid her young mouth close to those pale lips, and tried to breathe her soul into his with kisses.

They roused the boy to life,—ay, to a deeper life than that which then revived and lighted up his eyes with an almost adoring wonder as he beheld the face of Helys.—From that hour, within the wild breast of the mountain youth there awoke the yet slumbering soul.

Month after month the stranger-boy dwelt in the house of Heremon. He learnt the Phœnician tongue, and then he told them of the savage home, far inland, from whence he had wandered, where men lived like wild beasts, and whence the orphan had been driven to dwell in the woods, or starve and die. And still, through all the rudeness of his mien, there shone out in him, day by day, a great and noble spirit, such as from time to time is born in the lowliest of earth's dwellings, to make of the man in whom it abides a ruler among his fellows, and a helper on of the world's great work.

Therefore it was not strange, if, when for a space this stranger-youth had grown wise in all the learning of the Phœnicians, he should yearn to go out into the wide world, and leave the spot which already confined his great soul. Sometimes when he talked of this, Heremon looked grave, and bade him rest and delve among the gold mines; for the old Phœnician loved the boy, and had given him, in addition to his savage name, that of Heremon's own brother Ith, so that the young Ith-Einar was counted as his adopted. And many a time did the child Helys, as she wreathed her arms round his neck, intreating him not to go away, think,—ay, and say aloud, in the simplicity of her heart,—that never was brother so good, so noble, so beloved as he!

But when at last a Phœnician vessel touched the shore, and brought to the colonists strange tales of the world beyond the seas, Ith-Einar could resist no more. The ship bore back with it, over the ocean, the young pilgrim from this new land. Helys, still a child, wept at first a child's passionate tears; but, as she watched the white speck fade on the mysterious expanse of waters, these tears stilled themselves into feelings deeper and more silent. The golden mists had furled away from the young child's life:—it was no longer dawn.

MORNING.

Pilgrim of nature, to whose poet soul the universe is full of symbols, hast thou seen the grey morning

creep over the hills, cloud-veiled at first, so that long after the time when the whole creation is full of renewed life, the dew still lies on the grass, a pale, dim shadow rests in the depth of the valleys, and the dim sky, covered with a silvery shroud, bends heavily down over the yet half-awakened earth, until suddenly the clouds part, and bursting through them, filling the world with a flood of light, appears at last the all-glorious sun? Then the whole earth breaks forth into singing, and rejoices, for the shadows are past, the perfect day is come.

So it was with the daughter of Heremon. She grew up in her mountain solitudes, passing from childhood to maiden beauty, and still over her spirit hung a dim veil, beneath whose mysterious shadow the young virgin lived, even as the half-slumbering earth beneath the morning clouds. But when the time came, the veil was lifted, the clouds swept asunder, and the sun of her life arose.

Ith-Einar came back from over the seas, and stood before her whom he had left a child. He stood sublime in his youthful beauty, not only the outward beauty which dazzles the eye, but that which subdues the soul. He came from the East, with his mind rich in all the treasures of those glorious lands. The wisdom of Egypt, the luxurious grace of Tyre, the poetry of Greece, were in his heart and on his tongue. And more than all, there shone forth in his every tone and gesture the remembered tenderness of the old childish days. And Helys knew that he had brought back from those gorgeous climes the pure heart of the mountain-boy. Towards it her own sprang at once, and while her whole soul bent before him in almost worship, this olden tie caused to mingle therewith a human affection, deep and holy and enduring, which was to her as the very breath she drew.

So these two loved one another. What more can tongue utter or pen describe of earthly joy?—the fullness of youth, of hope, of blessedness, the life of life, that is in those words, "*they loved one another!*" They had one mind, one heart, one soul. Her spirit, which had hitherto floated in crystal purity, like a stream yet ungazed on by the sun, received the impress of his, and sun-like he looked down from his high pathway, and saw his own image—not the less glorious because it was reflected in the still, clear waters of a woman's heart.

After a time there came a cloud over their glad morning. While the young lovers walked the world, seeing all around them, the earth below and the sky above, the past and the future, but in the light of this glorious dream, the old Phœnician bent over his gold mines, until his nature grew base and sordid. Ith-Einar, with his pure and continually-aspiring soul, seemed to Heremon like a reproving voice from the days of his own youth. He stood beside the miser, an image of that holier life from which he himself had turned away, and the dark, foul heart shrank from the glory of his presence.

"Thou art poor," Heremon would say to the youth, "and poverty is an evil thing. Cast aside thy wild

dreams, and go and seek out a gold mine, then come back, and I will call thee my son."

And then Ith-Einar would in vain repress his proud bitter speech, while he turned and gazed in vague fear on the face of his beloved, lest he should read there one shadow betokening the low, mean soul that dwelt in her sire.

Love in a woman engrosses all things, atones for all things, but it is not so with man. Else why was it, that before many months had passed, Helys stood alone on the mountains? Ith-Einar was far away over the seas. He had come and gone like a dream, but when that dream was ended, its glory remained. Little of sorrow mingled with it, for she was so young, she had so much to hope. She knew he would come again, and so, after the parting tears were dried, she rested in the new life which he had kindled in her soul. She walked the mountain-paths he had trod, she learned unconsciously to speak his words, to think his thoughts, to love what he loved, to raise her yet unformed and girlish nature to all that was good and beautiful in his, that she might be like him and worthy of him, not only in outward things, but in the purest depths of her heart.

Thus the years crept by; but a year is so little when life is still in its morning. The flowers had time to gain a deeper perfume, the sky to grow bluer and purer—that was all. Helys went on her way, smiling still, and trusting evermore.

Heremon died, and the young Phœnician youths began to see how rich were the gold mines and how fair was the face of Helys. But she bent her proud head with a serene look, and turned away, sometimes smiling to herself that any one should dream a dream so wild, or think to win one glance from the betrothed of Ith-Einar.

And still moon after moon rose from out the sea, and set behind the mountains, but Ith-Einar came not. Then the maiden's hope grew faint. After Heremon's death she had made her home in a fair and lonely vale, around which the beloved hills rose—the hills whereon she had walked with him. Through the green depths crept two lovely streams—so little asunder, that one could hear the other murmuring ever, by night and by day. They seemed to answer one another like two lovers, whom some strange fate has parted, and who lift continually their sorrowful voices, yet cannot pass the narrow bound which eternally divides them.

Helys sat often between the beautiful streams, thinking of them in this wise, and hearing in their mournful, yet subdued lament, the echo of her own. Patient she was amidst her loneliness, until the spring came out upon the hills, and sent up from the valleys a tender voice. Then Helys wept more and more, and there rang for ever in her heart these words from a strange Book which Ith-Einar had heard in the East, and of which he often spake:—

"The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in

our land. Arise, my love, and come away . . . O let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is lovely."

But the streams alone answered her with their perpetual moan.

In the May twilight, when the young moon floated pale amidst the sunset glories, Helys stood and wept. "O moon, that comest from the East, tell me if thou hast looked on the face of my beloved. Ith-Einar! Ith-Einar! are there no powers in earth or heaven that can bring me tidings of thee?"

While Helys called aloud, there crept a deeper shadow over the valley; the streams seemed to cease their plainings, and to run without sound. And out of the mist there came a voice:—

"Child of the earth, thy great Mother heareth. Speak on."

The despair of love knows no fear. Helys trembled not, but answered, "O thou, if thou be the spirit of the earth, of which I have heard, how canst thou tell the depth of my sorrow? What should thy cold breast know of love, and of love's sufferings? Is there aught in the dull realm of inanimate nature, which can answer to the agony of a human soul?"

The voice replied, "O vain doubter, the whole universe is filled with the spirit of love. It runs through my deep bosom like a living tide, making the flowers spring up, and the trees bear fruit, and the face of the wide world become fair. Why is it that, when my children look on these things, they feel their hearts glow within them, and they long to love and be loved? Because my power is upon them, and the spirit within me answers to theirs. All nature has but one soul, which is universal love."

Helys listened, yet the words seemed strange; she understood them not. Her woman's heart had but one voice, and that cried ever in its mournful intensity, "The world is nought to me—I live alone in Ith-Einar."

And she answered to the spirit, "Mine eyes are dim with weeping, for my betrothed is afar. There lies between us a gulf that I cannot pass; I shall go mourning alone all my life long, even as this stream at my foot, which calls unto its beloved across the valley, —but they will never, never meet. It is the shadowing of my fate."

"Even so," answered the solemn voice. "As surely as that these rivers shall one day meet and mingle their waters, so surely shalt thou and thy beloved become one—heart to heart, soul to soul. When the time cometh, remember!"

The maiden fell to the earth in a deep swoon of joy. When she awoke, it was day. Sunshine filled the vale, and danced upon the two streams. Already each had somewhat altered its channel, and creeping along over the velvet sward, drew nearer to its fellow. And as, day by day, both grew, and what was once green grass and flowers became murmuring waters, Helys watched the marvel, strength and hope came into her heart, and she believed.

NOON.

Yet a little while, and there is a footstep on the hills, and the streams rush on with a louder and more joyful melody, for Ith-Einar has returned to Helys. Once again they stand together on the mountains, in the full noon of their life and love. As the sun looks on the earth which his influence has ripened into perfect loveliness, Ith-Einar looked on Helys. And as that fair earth gazes upward to her bridegroom sun, who has called forth into being her powers and beauties, and before whom she casts them all in joyful humility, so the eyes of Helys turned into the face of Ith-Einar.

Ere long she saw that over this beloved face there had come a change. A grave thoughtfulness sat ever in the calm eyes. The very smile of the beautiful lips was sad; and through them the words of love came seldom, or with a solemn tenderness that moved her almost to tears. When she asked why it was thus with him, Ith-Einar answered that he had travelled far and suffered much,—that the world hardly seemed the same as in the days of their first youth.

"What is the world to us in our beautiful valley?" the maiden would say. "There we will rest—thou and I; and will comfort thee, and thou shalt suffer no more." But Ith-Einar smiled mournfully and answered her not a word. When the sun went down, and the valley grew solemn and still in the twilight shadows, he took his betrothed by the hand and said—"Helys, listen to what is in my heart. That heart was once laid bare to thee, with all its dreams, all its aspirations. It was young then, *now* it is old, or seems so. Helys—there is a deeper, and a higher life than that of love."

The girl trembled, and her eyes sought his, but they were lifted towards the stars. "It must be so, since thou sayest it," she answered meekly.

He went on, "I thirsted for knowledge—for happiness—most of all for truth. I sought, from land to land, some deep well of wisdom and purity, whereof my soul might drink and be satisfied, but found only broken cisterns. Then I began to hate the world, and all it contained. It mocked me, I gave it back scorn for scorn. I think now, when I look in thine eyes, my Helys,"—and his tone softened, "that perhaps it might not have been thus with me, had I stayed in these mountains, where the dew of thy pure spirit could ever have fallen on me. But that is over now."

"I came to a land renowned in the East for its wisdom, and pomp, and power. I had stood among the people of Egypt and of Greece, while they adored gods—some beautiful, some foul in form, and laughed secretly at their idle dreams. Now I beheld a temple where was worshipped One whom none saw, but whose presence filled the shrine. I asked more concerning this great undefined Spirit, which seemed to resemble a power which I had imagined and in whose existence I longed to believe."

"They answered me, that I was not one of the holy people,—that I could not pass beyond the outer court. But the more my desire was withheld, the stronger it

grew. I became a proselyte. I heard words sublime and wise as I had never heard before. They told me that in such a voice had this mighty One spoken unto man. Then my soul grew dumb before His holiness and His glory, and I worshipped the God of the Hebrews."

Helys gazed on her lover in wonder and awe, for his countenance shone with almost superhuman brightness. "Thou shalt teach me more of this Divine One," she whispered; "I will bow my knees with thee before thy God."

Ith-Einar pressed her hand, but his eyes did not turn towards her, and soon the light faded from his face: when he again spoke, his voice had sunk from its deep, sublime tones to a low and tremulous murmur.

"Helys, the beloved of my youth, thou must listen to me yet longer. When after its struggles and wanderings my soul had found the one great truth, it rejoiced with exceeding gladness. Then I vowed a solemn vow that I would show forth unto the dark world the light that was within me,—that I would carry unto the far west this glory and this joy, and so alone for the pride and hate and scorn which had been in my evil heart towards my brethren."

"Let it be so, then," said Helys, and a glad light was in her saint-like eyes. "A little sad it will be, to leave this fair vale, but thy wisdom is best. We will go forth, my beloved, into the wide world, and enter together upon this noble work of thine."

Ith-Einar covered his face in his robe, and when he lifted it, it was pale, stern, and passionless, like that of a statue. "The God of the Hebrews receives not blemished offerings. I vowed to him wealth and life, body and soul. No human tie may stand between me and the great cause for which I live. Helys, I must go forth *alone*!"

O ye stars, look down solemn and calm on that wild thrill of woman's agony, too deep for words, for groans, for tears,—silent as death itself, for it was likest death. Helys had knelt beside him when she last spoke; she knelt still.

Ith-Einar stood there too, without a word. He dared not look in her face, but he laid his hand upon her head in a blessing, solemn and mournful.

"We will talk no more now, Helys; I must quit thee awhile, for it is the hour of prayer." And he passed slowly up the valley, leaving her kneeling still.

A moment more, and through that dull trance broke the pleasant murmur of the two streams. Then Helys threw herself on the grass and wept aloud. None ever knew the terrible despair that poured itself out, and then grew sublimed into strength and calmness beneath the eternal stars.

When the Hebrew proselyte had finished his prayer, his betrothed stood beside him.

"Ith-Einar," she said, in a low sweet voice, "my beloved! thou shalt keep thy vow: I am content."

He turned, and his heart failed him a little. "I dare not repent me, and yet it is bitter. I never thought of thee, O my childhood's love! Would that I had died!"

"Not so," answered Helys. "Heart of my heart! would I stand between thee and thy glory? Would my weak clinging arms keep thee from the noble and holy path? Never!—It may be that even my love is less pure than thine—for thou didst love me, Ith-Einar?"

"Thee ever, and only thee!" murmured the young proselyte.

"Then what have I to mourn? My love saw only thee, and myself in thee—thine embraces the whole world with its wide arms. If it had been that thou hadst left me for any other human love, even then I would not have murmured against thee, Ith-Einar," and her voice failed a little; "I would have remembered my own unworthiness, and turned away and died. But now——"

He looked up with trembling eagerness.

"I will live—live to show that the betrothed of Ith-Einar loved his high virtues and his glory above himself, and so was not unworthy of him. I will live to tread in thy footsteps, and to follow humbly after thee in the great cause. Thou shalt go forth into the wide world; I will stay here; but we will both work the same work to our lives' end."

For a little space longer Ith-Einar abode in the beautiful valley. Helys listened to the wisdom, the divine boldness, which dwelt in the heart and flowed from the lips of the young proselyte, and her soul grew stronger evermore. For the ideal of love was still undefiled, undarkened; the image of love had not fallen from its shrine. What mattered it if lingering human affection poured forth there at times secret oblations of heart's blood and tears?

Once Ith-Einar, thinking of her weak womanhood, which might not have power to stand alone, spoke of a time when some Phœnician bridegroom might walk beside her in the vale. But Helys pointed to the sun which was then high in the heavens, and said, "He rises not twice in one day: with his coming came the light; if clouds hide his face, though dim, it is still day, but when he sets it will be night." And Ith-Einar turned away his face, and said no more.

At length he made ready to depart. It was the last day—the last hour. They stood on the hills, and looked down into the valley. Hand in hand they stood, those young martyrs,—both self-devoted; one for faith, the other for love!—Which was the holiest?

"Ith-Einar," said the maiden, not weeping, but in the low solemn tone with which we bid farewell to one whose feet are already turned to the spirit-land. "Ith-Einar, if I should look on thy face no more, thou wilt keep me in thy heart until death?"

"Until death," echoed the proselyte. "And the God of the Hebrews bless thee and give thee peace, oh! beloved of my youth."

He fell on her neck and wept. Then they kissed each other without speaking, and Ith-Einar went his way.

NIGHT.

Why should we fear thee, O night, mother of shadows? Why should we linger in the sunshine, and dread to pass into thy holy darkness, that, veiling earth,

suffers us only to see the face of heaven, with its innumerable stars? And why, oh! why, as the day of our life speeds on, should we tremble when its twilight gathers round us, and shrink from the coming of the night which will close all? If as that time draws near all world-sounds cease, and light after light goes out in darkness, and on the path-way that was once alive with many footsteps we hear our own feeble tread alone,—why tremble? Earth's landscapes are hid, but the starry heaven looks nearer. Earth's confused noises are hushed, that through the solemn stillness we may hear the voice of God.

With the daughter of Heremon it was even-tide. Perhaps not in years, but in heart and soul. Yet she had done her work; she had lived her life. And that life was not one quickly spent; for many summers had gone by since Ith-Einar had turned away his face from the valley of the two streams. Was the May-night forgotten, with its strange vision and prophecy? No; but as the silver-haired pale-browed woman passed by and heard the loud music of the growing rivers, she smiled with a serene yet pensive smile at the girlish faith which made its desire its trust, and looked for an earthly fulfilment of what eternity alone could give.

Helys had outlived her youth's sorrow—not its love. All our griefs are of the earth, earthy; but the true joys of this world are beyond it—they have immortal roots, and will bear immortal flowers. Therefore it is that a pure heart can endure so much and live—ay, so as to find in life much of blessing and much of peace even unto the end. It was thus with Helys, so that among her people and her kindred the name she bore was "The Daughter of Peace." She went among the poor with a sweet voice of comfort, and a hand never empty; but the voice was low, not loud, and the hand gave unobserved from beneath the robe. She healed the sick, both in body and mind—for the soul-physician must himself have suffered before he can cure. And when the youths talked jestingly of her fading beauty, and the glad matrons, with their train of laughing children, swept by her on her lonely path, Helys drew to her bosom the orphan and the fatherless, and was comforted.

Year by year she retired for a season to the solitude of her fair valley, to commune with the past, and await the time when the calm evening should darken into still calmer night: and evermore through the green vale resounded the voice of waters louder and nearer, and more joyful as they approached their meeting.

Once, at the time of sunset, the daughter of Heremon walked by the side of the rivers. Her thoughts, swayed by that unconscious impulse which seems sometimes the influence of the coming future, turned towards the days of old—not the sorrowful days, but the far past, ere it knew sorrow. She saw through the tree-branches the face of the bright-haired child; she walked with the betrothed of her girlhood upon the sunny hills: and lo! even then, over those very hills were creeping, faint and wearily, the same beloved feet.

Now, O blessed night! lay thy peaceful hand on the head of the weary, for the time of toil is over—life's long day is just closing, but its last hours are full of holy joy, because the long parted are together, to be parted no more.

Now lift up your voices, O streams! swell your triumphant marriage-hymn, for the eternal espousals are drawing nigh, when no earthly bar of severance shall come between the bridegroom and the bride.

Again the stars, journeying over that silent valley, looked down upon Ith-Einar and Helys. Those who had been one in heart through life were not divided now. Hand-in-hand, in grave and solemn communion, the two aged ones walked along the shore of the eternal sea, and heard its mighty waves already dashing at their feet,—that ocean-dirge was to them a hymn of joy. Yet a little did their eyes turn back to the way they had passed through.

"Helys," said Ith-Einar, "much that before was dim grows clearer to me now. It might be that even the wild zeal for which I gave up all, was not wholly pure. I thought to be a prophet among men—to stand on the wilderness-mount, like the greatest of the Hebrews, and pour out my voice amidst Heaven's thunders: but it was *my* voice still to which I would have had my brethren hearken; and *my* human glory, as of a man sent from God, seemed to me more precious than the divine message I bore. Therefore my work was not perfect."

"But it has yet been glorious," answered the low woman's voice, whose under melody, forgotten and lost amidst the tempests of life, was now needed to soothe its ending. He had lived without that music—but without it he could not die.

"What dost thou call *glorious*?" said Ith-Einar bitterly. "I have been a prophet—a leader—a king; but the men who kissed my garment's hem would not have removed one briar from before my aged feet."

"Still," whispered the comforting voice, "thou hast done thy work, and a great soul needs no guerdon save the good it leaves behind."

"Oh Helys!" was the mournful reply, "the lonely mountain bears on its head nothing but snow; flowers grow in the valleys, and it may be that their perfume is the sweeter to the Great Spirit, in and for whom exist both earth and earth's dwellers. I have sometimes thought there was sin even in my vow; and when the incense of my glory rose up to heaven, I remembered that the sweet savour was poured out upon a sacrifice, and one offered not by me alone. Oh, my Helys! I dare not look on thy face, and say, how is it now with thee?"

"Peace—all peace!" she answered, and her holy eyes were lifted upwards, not mournfully but smiling. "I have found peace, because I loved. It is not the heart's sorrow, but its change, that makes life bitter and hard to bear. Mine own seems now dim as a half-forgotten dream at dawn. Think of it no more, Ith-Einar."

And then there fell upon both a deep stillness, while darker gathered the moonless shadows, and the wind

sunk into a calm, and the stars in their courses marked silently each hour and minute of the human pulse that beat evermore slower and slower.

"Helys," said Ith-Einar faintly, "long ago my soul awoke to life beneath a kiss of thy child's-lips; let the same touch seal its blessed rest."

She kissed him with the last holy kiss of the dying, and both knew that it was so.

"We need not say farewell to one another again," murmured Ith-Einar.

"No—never any more," was the answer. "And the words and the smile upon the lips of both were joyful as those of two young espoused ones, who stand for the first time by the light of their own hearth."

Helys lifted up her dim eyes, and saw through the valley's darkness the glimmer of a white rising flood; she heard amidst the death-stillness the music of the two streams that rushed on nearer and nearer in wild rejoicing. And she knew the time was come. She looked on the face of him who might have been her bridegroom—it was overspread with a gray shadow; but still she watched until the shadow passed away, and there crept over the dead face a smile, that, taking from it every line which years had made, brought back the beautiful likeness of its first youth. Helys drew closer to her beloved, kissed his eyes and mouth, and, laying her head in his bosom, fell softly asleep. It was the sleep of eternal peace.

Then arose a triumphant music—the wild voice of rising floods that no human power could restrain. Stronger it grew, and louder, filling the valley with its echoes, and resounding even unto the stars, until it sank into one melodious murmur of deepest gladness.

THE WATERS HAD MET!

BURIAL PLACES AMONG BARBAROUS NATIONS.

AUSTRALIA—AFRICAN NATIONS OF BECHUANA, ETC. WITH ABYSSINIA, INCLUDING THE SAHARAN PROVINCES, AND CONGO.

"Peace to the perished!"

Childe Harold.

FROM periods of the remotest antiquity, in all lands, and among all races, the dead are regarded with a certain veneration, often approaching to awe. Whatever may have been the vices, or the follies, or the talents, or the virtues, of the living man, death draws a veil over them all, and the tenantless body is assigned to the dust from which it sprang, with some degree of pomp and ceremony. And among those nations of the world whose minds have never felt the softening influence of civilization, where ignorance and barbarism hold the most undisputed sway, it has been remarked that the burial of the dead forms the subject of the most deliberation, and gives occasion for the most reverential and superstitious rites.

Within the limited compass of a magazine article we cannot hope to present our readers with anything

approaching to a complete account of the various modes and practices which prevail among the different barbarous nations of the world with regard to the disposal of the dead. Our aim, in the present sketch, will therefore be merely to glance at a few of the most extraordinary and least known methods attending the consignment of deceased humanity to its native dust. Few writers have devoted much attention to this subject; and if, gathering our facts from the relations of the various authors whose travels have led them into the regions we shall touch on, we succeed in noting down for the benefit of the public some correct and curious information, we shall be contented.

As that quarter of the globe which is one of the least known, and with the customs, manners, and modes of life prevailing in which the general reader is least acquainted, Australia first claims our attention. The tribes inhabiting the largest island of the known world are too numerous to be mentioned separately. Tribes, no doubt, exist there of which the public, as yet, has heard nothing. What is known of the people of Australia goes to prove that they are an ignorant and credulous race of men, given to strange rites, and believers in dark and barbarous superstitions, which pervade and influence every action and custom of their lives. It is to be expected, therefore, that in studying the modes of burial obtaining among them, we should meet with all the peculiarities and degeneracies of savage tribes, whose faith, mistaken and imperfect as it is, leads them to rest with no firm reliance on the belief in a better and happier world beyond the grave. In losing a friend, therefore, the Australian imagines he has lost him irretrievably and for ever, and in consigning him to the dust the poor savage practices all the miserable devices of a man who sorrows without hope.

We shall here glance at a few of their most remarkable customs. Among some tribes, when one of the natives dies, the whole population without exception is gathered together: the men stand in groups at a short distance from the corpse, while the women collect round it, and sing a loud wailing chaunt of grief. The young women sing—

" My young brother—

The old women—

" My young son—
In future shall I
Never see again ! "

" My young brother—
My young son—
In future shall I
Never see again ! "

The chaunt is commenced by a few, and caught and carried on by others, until the whole assembly of women has joined in the sad chorus. The ceremonies following the singing of this funeral song vary among the different tribes. Some, in New South Wales, burn the body on a pile similar to the funeral pyre of the ancient Greeks, and of the natives of continental India. This is, however, rare; burial is more universally practised.

In the Gulf of Carpentaria, on the southern coast, the adventurous Flinders discovered the complete skeletons of numerous natives standing upright in hollow tree trunks, with the bones of the skull and other portions of the body painted, partly red and partly white, so as to present a singular appearance.

When Captain Stokes, some few years ago, was pushing up the Flinders' river, which runs into the Gulf of Carpentaria, he one evening arrived at a bend of the stream studded with small green islands clothed with a massy covering of luxuriant creepers. One side of the river ran under a steep bank adorned in the same manner, while opposite to this were low wooded patches, where the trees dipped their boughs into the glass-like surface of the water. In front, as far as the eye could reach, the same rich appearance was presented. The boats were at the time impelled swiftly along, when, suddenly emerging upon a broad sheet, the explorers were struck by a singular object which met their gaze on the right bank of the stream; it was a tall, lonely, leafless tree, the branches of which were laden with an extraordinary burden, appearing like a huge roll or bundle of wood.

The idea immediately flashed across the explorer's mind that it might be the nest of some unknown bird, whose spacious dwelling in the remoteness of that mighty island had thus for ages escaped the observation of the naturalist. Landing, therefore, to satisfy his eager curiosity, his senses were assailed, as he approached the strange looking object, by a most unpleasant odour, and, on climbing the tree, he found that it bore amid its leafless branches the primitive coffin of an Australian savage.

A stout covering of hides enclosed one of the net, within which was another composed of the bark of the papyrus tree, which enveloped the corpse, by whose side were placed weapons for the purpose of slaying what it was imagined might serve him as food, while a small rill of pure water, which ran near the roots of the tree, seemed intended to secure its deceased tenant from the chance of thirst.

Various black and brown hawks were perched near the spot, waiting for a friendly blast of wind to blow away the covering, that they might feast upon the corpse. One of the strangest features in this primitive burial-place was, that the natives, who were lurking in the neighbouring thickets, were possessed by a superstitious horror of the repose of their dead friend being broken by the rude intrusion of strangers, and accordingly, to divert attention and lure the curious explorers away from the spot, had set fire to a huge pile of wood, which, communicating with some thicket patches on a little height above, caused a furious conflagration. To effect their purpose they must have consumed a large quantity of the underwood, as the dense masses of smoke that arose into the air obscured all that quarter of the heavens; and in order still further to preserve the sanctity of that sacred spot, the ground for a considerable space around had been submitted to the

flames, as if to keep away the kangaroos and other animals.¹

Some distance from Port Swan, Captain Stoke discovered the remains of an Australian placed in a semi-recumbent posture under a broad-spreading gum tree, shrouded in papyrus bark. All the bones were closely packed together, the larger ones being placed outside, and the whole was surmounted by the fleshless, eyeless skull. The natives who witnessed the removal of this curious relic of mortality made no effort to prevent it; from facts afterwards learned, it was gathered that they regarded the intruders as brothers of their own, under a new and strange guise, who had come to take away the remains of the dead, in order that the hideous nakedness of those dry bones might be reclothed in the white man's flesh.

On the banks of the river Darling, in the interior of Eastern Australia, Major Mitchell saw on a small hill, overlooking the stream, three large tombs of an oval shape, twelve feet across at the largest diameter. Each of these was placed in the centre of an artificial hollow, the hill being about five feet high in the middle, and the whole being covered over with heaps of the withered branches of trees, forming apt emblems of mortality. On the summit of this hill, which was otherwise quite bare, stood one tree, naked and dead, which stretched out its hoary arms over the three graves; while behind the burial height extended a melancholy waste, where a level country and boundless desert woods swept away beyond the reach of vision.

Indeed, the savage Australian always selects as the last resting-place of his deceased friend, some melancholy, and, if possible, remote spot, fancying, doubtless, that it forms no unfit emblem of that dreary waste of eternity beyond the grave in which his religion has taught him to believe.

Captain Grey, in an expedition during which he passed near the Swan River settlement, observed, at the bottom of a deep woody valley, a recent grave, carefully constructed, and sheltered from rain by a hut built over it. The senseless slumberer had had everything provided for him which the Australian faith teaches is necessary to happiness after death. His throwing-stick was stuck in the ground at his head, the entrance of the hut was garnished with his broken spears, the grave was thickly strewn with red earth, while within the door stood the trunks of three old trees, notched into uncouth shapes, showing that his death had been bloodily avenged.

The native guide was asked why the spears were broken, the red earth strewn upon the grave, and the trees notched.

"Neither you nor I know," said he; "our forefathers before us did so, and we do so now, and so will our children do after us."

When a proposal was made that the travellers should sleep within this resting-place of the dead, the

superstitious native resisted it, saying, "It is not good to rest here. I cannot stay. There are many spirits in this place."

Near Sydney, Mr. Montgomery Martin saw the body of an old woman buried after the native fashion. It was placed in a grave six feet deep, and was enveloped in several sheets of bark, the innermost being of a fine silvery texture. Among other things which the dead person had prized, a favourite dog was buried with her.

In the interior of deep forests, in the centre of barren or desert plains, at the bottom of deep woody valleys, on the summit of lofty naked peaks, or in the recesses of mountain heights, the wild savages of Australia delight to deposit their deceased brethren. Such melancholy spots are, in their eyes, the best resting-place for the dead. We have touched on a few of the various methods prevalent, yet our readers must not imagine our sketch to be complete. Australia is but one amongst the many countries of the world, and if we delay longer in its wilds, our space will be very limited for the rest of our subject.

Africa—our choice being made at random, without reference to geographical position—is the next region of which we propose to treat. Its tribes are among the wildest on the globe. The dwellers in its interior kingdoms present every variety of barbarous superstition, destitute as they are of the animating spirit of a common religion, and governed by none of the civilizing influences which rule the conduct of men in other and happier regions of the globe.

When, on a hunting expedition, the bushmen of Africa happen to lose a companion, he is immediately buried deep in the ground, without ceremony. It often occurs, too, that a mother, unable to bear up against the fatigue and privation, falls and perishes on the way; in which case, she is immediately thrown into a large hole in the ground, and her helpless child placed alive by the corpse, and there left. Mr. Moffat, the enterprising African missionary, had a boy brought up in his own house who was rescued from his mother's grave when only two years old.

On one occasion a party of travellers, after traversing a wide expanse of parched and desert country, perceived a tree in the distance, towards which they immediately bent their course, as it gave promise of water. On arriving at it, the first object which attracted their attention was a small circle of stakes, driven at close intervals into the earth. Within the ring thus formed lay a heap of white, parched bones, evidently human, by the side of which was a small earthen pot, containing about a draught of water.

"What is the meaning of that?" said the missionary to his guide; who then explained that among the poorer classes it was the custom, when their parents had become too old and weak to provide for themselves, to abandon them in some lonely spot, with a meal of food and a cruise of water, that, unable to escape, they might soon perish, and be no longer a burden to their children.

The same travellers one evening found a wretched

(1) A similar custom prevailed among the ancient Scythian nations.—See St. John's *History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece*, vol. iii. p. 549.

old woman, a living skeleton, seated with her head leaning upon her knees. On being questioned as to what she was, and how she came there, she replied: "I am a woman; I have been here four days. My children have left me here to die. Yes, my children, my own children, three sons and two daughters. They are gone," pointing with her finger, "to yonder blue mountains, and have left me to die. I am old, you see, and am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game I am too feeble to help them in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to carry wood to make fire, and cannot carry my children on my back as I used to do."

The English wanderers offered to take the poor creature into their waggon, and carry her to some place where she would be hospitably treated. To this, however, nothing could induce her to consent. Leaving, therefore, by her side a quantity of wood to burn, with a large supply of dried meat, some tobacco, a knife, and other articles, they left her, and pursued their way across the desert waste.

Some time afterwards, they learned that the aged mother had once more been visited by her children, who, hearing that the white men had been there, and fearing that evil might overtake them in consequence of their parricidal act, had taken her away, treated her with all kindness, and provided her with every comfort.

This anecdote, though not strictly bearing on our subject, may serve to illustrate the extraordinary state of barbarism in which the native races of Africa exist. We shall now endeavour to sketch out a brief description of the ceremony of interment, and the customs which prevail, among the Bechuana tribes with reference to the dying.

When they perceive any indication of approaching dissolution, such as fainting-fits or convulsions, they cast a piece of network over the body, which they hold in a sitting posture, with the knees brought in contact with the chin, until life is extinct. The corpse is then carried out of the house, not through the door, but by means of an opening made in the wall on purpose. It is then borne to the grave, still in a sitting posture, with the head enveloped in a skin. The grave, if for a man, is about six feet deep, and half that space across; the interior is rubbed over with a peculiar species of bulb, which emits a strong smell, and assists, they believe, in the preservation of the body. Much care is taken in order to ensure the corpse being so placed as exactly to face the north, and though not possessing any instruments by means of which they can precisely determine the direction, they generally contrive to be as nearly as possible correct. Portions of an ant hill are placed about the feet, when the net which held the body is gradually withdrawn. As the grave is filled up, the earth is handed in with bowls, while two men stand in the hole to tread it down round the body, at the same time picking out everything like a pebble or root. As soon as the corpse is covered as far as the mouth, a small branch of the acacia tree is thrown into the grave, while a few tufts

of grass are placed upon the crown of the head. Men and women now join in scraping up the loose mould so as to form a mound over the spot, while an old relation, generally a female, will bring bows, arrows, a war-axe, spears, some seeds and grains of various kinds, and, addressing the deceased, says—"There are all your articles."

Bowls of water are now poured upon the grave, and the whole assembly separates, the women singing, "Yo, yo, yo; yo!" with all the extravagant demonstrations of grief which arise naturally from the conviction that they have to all eternity lost sight of their friend or relative.

The "rain-makers," who exert so great an influence over the savage tribes of Africa, also modify the treatment of their dead. Each tribe has one, and sometimes more, who are at once doctors and sextons, it being universally believed that the performance of the burial ceremony has some influence over the watery treasures floating in the skies. A missionary relates that an old woman died in her house not far from where he dwelt, and her corpse lay neglected until her son, who lived at some distance, could arrive. The Englishman dared not touch the body.

When the young man arrived, he tied a thong to the leg of the corpse, avoiding the touch of that form which gave him birth, and dragged it to a neighbouring thicket, where he left the thong also, because it had come in contact with the dead. Among these tribes it is the general practice to leave the dead to be dealt with by the elements, uncovered and uncared for; but when buried at all, which is only the case with the wealthy and important, the most scrupulous regard to ceremony is observed.

Among the people of one tribe in the Great Saharan Desert the practice is, when a criminal has been executed, to expose his body on a patch of sward by the public highway. Here it remains, until the hand of some relation or charitable friend may raise over it a cairn of stones, which is soon clothed in a dark green mantle, and many are the grassy mounds which there tell of the fate of the assassin or the midnight robber. Mothers, sisters, and wives flock to the place crying,—"Waize, waize, woe unto us, we have lost the son of our declining years. Our brother and our son is gone for ever. *Waize, waize*—woe unto us for ever."

These expressions of grief are accompanied by beating of the bared breasts and arms until the blood runs forth, as a testimony of their unfeigned sorrow.

The Christian nations of Abyssinia, as well as those yet in the dark mist of paganism, weep and lament on all occasions of death, and their shrieks rise up to the heavens as though to intreat the departed spirit to re-descend. Superstitious to the last degree, this people, while professing the doctrine of the Christian religion, yet indulge in rites totally at variance with the spirit of that faith. As soon as life has departed they seize the body and divest it of its belt of amulets, which is immersed in water, and again placed round the waist of the corpse.

Gay orange-coloured umbrellas are borne in front of the funeral procession until it arrives at the church, which is lit up with wax tapers, and, when these are nearly consumed, are lowered into the sepulchre along with the bier. The head of the deceased is always laid to the west, that the face on the day of resurrection may look towards the setting sun. A copy of some holy book is then deposited in the grave, with some frankincense. All these ceremonies are accompanied by the most melancholy howlings. No sooner, however, has the tomb closed over the dead than the notes of joy and merriment arise, and the rest of the day is spent in singing, feasting, and listening to gay music.

Slaves in the Desert of Sahara meet with but unceremonious burial should they chance to die under their heavy load of servitude. Mr. Richardson relates that he saw a young woman lashed by her cruel master while she lay perishing in the embrace of death. No sooner was the life out of the body than it was snatched up, carried forth to the grave yard, where a hole (very narrow, for the corpse is laid on its side,) had been dug for its reception. Half clothed, it was thrown in, one of the bystanders stopping up the nostrils with earth, lest the girl should revive and die in the agony of suffocation, after vainly struggling to escape from her narrow resting place. This man informed Mr. Richardson that it was no uncommon thing for people there to be buried warm, and sometimes even were they laid alive in their graves. A few flag stones were laid over the hole, which was then piled over with earth.

The burying ground in these districts formed even a grotesque spectacle, covered with ostrich feathers and palm branches stuck into the ground, with old bottles, pitchers, and jugs strewn about, giving the whole the appearance of being a receptacle for useless rubbish.

Taking a flying leap to Congo, another African region, we shall find that when any person of eminence dies, his house, without and within, is immediately sprinkled with the blood of newly slain hens, whose bodies are then thrown on the roof, by that means to prevent the soul of the dead man from re-entering it again, as it is supposed to bring with it a certain disease from the lower regions. Lamentations and howlings are then commenced, while some persons, not feeling real grief, assume the semblance of it by applying to their noses large quantities of Indian pepper. When the time arrives that the body should be carried forth to the grave, the way is strewn with branches and leaves. It is necessary, too, that the corpse should be borne to its sleeping place in a straight line, and therefore, every house, or wall, or hedge that may stand in its way is mercilessly pulled down. No coffin is made use of, the body being wrapped closely in a stout cotton sheet. Over the tomb is built a hut, in which the living friends of the deceased are often immured until they perish of hunger. It is also sometimes the practice to kill a slave at the funeral.

In the large communities of this empire there is

generally a place set apart with a cross erected in the middle, and this is where those who die with their sins upon their heads, as not having performed all the ceremonies peculiar to their creed, are buried. Poor persons wrap the corpses of their dead in a straw mat.

We have thus glanced briefly at a few of the customs relative to the disposal of the dead which prevail among the barbarian nations inhabiting Australia and the mighty African continent. In our next paper we shall touch on the funeral practices of some of the Indian tribes of New Guinea, Ava, and the Burman empire, Siam, and the countries of the Malay peninsula, with the wild islands of the Indian archipelago. Considering the gigantic portion of the world's surface which these regions cover, our readers will not expect from us, in our limited space, more than a very cursory view of their peculiar customs; that is to say, a few only of the most remarkable and strangest among them minutely described; and to this end we avoid, as much as possible, generalising on the subject.

(To be continued.)

WRITTEN ON BEING ASKED TO PUBLISH MY VERSES.

BY J. G. W.

Ox, hold not honour's laurel'd wreath to view,
Nor tell me Fame invites me to pursue,
Man shall applaud—and listening throngs admire
The magic numbers of my feverish lyre:
Sorrow owns every note that lyre may know,
And shall I buy distinction with my woe!
Barter the secrets of my heart—for what!
A foolish shadow that I value not.
The world I see but as a busy dream,
And Man the shadow of the thing he'd seem,
Whose praise I covet not, whose scorn may be
As if it lived and was unknown to me.
No, no, sweet lyre! thy music yet shall swell
Proud in the silence of the midnight hour,
By fame unfetter'd—when no sneer shall tell
Where most the master's hand may lack its power
To harmonize his sorrow—or where he
Shines the most happy in his misery.

"A FURNISHED COTTAGE TO BE LET."

At this moment Phoebe, who had been waiting outside the door in a state of great excitement ever since she had ushered in the visitors, made a desperate effort, and, opening the door, walked up to Jane, and said, "If you please, miss, you are wanted for a moment!"

"Perhaps you would like to walk round the garden?" said Jane to Mrs. Selby.

"I should like to see it, very much."

"My brother will have great pleasure in showing you our flowers, I am sure," continued Jane. "Allow me to introduce him to you."

William came forward, and said that he should be very happy to show her the garden. Jane then left

(1) Continued from p. 37.

the room, and William led the way through the open window, into the verandah. "You will come too, will you not?" he asked of the two gentlemen, with whom he had already conversed enough to be quite anxious that they should like the place. They both said they should like to go, and took up their hats to follow Mrs. Selby and William. But, when they were in the verandah, Herbert Maurice stopped, and said, in a low tone, to his brother, "Go on without me, my dear fellow; I know every inch of the garden; I have been there often, and I'd rather stay here in the shade."

"What a lazy dog you are!" exclaimed his brother; and he hastened after the others.

When Mr. Herbert Maurice was left alone, he did not sit down like a lazy person, but began to walk up and down the verandah with slow and measured pace, as if he were revolving some important business in his mind. Occasionally, he stopped to observe how much the jessamine, and clematis, and honeysuckle had grown over the verandah since he had seen it last, five years ago. There, too, was the hop, which he had himself planted, to please Clara.—How carefully it had been trained up, so as to peep in at the window, which he so well knew belonged to Clara's bed-room!—The magnolia, and the black rose-tree, that he gave her when she was twenty-one, how strong and beautiful they looked! Then he retreated back to the room, and lingered over every article in it; for every article reminded him of Clara! And, at last, he stood fixed before the portrait;—the portrait, at least, was not changed for him; and he promised himself the pleasure of seeing it very often, if the unlucky visit, into which he had been inadvertently drawn, should terminate as Mrs. Selby wished.

While he was engaged with the sweet and bitter thoughts of a love which he had falsely believed to be passed away, Jane was held in converse by Phoebe, in the passage leading to the kitchen, and Clara was detained by Mrs. Colonel Stark and her party in the pantry.

"My dear Miss Jane," said Phoebe, in a rapid whisper, "do, pray, try and get rid o' them two Maurices afore Miss Clara comes back to the drawing-room!"

"Why, Phoebe?—It is young Mr. Herbert Maurice who wishes to take the house. He is just married."

"*Married!* And wants to come and bring his wife *here*? Well! I always have said it! there's nothing beats a *man* for unfeelingness! and impudence! A wild, rampaging tiger's a deal more kind and gentle."

"What is there unfeeling in Mr. Maurice's wish to have this house? I do not understand you, Phoebe."

"How should you, child?—But I'd better tell you at once; and then you'll be glad enough to get them all out of the house, and say nothing to Miss Clara about Mr. Herbert's impudence in coming *here* of all places to find a home for his wife. Some silly body, with a fortune, I'll be bound! Thank heaven! that lady who come first is such an eternal chatter-box that Miss Clara can't get away in a hurry; or she might chance to meet that wicked deceitful young man whom

your poor dear papa was so fond of. Ah! poor Miss Clara! we women is bad enough off if we once take to believing what them *men* say, when they swear they're in love with us. For my part, I never believed any one of the pack of them, but my poor husband; and he was a 'ception to every rule, as *you* know, Miss Jane."

"Do you mean, Phoebe," said Jane in a voice of great emotion, "that Mr. Herbert Maurice has ever been a lover of my sister Clara?"

"Bless your dear heart, Miss! a lover?—I never saw any one more in love in my life. They were engaged to be married while you were away so long. Your papa and old Mr. Maurice gave their consent; and Miss Clara was very fond of him, I am sure; as any young lady would have been: for a finer, kinder, nobler young gentleman couldn't be, than Mr. Herbert was then; and, for that matter, he don't *look* much different now, only older and graver, like. But we mustn't go by looks;—for he has *behaved* very ugly."

"How?—what?—tell me what you mean! has he dared to——?"

"I knew you'd get into a passion, Miss Jane. And, for Goodness' sake, my darling! don't tell a word of this to Master William. Poor dear! he'd never be able to hear it. He's so proud!"

"But what *was* it? for heaven's sake, speak!" said Jane.

"Why, *how* it happened, exactly, I don't know. It was some years afore poor dear master was took. They was going on all very comfortable, Mr. Herbert here every day a'most, and a-going to balls, and plays, and every thing, with master and Miss Clara; and old Mr. and Mrs. Maurice making much of her. He *did* love her and admire her as she deserved, I know! but *she*—ugh! a nasty venomous creature! I never liked her, from the first. I was very intimate then with Mrs. Philips her own maid, and I got out the truth from her, since. That *wampyre* was at the bottom o' the whole affair, that Mrs. Maurice, that Miss Clara always loved and fancied to be as fond of her as she seemed. Well! she *hated* Miss Clara!"

"Hated Clara!—impossible!"

"Don't speak so loud, my dear. She did, though. When you are a little older you'll find out that there's a deal more wickedness among ladies and gentlemen, with all their edication, than people suppose; and the bad uns hate the good uns like p'ison. I know they do. Well! Mrs. Herbert Maurice hated Miss Clara because she was younger and more beautifuller than herself; and because she was so good; and more than all, because her son loved her so. That woman was all made up of vanity and jealousy and pride. She was very handsome and clever, there's no denying; but then she could never rest without being admired, and was always gad-gad-gadding from pillar to post, that she might be admired: she couldn't abide that any one should be more admired than herself, and therefore she took a dislike to our sweet young lady the first time she ever saw her. It was at a grand party; and Miss Clara was the queen o' the room,

they say, and took the shine out of Mrs. Maurice, with her black eyes and her painted cheeks. It was the very evening young Mr. Herbert fell in love with Miss Clara. That was another blow to Mrs. Maurice, and a harder one than the first, for she could not bear her son to love any one but herself. She had been accustomed all her life to be admired, and was awful selfish, like all vain women; and we women *are* dreadful vain, miss, 'specially when we are beginning to lose our good looks; then we must put a check upon our bad feelings, or we get so envious that the very devil would be shocked at the inside of our hearts. So it was with Mrs. Maurice; wherever she went she was almost sure to meet Miss Clara. She was as fresh as a rose, and a deal handsomer than you'll ever be, my dear, and you are a long way off being plain. I've heard Mrs. Philips say her mistress couldn't abide to hear Miss Clara's name; and got into a passion one day because her husband praised the dear girl to the skies, and said "he'd give half his property to have such a superior woman for his daughter." And the very next day her son took heart, and came over here, and proposed to Miss Clara; and went away happy enough, poor fellow!—I mean, a false deceiver! That night, Mrs. Philips said, her mistress was a miserable sight to behold, as she sat in her dressing-room to write a note for her darling son to take to Miss Clara the next morning. She could not refuse her consent; so she was obliged to pretend it gave her joy, and all that. But Mrs. Philips said it was wormwood to her. She doated on her eldest son; she was so proud of him she could not bear him out of her sight. Even the best o' mothers, my dear Miss Jane, find it a hard thing to bear when their children first begin to love other people better than them. Mr. Herbert begun to neglect all things in the world but this little house, and Miss Clara. His mother bore it for many months without showing what was in her mind. She knew men pretty well; and hoped that this first love of her son's would pass away; as most first loves do, with the generality of men. Its just a flash!—bang!—poof-f-f-f!—and all over. When she found that it was not likely to be so, but that her son would marry "that physician's flirting daughter," as she had the impudence to call Miss Worthington to Mrs. Philips in private, she set about preventing the match, in a sly underhand way. She had got a very grand match in view for Mr. Herbert; she was a desperate clever woman, and stuck at nothing. *How* she managed it I never could exactly learn. Mrs. Philips believes she forged a letter and pretended Miss Clara had wrote it, and told a pack of lies about it, and made her son believe all sorts of bad things of Miss Clara, and of master too. He is awful proud, is young Mr. Herbert! but he loved the very ground Miss Clara trod on; and he came off here directly. I never saw any thing so terrible as his look as he came into the house that morning. I was sure there was something the matter. Master was out, and Miss Clara was singing in the drawing-room.

"Is Miss Worthington alone, Phoebe?" says he to

me, with his face as pale as ashes, and his nice dark hair all tossed about; quite unlike what it always was. 'Yes, sir,' says I, 'will you walk into the drawing-room?' I watched him, as it might be, so; from this very place.—He walked very fast up to *that* door, and then he stopped outside, and leaned against the wall as if he couldn't stand; and seemed to be listening to the sweet singing. When it was over, he started up and opened the door all of a sudden, and shut it after him very gently. To tell you the truth, I was frightened, and waited about here, sweeping a bit, till I saw him come out. It was not five minutes after he went in; he flung open the door, and stood with it in his hand. I heard him say, in a desperate way, like,—'One word, Clara!—speak one word!'—and I heard her say very proudly 'Begone!'—He let go the door, and rushed out of the house like a madman. I heard a noise in the drawing-room, and I found Miss Clara had fallen down in a fainting-fit. When I brought her to, again, she forbade me to tell master what had happened, and said that I was not to speak of Mr. Herbert to her any more, for the engagement between them was broken off. Miss Clara told the story her own way to master, and ever since then, all the Maurices have been away from the neighbourhood. That's more than five years ago.—And, now, here is that fellow, actually come to take this house for himself and his bride! Now that's just like a man's cruelty and heartlessness."

"Thank you, Phoebe," said Jane, wiping the tears of indignation from her eyes; "I wish I had known this sooner. But I must go now, and try to prevent my sister's meeting this man."

"Do, darling! that is exactly what I want. Run round this way through the kitchen, for I just heard Miss Clara and her party go out into the garden, through the back door. Them Maurices are in the garden.—I verily believe Miss Clara would drop down if she was to see *him* there."

Jane ran like a lapwing till she overtook her sister and Mrs. Colonel Stark's party. She shuddered as she heard her brother's voice through the shrubs talking to his companions in the adjoining walk, from fear lest Clara should hear the voice or catch a glimpse of her faithless lover. "Clara, you are wanted in the drawing-room *directly*. If you see no one there, just ring for Phoebe," she whispered. Clara was not unwilling to lose the society of Mrs. Stark; and saying to that lady, "You will hear from me on Thursday. Good morning," she walked away, to Jane's great relief, for William and the Maurices were approaching. Mrs. Colonel Stark and her companions began to overwhelm Jane with their noisy prate directly, and begged flowers, and found fault with so many things, that Jane would certainly have led them to the gate, if her mind had not been so busy with more important matters, that she scarcely heard one word in ten that they said.

Clara went into the house expecting to find another party of visitors, who had come to see the cottage. She opened the drawing-room door, and had closed it

behind her, before she perceived Herbert Maurice standing with his back towards her, intently examining her portrait. A slight involuntary exclamation made him turn round.

Oh! the struggle at that moment in each heart,—the old love that was “not dead but sleeping” strove for mastery with the inborn pride which was so strong in both. When their eyes met, it seemed to send an electric shock through each. Clara’s tall figure appeared to dilate; her head was thrown back in an attitude of mixed surprise and disdain; the eyes did not veil themselves, but were fixed upon the face of her former lover, while her mouth was firmly shut, as if to bear and to conceal pain. Herbert Maurice, on his side, felt that his pride had been melted by the love, which, smothered so long, had burst out again at sight of that room, and the many proofs in it of Clara’s purity and high-toned mind. He felt that she was dearer to him than the fame, or the pleasure, he had so long sought as a means of forgetting her. He had looked on her portrait until he had actually wept; wept to think that there was reason to believe that he had been unjust to Clara, and that her haughty refusal to prove her innocence of the levity and faithlessness of which his mother had believed and made *him* believe her guilty, her indignant dismissal of him “for ever” from her presence, were marks of her noble independence of spirit; and not, as he and his mother believed at the time, a *damning* proof of her inability to clear herself. Yes!—His mother, on her return to England some weeks since, deprived of sight, and broken in spirit, had said to him that she had reason to *know* he had been deceived with regard to Clara. She would not tell him upon what authority she asserted this, but that she *knew* it to be a truth. He had never doubted his mother’s word, and he could not doubt it then; although, if what she said were indeed true, he had injured and outraged the woman who was dearest to him on earth. There she stood before him, almost as he had seen her last, when his vile accusation assailed her ears. There was the bright red spot of anger on the cheek, the nostrils dilated with scorn, and the eyes no longer soft and kind, but flashing forth the fire of an indignant spirit. There was Clara, *his* Clara, the idol of his youth, the wife that he had forfeited, once more before him, and he dared not throw himself at her feet, and pour forth his repentant soul, and his long suppressed passion; he dared not show the love which even now overflowed his heart, or ask time to win back hers; for did he not know, too surely, that she had given her love to another? As the last thought flashed through his mind, his false human pride was fast returning, but just at that moment he observed Clara grasp the back of a chair to support herself. This evidence of her suffering overthrew his pride; he could restrain himself no longer, but, sinking on a couch, he bent his head on Clara’s work-table, and hiding his face in his hands, said in a voice choked with emotion, “Pardon! pardon, Clara!—or have I sinned too much?” She approached him slowly, and laid her hand upon his

bowed head. She looked round the room wildly for a moment; the blood forsook her face, and stooping down she whispered with lips as white as her gown, “Not *too* much, Herbert; I pardon all! Thank God for this!” and she could say no more, but fell down insensible. In a moment he lifted her to a couch, and it was not long before her eyes opened upon him once more. How different their expression, now! Then followed the rapid incoherent half explanations; the mutual self-blame. “I was too proud.” “No, no! dearest! I was a foul, a wretch! I know it now. That I could believe you wrote *that* letter! that you were a subtle intriguer! I deserve my fate.” When he had said these words, Herbert Maurice started, as if stung by an adder, and dropping Clara’s hand, he withdrew from her side, and stood like one confounded. At last he said firmly but in a melancholy tone. “Yes, I deserve my fate, and I will bear it. May God ever bless you, Clara, for your angel goodness to me. Now that I *know* you are all that I once thought you, and much more, through the suffering I have inflicted on you, it is indeed a hard punishment to know that you are lost to me for ever. But your forgiveness of injury is a rare and noble lesson to my proud nature. Oh! that I could recal the weary hours you have passed since we met, and add their period to your coming happiness. But, no! henceforth I can have no right to intermeddle with your life. We must part, Clara! My pardon comes too late. For my own sake I must fly your presence now.”

Poor Clara! the cup of happiness was again dashed from her lips; but she saw how much Herbert was suffering, and striving to suppress her emotion she said,—“I cannot pretend to misunderstand you. There is an unsurmountable obstacle between us. Listen to me before we part, perhaps for ever in this world. In the last five years since that dreadful day, I have learned much. I have learned to see God’s wisdom and goodness in all things; ay, even in that day and its beginning of unutterable sorrow to my heart. Before that time I was too haughty and elate, in the fulness of my own youth and beauty, in your devoted love, and my father’s proud affection. Since then I have been humbled, crushed to the earth, by your suspicions, and the loss of your love. My father died, and I have sought to fulfil my duties to my family; to bring my rebellious spirit into subjection to a higher power. God heard my prayers; and made me able to forgive you and bear to live without your love; and *strong* enough to bear all things else, of negation or infliction, that have occurred in my lot. Now that I know your repentance, that you are still worthy of my love, my soul is refreshed as with a cordial, and I can say to you with serious pleasure, ‘Let us part, yet a little while, and we shall meet in heaven, where our love will be unblamed; purer and nobler than now.’ Courage! dear Herbert, go your way into the world to serve your fellows as best you can, into your home to love and cherish the wife to whom you have vowed affection.”

“Wife! Clara, what do you suppose?”

"That you are married. Is it not so? Is not that the obstacle between us? What is it then?"

"You ask? Did I not hear from my mother that you were about to marry George Selby?"

"It is a false report," said Clara, calmly, though not without emotion.

"But, Clara! I saw a packet of letters directed by you, in his possession. They were highly prized, I saw; and, is not *that* his writing?" he added, pointing to an open letter which lay on Clara's desk.

"Do not let us be made miserable by a letter again," she replied with smiling animation, as she rose, and put the one in question into his hand. "Read it, and satisfy yourself that George Selby is not my lover, but Jane's."

All misunderstandings were over now, and the full tide of happiness was no longer stemmed. They said not many words in the blissful moments that followed, but remained seated together in silence as eloquent as poetry or music.

In the mean time, William Worthington had been making his way very fast into the good graces of old Mrs. Selby and her son-in-law, Mr. Maurice Maurice. The latter was much pleased with the little garden, because he was sure that it would suit the taste of his bride. He inquired whether many persons had answered the advertisement, and whether any of them were likely to suit the Worthingtons as tenants. William told all that he knew of the business, adding, that he should think a young married couple would be the tenants that his sister would think most desirable.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Selby; "it would be a thousand pities to let such a place to a family with young children. Will you not enlist yourself on Maurice's side, and persuade your sister, Miss Worthington, to accept him as tenant, at once?"

"I am sure I am willing enough," said William, laughing; "you know that I have been bribed already by the promise of a good horse for three months."

At this moment they met Jane with her companions.

"My dear young lady," exclaimed Mrs. Selby, "will you give me a few moments' private conversation?"

"Now," thought Jane, "she is going to ask me to accept as a tenant *that*—but where is he? I do not see him! gone, perhaps, unable to bear the sight of the house, and afraid to see Clara. What shall I say? I *must* refuse." Jane looked so uncomfortable and embarrassed, that William began to fear that Mrs. Colonel Stark, had talked, or "dear Blake" had stared her into an ill-temper; and it was with alacrity that he complied with her request to "conduct this lady and her friends to the gate."

"I think we shall decide upon taking this place in spite of the smallness of the rooms and the inconvenience of the stabling and kitchen," said Mrs. Colonel Stark, stopping abruptly and wheeling round so as to front William. "You may tell your eldest sister so, and say I will let her know for certain to-morrow morning."

William enjoyed making her the following reply.

"I am afraid that my sister will not be able to avail herself of your decision in favour of the house, to-morrow. It is most probable that she will give the preference to some old friends who desire to become our tenants."

"Oh! but as we really *mean* to have it, we will settle about it before we go, now," replied the military lady, making a show of returning towards the house.

"Excuse me, madam!" replied William, with wonderful *aplomb* for his age. "My sister is engaged at present; she will take care that you are informed of her determination to-morrow."

"But what did you advertise for, then?" inquired Mrs. Stark pertly.

"For a tenant. We wished to make our choice from a number, and I regret to state that my sister's selection does not coincide with your wish."

Even Mrs. Colonel Stark could find no reply to this statement. The youth's manner was perfectly polite; and looking as black as night, she marched with her daughter and son-in-law out of the dominions of the Worthingtons.

Mrs. Selby looked so kindly at Jane, as she took her arm to walk and speak with her alone, that she was quite unhappy at the thought of refusing her anything. But she remembered that Mary Selby's husband had destroyed her sister's happiness, and made her as grave and melancholy as she now was; and she was determined that he should insult her no farther. She must refuse to accept their offer of taking the house, and she must not tell William the reason; and it must all be managed without Clara's knowledge.

Mrs. Selby began, "Do not think me impertinent if I say that I take a lively interest in your affairs, my dear girl. Your sister I have not seen yet, but I know her well by report; yourself and your brother have already gained my good opinion. I am an obstinate old lady, and am famous for the success with which I carry out my designs. I am also a candid old lady; and am about to impart to you my designs on the present occasion. I am bent on taking this sweet place for my Mary and her husband—"

"Excuse me, madam," interrupted Jane, "it cannot be. This house cannot be let to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Maurice."

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Selby, smiling, "I do not think that could very well be managed, as there is no *Mrs.* Herbert Maurice, I believe."

"Your daughter?" said Jane, with surprise and curiosity.

"Is Mrs. *Maurice* Maurice, the wife of *that* gentleman, Herbert's second brother," pointing to Maurice, who was at the moment engaged with William in an animated discussion under the walnut-tree, about the merits of Dido, the dog.

Mrs. Selby saw that Jane's countenance brightened at this piece of information, and she continued thus. "I am particularly anxious that Mary and Maurice should live here. His mother, the wife of my old friend Mr. Maurice, wishes to return to Brompton to end her days. She is anxious, if possible, to bring

about a reconciliation between her son Herbert and Miss Worthington."

"My sister, I understood, had forbidden Mr. Herbert Maurice to present himself before her again," said Jane, looking for the moment very proud and resentful.

"Ah! my dear girl, we are all full of unchristian pride and anger against our enemies, or those we suppose to be such. Do not encourage these feelings against poor Herbert. He was deceived, and has suffered more in this affair than your sister. He knows now that she was vilely traduced."

"By his own mother!" exclaimed Jane.

"God forbid that he should know that! It would break the poor woman's heart that Herbert should ever lose his profound respect and love for her. She cannot be *altogether* just. She cannot bear to give up her own character and conduct to her son's contempt. No! it is not, I fear, to justify your sister in his eyes, but to ensure his happiness, that she has unsaid the former lie, and made him believe that she, as well as himself, was deceived by the false accusations brought against her. But your sister is noble-minded. She will forgive the son who trusted too much to the integrity of his mother. She will forgive that mother, when she sees her,—old, withered, infirm and blind. She has lost health and sight during her absence from England."

"My sister Clara is gentle and forgiving: she is a true Christian," said Jane.

"I was sure of this, from what I have heard of her in various quarters. I answered your advertisement without any idea, as I told you, that the house was yours. When I received your sister's letter in reply to my application, I recognised her name at once. I was staying in town for a few days, in search of a residence that would suit Mary for a few months. Each day Maurice and Herbert used to accompany me to the various houses which the agents recommended me to see. This morning I ventured on a bold step: I said nothing to the young men of the correspondence with Miss Worthington; I gave the coachman his orders privately; and contrived to keep Herbert in deep conversation about his mother, so that he did not observe our whereabouts until your gate stood open. He then said he could not enter the house; but I prevailed on him to break through your sister's command if it were only to apologize for his error. I trusted to circumstances to bring about an explanation between them; and to the strength of Herbert's love, (which has, I know, remained true to your sister, in spite of much temptation,) to reawaken an interest in her heart."

"See! see!" exclaimed Jane, joyfully interrupting her, "you are right," and she pointed to the figures of Clara and Herbert slowly emerging from the verandah; her arm was in his, and when they perceived Mrs. Selby and Jane, they smiled and quickened their steps to join them.

Mrs. Selby did not wait the formality of an introduction, but took Clara's two hands and kissed her

cheek. Jane also shook hands with Herbert, and all the four seemed too happy to speak; but their eyes were moist with tears.

"Are you not a despot, Mrs. Selby!" asked Mr. Maurice Maurice, coming up to them in company with William Worthington.

"Yes, Maurice, I am very fond of having my own way; and I mean to have it with this young gentleman," (laying one hand upon William's arm,) "and with this young lady," (laying the other upon Jane's shoulder.) "It is my will that you both accompany me next week to Brighton, on a visit for as many months as my daughter may occupy this house. I and George, and my daughter Kate, will do our best to make you pass the time agreeably. Do you consent?" she inquired, looking from one to the other.

Each looked pleased; and William was evidently delighted, but he said, "What is to become of Clara?"

"What are you going to do with Miss Worthington, Herbert?" asked his brother.

"What is Miss Worthington going to do with me?" said Herbert, looking at Clara with a smile.

"I think the whole party will go to Brighton together," said Clara. "I shall certainly spend some weeks with your mother, as you suggest, and as she wishes. We shall be in the same house with you, William, for Mrs. Maurice has part of Mrs. Selby's house at Brighton."

"How very jolly!" exclaimed William, into whose ear Jane had whispered the fact that Clara and Herbert Maurice were lovers, a fact which it would have taken him, with his blunt, *boyish* perception in such matters, at least a week to find out. "See now, Miss Jenny," he continued in high spirits, "how wrong you were! You said that no good ever came of letting a furnished house,—see what has come of that advertisement. But there is a carriage. Ah, it's of no use coming to look at the house now: I will run and tell Phoebe to inform all the other people that the cottage is let."

"And I," said Jane, "will tell her all the rest of the news."

When Jane had told Phoebe all the rest of the news, that shrewd little woman looked greatly pleased, and exclaimed, "God bless Miss Clara! I'm sure I hope she'll be happy. Poor Mr. Herbert! if it warn't for making him miserable, I'd go myself and tell him what a *vampire* his mother is."

"But old Mrs. Maurice is dying now, Phoebe. She is very sorry for her conduct to my sister. We ought to forgive her, you know."

"Yes, Miss Jane, we ought to forgive her, I dare say, and when I see that she don't breed mischief between Mr. Herbert and his wife, I *will* forgive her. Some day or other I'll tell you some of the things I *know*, for facts, about managing old ladies, who will interfere to *pison* the affection of their sons and daughters for ladies or gentlemen which they don't think rich enough, or grand enough, or handsome enough for them. We servants get a good deal of knowledge

about the real history of families, and can tell how a great many '*mere accidents*' are brought about. Some of the things that have made my blood boil the fastest, is the ways which managing mothers take to bamboozle their *sons* out of love, or into love. Lord, Miss Jane! I could tell you some queer things about this very Mrs. Maurice's own sister. But never mind now. As you say, my dear, we must forgive every body, and, goodness knows! I've got faults enough of my own."

J. M. W.

—◆— PORTRAIT OF A JEW MERCHANT, BY VAN RYN REMBRANDT.

WE have selected Rembrandt's famous picture of the Jew Merchant, as a fitting companion to our former engraving of the Advocate of Oostade. There is this difference, however, between them, that while the one is busy with eye and hand, the other is employed in mind only. He appears to be holding converse with himself, before setting forth to the Exchange on some vast speculation. He is evidently a man of importance in his line, and of a grave and considerate disposition; of Jewish extraction, perhaps, rather than actually a Jew, for his countenance does not exhibit all the peculiarities of his race; though his rich attire has somewhat of an Eastern cut. We may almost fancy him to have been a soldier in his early life, so much does he handle his staff as though it were a sword. His whole figure, indeed, gives less the idea of one sitting for a portrait, than of a study to form part of some historical composition. There is more light admitted into this picture than is customary in the works of Rembrandt, and its effect is consequently the more striking. It belonged formerly to the collection of Sir George Beaumont, by whom it was bequeathed to the National Gallery.

Van Ryn Rembrandt was the son of a miller, and was born in a village near Leyden, in 1606. He was baptized by the name of Gerretsz, but obtained that of Van Ryn, by which he is generally known, from the Rhine, on whose banks his early youth was spent. He was first placed with Jacob Van Zwanenburg, under whom he studied three years, and there gave such proofs of talent as astonished his instructor. He afterwards was for six months under Peter Lastman, and then, for the same length of time, was the scholar of Jacob Pinas, whose own works partake somewhat of the extravagant; and from whom he is said to have acquired that taste for strong contrasts of light and shade which he afterwards so happily improved. Others, however, ascribe his peculiar style of colouring to an early habit of observing the striking effect of sunshine streaming through the wickets of his father's mill upon the dusky machinery within. Be this as it may, he seems to have formed his manner entirely by the study and imitation of nature. It was not the bent of his talent, to select the most beautiful subjects, but he had the power of representing every object with such truth, force and effect, as only

nature itself can equal. By the judicious advice of a friend, Rembrandt quitted his native village to try his fortune at the Hague, where he offered one of his pictures to a dealer, who instantly gave him for it one hundred florins. This incident laid the foundation of his future fortune, as it served not only to make him sensible of his own genius, but also to introduce it to the notice of the public. Soon after this he settled at Amsterdam, where he met with a kind friend and liberal patron in the burgomaster, Six, whose portrait he painted more than once, and for whom many of his finest works were executed. Business now crowded upon him, and so numerous were his pupils, that, as he received from each one hundred florins a-year, his wealth accumulated rapidly. He is said to have added to his gains by retouching the copies of his pictures and designs made by his pupils, and selling them as his own; and by this traffic, and the sale of his fine etchings, he made not less than 2,500 florins annually.

His early paintings were almost as highly finished as those of Mieris, but he afterwards changed his style for one more strong and bold, and possessing a degree of force and expression which has never been exceeded. In his first manner are the historical pictures of Ahasuerus, Esther and Haman, the Woman taken in Adultery, and St. John preaching in the Wilderness. These are all exquisitely finished, yet touched with inexpressible fire and spirit. As he became more familiar with his art, he took more liberties, worked with the broad fulness of the brush, or even employed the stick, the pallet-knife, or his fingers, to produce the effect he desired. The lights in his pictures were painted with a body of colour unusually thick, as if the Artist intended rather to model than to paint; but he perfectly understood the principles of *chiaro-scuro*, and it is said he generally painted in a chamber so contrived as to admit but one ray of light, and that from above. His colouring is surprising, and his flesh-tints as true, fresh, and perfect as those of Titian; with this difference, that while the colouring of Titian will admit of the closest inspection, that of Rembrandt must be viewed at a sufficient distance. He had a fertile invention and a lively imagination, but his composition, though remarkable for strength and expression, was deficient in grandeur; he wanted elevation of thought, and had but little taste for grace or elegance. As a proof of this it may be mentioned, that, although he possessed some of the finest Italian prints and drawings, he never improved his taste by studying them. He took more delight in his own repository of old draperies, armour, weapons, and turbans, (which he used to call his antiques,) than in the loveliest creations of Grecian or Italian art. Nature was his model, and so exactly did he copy it, that he sought neither to soften its defects, nor to idealize its beauties; and be it remembered, that nature was usually exhibited to him in a coarse or heavy form. Thus, his portraits, though admirably characteristic and full of life, are often deficient in dignity and grace. Many of his heads are



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painted with such exactness as to distinguish the very hairs of the beard and the wrinkles of old age, yet their effect is astonishing, and at a proper distance they appear to be starting from the canvass.

There is a story told of Rembrandt having placed a picture which he had painted of his maid-servant, in the window of his house at Amsterdam, which deceived the passers by for several days; and De Piles, when he was in Holland, is said not only to have ascertained the truth of this story, but to have also purchased the picture, which he esteemed one of the finest in his collection.

Rembrandt died at Amsterdam, in the year 1674, or, as some writers say, in 1688. His memory has been charged with a fault by no means usual with men of genius—viz. an inordinate love of money; but if this imputation rest chiefly on the high price paid for his productions, it is fair to consider, that every man has a right to make the utmost he can by his own genius. His genuine works are now scarce, and sell for incredible prices; many of them are in the Ducal Palace at Florence, a few at Geneva, some at Turin, and several in the Louvre; there are also many in private collections in this country. Rembrandt's etchings are very highly esteemed, and have been collected with great zeal and at much expense by connoisseurs in all parts of Europe. His father's mill was a favourite subject for his graver, every stroke of which exhibits the same genius which animates his pencil, nor is there a touch which does not seem to produce a life-like expression. Strutt gives 340 as the number of his prints, but De Burgy, at the Hague, collected 665, including the varieties of each.

The Jew Merchant is esteemed one of the best of Rembrandt's portraits. It has all the appearance of an excellent likeness, being perfectly free from affectation or exaggeration; and is a good specimen of that peculiar management of light and shade which gives such magical effect to the works of this great master.

LEWIS ARUNDEL,

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH RICHARD FRERE MENDS THE BACK OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, AND THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO CHANLEY LEICESTER.

RICHARD FRERE lived in a moderate sized house in a street in the vicinity of Bedford Square. It was not exactly a romantic situation, neither was it aristocratic nor fashionable; but it was respectable and convenient, and therefore had Frere chosen it; for he was a practical man in the proper sense of the term—by which we do not mean that he thought James Watt greater than Shakspeare, but that he possessed that rare quality, good common sense, and regulated his conduct by it;—and as in the course of this voracious history

we shall hear and see a good deal of Richard Frere, it may tend to elucidate matters if we tell the reader at once who and what he was, and “in point of fact,” as Cousin Phenix would say, all about him.

Like Robinson Crusoe, Richard Frere was born of respectable parents. His father was the representative of a family who in Saxon days would have been termed “Franklins,” i.e. a superior class of yeomen, possessed of certain broad acres, which they farmed themselves. The grandfather Frere having, in a moment of ambition, sent his eldest son to Eton, was made aware of his error when the young hopeful on leaving school declared his intention of going to college, and utterly repudiated the plough-tail. Having a very decided will of his own, and a zealous supporter in his mother, to college he went, and thence to a special pleader, to read for the bar. Being really clever, and, determined to prove to his father the wisdom of the course he had adopted, sufficiently industrious also, he got into very tolerable practice. On one occasion, having been retained in a well-known contested peerage case, by his acuteness and eloquence he gained his cause, and at the same time the affections of the successful disputant's younger sister. His noble client very ungratefully opposed the match, but love and law together proved too powerful for his lordship. One fine evening the young lady made a moonlight flitting of it, and before twelve o'clock on the following morning had become Mrs. Frere. Within a year from this event, Richard Frere made his appearance at the cradle terminus of the railroad of life. When he was six years old, his father, after speaking, for three hours in a cause in which he was leader, more eloquently than he had ever before done, broke a blood vessel, and was carried home a dying man. His wife loved him as woman alone can love—for his sake she had given up friends, fortune, rank, and the pleasures and embellishments of life; for his sake she now gave up life itself. Grief does not always kill quickly, yet Richard's ninth birthday was spent among strangers. At ten years old, his noble uncle, who felt that by neglecting his sister on her death-bed, he had done his duty to his pedigree handsomely, and might now give way to family affection, sent the orphan to school at Westminster, and even allowed him to run wild at Bellefield Park during the holidays.

The *agréments* of a public school, acting on a sensitive disposition, gave a tone of bitterness to the boy's mind, which would have rendered him a misanthrope, but for a strong necessity for loving something (the only inheritance his poor mother had left him), which developed itself in attachment to unsympathizing silkworms and self-engrossed white mice during his early boyhood, and in a *bizarre* but untiring benevolence in after life, leading him to take endless trouble for the old and unattractive, and to devote himself, body and soul, to forward the interest of those who were fortunate enough to possess his friendship. Of the latter class Lewis Arundel had been one, since the day when Frere, a stripling of seventeen, fought his rival, the cock of the school, for having threshed the new-

comer in return for his accidental transgression of some sixth-form etiquette. Ten years had passed over their heads since that day; the cook of the school was a judge in Ceylon, weighed sixteen stone, and had a wife and six little children; Richard Frere was secretary to a scientific institution, with a salary of 300*l.* a-year, and a general knowledge of everything of which other people were ignorant; and little Lewis Arundel was standing six feet high, waiting to be let in at the door of his friend's house, in the respectable and convenient street near Bedford Square, to which he and Faust had found their way, after a prosperous journey by the coach on the roof of which we left them at the end of the last chapter.

A woman, ugly enough to frighten a horse, and old enough for *anything*, replied in the affirmative to Lewis's inquiry whether her master was at home, and led the way up-stairs, glancing suspiciously at Faust as she did so. On reaching the first landing, she tapped at the door; a full, rich, but somewhat gruff voice shouted "Come in," and Lewis, passing his ancient conductress, entered.

"What, Lewis, old boy! how are you?—Don't touch me, I can't shake hands, I'm all over paste; I have been mending the backs of two of the old Fathers that I picked up, dirt cheap, at a book-stall, as I was coming home to-day: one of them is a real *editio*—Why, man, how you are grown!—Is that Faust? Come here, dog—what a beauty! Ah! you brute, keep your confounded nose out of the paste pot, do! I must give Aquinas another dab yet. Sit down, man, if you can find a chair—bundle those books under the table—There we are."

The speaker, who, as the reader has probably conjectured, was none other than Mr. Richard Frere, presented, at that happy moment, as singular an appearance as any gentleman not an Ojibbeway Indian, or other natural curiosity for public exhibition in the good city of London, need to do. His apparent age was somewhat under thirty. His face would have been singularly ugly, but for three redeeming points—a high, intellectual forehead; full, restless blue eyes, beaming with intelligence; and a bright benevolent smile, which disclosed a brilliant set of white, even teeth, compensating for the disproportioned width of the mouth which contained them. His hair and whiskers, of a rich brown, hung in elf locks about his face and head, which were somewhat too large for his height; his chest and shoulders were also disproportionately broad, giving him an appearance of great strength, which indeed he possessed. He was attired in a chintz dressing-gown, that had once rejoiced in a pattern of gaudy colours, but was now reduced to a neutral tint of (we may as well confess it at once) London smoke. He was, moreover, for the greater convenience of the pasting operation, seated cross-legged on the floor, amidst a hecatomb of ponderous volumes.

"I received your letter this morning," began Lewis, "and, as you see, lost no time in being with you; and now what is it you have heard of, Frere? But first let me thank you——"

"Thank me!" was the reply, "for what? I have done nothing yet, except writing a dozen lines to tell you to take a dusty journey, and leave green trees and nightingales for smoke and bustle—nothing very kind in that, is there? Just look at the dog's-ears—St. Augustine's, I mean, not Faust's."

"Don't tease me, there's a good fellow," returned Lewis; "I'm not in a humour for jesting at present. I have gone through a good deal in one way or other since you and I last met, and am no longer the light-hearted boy you knew me, but a man, and well-nigh a desperate one."

"Ay!" rejoined Frere, "that's the style of thing, is it? Yes; I know all about it. I met Kirschberg the other day, with a beard like a cow's tail, and he told me that Gretchen had bolted with the Baron."

"Never mention her name, if you would not drive me mad," exclaimed Lewis, springing from his chair, and pacing the room impatiently. His friend regarded him attentively for a moment, and then uncrossing his legs, and muttering to himself that he had got the cramp, and should make a shocking bad Turk, rose, approached Lewis, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said gravely,

"Listen to me, Lewis; you trusted, and have been deceived; and, by a not unnatural revulsion of feeling, your faith in man's honour and woman's constancy is for the time-being destroyed; and just at the very moment when you most require the assistance of your old friends, and the determination to gain new ones, you dislike and despise your fellow-creatures, and are at war in your heart with society. Now this must not be, and at the risk of paining you, I am going to tell you the truth."

"I know what you would say," interrupted Lewis, vehemently; "you would tell me that my affection was misplaced—that I loved a girl beneath me in mind and station—that I trusted a man whom I deemed my friend, but who, with a specious exterior, was a cold-hearted, designing villain. It was so; I own it; I see it *now*, when it is too late; but I did not see it at the time when the knowledge might have availed me. And why may not this happen again? There is but one way to prevent it: I will avoid the perfidious sex—except Rose, no woman shall ever——"

"My dear boy, don't talk such rubbish," interposed his friend; "there are plenty of right-minded, loveable women in the world, I don't doubt, though I can't say I have much to do with them, seeing that they are not usually addicted to practical science, and therefore don't come in my way—household angels, with their wings clipped, and their manners and their dresses modernized, but with all the brightness and purity of heaven still lingering about them,—that's my notion of women as they should be, and as I believe many are, despite your having been jilted by as arrant a little coquette as ever I had the luck to behold; and as to the Baron, it would certainly be a satisfaction to kick him well: but we can't obtain all we wish for in this life. What are you grinning at?—you don't mean to say you have had it out with him?"

In reply, Lewis drew his left arm out of his coat, and rolling up his shirt-sleeve above the elbow, exposed to view a newly-healed wound in the fleshy part of his arm, then said quietly, "We fought with small swords in a ring formed by the students; we were twenty minutes at it; he marked me as you see; at length I succeeded in disarming him—in the struggle he fell, and placing my foot upon his neck, and my sword point to his heart, I forced him to confess his treachery, and beg his hateful life of me before them all."

Frere's face grew dark. "Duelling!" he said; "I thought your principles would have preserved you from that vice—I thought!"

A growl from Faust, whose quick ear had detected a footstep on the stairs, interrupted him, and in another moment a voice exclaimed, "Hillo, Frere, where are you, man?" and the speaker, without waiting for an answer, opened the door, and entered.

The new comer was a fashionably-dressed young man, with a certain air about him as if he were somebody, and knew it—he was good-looking, had dark hair, most desirable curling whiskers; and, though he was in a morning costume, was evidently "got up" regardless of expense.

He opened his large eyes, and stared with a look of languid wonder at Lewis, then, turning to Frere, he said, "Ah! I did not know you were engaged, Richard, or I would have allowed your old lady to announce me in due form; as it was, I thought, in my philanthropy, to save her a journey up-stairs was a good deed, for she is getting a little touched in the wind. May I ask," he continued, glancing at Lewis's bare arm, "were you literally, and not figuratively, bleeding your friend?"

"Not exactly," replied Frere, laughing. "But you must know each other; this is my particular friend, Lewis Arundel, whom I was telling you of;—Lewis, my cousin Charles Leicester, Lord Ashford's youngest son."

"Worse luck," replied the gentleman thus introduced; "younger sons being one of those unaccountable mistakes of Nature which it requires an immense amount of faith to acquiesce in with proper orthodoxy: the popular definition of a younger son's portion, 'A good set of teeth, and nothing to eat,' shows the absurdity of the thing. Where do you find any other animal in such a situation?—Where—But perhaps we have scarcely time to do the subject proper justice at present; I have some faint recollection of your having asked me to dine at half-past six, on the strength of which I cut short my canter in the park, and lost a chance of inspecting a prize widow, whom Sullivan had marked down for me!"

"Why, you don't mean to say it is as late as that?" exclaimed Frere; "Thomas Aquinas has taken longer to splice than I was aware of; to be sure, his back was dreadfully shattered. Excuse me half a minute;—I'll just wash the paste off my hands, make myself decent, and be with you in no time." As he spoke, he left the room.

"What a life for a reasonable being to lead!" observed Leicester, flinging himself back in Frere's reading-chair. "Now that fellow was as happy with his paste-pot, as I should be if some benevolent individual in the Fairy Tale and Good Genius line were to pay my debts and marry me to an heiress with 10,000*l.* a-year. An inordinate affection for books will be that man's destruction. You have known him some years, I think, Mr. Arundel?"

Lewis replied in the affirmative, and Leicester continued:—

"Don't you perceive that he is greatly altered? He stoops like an old man, sir; his eyes are getting weak,—it's an even chance whether he is shaved or not; he looks upon brushes as superfluities, and despatches bears' grease entirely, not to mention a very decided objection to the operations of the hair-cutter;—then the clothes he wears,—where he contrives to get such things I can't conceive, unless they come out of Monmouth-street, and then they would be better cut; but the worst of it is, he has no proper feeling about it,—perfectly callous!" He sighed, and then resumed. "It was last Saturday, I think,—'pon my word you will scarcely believe it, but it's true, I assure you: I had given my horse to the groom, and was lounging by the Serpentine, with Egerton of the Guards, and Harry Vain, who is about the best dressed man in London, a little after five o'clock, and the park as full as it could hold, when, who should I see, striding along like a postman among the swells, but Master Richard Frere! And how do you suppose he was dressed? We'll begin at the top, and take him downwards: Imprimis, a shocking bad hat, set on the back of his head after the fashion of the *he* peasants in a pastoral chorus at the Opera House; a seedy black coat, with immense flaps, and a large octavo edition of St. Senanus, or some of them, sticking out of the pocket; a white choker villanously tied, which looked as if he had slept in it the night before; a most awful waistcoat, black-and-white plaid trousers guiltless of straps, worsted stockings, and a clumsy species of shooting shoes; and, because all this was not enough, he had a large umbrella, although the day was lovely, and a basket in his hand with the neck of a black bottle peeping out of it, containing port wine, which it seems he was conveying to a superannuated nurse of his, who hangs out at Kensington. I turned my head away, hoping that as he was staring intently at something in the water, he might not recognise me; but it was of no use: just as Egerton—who did not know him—exclaimed, 'Here's a natural curiosity!—Did you ever see such a treat in your life?' he looked up and saw me; in another minute his great paw was laid upon my shoulder, and I was accosted thus:—"Ah, Leicester! you here? Just look at that duck with the grey bill; that's a very rare bird indeed; it comes from Central Asia. I did not know they had a specimen in this country; it is one of the Teal family,—*Querquedula Glocitans*, the bimaculated teal,—so called from two bright spots near the eye;—look, you can see them now,—very rare bird,

—very rare bird indeed!" And so he ran on, till suddenly recollecting that he was in a hurry, he shook my hand till my arm ached, (dropping the umbrella on Vain's toes as he did so,) and posted off, leaving me to explain to my companions how it was possible such an apparition should have been seen in any place except Bedlam.—Richard Frere's a right good fellow, and I have an immense respect for him, but he is a very trying relative to meet in Hyde Park during the London season."

Having delivered himself of this sentiment, the Honourable Charles, or, as he was more commonly denominated by his intimates, Charley Leicester, leaned back in his chair, apparently overcome by the recollections his tale had excited, in which position he remained, cherishing his whiskers, till their host reappeared.

The dinner was exactly such a meal as one gentleman of moderate income should give to two others, not particularly gourmands; that is, there was enough to eat and drink, and everything was excellent of its kind; one of those mysterious individuals who exist only in large cities and fairy tales, having provided the entire affair, and waited at table like a duke's butler into the bargain. When the meal was concluded, and the good genius had vanished, after placing on the table a most inviting magnum of claret, and said "Yessir," for the last time, Frere turned to Lewis, and observed, "By the way, Arundel, I dare say you are anxious to hear about this appointment, or situation, or whatever the correct term may be,—the thing I mentioned to you: my cousin Charles can tell you all there is to hear concerning the matter, for the good folks are his friends, and not mine; indeed I scarcely know them."

Thus appealed to, Charley Leicester filled a bumper of claret, seated himself in an easy attitude, examined his well-turned leg and unexceptionable boot, with a full appreciation of their respective merits, and then sipping his wine, and addressing Lewis, began as follows.

But let us devote a fresh chapter to the honourable gentleman's able speech, as our brethren of the press would term it.

CHAPTER IV.

LEWIS ENLISTS UNDER A "CONQUERING HERO," AND STARTS ON A DANGEROUS EXPEDITION.

"WELL, Mr. Arundel," began Leicester, "this is the true state of the case, as far as I know about it. You may, perhaps, be acquainted with the name of General Grant?"

Lewis replied in the negative, and Leicester continued—

"Ah! yes, I forgot, you have been on the Continent for some time; however, the General is member for A—, and a man very well known about town. Now, he happens to be a sort of cousin of mine—my mother, Lady Ashford, was a Grant; and for that reason, or some other, the General has taken a liking to me, and generously affords me his countenance and

protection. So, when I have nothing better to do, I go and vegetate at Broadhurst, an old rambling place in Bedfordshire, that has been in his family since the flood—splendid shooting, though; he preserves strictly, and transports a colony of poachers every year. I was sitting with him the other day, when he suddenly began asking about Frere, where he was, what he was doing, and all the rest of it. So I related that he was secretary to a learned society, and was popularly supposed to know more than all the *savans* in Europe and the Dean of Dunderstir put together. Whereupon he began muttering, 'Unfortunate!—he was just the person—learned man—good family—well connected—most unlucky!' 'What's the matter, General?' said I. 'A very annoying affair, Charles—a very great responsibility has devolved upon me, a matter of extreme moment—clear 12,000*l.* a-year, and a long minority.' 'Has 12,000*l.* a-year devolved upon you, sir?' returned I. 'I wish Dame Fortune would try me with some such responsibility.' In reply, he gave me the following account:—

"It appeared that one of his most intimate friends and neighbours, an old baronet, had lately departed this life; the title and estates descend to a grandson, a minor, and General Grant had been appointed guardian. All this was bad enough, but the worst was yet to come—he had promised his dying friend that the boy should reside in his house;—now it seems that, as a sort of set-off against his luck in coming into the world with a gold spoon in his mouth, the said boy was born with even less brains than usually fall to the lot of Fortune's favourites—in plain English, he is half an idiot. Accordingly, the General's first care was to provide the young bear with a leader, and in his own mind he had fixed on Frere, whom he knew by reputation, as the man, and was grievously disappointed when he found he was bespoken. I suggested, that although he could not undertake the duty himself, he might possibly know some one who could, and offered to ascertain. The General jumped at the idea—*hinc illa lacryma*—hence the whole business."

"Just as I received your letter," began Frere, "Leicester came in to make the inquiry. In fact, the thing fitted like the advertisements in the 'Times'— 'Wants a situation as serious footman in a pious family, wages not so much an object as moral cultivation.'—'Wanted in a pious family, a decidedly serious footman, wages moderate, but the spiritual advantages unexceptionable.' 'If A. B. is not utterly perfidious, and lost to all the noblest feelings of humanity, he will forward a small enclosure to C. D. at Mrs. Bantam's, oilman, Tothill Street.'—'A. B. is desirous of communicating with C. D.; if forgiven, he will never do so no more, at any price.' You may see lots of them in the advertising sheet; they are like angry women, sure to answer one another, if you leave them alone. And now, what do you think of the notion, Lewis?"

"Why, there are one or two points to be considered," replied Lewis. "In the first place, what would be the duties of the situation? In the second,

am I fitted to perform them? In the third— But however, I have named the most important."

"As to the duties," replied Leicester, "I should fancy they would be anything but overpowering—rather in the nothing-to-do-and-a-man-to-help-you style than otherwise. All the general said was, 'Mind, I must have a *gentleman*, a person who is accustomed to the rank of life in which he will have to move—he must be a young man, or he will not readily fall into my habits and wishes. As he is to live in my family, he must be altogether presentable. His chief duty will be to endeavour to develope my ward's mind, and fit him for the position which his rank and fortune render it incumbent on him to occupy.' To which speech, delivered in a very stately manner, I merely said, 'Yes, exactly;' a style of remark to which no exception could reasonably be taken, unless on the score of want of originality."

"Is the General in town, Charley?" asked Frere.

"Yes; he is waiting about this very business," was the reply.

"Well then, the best thing will be for you to take Arundel there to-morrow morning, and bring them face to face; that is the way to do business, depend upon it."

"Will not that be giving Mr. Leicester a great deal of trouble?" suggested Lewis.

"Not at all, my dear sir," replied Leicester, good-naturedly. "I'll call for you at twelve o'clock, and drive you up to Park Crescent in my cab. Having once taken the matter in hand, I am anxious to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion—besides, a man must lunch, and the General's pale ale is by no means to be despised."

At this moment the servant entered, and handing Frere a card, informed him the gentleman wished to speak with him.

"Tell him to walk in. Say that I have one or two friends taking wine with me, and that I hope he will join us. Now, Lewis, I will introduce you to an original—you know him, Leicester—Marmaduke Grandeville."

"*De Grandeville*, my dear fellow—don't forget the *De*, unless you intend him to call you out. What, is 'the Duke' coming? Yes, I certainly do know him, *rather*—just a very little." Then, speaking in an affected yet pompous tone, he continued—"Ar—really—yes—the *De Grandevilles*—very old Yorkshire family in the West Riding—came in with the Conqueror."

"That's exactly like him," exclaimed Frere, laughing. "Hush! here he is."

As he spoke, the door opened slowly, and a head with a hat on first appeared, then followed a pair of broad shoulders, and lastly the whole man entered bodily. Drawing himself up with a stiff military air, he closed the door, and slightly raising his hat, shaded his eyes with it, while he reconnoitred the company.

"There, come along in, man; you know Charles Leicester,—this is an old Westminster friend of mine,

Lewis Arundel: now here's a clean glass; take some claret."

The individual thus addressed made the slightest possible acknowledgment on being introduced to Lewis, favoured Leicester with a military salute, laid a large heavy hand adorned with a ring of strange and antique fashion patronizingly on Frere's shoulder, poured himself out a glass of wine, and then wheeling round majestically to the fire, and placing his glass on the chimney-piece, faced the company with an air equally dignified and mysterious, thereby affording Lewis a good opportunity of examining his appearance. He was above the middle height, and powerfully made, so much so as to give his clothes, which were fashionably cut, the air of being a size too small for him. He wore his coat buttoned tightly across his chest, which he carried well forward after the manner of a cuirassier; indeed, his whole gait and bearing were intensely military. His age might be two or three-and-thirty; he had dark hair and whiskers, good though rather coarse features, and a more ruddy complexion than usually falls to the lot of a Londoner. After sipping his wine leisurely, he folded his arms with an air of importance, and fixing his eyes significantly on the person addressed, said, "Ar—Leicester, how is it Lord Ashford happens to be out of town just now?"

"Pon my word, I don't know," was the reply; "my father is not usually in the habit of explaining his movements, particularly to such an unimportant individual as myself. I have a vague idea Bellefield wrote to beg him to come down for something—he's at the Park, at all events."

"Ar—yes, you must not be surprised if you see him in Belgrave Square to-morrow; *we* want him; he's been—ar—written to to-night."

"How the deuce do you know that?" inquired Frere; "I never can make out where you contrive to pick up those things."

"Who are *we*?" inquired Lewis, in an under tone, of Leicester, near whom he was seated; "Does Mr. Granville belong to the Government?"

"Not really, only in imagination," was the reply. "*We* means himself and the other Whig magnates of the land, in this instance."

"Then you did not really know Graves was dead?" continued Grandeville.

"I am not quite certain that I even knew he was alive," replied Leicester; "Who was he?"

A significant smile, saying plainly, "Don't fancy I am going to believe you as ignorant as you pretend," floated across Grandeville's face ere he continued, "You need not be so cautious with me, I can assure you; the moment I heard Graves was given over, I wrote—ar—that is, I gave the hint to a man who wrote to Lord Bellefield to say the county was his; he had only to declare himself, and he would walk over the course."

"Extremely kind of you, I'm sure," replied Leicester; then turning to Lewis, while Grandeville was making some mysterious communication to Frere, he added

in an under tone, "That's a lie from beginning to end. I had a note from Bellefield (he's my *frère aîné*, you know) this morning, in which he says, "Our county member has been dangerously ill, but is now better;" and he adds, "Some of the fools about here wanted me to put up for the county if he popped off, but I am not going to thrust my neck into the collar to please any of them. Bell's too lazy by half for an M.P., and small blame to him either."

"I am very sorry," observed Frere to Grandeville, "but I'm engaged to my friends, you see."

"*Halt là*; don't let us prevent your doing any thing,—at least, I speak for myself," said Leicester.

"You would never dream of standing on ceremony with me, Frere, I hope," rejoined Lewis.

"Why should we not all go together?" inquired Frere; "the more the merrier, particularly if it should come to a shindy."

"What's the nature of the entertainment?" asked Leicester.

"Tell them, De Grandeville," said Frere, looking hard at his cousin, as he slightly emphasized the *De*."

"Ar—well, you won't let it go farther, I'm sure, but there's a meeting to be held to-night, at a kind of Mechanics' Institute, a place I and one or two other influential men have had our eyes on for some time past, where they promulgate very unsound opinions; and we have been only waiting our opportunity to give the thing a check, and show them that the landed gentry are united in their determination not to tolerate sedition, or in fact any thing of the sort; and I have had a hint from a very sure quarter (I walked straight from Downing Street here), that to-night they are to muster in force, a regular show off; so a party of us are going to be present, and watch the proceedings, and if there should be seditious language used, we shall make a decided demonstration, let them feel the power they are arraying themselves against, and the utter madness of provoking such an unequal struggle."

"Then we have a very fair chance of a row, I should hope," interposed Lewis, eagerly, his eyes sparkling with excitement; "'twill put us in mind of old sixth-form days, eh, Frere?"

"Leicester, what say you? do you mind dirting your kid gloves in the good cause?" asked Frere.

"There is no time to put on an old coat, I suppose?" was the reply. "A broken head I don't mind occasionally, it gives one a new sensation; but to sacrifice good clothes, verges too closely on the wantonly extravagant, to suit either my pocket or my principles."

"I will lend you one of mine," returned Frere.

"Heaven forefend!" was the horrified rejoinder, "I have too much regard for the feelings of my family, let alone those of my tailor, to dream of such a thing for a minute. Only suppose anything were to happen to me, just see how it would read in the papers: 'The body of the unfortunate deceased was enveloped in a threadbare garment of mysterious fashion; in the enormous pockets which undermined its voluminous skirts, was discovered, amongst other curiosities, the leg-bone of a fossil *Iguanodon*.'"

"Gently there!" cried Frere; "how some people are given to exaggeration! Because I happened accidentally one day to pull out two of the vertebrae of—"

"Ar—if you'll allow me to interrupt you," began Grandeville, "I don't think you need apprehend any display of physical force; our object is if possible to produce a moral effect—in fact, by weight of character and position to impress them with a deep sense of the power and resources of the upper classes."

"Still a good licking is a very effectual argument where other means of persuasion fail. I have great faith in fists," said Frere.

"Ar—in the event of our being obliged to have recourse to such extreme measures, I must impress upon you the necessity of discipline," returned Grandeville. "Look to me for orders, ar—I am not exactly—ar—regular profession—ar—military, though, when I was at the head-quarters of the —th in Ireland last year, they did me the honour to say that I had naturally a very unusual strategic turn—a good officer spoiled—ha! ha!"

"I always thought you had a sort of Life-guardsman-like look about you," said Leicester, with a sly glance at the others; "you often hear of a man being one of 'Nature's gentlemen,' now I should call you one of 'Nature's guardsmen.'"

"Ar—yes, not so bad that," returned Grandeville, the possibility of Leicester's meaning to laugh at him faintly occurring to him, and being instantly rejected as utterly inconceivable. "Here, sir," he continued, turning abruptly to Lewis, "feel my arm; there's muscle for you! I don't say it by way of a boast, but there is not such an arm as that in her Majesty's —th; there was not one of their crack men that could hold up so heavy a weight as I could, for I tried the thing when I was over at Killandrum last autumn, and beat them all."

"At what time does your entertainment commence, may I ask?" inquired Leicester.

"Ar—I promised to join the others at a quarter before nine; the meeting was to commence at nine, and we shall have some little way to walk."

"Then the sooner we are off the better," said Frere; "but you expect a reinforcement, do you?"

"Ar—some men, some of our set, you understand, very first-rate fellows who have the cause at heart, have agreed to come, and carry the matter through with a high hand. Failure might produce very serious results, but the right measures have been taken; I dropped a hint at the Horse Guards."

"I suppose I had better not take Faust," observed Lewis; "if there is a crowd he will get his toes trodden on, and he is apt to show fight under those circumstances. May I leave him here?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Frere; "that is, if you can persuade him to stay quietly, and bind him over to keep the peace till we return."

"That is soon accomplished," rejoined Lewis, and calling the dog to him, he dropped a glove on the floor, and uttered some German word of command, when the well-trained animal immediately laid down, with the glove between his huge paws.

"Caution your old lady not to interfere with the glove," he continued, "or Faust will assuredly throttle her."

"What, is he touchy on that head?" inquired Grandeville, poisoning himself on one leg, while he endeavoured to kick the glove away with the other. A growl like that of an angry tiger, and the display of a set of teeth of which a dentist or a crocodile might equally have been proud, induced him to draw back his foot with rather more celerity than was altogether in keeping with the usual dignity of his movements.

"The dog has not such a bad notion of producing a moral impression," said Leicester, laughing; "Don't you think he might be useful to us to-night?"

"Ar—now, there is nothing I should like better than to take that glove away from him," observed Grandeville, casting a withering glance on Faust, "ar—I wish I had time."

"I wish you had," returned Lewis, dryly.

"Why, do you think it would be so mighty difficult?" retorted Grandeville.

"I had some trouble in choking him off Rudolph Arnheim, when he tried the experiment, before Faust had quite throttled him," was the reply; "Rudolph is no child, and had a heavy wager depending on it."

"Ar—well, I can't see any great difficulty in the thing, but it depends on a man's nerve, of course. Now, are we ready?"

So saying, Marmaduke Grandeville, Esq. placed his hat firmly on his head, and with the gait of a heavy-dragoon, and the air of a conquering hero, marched nobly out of the apartment. Leicester signed to Lewis to follow, then drawing Frere on one side, he said,

"Richard, I like your friend Arundel; he is a manly, intelligent young fellow, much too good to be bear-leader to a half-witted cub like this precious ward of old Grant's; and if I were as rich as I am poor, I would do something better for him. Now, if he had but a few hundreds to go on with, matrimony would be the dodge for him. With such a face and figure as his, he might secure no end of a prize in the wife market; there's a thorough-bred look about him which would tell with the women amazingly."

"He has the makings of a fine character in him," replied Frere, "but he is proud and impetuous; and pride and poverty are ill companions, though they often go together."

"Do they?" replied Leicester; "well, I am poor enough for anything, as a very large majority of the metropolitan tradesmen know to their cost, but, upon my word, I am not proud. Any man may give me a good dinner, and I'll eat it,—good wine, and I'll drink it; I never refuse a stall at the Opera, though the bone may belong to an opulent tallow-chandler; and there is not a woman in England with 150,000*l.* that I would not marry to-morrow, if she would have me. No! I may be poor, but you can't call me proud." And placing his arm through that of his cousin, they descended to the street together, and rejoined Lewis and his companion.

SERENADE.

OVER the mountain side
Twilight is creeping;
Earthward heaven's thousand eyed
Spirits are peeping;
Through the still grove the breeze
Faintly is sighing,
Breathing forth fragrances
Even in dying;
Soft on the rising haze
Moonlight is streaming,
As if of other days
Sunset were dreaming,
Beauty could ne'er create
Hour which should be
Meeter to consecrate,
Maiden, to thee.

Come, let us steal away
From the world's traces:
Earth's things belong to day,
But the soft graces
Which round the twilight hour
Tremblingly hover,
Ever have been the dower
Of the fond lover;
Of fervour's deepest sigh,
Hallowingly blended
With spirit purity,
Such as has tended
Often the doubt to frame,
To its sweet birth
Which has the closest claim,
Eden or earth.

Few are the sunny hours
Life has to cherish;
Let us not suffer ours
Idly to perish.
Star, on my clouded sky
Lonely beaming,
Queen of the destiny
Hope would die dreaming,
Spirit, whose potent wand
Joy's life has measured,
Shine where a thousand fond
Feelings lie treasured.
Light winds sigh wooingly,
Tumult is dumb;
All things look suingly,
Come, lady, come.

GEOLOGICAL MAP OF ENGLAND.

By consulting a Geological Map of England, the student will readily perceive that the physical features of the country are chiefly dependent on the geological structure, and that the formations succeed each other in chronological order, as we proceed from the western to the eastern coast. Thus the oldest strata system, and the associated unstratified rocks, constitute, with the overlying silurian group, the mountainous region of North Wales, Cumberland, and Westmoreland; to these progressively follow the beds belonging to the carboniferous, oolitic, and crustaceous groups, occupying the central parts of England; and reposing on the latter is the tertiary series, the newest members of which are found in Norfolk and Suffolk, and on the eastern coast of the island.—*James Tennant, F.G.S.*

ON SHAKSPEARE'S INDIVIDUALITY IN HIS CHARACTERS.

SHAKSPEARE'S FOOLS, JESTERS, OR CLOWNS.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

ONE of the chief proofs of Shakspeare's wondrous power over our imagination, is the influence which a suddenly remembered passage of his will exercise upon us at any given moment. However gay the subject of conversation may be, however mirthful may be the actual train of thought, yet if the recollection of Othello's writhing exclamation, "Oh, misery!" that bursts with uncontrollable anguish from the depths of his wounded heart, suggest itself abruptly to the memory, who is there that would not feel at once smitten into gravity? And the theme of consideration must be serious indeed, which would not yield to an involuntary smile at an unexpected reminiscence of Falstaff's, "He that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him *lend me the money*, and have at him!"

Shakspeare's sway is equally absolute throughout the realm of emotion—he compels our tears to spring at his bidding, alike from the profoundest sympathy with grief, or from the mysterious sources of laughter, and a sense of the ludicrous. He will even combine these appeals to our several feelings, forcing our throat to swell, and our eyes to fill, from mingled tenderness and humour; and we find our heart beating and our lip quivering with an undefined agitation, which we scarce know whether to trace to the origin of sobs or smiles. Such is the complex emotion that affects us in studying the character of the Fool in *King Lear*. In looking down the list of Dramatis Personæ to this play, we cannot but be struck with the world of thought, the epitome of tenderness, pity, attachment, gentleness, fancy, playfulness, wit,—of constancy simply evinced,—of gaiety affectionately assumed,—of truth, faith, and native worth, all comprised in the image suggested to us by those four unpretending letters, *Fool*. It stands thus, a few slight italics, among the subordinate characters: *CURAN, a courtier; Old Man, tenant to Gloucester; Physician; Fool*. No more formal announcement is deemed requisite to herald one of the most lovely creations that ever emanated from poet's brain. But the manner of his introduction in the play itself is as exquisite and artistically prepared as that of the most important among the characters. His royal master, Lear, first calls for him when he bids his attendants prepare dinner, as if he were associated in his mind with refreshment and relaxation; and afterwards, when chafing at the first perceived inattention and "faint neglect," on the part of his daughter Goneril, he recurs to the thought of his fool, as a relief, and a pleasant comfort:—

"But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

"*Knight*. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away."

How beautifully this premises his gentle, faithful nature, preparing us for what comes after; how well this fond regret for his young mistress (affecting even his health) is followed by his attachment to her old father in his adverse fortune; and how the susceptibility of temperament thus indicated heightens the pathos of the sequel, when he clings to his old master through the wild inclemency of that night, abiding the "pelting of the pitiless storm" with him, seeking to beguile his misery, and "labouring to out-jest his heart-struck injuries!"

The tender interest with which Shakspeare has contrived to inspire us for this character, even before he appears, is sustained the moment he enters, by the old king addressing him in terms of kindness and fondling familiarity that convey an idea of youth and gentleness in the lad himself, as well as of affectionate solicitude on the part of his old master:—

"How now, my pretty knave, how dost thou?"—the word 'knave' signifying boy.*

Indeed, one of the most exquisite things about this character, is not only its own beauty of conception, but the use which the poet has made of it in bringing out the best parts of that of Lear himself. The old king, imperious, resentful, and self-willed, is tolerant and considerate towards this lad, this humble companion, this permitted jester. He takes pleasure in his society, he gives his utmost familiarity licence, and treats him as much like a petted child as a dependent; and in the midst of his own misery and wild sense of wrong, he has still a kindly thought for his "pretty knave."

"*Lear*. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee."

This is sublime teaching. The charitable touch lurking in the self-willed heart of royalty, prompting it to feel for the sufferings of another, preserves for that heart the sole thought of gentleness amid its tempest of grief and distraction.

None but a genius like Shakspeare's, bold in its conscious power, would have ventured to place the fool's levity of speech, with its quaint inuendo, and grotesque irrelevance, close by the side of Lear's magniloquence of rage and sorrow; but how wonderfully fine the effect is, as he has contrived the contrast!

"*Fool*. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

"*Lear*. Rumble thy bellyful! spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd

* The German word is *knabe*; and Chaucer speaks of a *knave*-child when Griselda bears a male infant.

Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

"Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece."

Afterwards, when the old king frantically tears off his clothes, his hand is held by his faithful friend, still "labouring to out-jest his heart-struck injuries," with a voice that we can fancy choked with sobs, while he struggles to smile with lips that are tremulous with cold and pity:—

"Lear. Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here. (*Tearing off his clothes.*)

"Fool. Prythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in."

-In that terrible scene where Lear's madness has reached its height, and his frenzied arraignment of his daughters is fiercely companioned by Edgar's assumed insanity, the discord of their joint ravings is fearfully increased by the jarring incoherences and still more startling literalities of the Fool.

"Edgar. Pur! the cat is grey.

"Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

"Fool. Comehither, mistress; is your name Goneril?

"Lear. She cannot deny it.

"Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool."

This character is dismissed from the play with the like tenderness that marks its introduction. When Kent and Gloster are lifting the sleeping Lear away to provide for his removal to Dover, Kent says to the Fool;—"Come, help to bear thy master; thou must not stay behind."

Shakespeare, true to his method of bearing testimony to the moral excellences of his characters through the mouths of surrounding personages, makes Kent—himself a mirror of fidelity and true friendship—yield this casual but emphatic tribute to the worth of the gentle lad; the fondly attached servant, the petted playfellow of his royal master; the poor Fool, whose twilight wits shone yet radiant in grateful affection, and lent him sense enough to cling to the hand that had once fostered him, striving to bestow responding support and consolation in the hour of affliction, desertion, and madness.

Singularly in contrast with the Fool in Lear, is the one in Twelfth Night. He is styled "Clown, servant to Olivia," but he is spoken of as "the Fool" throughout the play itself; and when the duke inquires after him, asking who sang the song that pleased him last night, he is answered, "Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in."

The licensed jester, fool, or clown, always formerly occupied a post in the train of dependents that swelled the retinue of a royal or a noble household, contributing greatly to the delight and amusement of their entertainers, by whom they were treated like privileged familiars; and in times when reading was a less frequent accomplishment to afford relaxation from the graver or more active pursuits of life, this bandying

of jests and ready repartee was a fruitful source of mirth and enjoyment, and became almost a necessary among luxuries, to the rich and the luxurious. Shakspeare has described the craft of the fool, or jester, in the words he has put into Viola's mouth, where she says of the clown in this play:—

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit."

This Clown is the merriest of the merry, the most good-humoured of good-humoured fellows. Nothing seems to disturb his equanimity, or to dispossess him of his gaiety. His pleasant temperament is proof against all anxiety, and his confidence in his own powers of pleasing bear him fearless through all casualties. In the first scene, where Maria teases him with hints of Olivia's displeasure, see how lightly his fancy takes refuge in the bright sky of an Italian summer, in case of the worst,—though a knowledge of his mistress's indulgence forbids his dreading that worst:—

"Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

"Maria. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent: or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

"Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out."

And we find immediately afterwards, that his dependence upon the power which his wit and "good fooling" possess over Olivia's favour is nothing misplaced, from the smiling partiality with which she turns to Malvolio, and takes her favourite jester's part against the steward, when he, in his petulance and conceit, seeks to lower the other in her opinion. Shakspeare's own sympathy with good-humoured mirth, and his intolerance of the assumption of merit on the ground of an affected gravity, both shine through Olivia's rebuke:—"O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove." But the Clown's cheerfulness and good-humour render him a general favourite; every body likes him, and almost everybody in the play lavishes favour on him, and gives him money,—the Duke, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Viola—even Sebastian, though perplexed by his suddenly addressing him, a stranger, in the street, only says:—

"I prythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for you; if you tarry longer,
I shall give you worse payment."

Olivia's regard for him, we see to be partly the

result of her own sweetness of disposition, which leads her to seek a refuge from her sorrow in his cheerfulness and playful sallies; and partly we feel it to be habitual liking and indulgence towards an old retainer who was a favourite with her father.

He is a dear companion and crony of the two knights, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, who dote on his social qualities, his hilarity, his good-fellowship, his jests, and his songs, that enhance the festivity of their carousals.

The Duke likes to have him at his house, partly, it may be, for his fair mistress's sake, and evidently for the sake of his beautiful voice, and his accomplished manner of singing old songs; these soothe and relieve that fanciful lover's passion, which solaces itself in the enjoyment of music, and the voluptuous thoughts it engenders. We are several times in the course of the play reminded that the Clown is distinguished for the excellence of his singing, which, together with his good-temper, tends doubtless to render him so popular. When he resumes his own person, after having assumed the disguise of Sir Topaz the Curate, he announces himself characteristically by *singing*, as he approaches the imprisoned Malvolio. Viola herself, as the page, disdains not to linger and bandy gay words with this universal favourite, when she meets him in Olivia's garden; she seems to take pleasure in his good-humoured merriment, while the fool's replies are pregnant enough to make her utter the encomium before quoted, and to bestow a gratuity on him for his ready wit. He says:—

"Words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

"*Viola.* Thy reason, man?

"*Clown.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

"*Viola.* I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

"*Clown.* Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

"*Viola.* Art thou not the Lady Olivia's fool?

"*Clown.* No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

"*Viola.* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

"*Clown.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

"*Viola.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee."

Touchstone, the jester in *As you like it*, is a still greater favourite of our own, than even his brother clown in *Twelfth Night*. He is as light-hearted as the other, with a touch of sentiment and good-feeling superadded. His estimable qualities are intimated by

Rosalind's proposal to her cousin, when they are preparing for exile:—

"*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?"

And Celia's reply speaks no less highly for the faithful attachment of which he is capable:—

"*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me; Leave me alone to woo him."

His right feeling is well displayed in his rebuke to Le Beau, the courtier who comes to announce the wrestling match to the princesses, to assure them they have "lost much good sport," and proceeds to describe the rib-breaking and sufferings of the three young men already overthrown, and the lamentation of the poor old man, their father.

"*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

"*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

"*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies."

He is a loyal-hearted fellow, too; though he has a slight quail at the near approach of the parson who is to wed him with Audrey—"A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt," and for an instant gives way to an unworthy thought upon Jaques' suggestion of the insufficiency of Sir Oliver Martext to marry them, saying aside, "I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife." Yet it is but a passing roguery, a remnant of his courtly manners and worldly teaching; for the next time we see him, we find him still faithful to his intention of marrying Audrey, and going to be wedded with the rest of the loving couples. The reliance the wandering princesses placed on his social merits, and on his proving "a comfort to their travel," is fully warranted by his behaviour when they reach the forest. He keeps up their spirits by his gay jests, teaching them fortitude by the example of his own cheerfulness. "Now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content."

Touchstone's companionable qualities render him a privileged person with his two young lady mistresses, who indulge his loquacity, and tolerate his flippancy, for the sake of his light heart and his pleasant nature. Rosalind only checks him when he addresses Corin pertly; and she once calls him a "dull fool," when he turns her lover's verses into ridicule.

The fact is, he considers Rosalind and Celia as his friends and equals; while he indemnifies his self-love for the deference which his regard bids him observe towards them, by his grandiose patronage and condescension to all the rest of the world. He is vain of his court-breeding, of his social experiences, of his wit, of his chop-logic argumentation, of his address—of his conscious general superiority, indeed, to all his new associates; and he treats them accordingly with a

sort of generous forbearance, august toleration, and affable familiarity, together with a willingness to afford them the benefit of his superior intelligence, by yielding them his countenance and society. He unbends in philosophic chit-chat with the old shepherd, Corin, and vouchsafes to banter the country fellow, William:—"It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold."

His consequential courtesy in granting them permission to wear their hats in his presence, is a delightful instance of his conceit, more than once repeated. To William he says:—"Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prythee, be covered." He bids Jaques good evening with the like delicious self-complacency: "Good even, good Master *What ye call't*; how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company; I am very glad to see you: nay, pray be covered." And even when he comes into the presence of the banished Duke himself, he approaches the sylvan court easy and unabashed as ever, with, "Salutation and greeting to you all!" The light-hearted facility with which he adapts himself to his new mode of life, and the relish with which he avails himself of the open air enjoyments it presents, is a charming feature in his character. We hear, soon after his arrival in Arden, of his having "laid him down, and basked him in the sun;" and when he meets the Duke's two pages in a glade of the forest, he proposes that they shall all sit down upon the grass, and have some singing.

His wish that Audrey were more poetical, shows that Touchstone often, as Rosalind says, "speaks wiser than he's 'ware of." In it he discovers a subtle knowledge of that truth, that a woman's appreciation of her husband's genius is an invaluable quality in a wife. "When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room;—truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical." He feels that he is rather throwing himself away, but he is content to make a generous sacrifice; and he announces his determination to bestow "the very riches of himself" upon this rustic wench, in his own important style of flourish;—"A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, *but mine own*; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster."

His celebrated code for quarrelling, summed up by "Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*," is not only Touchstone's most admirable witticism, but is perhaps the best uttered by any one of all Shakespeare's jesters.

The countess of Rousillon's clown in *All's Well that Ends Well* is more malapert than witty, more saucy than sprightly. His best sentence is, "Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart:" his best jest, where he announces

Bertram's return from the wars: "O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch on's face; whether there be a scar under it or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet:" and his most fanciful conceit, his having "an answer will serve all men," and "will fit any question," in the words "O Lord, sir."

The noble lady, his mistress, when beguiling the period of her son's absence with the clown's jesting, thus chides herself for the idle unthrift:—"I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool." And afterwards we find the secret of her indulgence towards him, in what she says to Lord Lafeu, "My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will."

Trinculo, in the play of the *Tempest*, though styled a jester, displays no great powers of humour. Indeed, it seems as if Shakespeare had intended him and his fellow-servant, Stephano, only as foils to Caliban; they the plebeian-natured of the civilized and material world, as he is of the uncultivated and ideal one.

Shakespeare gives the name of clown to some of his characters who are not jesters, but country fellows; as the one in Antony and Cleopatra, the shepherd's son in the *Winter's Tale*, and Costard, in *Love's Labour Lost*; others signify merely servants, as the one in *Othello*, in *Measure for Measure*, &c.

Shakespeare, in the subject under consideration, has given proof of his own potent magic, by his success in investing with a surviving interest a character that is so obsolete in modern society as that of the fool, jester, or clown. He has depicted gentleness, wit, and faithful affection in Lear's fool; good-humoured merriment in Feste, Olivia's clown; light-hearted good feeling in Touchstone; malapert sauciness in "good Monsieur Lavatch," the countess of Rousillon's jester; worldly cunning (which too often passes for wit,) in Trinculo; with shrewd, lively diction in almost all of them. The poet has availed himself of this class of character for the discharge of various arrows of wit, humour, fancy, and satire, in the same way that he tells us a fool employs his jesting:—"He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under presentation of that he shoots his wit."

POWER OF THE TELESCOPE TO PENETRATE INTO SPACE.

THIS quality is quite distinct from the magnifying power; and Sir John Herschel, in an essay on the subject, says there are stars so infinitely remote as to be situated at the distance of twelve millions of millions of millions of miles from our earth; so that light, which travels with a velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute, would require two millions of years for its transit from those distant orbs to our own; while the astronomer who would record the aspect or mutations of such a star, would be relating, not its history at the present day, but that which took place two millions of years gone by.

STORY OF A FAMILY.¹

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—MAKING ACQUAINTANCE.

IDA speedily found herself the centre of a circle whose admiration was so unequivocally expressed, that even her simplicity could not be blind to it. She took it all for affection, and thought she could never be grateful enough for the kindness of her relations. Aunt Ellenor won her heart at a glance, and so did the gentle and cheerful Frederick,—there was instant sympathy among them, and the separation of fourteen years was annihilated at once. Uncle Alexander treated her with that mixture of gallantry and patronage which elderly gentleman frequently exhibit towards young ladies, which is particularly pleasing to some, and particularly embarrassing to others. Cousin Alexander took advantage of his cousinly privilege to be open and familiar in his devotion, and, if the truth must be told, to worry her to death. Had Ida been trained according to common young-lady training, it is probable that this might not have been the case. She might have indulged in a harmless flirtation with her cousin, and found him perfectly endurable, but this she could not do. His armoury of *petits soins* oppressed her, for each of them was a claim upon her gratitude, and she did not know how to pay the debt; his compliments put her out of countenance, his wit was too satirical to please her, his sentiment utterly confused and repelled her. She was accustomed never to speak about her feelings except where she gave and received full sympathy; here she had no sympathy at all, and yet she was not allowed the privilege of silence. She did not at all comprehend that artificial upper current with which society busies itself without ever exploring the real depths; she had no shallow half-thoughts, no polished shells of sentiment in her heart, all was genuine and profound; she was like a person trying to converse in a foreign language of which he does not know the grammar, and cannot catch the accent: but she was young and light hearted, and so when she felt puzzled, her ordinary resource was to laugh, which did not please her cousin in the least. He would have been still less pleased could he have heard the tone in which she was apt to say to Mrs. Chester, "Poor Alexander! he is so kind!" so expressive was it, that I may venture to say, that it would have pretty effectually checked his kindness for some time to come. But he could not believe that he was really repulsive to her, and so he persevered, sometimes finding her very *piquante*, oftener in his heart thinking it "slow work."

Agnes was quite impenetrable; she was one of those unfortunate persons who, born destitute of attractions either external or mental, seem to consider it a kind of revenge upon nature to make life as disagreeable as they can, both to themselves and to all who approach them. No charm of manner atoned in her for re-

pulsiveness of face, no glow and generosity of affection made ample amends for all other deficiencies; for ever brooding over her own defects, she yet resented their consequences as so many injuries to herself; she was at least as pitiable as faulty, and the misery which she made for herself, if it had been accepted as discipline, would have seemed sufficient to cure every fault under heaven. No kind word was ever spoken in her presence without causing her to feel a secret and bitter pain that it had not been addressed to herself, yet she passed over with a hurried half-consciousness and an immediate forgetfulness the scanty portion of goodwill that was really testified towards her by anybody, and took a strange pleasure in denying herself such comfort as she might fairly have received. She had baffled even aunt Ellenor, whom it was a hard thing not to love, and to whom it was still harder to be refused the privilege of loving. She could not be fond of Agnes; she was not suffered to be intimate with her, she was repulsed at every turn; so she had taken refuge in the habit, very unpleasant to her warm nature, of scarcely ever speaking to her niece, though the deprecating gentleness of her manner when she did address her, showed how fearful she was of giving pain, how anxious to give pleasure, yet how utterly ignorant of the means by which the one might be avoided and the other achieved. Poor Agnes! there is no saying what this chill and stunted plant might have become in a kindlier atmosphere. Now there seemed little hope, for the food which nourishes health only embitters disease. Yet the very perfection of her disagreeableness was in some sense a hopeful sign; it was such a genuine article, so unmitigated, undisguised, and unconquerable. There she was, a most bitter morsel, neither gilded nor sweetened; you could make no mistake about her, you must needs receive her as a trial, and if any good whatsoever eventually came out of her, it was a surprise to you, and you were thankful for it.

And Godfrey? He was as impenetrable as Agnes, though in a very different manner. He was so capricious that Ida's opinion of him varied every day, and she was left equally in doubt as to his opinion of her. At their first introduction, and during the whole birthday evening, he was polite and gentlemanly but cold; he seemed not to desire to remember or renew their childish intimacy, he behaved to her as any gentleman might have behaved to any young lady whom he met for the first time in society, except that Ida's singular beauty and gracefulness would assuredly have commanded more admiring attention from an ordinary acquaintance; yet he varied, and she could not but observe and be puzzled by these variations. She did not think he was happy; his habitual expression was certainly one of gloom and preoccupation, he was silent and inanimate, yet when speaking to his brother, to whom his attention was most devoted, his eye kindled, his voice softened, his whole aspect was for the moment transformed. He took no part in the general conversation, and was the only person who did not thank Ida when she rose from the piano; yet from

(1) Continued from p. 56.

time to time she was aware that he was observing her with an expression that could not be mistaken for disapproval, and though his manner repelled her, she felt excessively anxious that he should like her as well as his mother and brother did, and not quite in despair about it. He was not handsome but distinguished looking, with eyes and forehead full of intellect. Whether he was agreeable or not it was impossible to discover, because, as has been already said, he scarcely spoke at all, and never on any subject of interest. The change from the boisterous mischief, impetuous glee, superabundant life of his childhood, was so complete that it was impossible for Ida not to be curious as to the cause.

Some two or three days after her eighteenth birthday, Ida had gone out, as was her custom, accompanied only by Madeline, for a morning ramble in the grounds, long before aunt Melissa and most of her guests had forsaken their pillows. Her early rising was the result of habit and training, not the voluntary adoption of her own taste or resolution, and, therefore, there was nothing self-gratulatory about it, which, let the reader be assured, is a rare merit in early rising. In many cases it is a charter for contradictiousness during the whole of the following day, and may be said to effect more towards pampering the vanity of those who practise it, and destroying the domestic comfort of those who do not, than any other apparently harmless custom in this civilized country of England. Just think of the officious vigour, the insulting triumph, the outrageous animation of the man who has dressed by candlelight in the month of December. Only imagine his cheerfulness. Is it not enough to set your teeth on edge when you remember what he has gone through? He ought to be in the state of a mild convalescent who has just weathered a sharp attack of ague, and there he is snapping his fingers and laughing in defiance of nature and probability! Very likely, too, he has done it from no sufficient motive, —in fact, from no motive at all, except that he may read his newspaper or write his letters some three hours before ten, instead of some three hours after that rational breakfast-hour. Yet he is insanely pleased with himself for this; he shakes hands with himself mentally, and thinks he has done a great thing, in thus actively wasting the time which might have been devoted to wholesome and profitable sleep. He takes quite a bird's-eye view of the student, whose midnight lamp has guided him through some labyrinth of thought, the clue whereof shall hereafter be presented to the world, and condescendingly pities the aching brow which seeks a few hours late repose after many of labour and tension. Two hours at night are no merit at all,—two in the morning are the height of virtue, and quite virtue enough to last you for the whole day, my friend, says Conscience; you have done your self-denial, and may fearlessly indulge yourself for the future.

But we are forgetting Ida and her early walk; she and Madeline had just left the chapel, where they were in the habit of repairing for their devotions, and were

proceeding towards the open part of the park, deep in conversation, when they perceived Godfrey at some distance carrying a basket in his hand. Ida bounded over two or three intervening borders, and, running to meet him, exclaimed in admiration at the magnificent Cape jessamines which his basket contained.

"They are for Frederick," said he, "it is his favourite flower, and there is no specimen in the greenhouse; I have brought them from Claxton." This was a country-town about ten miles from Evelyn Manor.

"What a walk!" exclaimed Ida, "and how pleased Frederick will be. Oh! Godfrey, may I have one flower, I want it for the bouquet I am painting for aunt Melissa's screen; it would finish the group so beautifully."

His hand was immediately on the plant, and, though he winced a little at the name of aunt Melissa, between whom and himself there was a perpetual quiet feud of a somewhat aggravated description, he severed one of the finest blossoms, and presented it to her. "Introduce me to Mrs. Chester," whispered he.

Ida complied, and the three were speedily engaged in easy conversation.

Whether the exercise had particularly agreed with Godfrey, or whether, in general, he was under the influence of some spell which did not begin to act till the day was a certain number of hours old, we will not pretend to say, but he seemed to have thrown aside his melancholy, and was so vivacious that Ida scarcely recognised him. Her doubts of his cousinly disposition to like her vanished in a minute, and her old predilection revived with double force. They talked of all things beneath the stars, and a few beyond them; for the most part sportively, but with an occasional touch of deeper thought, indicating many a vein to be explored in future. Oh, those delicious first conversations! when you see dimly a hundred half-closed doors, and calculate beforehand on the pleasure of watching their gradual opening.—Pity, that the chambers within so often disappoint you when you enter!

They parted at the house-door the best friends possible, and as Ida took off her bonnet, she mentally ran over the various topics which they had been discussing, and thought how she would ask this question, and suggest that remark, and how there was a passage she must look for which was exactly applicable to one part, and how she would ask Godfrey to write down for her the pretty verse which he had quoted from some old Spanish ballad. She went down to the breakfast-room, ready, with her characteristic eagerness, to resume at once where they had left off;—and there sat Godfrey with his ordinary sombre look, and spoke neither to her nor to any one else during the whole meal, except to take care that Frederick had all he wanted! She had not courage to address him, and she almost began to feel as though their past conversation must have arisen out of some forwardness on her part; she was ashamed of having ventured to feel so intimate. She thought it a very dull breakfast-

party, for the whole length of the table separated her from Frederick, and she sat between the Alexanders, father and son. The father Alexander was talking politics with perfectly disinterested enthusiasm, for nobody seemed to be listening to him; and the son was afflictively minute in his attentions. Agnes sat opposite, with a quiet scowl on her face, which it gave you a sick headache to look at, and uncle John was absent on some farming business. It was altogether a deplorable breakfast.

However, just as it was completed, uncle John came in, with a face like the concentrated essence of a dozen firesides, and a voice that seemed to be compounded of the singing of kettles upon their hobs, the crowing of vigorous babies on all fours upon their hearth-rugs, and the music of Paddy O'Rafferty played at a rattling pace by drums and fifes outside the window. He was an embodied laugh—a hurrah personified. It was out of the question for anybody to be lowspirited in his presence—he was worth all the camphor julp and sal volatile in the world.

"Well, young people!" cried he, rubbing his hands, "I've got a scheme for you!"

"Indeed! and pray what is it?" replied Melissa, with a good-humour and alacrity which showed that she rather liked the style of his address.

"Oh yes, yes!" answered he, "you are included too—it is a scheme for us all, old and young, girls and boys. Such splendid weather too—not a cloud in the sky; upon my word and honour it would be a sin if we didn't. I think if we have the chariot and the phaceton—and then there will be the Woodleys' carriage and Alexander's gig: it will look magnificent in this weather, after the rains, too, which are always an advantage. Godfrey can steer, you know; he is a capital sailor: and Kate Wyllys, we mustn't forget her, you know, for she is the best hand in the world at the sort of thing. I don't think we can manage before this day week; but I dare say we can make up our minds to wait so long. We must set the cook to work, my lady housekeeper; you know she is famous for her chicken pie. I can't help thinking how grand it will look at sunset; and if we should have a rainbow, it will be perfect."

"Chicken pie, with rainbow sauce!" observed Alexander junior, "quite a novelty in the English *cuisine*. Pray, sir, be so good as to give me the recipe."

"Eh? ah! Ha, ha—very good that! What did I say?" returned his uncle.

"I am sure, my dear John," said Melissa, with that emphasis of special crossness which is so often attached to the epithet '*dear*,' "it would be quite hopeless to attempt to tell you what you said, or what you meant. I do wish you would explain yourself quietly—it is very trying to one's nerves to have all this confusion first in the morning, and for my part (putting her hand to her forehead) I have not the slightest idea what you have been talking about."

"I beg your pardon, my dear; I am the most noisy thoughtless fellow in the world; I believe I shall

be a boy all my life, and I never can recollect that we are not all of us as young as we used to be." He now lowered his voice, and addressed his irate sister in the quietest and most explanatory tone, as you might speak to a superannuated person, whose intellect it was extremely difficult to awaken, and whose temper it was necessary to soothe in a very cautious and conspicuous manner. "It is a pic-nic, my dear—a party in the open air."

"I believe he thinks I don't know what a pic-nic is!" said Melissa, turning with a sharp artificial laugh to the rest of the company; "perhaps," she added, "you will be so condescending as to carry your explanation a little further, and tell all present, who I believe are as much in the dark as myself, what expedition it is that you are meditating, and who are the persons whom you propose to invite."

Poor uncle John felt himself decidedly in disgrace, though he did not in the least understand the reason. So he made a very quiet jog-trot speech in an humble apologetic manner; unadorned by any of those curvetts and caracoles by which his ordinary mode of talk when in high spirits—and it was a very exceptional case when uncle John was *not* in high spirits—was distinguished. He had planned a day's excursion to Thelwar Castle, a fine Norman ruin about twenty miles from Evelyn. Mr. Woodley, a great crony of uncle John's, his son and daughter, were to join the party, together with any other friends whom Melissa might think proper to ask. Kate Wyllys, for whose presence he had made special stipulation, was a young lady of acknowledged fashion and beauty, then irradiating the neighbourhood, and commanding the attentions of all the disposable gentlemen. She was, of course, far more attractive than any resident *belle*, however superior to herself in natural or acquired qualifications; and being very lively, perfectly fearless, and rather quick at repartee, was exactly the sort of person to command the attentions of a whole party when present, and their strictures when absent. Gentlemen would engross her for an entire evening, and make her as conspicuous as they could by flirtation; and then, as soon as she was gone, would betake themselves with languid zeal to the side of some older acquaintance, who had been looking over prints with sublime indifference to neglect, and say on approaching her, "I really haven't been able to get a word with you this evening! Miss Wyllys wouldn't let me get away for a moment." Of course, it was all her fault—in such cases it is an axiom in popular philosophy, that the lady is in the wrong, and deserves all that she encounters. We would not for a moment dispute the axiom—it must be true, because everybody says it,—both the gentlemen who have been encouraged and the ladies who have been neglected; we would only say, that this true view of the matter requires some exercise of faith in those who receive it, inasmuch as reason and observation would commonly lead to a different conclusion.

Thelwar Castle was beautifully situated; it was approachable by sea, and therefore uncle John pro-

jected a boating party for some of the young people; and it was within two miles of a very respectable waterfall, which, as he observed, would be in its best looks after the recent rains. A castle, a pic-nic, and a waterfall! Could any scheme by land or sea be more enchanting? Ida's face grew brighter and brighter as the idea developed itself, and the last word had scarcely escaped her uncle's lips, when she exclaimed, with clasped hands, "Oh, how delightful! Dear aunt Melissa, pray say yes!—you will enjoy it too, because you are so fond of fine scenery, and there will be no fatigue. A whole week!—Oh, how I wish the day were come!"

Melissa, who liked any species of gaiety, relaxed into benign acquiescence; and uncle John, in a perfect ecstasy at meeting with approval and causing so much pleasure, first kissed Ida out of gratitude for her delight, and then executed a short impromptu polka, of a new and somewhat outrageous pattern, which, happily, did not last above a minute.

"And now," said Melissa, "I will write the invitations, and we will settle how the party is to go."

"Yes!" cried Mr. Lee, with assumed nonchalance, "it is always the best way to make one's arrangements clearly beforehand, and then nobody is put out. I am quite at your disposal; you may put me just where you please. Alex can drive Ida, and the rest will easily be settled."

"I hope I may consider this an engagement: I was just going to offer myself as your charioteer when my father forestalled me," said the son, with his most elaborate smile and bow.

The Alexanders had made a false move there. Melissa was uninterruptedly conscious that she was mistress of the house, and never inclined to agree in any proposition which did not emanate from herself, unless, like the present expedition, the conduct of it were placed at once in her hands. Moreover, to do her justice, she was really fond of Ida, and would not have done anything to annoy her, unless it had been unmistakably advantageous to herself. A woman seldom mistakes a woman's feelings, and Ida's face, as she politely acquiesced in her cousin's proposal, was tolerably expressive of dissatisfaction.

"Excuse me, my good friends," said Melissa, with her blandest and most obstinate manner, "my little Ida's life is a great deal too precious to be risked by any amateur coachmanship. I consider myself responsible for her, and must have the entire management of her proceedings. When I get the answers to my invitations, and know what our numbers will be, I shall be able to make arrangements definitively."

Ida was to go in the boat; she was charmed, and her rapture increased when she found that Frederick was to be of the party. She had been thinking of him, but was afraid to ask, and she now congratulated herself that they should be together, and expressed her liveliest thanks that the plan for her was exactly that which she best liked. She and Melissa (strange companionship!) were the only two persons thoroughly pleased, when, after much shaking and fermenting,

the scheme had settled into its final shape. Aunt Ellenor was to chaperone the water-party; she made no resistance, but suffered secretly, inasmuch as she was a great coward, and every minute of *her* pleasure-excursion was consequently a painful and heroic effort at composure. Poor Frederick never felt his privation so keenly as on an occasion like the present, but agreed to go, because he knew that his exclusion would be as painful to his mother as his participation could be to himself. So long as he did everything like other people, she was able to flatter herself with the idea that he was nearly unconscious of his loss; but the smallest sign of consciousness on his part cost her so many tears, that he would have avoided it by any sacrifice of his own personal comfort. It was touching to see how instinctively he comprehended her feelings, and how tenderly he cared for them, though he could see no exhibition of them. No inflection of her voice was lost upon him, and so profound was his knowledge of her, that he could divine that she was grieved merely by her silence when he knew that it would have been natural to her to speak. There is no science so deep and so unerring as that of unselfish love; its perceptions are as supernatural as its origin. And so—as may often be seen when a weak and half-disciplined character sympathizes with one of a higher order than itself—the relative positions of this mother and son seemed to undergo a strange kind of change, and practically it was the consoler who needed support, and the sufferer who gave it. But these two were not unhappy; there is no unhappiness, properly so called, in the calm harmony of a double sorrow such as theirs.

Young Woodley, a gawky personage from college, with a strong fear of the fair sex, taking the outward form and vesture of contempt, was another member of the water-party. He wanted to go on horseback; but his father, who was trying hard to worry him into premature polish, would not hear of it. He could not bear the arrangement made for him, and submitted with the worst grace possible. Kate Wyllys agreed, with perfect and polite good-nature, to make a third in the chariot with Melissa and Mr. Lee; but snarled in her heart at a plan so very untoward, when three aimless young men were within reach, any one of whom would have proved a satisfactory companion—two in the capacity of flirts, the third in that of butt. However, there was no help for it, as she was known to be delicate, and could not be allowed to go by water. When the time arrived she was all smiles and serenity, but it is doubtful whether she felt more amiably than the collegian. Even uncle John was a little downcast, for he shared the phaeton with Mr. and Miss Woodley, and he wanted to have accompanied Ida. Godfrey seemed in lower spirits than usual, kept apart from his companions, and occupied himself with the business of the boat. But the crowning discomfiture was Alexander's, who actually had to drive Agnes. To the very last he manoeuvred to avoid this, but there is no being on earth so helpless as a well-bred man in the hands of a lady who is giving a party. He has neither defence

nor redress; his very remonstrances must be made with fictitious playfulness, as though in reality he were grateful for the very things which he deprecates; and his final submission to the most aggravated sufferings must be cheerful and unconditional. Poor Alexander asked Miss Woodley, privately, if she would allow him to drive her; but Miss Woodley (who, by the bye, was a trifle unrefined, and had never received such a compliment from the sublime Alexander before) had been previously told, in confidence, by Melissa, that she was to go in the phaeton, "because it was desirable for many reasons (this with much significance), and it would be so pleasant for John." The poor girl fancied she was somehow doing a favour, and, besides, would not have presumed to alter Miss Lee's plans for the world; so she declined, graciously and regretfully. Alexander then made a desperate attack on young Woodley, whom he esteemed an utter bore, but this was likewise a failure; parental authority was too strong for the unhappy youth, and he was compelled to be victimized. Eventually, Alexander proposed to drive his father, as a last chance; but his father was afraid of catching cold, and liked the ease of the cushioned chariot, and the pretty face of Kate Wyllys, who understood and responded to his gallantries far better than Ida, and thought him a tolerable substitute when originals were not procurable. No one who had seen the faces of Alexander and Agnes, when they set off for their *tête-à-tête* drive, would have been surprised to hear that a murder had been perpetrated before the end of it—only, fortunately, deeds do not always answer to looks, either good or bad.

Is not a pleasure-party the most delightful thing in the world?

CHAPTER XI.—THE PIC-NIC.

A FEW minutes before the boat landed, Frederick, with some timidity of manner, presented Ida with a pretty sketching apparatus. "She had expressed a wish to sketch the castle," he said, "and though—" here he paused for an instant, and then abruptly concluded by saying, "that it would be a pleasure to him to think that she could make any use of a gift of his." She thanked him warmly; but was a little puzzled by remembering that he had not been in the room when the picturesqueness of the castle as a subject for sketching was discussed; she was sure of this, because she had felt a sudden fear lest the conversation should give him pain, and had looked for him and been relieved to find that he was absent.

Thelwar Castle was built on a rock which rose steeply from the edge of a wide and gentle river. In style it blended the Saracen and the Norman, and formed no inapt representation of the age to which it belonged; at once massy and graceful, rude, yet full of beauty. There were tall slender turrets of circular form with overhanging parapets broken and encrusted with moss; huge dwarf towers strongly battlemented and pierced with those cruel loopholes which admit no light save for purposes of destruction, and look like sullen eyes winking at you; great irregular walls of unhewn

stone all scarfed and garlanded with ivy and plumed with the airy fern; green sward in the courts as smooth as though it had been shorn for the feet of fairies, whom you might fancy skimming tenderly over its surface, or perching upon the fragmentary corbels which jutted from the walls, or climbing the shattered tracery of the windows, or swinging by the green streamers which hung from many a giant arch, and rocked upon the air as though only just loosed from some tiny grasp, or lying crushed beneath the damp lichen-covered masses of stone which had fallen from above, and might have been hurled down by some stern mailed ghost upon the battlements to check such unseemly revel in a place so sombre. There were vast hospitable chimneys, calling up strange visions of those old uncivilized dinner parties, when wayfarers and beggars had their place and their portion, and servants feasted at the same board with their masters; wonderful little bed-chambers, suggesting the idea that our ancestors slept in one invariable position, and stood upright to dress, having their clothes let down upon them from the roof; interminable twisted staircases, which you must convert yourself into a screw to ascend,—painful as one of those miraculous opera cadenzas (named, we suppose, on the *lucus-a-non-lucendo* principle,) where, after a certain point, every step seems the highest possible and yet is succeeded by one higher and more excruciating still, and where the descent is accomplished by a series of accentuated plunges, any one of which is sufficient to break your neck; long shadowy passages through the hearts of the enormous walls, with sharp streaks of light here and there catching the curve under the square head of some narrow door-way, and tempting you to proceed, though you must needs walk trembling, lest at the next opening the ray should be reflected from a stooping helmet or a poised spear, or lest the hesitating feet which you can scarcely guide along the uneven floor, should stumble against the coiled-up limbs of an old sentinel sleeping at his post. There seemed a waste of strength, as though a great deal of it were built out of sheer symbolism—a mixture of the jovial and the sombre, so unlike the world in which our own forms of thought are cast, that it was almost impossible to imagine it into any consistent whole, but the ideal picture was for ever resolving itself into a host of outrageous contradictions. One moderate sized tombstone might have sufficed for the flooring of any bed-room, and the great banquetting-hall looked as if it might have been appropriately papered with a series of "rubblings" from sepulchral brasses.

"Oh! for one day, for one single hour, to see it all alive again!" cried Ida, as, after a breathless and eager examination of every attainable nook and corner, she paused at the summit of a winding stair, and, seating herself in the hollow of a battlement, looked out upon the rich valley and the sweet fresh river, "that one could tell how they really lived and thought from hour to hour, those grim soldiers, and graceful knights, and stately ladies! It is almost painful to have such a strange kind of unseen existence so per-

petually suggested without being able to fill up the blanks, and imagine what it actually was. It is like seeing the very corpse of the Past."

"Cannot you construct a living character out of these autographs?" asked Godfrey, smiling as he laid his hand on the summit of a roughly ornamented and overhanging buttress; "I do not think it would be a very difficult task."

He stopped, and Ida looked earnestly in his face as though she wanted him to continue.

"An easy one, I should say," observed Alexander. "Human nature is always the same in detail as well as in outline. We have a distant twilight view of the man of the middle ages, and he looms upon us huge and grand and vague, till our imagination bows down before him, and refuses to approach and examine more closely. But if we do approach we shall find him flesh and blood after all, perhaps differing only from ourselves in the unavoidable peculiarity that he was a good way behind us in the march of time. He ate and drank, was weary, slept and was refreshed, loved and hated like the rest of us. And all those foibles and follies, littlenesses and meannesses which distress us in our own day because they are close under our own eyes, were just as rife in the Past, if we could only see them."

"Very true," replied Godfrey; "depend upon it, it was all the same five hundred years ago, just as truly as it will be the same a hundred years hence. The Baron Drogo de Bracy could never obtain the *entrée* to the highest society, because it was noticed that he did not *always* pronounce his H's, and the dame Eleonora de Montauban frowned sorely upon her daughter the lovely Lady Adelia because she had engaged herself for three polkas to a younger son! Don't be romantic, Ida! Don't fancy that an external development totally different from that of our own age betokens that there was any difference at all in the inner life—why should it? Don't we all know that Dr. Johnson was as great a dramatist as Shakspeare, only somehow or other he didn't manage to write such good plays?"

"You are a worshipper of the Past, I perceive," said Alexander coolly, as he seated himself at Ida's feet, and looked expressively into her face, though he addressed Godfrey, "as for me, I live in the Present."

"I hope the climate suits you," replied Godfrey, with an emphasis too marked to be perfectly polite, and which called the colour to his cousin's cheek.

Ida felt uncomfortable, and it was quite a relief to her that Agnes joined them at that moment.

"Do come down, Ida," said she, "aunt Melissa is so cross. She is unpacking the baskets, and she says it is a shame that we should leave it all to her, and go away to amuse ourselves. For my part, I thought we came here for amusement, such as it is. She is very hungry, and she says we must dine before we do anything else; and she wants you, but not Alexander or Godfrey; because, she says, gentlemen are of no use. She had just upset something when I came away, and that was one reason why I hurried."

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Ida felt guilty;—she had forgotten all but the enjoyment of the moment; and she now hastened to accompany Agnes, in spite of the remonstrances of the gentlemen. As they descended the stairs, she dropped her sketch-book, and Agnes picked it up for her. "Ah!" said she, "Godfrey was very mysterious about his present."

"Godfrey!" repeated Ida, surprised. "This was Frederick's present."

"I beg your pardon," replied Agnes, who took a sour kind of pleasure in thwarting any little scheme that came under her notice, whether she understood it or not. "I was in the room when Godfrey brought it; and he told Frederick it was for you, and begged him, as a particular favour, to give it as if from himself."

There was no time for Ida to express the astonishment she felt, as they had now reached the spot where Melissa was awaiting them. She had overset the basin of powdered sugar into a dungeon, and was vehemently insisting that her brother John should descend in search of it, a service which he did not appear to relish, though he made many apoplectic efforts to reach it by stooping over the edge. She was making a solemn business of dinner; putting herself into a fretful bustle about all the adjuncts necessary and unnecessary, being sentimental about finger-glasses, and highly dignified in regard to salt-spoons. It was all to be done in a regular, grand way, as unlike a pic-nic as possible; and the feeding was the main object and purpose, evidently, of the whole party—they came not to see but to eat. It was sad waste of time indeed to be sketching and staring about, when the cold chickens were still unpacked, and the damask napkins undistributed. Ida ran lightly to and fro under her orders, restoring her to good-humour by the force of her alacrity and readiness, and greatly cheering the spirits of the depressed maid, who had been vainly endeavouring to do right in the eyes of her mistress for the last twenty minutes. Agnes moved heavily and awkwardly, never understood anything that she was expected to do; and, in making an unwonted effort to be useful, finally set her foot upon a cherry tart. They were a contrast, certainly.

Poor uncle John, glad to be released, hastened away, and tried to make the agreeable to Mr. Woodley, who was thoroughly tired both of him and of the party, and who responded but feebly to his charitable efforts.

"Queer old place, this!" said uncle John, who had a vague idea that Mr. Woodley was a politician of the modern school, and wished to propitiate him by some congenial remark. "Now, they wouldn't tolerate such a place in these days. If any one were to run up such a place, public opinion would have it down again in five minutes."

"Well—I don't know," said Mr. Woodley, with cautious hesitation concerning the vigour of public opinion, looking inquiringly at the stalwart old walls as he spoke. He was a gentleman who spent his

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life in the mild excitement of perpetual expectation—in a kind of permanent astonishment which never rose above the fussy point. Every night in winter he perceived appearances in the heavens which betokened that there would be a fine Aurora Borealis before morning, and frequently suggested that his daughter, who had never been so fortunate as to see that phenomenon, should sit up, and call him when it began. The watching, the ejaculations, the assurances that there was a light in the north quite unnatural, and which *must* terminate in coruscations, supplied the substance of his conversation for the evening, and effectually prevented conversation in others. In summer he was equally far-sighted as to the detection of an approaching storm; and has been known to prophesy continuously for six weeks the arrival of one, which seldom failed to come in the end and justify his prediction. He now discovered that the tower beneath which the dinner-party was being arranged, was out of the perpendicular, and would assuredly fall in the course of the next twenty-four hours. He remonstrated so pertinaciously, that good breeding compelled the unhappy Melissa to consent to the removal of her preparations just as they had attained completion, which put the crowning stroke to her discomfort for the day. Altogether, I should think, there has seldom been a more disconsolate and dejected repast than that pic-nic. Everything had somehow gone wrong, and nearly everybody was out of sorts.

Ida was as silent as the rest: she was thinking about her sketch-book, and determining to elucidate the mystery. An opportunity occurred soon after they had risen from table-cloth. She found herself near Godfrey, and a little apart from the others, and immediately addressed him.

"Godfrey, have I done anything to vex you?" she spoke timidly, and blushing.

"You! To vex me! What could possibly make you think so?"

"Only," said Ida, "that you change so towards me,—and—and—I beg your pardon for mentioning it, as you did not wish me to know it, but I find you were so kind as to think of giving me that sketching-apparatus. You must let me thank you for it—and I was afraid I had annoyed you in some manner, as you did not like to give it to me yourself."

Godfrey coloured, cast his eyes on the ground, and seemed to find much difficulty in answering this speech. At last he said: "It was such a pleasure to Frederick to give it to you, and he has so few pleasures."

"Dear Frederick!" said Ida.

"Ah!" cried Godfrey eagerly, "you cannot love him too well; he is absolutely perfect. His intellectual equals his moral nature, though it is not so readily discerned. I have never heard him utter a hasty word, nor known him think an unkind thought; and the whole temper of his mind is so beautiful. You *must* love him, Ida."

"I do," replied Ida. "I love him: dearly, and aunt

Ellenor too. I cannot bear that you should be cold to me, Godfrey, for I feel at home with your family as if I were one of yourselves. It is quite curious—the rest are all like strangers, with whom I have to make acquaintance by degrees, though they are very kind; but I can't help fancying that you and aunt Ellenor and Frederick have lived with me all my life, and that we have not been separated at all."

Godfrey took her hand between his, and looked at her with an expression of unspeakable gentleness; it was difficult to believe that those were the same eyes which were ordinarily so downcast and so sullen. "Be one of us, then, dear Ida," said he; "my mother loves you as if you were her own child, and you and I will be brother and sister—shall we not?"

"Oh!" said Ida, "that implies so much!"

"Too much for you to grant!" cried he, in a tone of disappointment.

"Too much, a great deal," returned she, playfully, "to be granted on one side only. I never had a brother, but I can fancy very well what a brother would be to me. First, he would be quiet and steadfast in his friendship—there would be no changes, and doubts, and mysteries; then I should know all his sorrows, and he would come to me to console them; and we should tell each other of faults, and help each other to amend them. He would never give me black looks without an explanation, or——"

"In fact," interrupted Godfrey, "you think me a savage; and you cannot think too ill of me. But, Ida, I promise to perform my part of the compact, if you will be faithful to yours. I am only afraid that you will repent when you know me better."

"If I do I will tell you so," she answered; "but I am not afraid of you, or, at least, only a very little afraid sometimes."

"And when were you afraid last?" asked Godfrey.

"When Alexander——" began Ida, but he interrupted her immediately.

"Oh! I was very rude, I know; but Alexander is perfectly intolerable to me. It's a wonder that I don't insult him every hour of the day; and when he speaks to you in that patronising complimentary tone, I assure you, Ida, it is beyond my powers of endurance to be polite."

"But he is very kind," said Ida, thoughtfully, "and I believe he is very clever. I cannot understand why he is not agreeable."

Had Alexander been in Godfrey's place he would certainly have told Ida that she was the most piquante person in the world, with her unconscious sarcasm. Godfrey thought so, but did not say it. It seemed to him that it would have been quite unnatural to pay Ida a compliment.

It is curious how little we praise those whom we love best. We are shy about it, as though we were speaking of ourselves; a tone, a look, the mere presence of some unaccountable restraint of manner—these are indications enough for those who are intended to read them, and bystanders may think it all

as cold as they like. Our choicest gifts are not for the world to scrutinize; we put them quietly, and with averted eyes, into the hand that is stretched out to receive them.

"Do you like this sort of party, Ida?" asked Godfrey, after a minute's pause.

"Yes; I enjoy it excessively," she replied. "Do not you?"

"I think," said he, "that it is the most ingenious contrivance ever invented for compressing the greatest quantity of annoyance into the smallest possible compass. What a dinner we had! Nothing seems to me so strange a mistake as that a number of people, whose whole existence is made up of common-places and decorums, should voluntarily put themselves into a position where these are absurdities, and yet try to retain them all the while. It is as if one were to go out shooting in a court-dress, and put pattens over one's pumps, to prove oneself a sportsman. It is so comic to see how we all behave; anybody who didn't know the circumstances would make sure that the pic-nic had been inflicted as a punishment, and that, being compelled by force to submit to it, we were trying to neutralize it in the best manner we could."

"Look there, misanthrope!" replied Ida, laying one hand gently upon his arm, and pointing with the other to the scene before them. A solitary arch stood up, huge, and broken in outline, against the cloudless sky; beneath it, partly veiled by the drooping cloud of ivy which floated about its sides, was visible the smooth soft river, passing through wood and hill, with a steady onward motion, like the flight of a bird, and melting into the vague far distance. A little beyond the arch, at the base of one of those graceful turrets, a group was seated upon the greensward; their figures would perhaps have marred the effect in a picture, but somehow they blended very picturesquely with the reality. Kate Wyllys, with bonnet off, dark braided air, and smiling sunny face, was holding some flowers for Alexander to examine—flirting very prettily under the pretence of botany. Agnes and Miss Woodley stood near, filling the double office of chaperon and back-ground.

Godfrey looked at the picture, and then at Ida. "Ah!" said he, "we enjoy this thoroughly *now*; but how was it with us an hour ago? Is this the mode in which one ought to visit fine scenery or interesting ruins? Is it pleasant to be obliged either to parade your solitary enthusiasm, or else, by suppressing it, to lose all enjoyment? Parties are all very well in ball-rooms, and pic-nics in summer-houses, but I don't like coming to boil potatoes and provide small-talk among the reliques of the past, any better than I should like to be taken out into the moonlight to dance a polka."

"As to making small-talk," said Ida, laughing, "I can't say you have over-exerted yourself in that particular. But, though I don't agree with you, Godfrey, I do think that one thing which you said is quite true—I have not enjoyed the beauty and grandeur of this place as I expected to do, except just for the first half-hour. I find it is natural to think more

of the party and less of the place; and it would indeed be delightful to come here quite alone, or with—with—papa. This seems to me the same sort of thing as the having a regular evening party to read Shakspeare, which you know would be a kind of desecration, unless they were all poets, or thorough lovers of poetry."

"Heaven preserve me from an evening party where 'they were all poets!'" cried Godfrey fervently. "But I see I shall make a convert of you at last. I have gained one step already, and now I shall call for another confession. Don't you think everybody was more or less out of humour?"

"Not——" began Ida.

"Not more than usual," exclaimed he, interrupting her. "Well, perhaps that may be true enough, only I think it is a very severe observation of yours."

"Oh, but I was not going to say that," said Ida, "nor anything in the least like it. In the first place, I think you have no right to complain, inasmuch as you were the crosser of the whole party; in the second place, I have no right, because I was rude and went away to enjoy myself and forgot that I was wanted. I don't think," she added archly, "that a pic-nic is at all likely to make everybody perfect—do you?"

"Of course not," answered he, a little startled.

"Well," she said, "but isn't that just what you are expecting of it? I think one may have an immense quantity of pleasure in spite both of one's own faults and of other people's, and I should never expect to become faultless because I was at a pleasure-party. Now are you angry?—for I think I am very impertinent."

"Only in calling yourself so," answered he; "if your philosophy is impertinent when addressed to me, it can only be because I am not capable of comprehending it; so you see what you make of me."

"Was that philosophy?" asked Ida, "I thought it was only common sense."

Godfrey laughed heartily, "You look quite dismayed at being brought in guilty of philosophy," said he: "I suppose you will expect me to call you a blue-stocking next."

"Have you the same horror of learned ladies that Alexander has?" inquired Ida.

"Perhaps," replied Godfrey, "but not for the same reason. I hate all things that are false or unnatural in their proportions, and, as I hold that a woman's heart should always be larger than her head, the instances wherein this true proportion is marred are especially distasteful to me. A learned woman ought to be a most loving and gentle one, or else the woman in her is lost; but I am afraid that you and I look at things and people with very different eyes; you see all the good, and I have the habit of looking at the evil; your way is both wise and right, but mine is my own, I might say myself, and I cannot change it."

"Can you not?" said Ida simply.

He felt the unintentional rebuke, and it so happened that it touched him on a peculiarly sensitive point. "Oh, my dear Ida!" cried he, "who is there in the world that ever radically changes his own character?"

If I could see one complete transformation, one character wherein the original tendencies had been not modified but obliterated, it would do more good to my faith than a miracle, which in fact it would be. And if our religion be indeed the divine reality which we are taught to believe, is it not marvellous that it should not transfigure the human into the divine? But it seems impotent in this which is surely its own proper sphere. Just think of what we see; a man is born with a certain fault of character, say feebleness and instability of purpose. He is an earnest christian, he confesses this fault, deplores it, strives against it, and sinks under it! Take him in the prime of his vigour, mental and bodily, and set him beside one born with a strong will, perhaps without faith at all, and—*what* has his religion done for him? And yet it is his life, his hope, his rule.—But I ought not to talk to you in this way."

"But ought you to *think* in this way?" exclaimed Ida eagerly. "Is it *true*? Dear Godfrey, you *know* it is not true; have not the weakest and most timid been martyrs, the most violent become meek as infants, the proudest humble, and the meanest abundant in charity? Oh, Godfrey, forgive me! I am quite unfit to teach you, but surely when we remember our invisible communion, we can never lose our faith in man."

"Such things *were*," returned he gloomily.

"And are and will be,—must be," she replied; but even as she spoke, the glow of enthusiasm died away upon her face, and left it in the shadow of a strange new trouble. She looked sorrowful and bewildered and full of pity. Godfrey once more took her hand into his own. "It is I who should ask you for forgiveness," said he, "I have done, as I always do, wrong. Do not however think worse of me than I deserve—I—This is a strange unsuitable conversation, and I don't know how we came to it; I wish you would forget it as fast as you can. Look, there is Frederick; shall we join him?"

"I think," said Ida, "when such ideas as you have been describing come upon you, it ought to be enough to disperse them only to look at Frederick."

He smiled. "But Frederick was born without faults," said he.

Ida made no answer, and after a little while Godfrey addressed her again, half playfully, yet with a manner sufficiently betokening that he reproached himself bitterly. "*Sister* Ida," said he, "I expect you will be more afraid of me than ever now."

She looked up into his face with her lovely cloudless eyes that seemed the visible life of a pure spirit. "No," she replied, "not afraid, only sorry. One thing would always keep me from being afraid of you, and that is, the tenderness of your love for Frederick."

He drew his hand from hers with an expression of acute pain, almost of horror, and with a sudden heavy sigh quickened his pace, and in another minute they were at Frederick's side.

The rest of the day offers little worthy of record; they walked to the waterfall, and uncle John, in his eagerness to bring each lady of the party in succession

to the best point of view, went slipping about over the wet stones with a spasmodic and misdirected agility, had three serious falls, and splashed his sister Melissa from head to foot. Mr. Woodley made one of the water-party on their return, and never ceased making the others change places in order to "trim" the boat, which, if his movements were at all effectual, must have rivalled any court dress in the world by the time it was finished. Alexander steered, and Godfrey drove Agnes; but Alexander was not much delighted with his change of position, for he had never yet found Ida so absent.

THE HEBREW MOTHER'S LAMENT,

ON LEAVING HER BABE IN THE BULRUHRAH.

BABE of my cherishing,
Though for thy perishing
Heartless ones dare to put forth the decree,
Far from thy cherub head
Ever be banished
Aught that can whisper of danger to thee.

Yet deadly perils press
Hard on thy feebleness;
Nor is there one who to shield thee can dare:
I, who would die for thee,
Only can sigh for thee:
Egypt's dark hearts never listed a prayer.

To them thy tears would be
What heaven's humidity
Is to the rock where unheeded it weeps;
To them thy dying groan,
What the chill breeze's moan
Is to the turret as round it it sweeps.

Oh, thou great Uncreate!
God of the desolate,
Thou who regardest the penitent's call;
Refuge providing us,
Even while chiding us,
Can'st thou look on while thy chosen ones fall?

Bare thou thy mighty arm,
And let their wild alarm
Tell to thy foes that Jehovah is nigh:
And of thy coming thus,
Oh! be the sign to us,
Life for the lorn one here destined to die.

Once from the hungry wave
Thou didst decree to save,
Those by an ark who the world should restore:
Lo! where my babe is lain,
Smile on an ark again,
Safe may it ride on the waters once more.

There is a spirit voice
Bidding my heart rejoice;
Hope paints its bow on the clouds as they roll:
Terror and grief are dumb,
Comfort and glory come,
Heaven breathes its peace on the trusting one's soul.

Babe of my cherishing,
Though for thy perishing
Heartless ones dare to put forth the decree;
Far from thy cherub head,
E'er shall be banished,
All that can whisper of danger to thee.

LOUIS XIV. AND MOLIERE.

THE character of Louis XIV. has been variously estimated; and many of his critics have contended that the designation of "Great," pretty generally applied to him by the writers of his own times, was the result of adventitious circumstances alone, which left but little praise to his personal merit, and which would have equally served to render any other monarch illustrious.

Without considering too closely how much of all human celebrity must depend upon accident, and how very differently many heroes must appear as the dark or brilliant phases of their fortune present them to the view, it may be safely affirmed, that few sovereigns are so conspicuous for the influence they have exercised and the prominent position they have enjoyed. There is something peculiarly interesting in contemplating him, through that long course of time during which in our own country royalty was alternately despotic and degraded, presiding over a splendid court, and passing his life amid a magnificence of which the smallest details fixed the regards of his contemporaries and have become matter of curious inquiry to posterity, and preserving, in spite of arbitrary acts and decadence of political importance, the enthusiastic devotion of his subjects. The exclamation, "But the King is safe!" with which the Parisian circles consoled themselves for the reverses of his last campaigns, may contrast oddly enough with the modern cries of our republican neighbours; but it is not unworthy of notice as applied to the ruler whom it shows to have been the object of their love.

It is well known that much of the glory of Louis XIV. was derived from his munificence to literary men. Among the most remarkable of these is to be ranked John Baptist Pocquelin, so celebrated under the name of Molière, which he seems to have assumed when going on the stage, either out of regard for his family, or agreeably to an affectation very common among actors at the present day. His career during the first years of his public life is not very clearly ascertained. It is probable that he played with indifferent success in several of the companies which, about the period, appear to have spread themselves over France, and to which the increasing taste for the drama everywhere afforded encouragement in that kingdom.

Having the advantage of a thorough classical education, which his father, an old retainer of the court, had taken care to bestow upon him, and having still further improved his taste by a judicious course of reading, he turned to account the resplendent powers of his mind, and emerged from the obscurity of his former position by assuming the post of manager at the theatre of Lyons, and bringing forward there, in the year 1653, "*L'Etourdi*," a piece which was generally well received, and which at once established the reputation of its author.

The distinction acquired by Molière's company speedily attracted the attention of the king, who em-

ployed them, together with the pen of their manager, in contributing to the amusement of the court. They had a part in the splendid entertainments at Versailles, in the years 1664 and 1668, when the monarch, flushed with the success of his recent operations in the field, and exulting in the pride of youth and beauty, was fond of showing himself to the eyes of his admiring subjects. In the gardens of this royal retreat, fitted up with costly magnificence, were exhibited various trials of skill, in which Louis and some of the most distinguished nobility took a part, and of splendid masques, in which they appeared in characters suited to the occasion.

The superiority of the king, or the tact of his courtiers, gave him the advantage in every encounter; and his vanity was flattered by the admiration which his personation of Apollo, or of some hero of romance, never failed to procure him. But his fondness for display went still further, and induced him to appear among the actors on the stage. It is not without some surprise, that we find Molière distinguishing his little piece, "*Le Mariage Forcé*," by the additional title of "*Ballet du Roi*," because his royal patron had danced in it publicly on its first representation.

The industry of Molière was severely taxed by the impatience of Louis, whose hasty commands frequently left him but little time for preparing the pieces which a desire for novelty was constantly exacting. To this circumstance is to be attributed the want of finish which appears in the "*Princesse d'Élide*," and others of the lighter compositions: it led him, like our own Shakspeare, to bestow little care upon the state in which his works would appear to the eyes of future generations.

Of all the plays for which the French stage is indebted to Molière, "*Le Tartuffe*" is justly distinguished as the highest effort of his genius. Now that the clamours of discontent have been stilled by the voice of overwhelming approbation, it stands an enduring monument of its author's excellences: yet the opposition to the performance of it was such as might be expected in an age in which the minds of men were shackled by superstition, and in which to attack the abuses of religion was more dangerous than to attempt the destruction of its very essence.

Three acts of "*Le Tartuffe*" were exhibited, during the festivities of which we have spoken, before the royal party. The king, on the following morning, forbade the performance of it, until it should be completed, and examined by persons capable of forming a just judgment of its merits. He added, that he himself found nothing in it deserving of censure. The pretenders to sanctimony took advantage of the prohibition to raise both the city and the court against the piece and its author. Even the truly devout took the alarm; and, in utter ignorance of the work, united with the rest to condemn it. A priest, in a pamphlet which he presented to the king, condemned the author as an execrable wretch; and, on his own authority, consigned him to everlasting punishment.

In short, Molière had to suffer the most dangerous vengeance of an ill-directed zeal.

Some dignified prelates of the Church, and among others the legate of the pope, after having heard it read fairly through, rendered it the justice which their less enlightened subordinates had refused; and the king gave a verbal permission to Molière to produce it before the public. It was received by the Parisian audience with loud and universal applause; yet, such was still the influence of the zealots who had from the first arrayed themselves against it, that, on the morrow, a fresh order from his majesty forbade the repetition.

At the time Louis gave this order he was in the camp near Lisle; and thither the disappointed manager despatched two actors of his company, with a memorial representing the hardship of his case. In this document, after apologizing for his temerity in importuning so great a monarch in the midst of his conquests, he states that he had in vain endeavoured to appease his critics, by giving the play the title of the "Impostor," dressed the hero in the habiliments of a man of fashion, and retrenched with care whatever he deemed capable of giving a shadow of pretence for blame to the originals whom he had satirized. "The cabal," he adds, "has been too strong for me;" and he threw himself upon his majesty's protection, with a dexterous compliment on the glories of his recent campaigns.

It was not, however, until the following year that permission was granted for restoring this piece to the stage. It re-appeared at Paris on the 5th of February 1669, and has ever been honoured with deserved applause.

That the king, in taking part against it, had been prevailed upon to act against his better judgment, appears by the following anecdote: "A few days after 'Le Tartuffe' had been prohibited, a piece was represented before the court, entitled 'Scaramouche Hermite,' which made free with the most sacred matters. 'I should like to know,' said Louis, 'why the men who are so much scandalized at Molière's play, say nothing against what we have just been listening to.' 'The reason is,' replied the prince to whom the remark was made, 'that the Scaramouche only makes sport of heaven and religion, about which these gentlemen care nothing; but Molière's comedy shows off themselves, and that they can by no means endure.'"

"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," by which Molière is almost as much distinguished as by "Le Tartuffe," again connects his name with that of his patron. The court received it with very little favour, and treated it as a piece of which the only merit was to excite a laugh; but Louis consoled the disappointed author, and declared that time would fully establish its just value. Such a prediction was highly creditable to the judgment which suggested it, and was speedily confirmed by the event.

The piece, though disgraced in some degree by the too farcical nature of its conclusion, abounds with admirable touches of nature. The character of Monsieur Jourdain is marked by an absurdity common to

men of all ranks in life, that of wishing to appear greater than they really are. His awkward attempts at imitating the manners of the class above him, with which he is desirous of identifying himself, are admirably contrasted with the cool easy assurance of the swindling nobleman, who feeds upon his vanity and laughs at his simple credulity. Perhaps the courtiers who were sparing in their applause might have been well enough contented with the ridicule thrown upon the aspiring citizen; but they could not be completely at ease under the keen satire directed against their own circle, by such a representation of one of its exclusive members. The voice of the public speedily prevailed against them. The plain good sense of Madame Jourdain, the ingenuous shrewdness of Nicole, the noble frankness of Cleonte, and the burlesque vanity of the different masters of arts and sciences, produced an irresistible effect, and confirmed the reputation of the piece.

The circumstances connected with the death of Molière form by no means the least curious portion of his history. He had lately produced his "Malade Imaginaire," a piece in which he not only ridiculed the professors of medicine, but attacked the art itself. Though labouring under a severe attack of the chest, he sustained the character of "Monsieur Pourgon," the imaginary invalid, and excited peals of laughter at fancied illness, while he was suffering cruelly from that which was too real. During the concluding scene, in which "Monsieur Pourgon" is received as a member of the faculty, while pronouncing the word "*Jure*," the actor was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which he in vain endeavoured to disguise from the audience under an affected laugh. He was conveyed home, where his cough increased so much, that it was followed by a vomiting of blood which suffocated him.

He thus expired without an opportunity of receiving the sacrament, or even of making the formal renunciation of his profession, which was essential to entitle him to Christian burial. The king, deeply affected at the loss of this distinguished man, and willing to give, even after death, a fresh mark of the esteem in which he had always held him, used his personal influence with the archbishop of Paris to surmount the illiberal objection. The prelate, after a strict inquiry into the life of the deceased, gave permission for his interment in the church of Saint Joseph; but the mob, less tolerant in their ignorance, and probably excited by some of the inferior clergy, assembled in great numbers, and showed a disposition to prevent the progress of the corpse. Their barbarous intention was only prevented by the address of the widow, who caused money to be thrown among them, and thus purchased their forbearance.

The few facts thus thrown together are not without interest. The fame of Molière will live while the French language shall endure; and the monarch under whose auspices he ran his brilliant career derives credit from his appreciation of his genius, and the protection he afforded him.

LOVE'S TREASON.

C.

It was the old knight's only child
Went forth upon the twilight wild:
The silent sky was purple grey
With one pale line of yellow day,
That hung upon the western track,
And marked the level distance black.

And there they met; a minstrel he,
The landless soldier's daughter she.
The clouds hung heavy o'er the hill,
The broad, bare waste was dark and still,
But love in either heart was bright,
And so they stood beneath the night.

And o'er the breezy wold they stray'd,
And through the woods he led the maid;
And his the mighty gift of song
That lent its magic to his tongue;
And love, and love, was still the theme
That lulled their hearts in happy dream.

Beyond the margin of the wood,
In stately pride a castle stood;
And as they gazed, all lustrous bright,
As joy bursts in on sorrow's night,
The gracious moon pour'd down her sheen,
A silver shower o'er the scene.

And then he clasp'd the maiden's hand,
And look'd upon the spreading land,
And said, No minstrel poor was he,
But noble earl, of high degree,
And hail'd her ladie mistress there
Of castle proud and forest fair.

But with a wonder strange she heard,
In breathless hush, her lover's word,
And in her face a wild dismay;
And then she drew her hand away,
And calmer grew her brow and eye,
That told a settled purpose high.

She said: "Love is a thing of light,
Nor brooks the shade of falsehood's night;
And love must shrink, and fade, and faint,
Within the circle of its taint;
For ever and for ever die,
Whose life is nourish'd by a lie!"

And then she drew her mantle round,
And turn'd her to the forest bound;
Transfixed all in stark despair,
He stood and gazed upon her there,
Until beneath the wings of night
She pass'd for ever from his sight.

FROM LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

DEEP was the significance of the old mythic faith of the Romans, when it named Janus, who looks two ways, —to that which is behind, as to that which is before him—the "god of peace."

Peaceful, although with tears, yet fostered and tended by the guardian hands of Love, begins the course of life; for childhood shines in paradisaical glory, gilding even the darkest aspects that surround it with the beams of its own blessed morning; because, as the poet has truly said, "Children are still half angels."

Peacefully, through the tears of parting, and the shudders of death, does eternity shine upon him who has oftentimes gazed on it throughout his course, in the spirit of faith, love, and hope.

The space between the outset and the goal of human life is probation; manifold are the combats; but they become more triumphant, and gentler, the more and the more consciously they are enlightened by the rays which issue from those two centres of peace—the beginning and the end.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.¹

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Thrice happy they! that enter now the court
Hear'n opens in their bosoms."

Yonw's Night Thoughts.

"Who loves himself most, loves no one else."

Haji Baba.

It was in a frenzy of excitement that Harry Sumner arrived at Vienna. Not a nerve throughout his frame was still. Not a pulse but beat with feverish irregularity. Well he knew the route to the poste restante. The Viennese gens d'armes whom he met or passed, eyed him with sundry thief-catching misgivings, as he flashed through the busily idle crowd, intent only on one object—to grasp his letter.

"Any letters for Mr. Sumner?"

The clerk searches. A dull ticking like that of a muffled watch, only indefinitely more quick and hurried, is distinctly audible.

"Is it H. Sumner?"

"It is! What are you so slow for, fellow? Hand it here," and the speaker almost snatched it from the clerk's hand.

"Les mœurs Anglais!" muttered that official.

Meanwhile Sumner had torn off the envelope, and read the following communication from Mr. D'Aaroni.

"Where are you, you extraordinary man? If dead we should be glad to be certified of it, if not it will be wise to return. All the character left to you here, is well nigh used up; your whole stock is *with* you, wherever you are. Colonel Flint, whom you half choked, has circulated pretty freely that you took deliberate aim, and pertinaciously sticks to it, on the honour of a gentleman, (so you must beware,) in the teeth of Browne's denial and my own. By the bye, Browne is still tending to convalescence. Your misfortune at Oxford is in every body's mouth with an embellishment which I do not believe. I can easily imagine two individuals as the authors of this,—either one I will not name, or that queer lady who was amongst the visitors on your sister's reception days—Hoax or Pokes, or some such name. She is certainly the authoress of another piece of gossip—some devilry or other, *méchante!* at Vienna. Some son of hers met you there. Nothing beneath a princess! Is this true? in any case you must be on the spot. The insects will skulk to their corners when you arrive. Besides, as you will see by the papers, Perigord is Premier—save the mark! You are M. P. for Bribeworth—ha! ha! I suspect he's keeping an under-secretaryship for you (in case you should 'turn up'). This is my last to you. I am just starting for 'the House' where I am going to encourage your brother, with a fierce onslaught. If something or other does not put him on his mettle, the state machine will subside dead still, out of sheer regularity and inanition. Oh for a spark of genius in our councils! I have some hopes of you.

(1) Continued from p. 15.

Heigho! 'tis better to have it in opposition than nowhere, but I don't despair. I would support any one who had the sense and the pluck to come forth with a *principle*, whatever it was.

"Your family are well.

"Ever yours sincerely,
"R. D'AARONI."

The first perusal of this letter set the reader's brain in a whirl. It was some minutes before he could effect a clear and distinct apprehension of its contents. "Browne alive and well!" This one fact held him in suspense. He had not dared to expect it. He could scarcely credit its reality. His heart bounded within him, as he slowly but surely apprehended it. If he had but just emerged from a three weeks' solitary imprisonment in a subterranean cell, to light and life and liberty, it could not have been with a more sanguine hope, or a more exulting consciousness than he now experienced. He stood as it were on the confines of a new being. Again life smiled upon him. A future offered itself; and it flowed with love, and achievements. Up to this moment, a trackless interval had appeared to separate him hopelessly from the only being for whom he cared to live. He had literally lunged over the gulf of despair. On a sudden the distance had vanished. He was unentranced, he breathed, he lived. These so sanguine moments admitted of no obstacle. Browne was well, and therefore Lady Agnes was his own. Such was the illogical syllogism in which his over-charged feelings expressed their intense sense of relief.

His impatience to reach England was so great that he could not sit still for five minutes together, in the steam-vessel in which he had taken his passage. He paced the deck incessantly. A short healthy-visaged old man, who derived a great portion of his sublunary enjoyment from outvying the "young ones" in any feat of personal vigour or prowess, walked against him for two mortal hours; and then, casting at his unconscious competitor one or two side-long glances of despair and mortification, sunk down on a bench, vanquished.

Long as was the voyage to one of the passengers, it did nevertheless end at last. He sprang to land; if it had been to take possession of the island, it could not have been with higher hopes and more swelling bosom. Nor without reason. His delay at the Custom-house was less vexatious than usual. He reached London and flung himself and his carpet-bag into a hack cab.

Rapidly the well known streets are traversed. Loved localities! doubly loved now. An exulting mind associated them only with grateful recollections. The cabriolet is at the door of his sister's house. Its wheels grate against the step of the portico. He conceals himself in the back of the vehicle.

It is a strange servant. "Missis and Mrs. Sumner are at Pendlebury. Master is at 'the House.'" He deposits his luggage, and desires to be driven to the House of Commons.

The next thing was to see Mr. Perigord; a note was accordingly sent to him, informing him the writer waited in the lobby. After the lapse of a becoming official interval, the Premier made his appearance. His manner was reserved and diplomatic, without being repulsive. It was a degree or two below dignity, and very many degrees removed from cordiality.

"Of course, your prolonged absence and silence" he said, "have appeared unaccountable to all your friends. An event has occurred in the meanwhile in which fortune has favoured you. You are now Member for Bribeworth. May I ask, are you willing to accept the Under-secretaryship of the Colonies?"

Sumner could not but own that this was an opening for him unusually propitious. He felt that it was but the first dawn of his future; his sole ambition was to be the husband of the girl he loved. He ardently longed, therefore, to reach her conventional position, that he might not have to say, "*Come down, to be my wife.*"

The proffered office was gratefully accepted; and life's most exciting interests lay before him.

Sumner was in time to despatch a few lines to his mother and sister by that evening's post, informing them of his arrival, and that they might expect him on the following day, or the day after. It was arranged between himself, Mr. D'Aaroni and his brother-in-law, that he should seek Colonel Flint at his club on the following day, and demand from him either a distinct adoption or denial of the calumny he had circulated respecting the duel. If he retracted it, enough; if he persisted, the only remedy was an action at law. No provocation must induce him to consent to Colonel Flint's favourite mode of arbitration. The next distressing perplexity was how to meet the other slander; which, under Mrs. Roakes's embellishment and brisk circulation, had acquired a form and substantiality which did not seem at first to admit of being slighted. The real foundation there was for it made it particularly galling to him; and he dreaded its effect in *one quarter*, if it had already reached, or should eventually reach that.

"Is it true or false?" asked Mr. D'Aaroni.

"I met a lady (so far it is true) at Vienna; I admired her, and spent most of my time in her society. Every word about me beyond that is *false*—false as the *scoundrel* who has circulated it."

Sumner alluded to Lionel Roakes; for he knew well that he was the only living being from whom so base an invention could have emanated. He was excited and indignant, and did not remark anything unusual in Mr. Perigord's manner. Mr. D'Aaroni did; he saw him become deadly pale.

"No notice need be taken of that report," said the Premier hurriedly. "It is a mere gallantry Society is indulgent to that sort of thing in young men. Pass it by—pass it by; it will die a natural death. Besides, it comes, I believe, from that *friend* of your sister's—what's she called?—Roakes, or some such name."

"Ah! you know the author of the report, do you, my friend the prime minister?" exclaimed Mr. D'Aaroni, in an under tone of voice, as that gentleman retired in a very uneasy and hurried manner, "I wonder if you have helped it on any where?—not asserted it, but not denied it? I can't tell you how vastly friendly he has been during your absence with the Cliftons. What are you doing, Sumner? What is the matter?"

"No—nothing—nothing whatever," he replied, rapidly collecting himself; "My journey has knocked me up. I have not slept more than six or seven hours altogether for the last four nights. I shall leave you with the conscript fathers."

He returned to Hyde Park Gardens on foot; it gave him time to reflect and resolve.

His first call on the following morning was at Clifton House. The family were out of town! They were at Windlebourne Castle. This disappointment afflicted him in an altogether disproportionate manner, considering that he was going on the following day to within an easy ride of where the Cliftons were at present sojourning. He had now an hour or two on hand, and was sauntering leisurely down — Street, when sounds of solemn music fell upon his ear from an adjoining church. Strange was the sensation they kindled within him. An impulse which admitted of no hesitation urged him on the instant to enter the sacred building. The garish light of day entered not here, but, melted into solemn twilight by the brightly painted glass through which it streamed, contributed its share to the devotion of the worshippers. The first—nay, the only sight that riveted his gaze on entering and until he re-emerged into the world, was a representation over the richly decorated altar in the central compartment of the east window, of that event around which universal history, past, present, and to come, revolves,—a scene of *abasement* and *suffering* surpassing the powers of human comprehension. A congregation more devout than numerous were chanting the psalms of the day. The manner of the officiating minister was earnest; not less devout was the manner of the congregation. It was an earnestness only recognisable by its powerful effect on the feelings. A surprised choir of boys led the chant, and, as their clear voices, joined by the deeper tones of the congregation, swelled upwards before the altar-throne, Harry Sumner was almost carried out of himself. There was a severe and stately sublimity in the music of the chant that bowed him down with awe. Most strange, most mighty, were the effects they produced within him;—he was deeply humbled; he felt himself to be infinitely depressed beneath the meanness of those adoring worshippers. It was a scene which he could only gaze upon with admiring wonder. He did not feel privileged to join them. How mean seemed for the moment all the cares he had left outside the church; how sublime all that was transpiring within! This was the first time religion had ever come before him in a tangible shape, and he felt it to be a shape as glorious as it was suggestive.

His next occupation was intensely uncongenial. Calling for Mr. D'Aaroni at his club, the two sought the gallant Colonel Flint, at his usual dining hour, at "The United Service," where that individual was surprised devouring his rations. The interview was as unsatisfactory as had been surmised. He stuck to his slander. His exasperation against Sumner on account of the half-choking he had undergone at his hands, had experienced not the smallest alleviation during the three weeks that had since elapsed. He all but foamed at the mouth, and at one part of the interview had raised his cane with the intention of making a "meeting" inevitable; when it was instantly taken from his hand by Mr. D'Aaroni; who, regardless of his impotent rage, detained it for a second or two, and then handed it to him, informing him in a perfectly courteous, but extremely decided manner, that if he renewed an attack of that sort he would take the liberty of handing him over to the guardianship of a policeman.

The two then left him to digest his dinner and an impending action for defamation.

That evening Sumner took the oaths and his seat in the House. On retiring to rest for the night—the last he was to spend in London for some time—he felt convinced that his few weeks' absence had been by some means employed to his disadvantage. He had scarcely received one cordial greeting. He met with nothing but distant reserve—polished formality. Those even whom he had fancied were his friends addressed him as though not only their friendship, but even their acquaintance was retained under protest.

As yet he had neither office, power, fame, nor influence. He was treading on the threshold of all. That was shrewdly enough perceived by the rising sun worshippers. The ill reports were not therefore suited for immediate active use,—rather they were reserved as a useful stock in hand in case of *failure*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Her own price
Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is." *Cymbeline*, Act I. Sc. 1.

It was a bright warm May day when Harry Sumner left the metropolis. He had much to engage his thoughts. The swift straight motion of the machine that was *hurling* him homeward left him to his reflections, wholly undistracted by external objects. His brother-in-law's manner, to the peculiarity of which Mr. D'Aaroni's commentary, spoken in his bitterest tone, had drawn his attention, became to him a subject of anxious speculation. He could imagine no possible motive Mr. Perigord should have for poisoning the minds of the Cliftons against him: besides, although he confessed he was not able to like or admire his relative, he did not believe him capable of an underhand proceeding. He could not doubt, however, but that all the injurious reports of which he had been the victim, to one of which—and therefore the

most dreaded—he was unable to plead “not guilty,” must have reached the ears of the Cliftons. He trusted much to the character of both sister and brother. He had formed a most exalted estimate of both of them; and he laboured to convince himself that neither the one nor the other would be influenced by rumours, however plausible. He could not, however, divest himself of heart-harrowing misgivings.

When he reached the last station, Bribeworth was still distant above twenty miles. He found his sister's carriage waiting for him; and, stepping into it, proceeded rapidly on his journey, which lay through a country full of varied and romantic scenery. Sumner could not, even then, be insensible to its beauties. He was a passionate lover of nature; merely to exist amidst green trees and green fields was happiness to him: and it was with the keenest emotions of pleasure that he suffered his imagination to wander up the wood's deep shadows, or follow the rippling stream along its course; yet still one object was continually present to his mind: it was the interior of that church in which he had so recently been a spectator, not a worshipper.

Lucy was with her mother at the cottage when the carriage conveyed him thither. The sun had set when he arrived; the moon was high up in a cloudless heaven; gentle twilight breathed rest and peace. The distinctness with which particular sounds could be distinguished, which were all blended with multitudes of others in the confused tumult of day, added to, rather than diminished, the lulling influence of still night-fall. From a distance of three miles could be clearly heard the roar of the ocean as it chafed upon a granite beach, each retiring billow drawing after it, with a hoarse rattling sound, miles of huge boulders. The baying of dogs, the shouts of children, echoed from the town hard by; and one other sound, which now arrested Sumner's attention in an unwonted manner, came thrilling through the still clear atmosphere from the church tower with a solemn, and, as it seemed to him, a supernatural sound. Nearer at hand, a bird here and there, fluttering as if restlessly from one branch or tree to another, a solitary chirp, as from a feathered dreamer, increased by contrast the deepening stillness of the evening hour. Even the fragrance of flowers, which appear to shrink from the tainted breath of day, steals abroad at eve. Nature seems to reserve her richest and most delicately scented incense for her hours of repose. And when Harry Sumner let himself in at the old garden gate, a burst of scent of richest fragrance from the well-known bed of lilies of the valley was his first welcome to his most dear home.

Mrs. Sumner was seated under the old elm, knitting, as had been her wont for years. Lucy was sitting at her mother's side, encircling her waist with her arm. She was striving to distract and amuse the anxiety of expectation, which she well knew her mother was experiencing.

“There he is!” rang from her lips through the still evening air, in tones of silvery clearness, as she heard the

sound of the approaching carriage, and then the well-known lifting of the gate-latch. The very shutting-to of the gate she recognised; and then the dear footsteps through the avenue of early roses and clematis. “It is! it is!” she repeated; and gently disengaging herself from her mother, she tripped joyously to meet the welcome comer. How ardently she embraced him! How repeatedly she saluted her brother's cheeks and forehead! She had not accents at command; she could only relieve her joy by gestures. Mrs. Sumner remained knitting upon her seat under the elm.

“Where is my dear mother?” inquired her son, half suspecting that she was performing some frolic of concealment.

“There she sits!” said Lucy, pointing to the seat.

Sumner immediately hurried to her, and throwing his arms round her neck, sought to atone in some degree for the cruel silence of the late few weeks by the heartiness of his embrace. Mrs. Sumner did not return his affection, but coldly offering him her cheek, remarked, in a dubious tone of voice,

“So! you have not quite and entirely cast off your old mother, Harry?”

“Oh, dear mamma! pray do not begin to scold now!” interposed Lucy.

“Did you judge of me by yourself, Harry; and suppose I did not care to hear whether you were alive or dead?”

“Oh, mamma! mamma! Do not, I beseech you!” supplicated Lucy.

“There is too much reason in it, Lucy,” said her brother. “I will explain it all to you some day. I only implore you, dearest mother, to *forgive* me now.” And, as he again embraced her as he spoke, the good lady felt a scalding drop upon her cheek—she knew not whence it fell.

“Forgive you, my boy!” she exclaimed, and the contents of the letter she *had* received rushed across her memory. “Nay, what should I forgive? Come in, Harry, let us hear your adventures. Well, you *are* returned. God be praised!”

There was not much intermission in the conversation that evening. At ten o'clock Mrs. Sumner invariably retired to her closet for half an hour. She had scarcely left the room according to her never broken custom, before Sumner besought his sister to relieve his anxiety on a subject about which his heart was almost bursting for information.

“If you are not afraid of the night, Lucy, put on your shawl and bonnet, and walk with me in the garden.”

There, then, on that still May evening, as they had been wont to do in days long past, sauntered blissfully that brother and that sister. Sumner's arm was thrown around her as they walked, her light hand rested fondly on his shoulder. Above them were the moon and the stars—around them the breath of flowers—beneath them the velvet turf, glittering with the pale and moving lamps of the glow-worms.

“Her manner has perplexed me,” said Lucy; “I feel so sure she loves you—yet, if she does, her self-

control must be almost superhuman. That she feels intensely, deeply, I am positive. But she is, withal, so calm and still—whilst it fascinates, it awes one. I have watched her, narrowly, when your name has been mentioned, which has been but seldom. And that is the best sign I have to communicate to you—she certainly has avoided speaking concerning you during your absence. But, I was going to tell you. I have fancied I could detect a perceptible tremor of the lips when your name was spoken; and yet her manner was so perfectly free from embarrassment, or the smallest symptom of emotion, that I am sure none but so anxious an observer as myself would imagine she felt any particular interest about you. And you must remember that I was longing to discover some ground of hope of this sort. The worst remains to be told. When first you left, she talked to me about you freely, and with unrestrained gratification. This reserve has commenced since, and has kept increasing. George has seen a good deal of them lately, she told me yesterday. I hoped great things from that, when I heard it. But her manner, about you, did not appear to have thawed very materially. It may be, that she did not wish to exhibit any marked difference of demeanour. Any way, Harry dear, she is a sweet girl. She is so good. She never misses church any morning, and very few evenings. It is said she gives great sums in alms, and most days she spends an hour or more in visits to the cottages of the sick and poor and afflicted. She has a good and a kind word for every one. Indeed, she is more like an angel than a human being: and of late she has grown so much paler, that it makes her look as much like an angel as she is."

Sumner's efforts at cheerfulness and loquacity that evening were seen through by his sister. He woke up, once, from a somewhat prolonged fit of silent thoughtfulness, in which he had inadvertently lost himself. She saw enough, even in one evening, to convince her how much was at stake in the state of Lady Agnes's feelings towards her brother. Family prayers were read at eleven—half an hour later than usual. Immediately afterwards, Mrs. Sumner retired to her room, which adjoined her son's, with a mind and heart full of contentment and affection. She fell asleep thanking her heavenly Father for answering her prayer, and restoring him to her in safety. When, after keeping his sister up until the morning hours, they separated for the night, Harry fell on his knees (for the first time since the duel), and, without opening his lips, prayed by the silent lifting up of his soul.

The next morning, so soon as custom's rules permitted, he sallied forth to call at Windlebourne Castle. He would not have his horse brought round. It was ready saddled for him in the stable. With arms entwined, he and Lucy walked down the garden, and were standing near the gate exchanging a few more words, when the latch was lifted from without. It was a privilege of intimacy—that self-admission within the humble garden gate—and Harry Sumner stood face to face with Lady Agnes Clifton.

A flush of deepest crimson overspread her exquisite

features with the rapidity of lightning, and as rapidly disappeared. It left her pale face, shaded by her jet black hair, as still and calm as the moon in the sun-forsaken firmament. No outward evidence of feeling was there, beyond that instantaneous glow. No hesitating or confused utterance—no embarrassment of gesture. No conventional polish could imitate that unreserved, yet, withal, dignified sweetness of manner with which, after having greeted Lucy Perigord, and exchanged a few words with her, she turned towards her brother, and, extending her hand, said,

"This is an unexpected pleasure to Mrs. Sumner and your sister, is it not, Mr. Sumner?"

She then continued her conversation with Lucy.

Sumner's heart was too full for utterance. Lady Agnes's manner was, to him, a sentence of condemnation. His worst fears were more than realized. Henceforth he must be a stranger—a mere acquaintance. He waited a few seconds before he could trust himself to utter a reply. Then, taking advantage of a slight pause, which the delicacy of his sister afforded him, he informed her visitor "that he was on his road to call at Windlebourne," and expressed a hope that he might be allowed to fulfil that intention, "although he had already experienced the pleasure he anticipated." Lady Agnes's manner had utterly prostrated him. He scarcely knew what he said.

"Alfred is in London," she replied; "but we expect him this evening."

"Will you allow my sister and myself the pleasure of accompanying you to Windlebourne?" asked Sumner.

"Not on any account," replied Lady Agnes. "I am fond of walking, and am a good walker. Your sister is not able to walk far. Besides, I have one or two little visits to make before I return. So I will not come in this morning, Mrs. Perigord. You and your brother have multitudes of things to talk over, just at first, I do not doubt."

Sumner was stricken utterly dumb. In extending her hand to him as she left, he fancied it slightly trembled. Certainly she was pale—very pale—much paler than when he saw her last. Hopes arose within him; but he dismissed them indignantly, as mockers and impostors.

The next morning Sumner fulfilled his projected call at Windlebourne. Lord Clifton had not arrived. There were visitors staying in the house. In their company he spent another half-hour in the presence of Lady Agnes. The bells were ringing merry peals from the adjoining church tower.

"Do you know whom the church is delighting to honour?" asked a young man, one of the visitors, addressing Sumner.

"Indeed, I do not!" was the reply.

"No?" resumed the speaker. "They are welcoming their new member!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sumner; adding, almost involuntarily, "They harmonize but ill with their new member's—" then, suddenly recollecting himself, he left the sentence unfinished, and rose to depart. In taking leave of Lady Agnes he said,—

"I hope, Lady Agnes, you will not think me intrusive, if I renew my visit to-morrow. I am deeply anxious for an interview with Lord Clifton."

There was an indescribable passionateness of utterance in every word of the sentence, which as it was altogether independent of any particular emphasis, or perceptible tones of voice, was entirely unnoticed by any one who might have heard it, save the one lady to whom it was addressed. Little as Sumner thought it, she felt deeply each word. They were the accents of the same being who had been parted from her only four weeks back. She perceived he was suffering, and was sensibly touched.

"Pray do not entertain such a thought, Mr. Sumner," she replied. "Alfred will be truly glad to see you."

On the following morning, Sumner was more fortunate. Lord Clifton had arrived. The former was shown into his study. Even in Lord Clifton's manner there was at first the slightest possible reserve and constraint. It gradually disappeared, however. So evidently, that Sumner, after having detained him for nearly an hour, and being wholly destitute of any apology, save one, for such a tiresomely long visit, was encouraged, at length, to unbosom himself to his friend.

"Clifton," he commenced, "we have known each other at school. I have since been lucky enough to meet you under, to me, happy circumstances. I cannot tell you why, but I do most truly feel, that if there be one man breathing whom I long to call by the name of friend, you are that man. Something keeps me from that privilege."

"It does, my dear fellow; and I will return your frankness by exactly informing you what it is," Lord Clifton replied. "I scarcely know how to put a question to you which, nevertheless, I devoutly wish answered. I want to return your confidence with equal frankness, but I dread offending sensitive feelings. To suspect another falsely, almost precludes friendship for ever afterwards."

"What is it? Never fear. Tell me what it is, in pity!" interrupted Sumner, impetuously.

"I must first assure you, on my word, that I have at this moment the fullest confidence in what your reply will be. My reasons for requiring a distinct disavowal from your own lips, you will, I doubt not, appreciate afterwards."

Sumner had the most terrible fears as to the nature of the report, whatever it was; however, his friend should hear nothing but the whole truth.

"Is it that scoundrel Flint's version of the duel?" he inquired, not, in his heart, expecting that to be the rumour alluded to.

"Oh no; that calumny has been refuted by your second, and by Mr. Browne himself; at least, to my entire conviction. Still, will you oblige me by yourself informing me of the particulars of that unhappy affair?"

This Sumner proceeded to do, fully and ingenuously.

"But there is another report, which I am anxious you should give a positive denial to; for, to tell you

the truth, it is confirmed by those who have the best opportunities of knowing; in spite of which, I do not believe it. However, that you may not think I have asked for this denial on slight grounds, I must tell you that your college tutor affirms the correctness of it. Mr. Perigord also admits it, and says he is obliged to confess it is but too true. So you see, my declaring that for all this I do not believe a word of it, shows what amount of esteem I entertain for you; and how implicit is my confidence in your unblemished honour."

Sumner was silent. He was evidently deeply moved. He had no course of action ready for this emergency; and singularly enough, this was the report he had least expected to be called upon to answer. Conscious of his own uprightness, he had scarcely realized the actual position in which he stood to every living being who heard what had taken place. He had actually been plucked, and that for copying. It was impossible to deny the fact; there it stood. To himself, indeed, it was known that he had rendered the assistance he was accused of receiving; but others did not; and he had not sufficiently put himself in their position. He remained for several minutes in deep cogitation. Then he rose from his chair, and went to the window, where his sight rested on the peaceful park-scenery. Immediately beneath him the flower-garden sloped down to a slender fence which separated it from the park. Sumner had not stationed himself at the window many seconds before all his anxieties of thought were put to flight by an unexpected vision gliding angel-like across the bridge, which spanned the stream just without the park gates.

"There she is herself!" exclaimed Sumner, to the amazement of his friend, as the well known form stopped a second or two, as if unlocking the gate, and then passed through it. She walked about twenty paces. Sumner perceived that she carried something in her hand. He remarked a dazzling glitter; and, perhaps from an instinctive recognition, even at so great a distance, of an object familiar to him, he knew that it was the gold cross on the cover of her prayer-book.

Lord Clifton had been patiently waiting his answer, with as much curiosity as anxiety.

"No! Alfred—I cannot!" said Sumner, turning round abruptly.

"Cannot what?" asked Lord Clifton.

"What can I do? I have not explained the affair to my own mother or sister," continued Sumner.

"Then I am sure I have no wish to press you any further about it, my dear Sumner," said his friend.

"I had a *particular reason* for asking you. Have you any objection to merely giving me your word, that you did not copy? That will be quite enough for me. I only wish for your own disavowal."

Sumner hesitated.

"N-n-o!" he replied. "That would be to tell you all. There is only one conceivable being to whom I should wish to confide the whole truth of the matter. To her I would."

"Who may that be?" inquired Lord Clifton.

"Why, the fact is," Sumner answered, "I do not stand in that position towards her which would admit of my doing so. Although—although—at least—and yet—"

"Although what?" Lord Clifton asked. He saw his friend was embarrassed. He suspected the cause, and was anxious to relieve him.

"It is of no use hesitating in this absurd manner," Sumner answered. "Let me at once confess to you, that it is either my misfortune or my happiness to love your sister. I know the distance that separates a young lady of noble birth, great wealth—"

"Stay—pardon my interrupting you," Lord Clifton interposed. "Considerations of that description will not influence either Agnes or myself. What you have told me is not at all unexpected. It was *my reason* for asking for your own positive disavowal of what you must own is a very painful rumour."

"You can then now understand who that '*only person*' is to whom I referred, if I were in a position to admit of her receiving my confidence," Sumner remarked.

"But these unexplained circumstances *may* be the only bar to your being in that position," said his friend.

"Do you think so—do you really think so?" inquired Sumner eagerly.

"Nay—Agnes has not mentioned your name to me, save as she might that of any other acquaintance. I have nothing to guide me but my own conjectures. I fancy I know her character pretty well. I imagine her love, on whomsoever it might light, would be deep, tender, fondly passionate; beyond the ordinary depth and intensity of that emotion. But at the same time, I am as convinced as I am of my own existence, that she would have even that tyrant passion so completely under her own guidance, that it would not be able to hurry her the breadth of a hair beyond what she felt to be the line of duty. There may be a little brotherly partiality in this; but I have watched her narrowly, and am convinced that it is on the whole true."

"From what you have observed, are you able to give me the faintest hope?" asked Sumner somewhat impatiently.

"You must not ask me that," replied Lord Clifton.

"Clifton!" exclaimed Sumner, in a rapid and determined tone of voice, as of one who was at the moment impelled to a sudden resolution; at the same time, slightly turning from the individual addressed, he added, "I am going to do what will cost me my life's happiness, except in one event. I have no such control. As in every thing, so in that, your exquisite sister is unspeakably my superior. I know nothing which my boundless—boundless—adoration of her—"

"Please not to use that word!" interrupted Lady Agnes's brother.

"I was going to say, would not hurry me to," continued Sumner.

"That is the *worst* of you. You are brimful of generous impulses; but (if you will not think I am making too free with you, in expressing such an opinion,) I think they want discipline."

"They do—they do—I know—know too well—they do," was Sumner's impassioned reply. "Yes, and my heart-deep love can make me set about even that task, impossible as it now seems to me. Will you keep as an inviolable secret what I am now going to tell you? It is the first time it has ever passed my lips. But she to whose hand I am presumptuous enough to aspire, has a right to know it. She can only know it through you."

"You know me, Sumner. Your request shall be rigidly observed. But do not let any hint I may have inadvertently given, lead you to make a reluctant disclosure."

"It is reluctant—most reluctant," said Sumner, "but I have resolved. Tell me afterwards if you blame me. On my honour, I did not copy so much as the letter of a word!"

"It is enough!" exclaimed Lord Clifton. "We will now—"

"No; you must hear more," Sumner interrupted; "I purpose confiding to you the whole mystery—of course, under the seal of inviolable secrecy, except to Lady Agnes. You will then perceive my reasons for preserving silence hitherto."

He then proceeded to give him a lengthened detail of all the circumstances of that unhappy affair. When he had finished, Lord Clifton regarded him for several seconds with a gaze of silent, speechless admiration. He observed the glistening eye when he spoke of the poor fellow's fate whom he had suffered so much to assist, and afterwards to preserve his memory from reproach. He was transfixed with inexpressible admiration.

He rose calmly from his chair: was absent about a quarter of an hour. It was one of agonizing suspense to Sumner. At the expiration of that period, the door opened, and the brother entered, leading in his beautiful sister—calm, subdued, bathed in tears. Lord Clifton led his sweet charge up to his friend, and placed her hand in his.

"Take my sister, Sumner," he said. "She gratefully accepts and returns your preference. I am pleased that the choice of her own heart enables me to have the privilege of being your brother, as well as friend."

Sumner was fairly bewildered. He scarcely credited his own identity. "What! this fond dream actually realized? It cannot be!" Then a long, deep pause, in which the beatings of his heart were distinctly audible, as it throbbed quickly and heavily against his side.

At length, raising the fair hand, which literally permitted itself to remain unmoved within his own, with profound reverence to his lips: "Is it possible?" he said. "Can so much blessedness be mine? Does the Lady Agnes give me the right to do this?"

A smile and a deep blush was the only answer. It

was not her own happiness, deep as was that, which was thus moving her. It was the unutterably touching position in which her lover stood in her estimation.

His great-heartedness—his self-forgetting generosity—all it had cost him! She remembered the chilling reserve of demeanour she had assumed the only times she had been in his company since his return. Forgetful of her own suffering, she thought of it only as one of the many wrongs that had been done him. For these her tears fell plentifully, to the unspeakable relief of a heart which up to this moment had been repressing love as deep as ever filled a virgin soul.

Sumner felt far too deeply to say much.

"If you had not already walked from Bribeworth," he contented himself with observing to Lady Agnes, "I would have supplicated you and your brother to heap one more obligation upon me by accompanying me to announce this great news to my mother and sister. May I claim a friend's privilege, and ask you, Clifton, to drive Lady Agnes thither?"

"Oh no, let us walk!" she interposed.

And in a very few minutes afterwards the three were walking down the terrace, upon which Sumner had so short a time before seen her emerge whom he little dreamed it was so soon to be his bliss to call his own. So much was to be heard and told during this walk, that it appeared to all as though they had only just started, when they were now entering the gate of Mrs. Sumner's garden. One fact Sumner gleaned with considerable positiveness from several things that fell from the lips both of Lord Clifton and of Lady Agnes, although they had not the remotest suspicion that they were conveying any such impression. He detected that he had not had an advocate with the Cliftons, nor a panegyrist, in Mr. Perigord.

When Sumner introduced Lady Agnes to his mother and to his sister in the new and thrice welcome relationship towards them all, to which she had consented, the old lady could do little else than embrace her daughter elect and weep alternately. Lucy gazed fondly at her darling brother's lovely betrothed, smiled and sighed, sighed very deeply. She felt only her own loving heart—knew, how poignantly! that however fondly her sister elect might love Harry, that love would be proportionately returned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"The Divine Providence may be likened to a mother teaching her child to walk. Having chosen a clear spot, free from all things likely to hurt the infant in its fall, she places it firmly on its feet. For a little while she holds and supports it, and then going back a few steps, she waits for its love to set its little hands in motion and to follow her. But how watchful is her eye,—how outstretched her arms to catch her babe the instant it begins to totter!"

SCHLEIER'S *Philosophy of Life*, Lect. 5.

HARRY SUMNER's life, during the five or six months after the event narrated in the last chapter, is not for the prying gaze of multitudes. Its concentrated and refined happiness shrank from observation. There was an instinctive feeling on the part of both the lovers,

that there was a certain selfishness, as well as coarseness, in exhibiting to others the smallest symptom of emotions which the multitude would be as little able to comprehend as to share. That thing called "the world" pronounced them cold lovers. The disproportion which always seemed to Sumner to exist between his feelings and the vehicle of their expression, might have betrayed him into language which wore the appearance of exaggeration had he not forced himself to be silent. Lady Agnes felt as deeply as he did; but in addition to that greater concentration of the feelings inwards, which is an attribute of the gentler sex, her whole being was in subjection to her spirit. She was always mistress of herself. Her deliberate choice was, *to suffer*. If pleasure came in any shape it was received with watchful jealousy. Exactly in proportion to the intenseness of her love was the suffering it caused her. She knew it was lawful and her duty to love her affianced husband more than any other creature; but she knew, too, that until the Church's benediction had sanctified their union, that love must, at any cost, be moderated. Moreover, she well knew that, even after the indissoluble tie was consummated by the blessing of the Church, all a wife's deep devotion must be thoroughly subordinate to The One Love, in subjection to which alone could it be anything but sin.

Harry Sumner learned more and more, from day to day, to regard his betrothed as a superior being; and thus, from the very first, she began, as unconsciously to herself as insensibly to him, to raise him to her own level. Golden hours were these to Sumner! They were too blissful to last. Seldom are Heaven's favourites permitted for any long period of time the *present realization* of joy so calm, unmixed, and peaceful. Time, which might have lasted thus for ever to him without tediousness, glided past all too swiftly; yet it was full of blessings, whose fruits were destined to outlast the vanishing moment. In the conversation of Lady Agnes and her brother, truth was gradually developed before him, lovely in its aspect, consistent in every part of its complex and delicate structure. Doubt shrank away; light shone around him more brightly daily. He began to be conscious of a central point from which he could judge with a certainty of his principles, however diffident of his powers of inner discernment, of every question that came before him. In questions of science, of philosophy, of *politics*, even of art, and, what was of more moment, of every-day life, he found himself possessed of a trustworthy standard. He held a compass by which, with the utmost certainty attainable under heaven, he could guide his course beneath the blackest skies, through the most raging tempest, over the most troubled seas. Mr. Smith was now curate of Bribeworth; under whose guidance and instruction, the great secret of Truth, *only revealed to babes*, broke upon his contented soul like a morn of supernatural lustre. He began, under Mr. Smith's wise counsels, to mould anew each habit of life. The discipline of a careful life taught more than whole volumes of theology. Towards the end of

the few months that elapsed before he went up to Oxford to renew his efforts for his degree, he felt that he had begun truly to live.

And shall we shrink from telling that thou, sweet girl, didst experience an intenser blessedness, as thou didst watch this noble character at last developing in its own congenial mould, than in all the fond emotions and soft endearments of human love? How lovingly did thine anxious eye watch the rapid growth of that delicate finish which religion alone can give—the exchange of boisterous impulse for subdued refinement!—the very virtues which were before not unseldom carried to unsightly extremes, harmonized and blended and arranged in order and proportion!

Harry Sumner's sister was far too dear to him to be overlooked in the new life of which he had become conscious. No sooner did the film of doubt and material distraction begin to clear away from his spiritual vision, and the certainty and brightness of harmonious truth to dawn upon his mind, than he proceeded to endeavour to attract her within its quickening influences, that she too might be incorporated in his own blessedness. How easy, how welcome a task did he find it! A task? Nay; an impulse of inner life had projected her lovely character to the very threshold of divine illumination, and scarcely were her spiritual senses directed towards it, before she hailed with rapturous enthusiasm the long-missing object of her soul's yearnings.

Through the exertions of Mr. Smith, munificently seconded by Lucy, Lord Clifton, and his sister, the fine old church had been restored to something of its original beauty. Lady Agnes and her brother, accompanied by Lucy Perigord and Harry, were generally present at the daily service. The worship of their Redeemer was esteemed by all of them as infinitely more important than any worldly business or pleasures, and they arranged their day accordingly. Mrs. Sumner was also induced by her son's example to attend the daily prayers, though she could not conceal her dislike to the gorgeous decoration of the church, and the musical service; all of which she considered as innovations.

Thus glided by, almost unnoticed, with the rapidity of time full to overflowing with occupation and peace, nearly six months of Sumner's life. The Cliftons had left Windlebourne a fortnight ago. The class examinations at Oxford were within three days of their commencement; Sumner's state of feeling had been unfavourable, in more respects than one, to the only sort of reading that could serve him in the Oxford schools. He thought at first of only taking up books for an ordinary degree. He was, however, now in a position to form a tolerable judgment on what he ought to do. So he took up all the books he felt himself to be "well up in," as the Oxford slang has it. They only just reached the second-class requirements. But he knew them well; his own talent served him somewhat, and he obtained what is called a "good Second." When he returned to Bribeworth, his sister was still there; so was Browne. Nothing would

satisfy the latter but he must have a grand drinking party to celebrate his friend's success. The dissolution of Parliament had just taken place. There would be a new election for Bribeworth in a few days; Mr. Browne would remain till that was over, "and shed the lustre of his talents," he said jocosely, "on the cause of the favourite candidate." The following day the election took place at Bribeworth. A Whig candidate was proposed, but Sumner was returned with little opposition. The day after, he accompanied Mr. Browne to Cantingbury, and had the gratification of seeing him re-elected. He then returned to Bribeworth, and, accompanied by his mother and sister, returned to London. This time Sumner and his mother sojourned with Miss Fonderston.

In whose society the time of his sojourn in the metropolis was chiefly spent, may be easily conjectured. His parliamentary duties engrossed more than it at all pleased him to spare from an intercourse so highly prized. It so happened that the church into which Sumner had accidentally strayed as he passed through London on his return from Vicars, was hard by Clifton House. Here too he was punctual in his attendance, and he generally went with Lord Clifton and his sister. The interior arrangements of the church were one in principle with those of Bribeworth church as now restored, and it seemed as though his present existence were but a prolongation of those peaceful days. The only interruption to the present calm of his mind, (apart from regrets for the past, of a nature too private and personal to be recorded,) was his official and parliamentary life, with its wrangling, disputing, wordy, invidious, yet responsible duties. It was now the end of January. He had interested the house by one or two very short but apt addresses, which circumstances had forced upon him.

A member of the Cabinet introduced an Education Bill! The subject was one that interested him deeply. He had thought much and carefully of it, since the new light that dawned within him had revealed his own loss in this matter. He examined the bill attentively. He attempted once or twice to explain his views to the Premier, in the hope of procuring important modifications of the Bill, through his influence. It was worse than useless. He perceived that Mr. Perigord thought his interference, however diffidently expressed, impertinent. He discouraged all conversation on the subject, and expressed a desire that he would be prepared with a set speech in its behalf. Sumner had before this arrived at the conviction, that the future destinies of his country hinged more on education principles than on any others whatsoever—that even financial matters were immeasurably subordinate to them. He could not get even a hearing for his views, in the quiet unobtrusive manner most congenial to him; and he came to the resolution, with the consent and advice of Lord Clifton, who was now his bosom friend and counsellor, and entirely sympathized in his opinions on the subject, to take an independent course, and to bring the subject, in all its importance, before the Senate. The evening arrived.

Sumner partook of a hasty meal, and proceeded to the house. The measure was introduced in a dry, heavy, but clever manner, by the member to whom it was entrusted. The ministerial side of the House supported it. The Whigs opposed it, but without any effect beyond that resulting from their own numerical strength. They seemed to have little cause for opposition, except that it was not introduced by one of their own party. Mr. D'Aaroni hacked it and hewed it to pieces in a speech which, filled with imagination, great historical learning, and biting sarcasm and raillery, seemed throughout to be trembling on the verge of a principle, but *never more*! Mr. Browne too made a speech in opposition, which only evinced of how much the orator *was capable*.

The Under-secretary then caught the Speaker's eye. Mr. Perigord, strange to say, had never been tormented with a doubt as to the bearing of his brother-in-law's speech. He had well schooled a large enough number of members to ensure him a hearing; and his utter discomfiture and astonishment when he heard him announce, at an early part of the speech, that he intended to oppose the bill he was expected to support, may be more easily imagined than described.

The following opinion of Sumner's speech is extracted from that number of the Morning Post newspaper which appeared on the day after it had been delivered:

"This may be pronounced the finest maiden speech (and we have our doubts whether we may not leave out the qualifying adjective,) that was ever pronounced within the walls of parliament. The youthful orator began with so simple, manly, and ingenuous an exordium, as at once won him the attention of the house. When he announced his intention of opposing the Education Bill, which is known to have been prepared under the auspices of the first minister of the crown, who, besides being his patron, is the honourable member's relative, considerable astonishment was manifested in all parts of the house, but especially on the treasury bench. It occasioned him at first some interruption: but a genuine and unreserved offer of entire submission to the will of the house, as to his proceeding with his speech or sitting down, drew down such shouts of applause from all sides, except from the members immediately surrounding the Premier, who appeared anxious to effect a contrary course, as encouraged him to proceed. The full report will be found in another part of our columns."

Reviews.

SURREY.¹

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER,

AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY," &c.

TOPOGRAPHY is a field of literature almost exclusively English. The ancients had, indeed, their stal-

wart geographers, as Strabo, and Ptolemy, and Mela, but of the delicate details of topography they were ignorant and unconscious: they give us the broad outline, but not the minute finish; and it requires even now the life labour of a Niebuhr or a St. John, to prove to us exactly how and where the Greeks or Romans lived. To descend to present times, how slightly can the continent venture to compete with us in local histories! Guide books, indeed, abound, puffing forth the native marvels and principal hotels of every town and village; but even these, meagre and unauthentic as they are, careless of the past, exaggerating the present, and of so ephemeral a nature as not even to expect a future, come to meet the demand of strangers, not the requirement of children of the soil. Nay, upon our own shores, Wales and Ireland, and, but for a few names, patriotic Scotland also, are sadly behind their sister England in this species of self-knowledge, this county-curiosity, this local lore. Aubrey, Leland, and Salmon, Lambard, Camden, and Dugdale, Hunter, Hoare, and Whitaker, Gough and Surtees, Baker and Ormerod, the veteran Britton, and, not least in merit, though last in order, Edward Brayley, our author of to-day,—where in any nation under heaven shall we look for names to equal these in the scientific labours of topography? And these are but a part, for we are rich; or we might well swell our honourable list by the addition of Stukely and Grose, Warton and White, Raine, Pennant, and Gage, and Carew, and Plott, and forty others. In truth, topography is quite an Englishman's theme; practically so, as the matter of fact both is and has been; and theoretically so, as to previous probability, in consequence of our ancient liberties, our innate love of home, our taste for the minuter things of comfort, and our liking for the details of biography. Patriotism and love of place are co-relatives. We are not announcing a stale political truism; we hint not at such obvious assertions as, that hustings patriotism has an intimacy and nearness with parliamentary place, nor that a demagogue is easily silenced by a slice of power: but we are now intending that better and more English country's love, which is the full and comprehensive growth of such humbler germs as these; partiality for one's own parish, enjoyment of one's own garden, and peacefulness at one's own fireside. Our present thoughts regard the mountaineer's affection for his cottage, and the schoolboy's love of home; and haste with cheerful feet to tread "fresh fields, and pastures new."

Fatherland is full of pleasant places: not an inch of his broad leagues goes unbeloved; not a field, but it is well cropped with the yearnings of his local children. The man who loves no one definite place more than another, is a miserable, unvirtuous, undutious creature; a tree with its taproot broken; a transplantable, vagrant, unprincipled existence, having no proper anchorage or neighbourhood whereupon to stay his

(1) This interesting account of Surrey, the Londoner's Holiday County, was originally intended for publication in another form, but being considered by the Editor to be peculiarly adapted for SHARPE'S MAGAZINE, the Author has kindly allowed him to

make use of it. Though in most respects an independent Essay, it wears the shape of a review: the "peg" being BRAYLEY'S HISTORY OF SURREY.

heart or recreate his mind. He is a star eccentric, a ship rudderless, a spirit unemployed,—a man without a home. It may sound verily more liberal and majestic to be in theory a denizen alike of all lands, a citizen of the world, feeling everywhere among brothers and at home; but attempt this practically, and your magnificent idea shrinks and shrivels into the meanest of realities: no universal charity flowing forth on all it meets, but selfish and isolated travel, wasting its soured sympathies on ostlers and douaniers; no broadcast use of the ten talents, but in every place by turns a miserly hiding of the one; if indeed that one, instead of dissipating, survive to be found, after[all, hidden in the napkin. Your hot philanthropist, thrown upon the scum and surface of society, gradually cools down to a misanthropic death; whereas a local habitation for usefulness and virtue would speedily have collected round his dwelling all the charities of home, and fostered in his own calm heart the ripening seeds of immortality.

The love of fatherland is then but a poetical phrase for, or rather a practical phase of, what the phrenologist would call the organ of locality finely developed. Around a *place*,—whether sanctified by infantile memories, or schoolboy trancies, or the deeper magic of love's young dream, or those holidays from business whereon the more mature feed sweetly, or the quiet little nook into which, after all its cares, old age subsides to snatch one hour of calm,—around a place are gathered, as to their natural centre, all our tenderest associations, and most precious or most poignant thoughts. We all ought to love, and we all do love, severally, some places more than others: some have Northumbrian attachments, and some Cornish; the predilections of others centre upon Suffolk, and of many more on Surrey. But be this as it may, and wheresoever our earthly lot has fallen, we trust that to none of us can such a theme as one respecting place be profitless or dull: and albeit it come in the seemingly untaking shape of a review of county history, we will venture to assure mankind that no one shall regret an hour spent with us in traversing and lingering on pleasant Surrey.

Now, if we were about to treat of such untrodden shores as Shalaginskoi or Carpentaria, (goodly sites enough, we may presume, to those respectively who love them among Kamschatkadales and Vandiemenes,) or if we were meditating such a trial of men's patience as the mass of county history involves, it would be in perfect rule and order to commence with so serious a piece of geographical intelligence as "Surrey is bounded" and so forth: but, seeing that we enter on this theme with home feelings as a labour of love, steeping in the imperishable elixir of print the places we know, and the scenes where we have dwelt, we really must endeavour to away with dullness; boundaries, and figures, and archives, and statistics delight not all, nor us: they may be useful in their season, but as now are pleasureless, and tending not enough towards profit to induce in us a change from Epicurus to the Porch.

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Mr. Britton, in an Essay on Topography, forewarns us how unreasonable it would be to expect "perfection in so arduous, delicate, laborious, and complicated a task as the complete history of a county:" he tells us that "it demands such an amount of personal toil and perseverance, such a variety of human knowledge, such a discreet and fastidious judgment, and such a quality of 'good taste, that it is not surprising it should *never* have been accomplished. Many have undertaken, and some have written and published respectable topographical works; but he for his part cannot name one that may be correctly called a complete county history." Again, Mr. Gough somewhat severely avows that "incorrect pedigrees, futile etymologies, verbose disquisitions, crowds of epitaphs, lists of landowners, and such farrago, thrown together without method, unanimated by reflections, and delivered in the most uncouth and horrid style, make the bulk of our county histories. Such works bring the study of antiquities into disgrace with the generality, and disgust the most candid curiosity."

Our application of these verdicts is as follows: the first shall not only serve as our own excuse, it being manifestly impossible for us to exhaust so full a theme as Surrey within the limits of an article, but may also extenuate the evident absence of "perfection" in Mr. Brayley's volumes; whilst it gives us occasion to acknowledge his labour and perseverance and general good taste, it prepares us for the fact that a more solidified structure would have been likely to stand as the *κρημα ἐς δελ*. There must necessarily be a fragmentary character (not easy of avoidance) in perpetual quotations from the Domesday Boke, the Testa de Neville, and charters of the Bishop of Baieux: we could almost wish absolute eschewal of such antiquated points of history: it is positively no guide, and of very little interest to us now, of how many shillings value such a living was in the Conqueror's survey, how many villanes and bondmen had to till so many oxgates or carucates of land, and how many fat hogs were due from such a forest to an adjoining monastery. These obsolete details encumber history vastly more than they enrich it, and we will readily admit that Mr. Brayley's probable perception of this truth has induced him not to be quite so voluminous in such matter as his learned predecessors Bray and Manning. This brings us to the second quotation.

Further than as aforesaid the text of Gough touches our author but lightly. There must necessarily occur in the full history of a county, a mass of matter interesting only to local potentates: the descent of a manor is not likely to be an exciting theme to the world at large, and the details of genealogical or antiquarian research can scarcely expect to be amusing; [all these, nevertheless, have their friends and lovers. If it is foolish to hope for an universal audience, it is cheering at all events to number the select few whom lore like this delights; and, after making such allowances, we are clear of one thing

that in lieu of "the uncouth and horrid style," we may to-day read "popular and pleasing."

If we take a Greenwood's map of Surrey, and thus get a bird's-eye view of our ample theme, we shall see at a glance how diversified and deep are its present interests, and remember in a moment how full of curious lore its past memories. Northward runs the noble Thames, from Deptford to Windsor, and half of it, the fairest half, we claim for Surrey; a vast cantle of great London is ours in Southwark and its vicinage, with their living and immortal hundred thousands. Richmond,—who has not pleasant recollections of Richmond? and Virginia water,—and is it a bathos to add Kew?—these are amongst our royalties. Where are finer panoramas to be found than those presented by the heaven-kissing hills of Leith, and Box, St. Martha's, and St. Ann's, Cooper's, and St. George's, and chiefly Richmond? match us where you can the chestnuts, oaks, and beeches of Surrey, sylvan Evelyn's Surrey: name a third county-town for beauty and cleanliness and all that makes a place pleasant, worthy to be numbered with Dorking and Guildford: are not Cowley, and Thomson, and Denham, and fine old Gower and the sweet and gentle Surrey amongst our constellated poets?—are not Chaucer's Tabard Inn, and Swift's Stella, and Scott's Waverley, and Cobbett's Rural Rides, to be chronicled amongst our literary interests?

Though one of the smallest among counties, has not Surrey to boast of the first locks ever seen in this country, those of Richard Weston on the Wey? as also the first railway, that from Wandsworth to Croydon, so long the inert little seed of that vast iron net in which millions are involved for prosperity or ruin? and how many of the present railways have their tunnels and viaducts and other mighty works, wherein we have beaten Rome and equalled Egypt, claimable as of the county Surrey! What store of history is hidden in this ancient battle-field of England, from primal times, through Cæsar, Alfred, Wat Tyler, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and Cromwell, down to Lord George Gordon and our own dull days of peace; what antiquarian and architectural resources have we not to offer in our six-and-twenty ascertained Roman stations, our numerous fine old mansions, ancient churches, and ruins of the monks of former days; how much health, and wealth, and homestead happiness shines there not perennially from the face of pleasant Surrey, beaming up with gratitude to God; and though in truth we have our share of barrenness and desolation in many a broad strip of moorland, still how fair and fresh are our downs and heaths, and far-stretching lines of hill, how rich and Edenlike our valleys, how stately our ancestral woods, how trim our cottage-gardens, how fertile our soil in grain and roots, and luscious fruits, how various in all kinds of beauty and of interest is this full theme of Surrey! Verily, we have undertaken no slight task; we shall have to crave indulgence for a thousand omissions, we cannot in an hour tithe one tithe of all we wish to say; fourteen Hundreds full of classic sites and pleasant matters arise and overwhelm both space and power, claiming each for justice more than we can

spare for all; nevertheless, as concisely as we may, after these few preliminary generalities, we mean to take them in their turn, promising that even as

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenem,

we will do our best to praise the county Surrey.

From the earliest period of written history down perhaps to this our day, Surrey has to boast of as many points of interest as any other county in the kingdom. It constituted in Roman times a principal part of Britannia Prima, was found to be occupied by a tribe of Belgic descent, called from their general superiority the Regni, and every part can show the remains of Roman occupation, as is fully evidenced by coins, pottery, and the foundations of permanent structures. Two chief military roads traversed it, and are still in part highways, the Ikenild street to the west, and the Ermine, or Stare street, eastwards. From the marks both of early British and of Roman encampments there seems to be ample proof that our ancestors did not shrink from the patriotic duty of self-defence, and from historic commentaries we know that, once conquered, they learned the timely wisdom of submission to their civilizing victors; living as peaceable tributaries, in their alliance, under Cogibundus, a native prince. When, however, in the decline of Rome, her strong men were withdrawn from the ends of the earth to help her heart in Italy, anarchy succeeded to order, and at length, after divers catastrophes consequent on intestine war, Vortigern resolved to call to his aid the Saxon pirates Hengist and Horsa to enable him to bear down all native opposition. As a matter of course, the dominion soon came into the hands of these disinterested friends; Hengist made himself king of Kent, except the Isle of Thanet, which was the humbler slice of Horsa; and another bold adventurer, Ella, seized upon the kingdom of the South Saxons, South Sax, the modern Sussex, inclusive of a large portion of Surrey.

The name Surrey signifies south of the Rhee, or river; Suderree; so Sodor and Man intends the southern provinces and Man; so also St. Mary Overree is St. Mary over the water; Rhee having to the initiated a very Grecian likeness. It is little in the nature of true knowledge to be curious about the trifles of barbaric occupation; and we may therefore overlook many ignobler names, as Adelwalch, and Ina, and Kenulph, to find Surrey in possession of Alfred the Great as "*Rex occidentaliū Saxonum.*" He was crowned at Kingston, as also were most succeeding monarchs of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty. Canute the Dane is the next name of note upon the county annals, with his 340 transports crowding up the trench at Southwark; and Hardicanute, the last of our Danish masters, who died of intoxication at Lambeth; next occurs Earl Godwin, as another graphic incident, with his murder of his liege prince Alfred at Guildford castle; then comes the Conquest, whereby William's half-brother Odo, the ubiquitous Baieux bishop of Domesday, became possessed of large tracts in Surrey; and afterwards the great event at Runnymede, where the Charter of our liberties was signed; and the

Statutes of Merton; and many battles under the walls of whilome Kingston castle; and much loyalty evinced for poor king Charles, when others had forsaken him, but the men of Surrey petitioned at great personal risk in favour of "the king, their only lawful sovereign;" and the triumph of Charles II. at St. George's fields; and the gallant militia of 5,000 strong which the county raised during the last war: these are salient points in the general history of Surrey.

The geology of the county has been ably contributed by Dr. Mantell at considerable length, and his retrospect of Geological Phenomena is well worthy of quotation.

"It may be stated, not as an hypothesis, but as a legitimate deduction from the facts before us, that the portion of the earth's surface which now forms the county of Surrey, has, within the period embraced by our researches, experienced the following mutations. First, it was the delta of a vast river, that flowed through a country which enjoyed a tropical climate, and was inhabited by various reptiles, and clothed with palms and arboresecent ferns. During this epoch the Wealden strata were deposited. Secondly, this delta subsided to a great depth, and was covered by an ocean, and formed the bottom of the sea for a period of sufficient duration to admit of the deposition of several thousand feet of strata, inclosing myriads of extinct species of marine fishes, shells, and corals. This era comprises the formation of the chalk. Thirdly, the bed of this ocean was broken up; and some parts were elevated above the waves, and formed groups of islands; while the depressions, or basins, were filled with the waters of a sea teeming with marine fishes and shells wholly distinct from those of the preceding ocean, and fed by streams which brought down from the land the remains of terrestrial mammalia, and of trees and plants also of extinct species and genera. These sedimentary deposits constitute the tertiary formations. Fourthly; a farther elevation of some parts of the solid strata, and the depression of other portions, took place; and the dry land was peopled by elephants, rhinoceroses, gigantic elks, and other mammalia, whose remains became embedded in the mud and gravel of the lakes and estuaries: the post tertiary deposits. Lastly, Man appeared, and took possession of the country, and such of the pachyderms as remained were either extirpated, (as the Irish elk, &c.) or reduced to a domestic state. At the present time, the metropolis of England is situated on the deposits which contain the remains of the elephant and the elk, and the accumulated spoils of the tertiary seas; the huntsman courses, and the shepherd tends his flocks, on the elevated and rounded masses of the bottom of the ancient ocean of the chalk; the farmer reaps his harvest in the weald, upon the soil of the cultivated delta of the country of the Iguanodon; and the geologist gathers together from the strata, the relics of beings which have lived and died, and whose very forms are obliterated from the face of the earth, and endeavours from these natural memorials to trace the succession of the physical events which have preceded all human history and tradition."

Such are our county records, as written in the soil and graven on the ribs of the earth, long before Rome or aborigines existed; and thus, from bones and shells, and other scattered medals of creation, does Geology deduce her antemundane wonders. How little heed we take of those Surrey elks and elephants!—regarding them as carelessly as our simple flocks and herds, which feed upon that ocean of the chalk.

The river Mole—to take another gognostic subject

—has gained a vast reputation for its underground excesses; but we are compelled to state, that, although there is some slight cause to call it subterranean, the poets have grievously exaggerated truth. Spenser tells us that

"The Mole doth make
His way still underground, till Thamis he o'ertake."

Drayton declares that the Mole

"Underneath the earth for three miles space doth creep:"

Milton calls it

"The sullen Mole, that runneth underneath:"

and Pope avows that he

"Hides his diving flood."

When to these poetical licenses Camden has attached his staid prose, stating that "the inhabitants of this tract, no less than the Spaniards, may boast of a bridge that feeds several flocks of sheep,"—without doubt wonder-seekers will meet with little but disappointment if they raise their expectations by crediting such faithless oracles. The less ornate and unimaginative facts have been sedulously explored by Mr. Brayley. He has carefully examined and measured the frequent "swallows," or small cavernous vortices which occur in the bed of the river, and which so mysteriously cause its bulk to waste away; and he states—

"From calculations made on different days, after measuring the height and velocity of the current received into these pools, it was ascertained, when both were in action, that the swallows of the outer pool engulphed 72 imperial gallons per second, 4,820 per minute, and 259,200 per hour; and those of the inner pool, 23 imperial gallons per second, 1,380 per minute, and 82,800 per hour."

In effect, the bed of the river is gimleted or colandered; and, possibly to feed the springs further along, the water is sucked through a rocky yet rotten stratum into some thirstier soil. The consequence is, a sluggish diminution in the Mole, until, in parts, at certain droughty seasons, its channel is nearly dry; but, as to any picturesque "diving" headlong into the bowels of the earth, or any open and avowed tendency to emulate in Platonic shades, Lethe, Cocytus, or Avernus, let none but poets expect a wonder so ideal. Mr. Brayley's elaborate map of the Mole, wherein with great industry he has marked down every "swallow," and thus demonstrated how the waters waste away, is worthy of great praise.

It appears to be the better opinion, as improved by Dr. Lingard and Sir Francis Palgrave on the surmises of monk Ingulphus and William of Malmesbury, that King Alfred did not invent hundreds and thyings, but only gave full effect to a system then some centuries old. Tacitus tells us that the ancient Germans divided their country into *pagi*; each *pagus* was required to furnish one hundred warriors; and each band so raised was named the hundred of such a *pagus*. The difference in population will well explain the cause for one territorial division being larger or smaller than another; and we can readily perceive how the name "hundred" would come to be transferred from the combatants to the land which bore them. It

would seem, then, that in Anglo-Saxon times Surrey furnished a contingent of fourteen hundred men; a very considerable militia for that early period: more by six hundred than its present muster-roll; but, in those times, we must recollect that every man bore arms. Alfred built a civil superstructure on this military foundation; and, by converting the centurions, or centenarii, into hundredors, and the warriors into jrymen, managed to improve peace, as well as to avert war. The hundreds of Surrey are these, according to their antique, medieval, and present appellations:—

DOMESDAY BOOK.	COUNTY BOOK.	MODERN MAPS.
1. Land of the Bishop of Winchester . . .	Fernham . . .	Farnham.
2. Godelminge . . .	Godelminge . . .	Godalming.
3. Blackheafeld . . .	Blackheath . . .	Blackheath.
4. Wochinges . . .	Woking . . .	Woking.
5. Godlei . . .	Godley . . .	Chertsey.
6. Amelebrige . . .	Emley-bridge . . .	Elmbridge.
7. Copedorne . . .	Copthorne . . .	Copthorn.
8. Fingeham . . .	Effingham . . .	Effingham.
9. Wodeton . . .	Wotton . . .	Dorking.
10. Churchfelde . . .	Reigate . . .	Reigate.
11. Tenrige . . .	Tanrige . . .	Tandridge.
12. Waleton . . .	Wallington . . .	Croydon.
13. Chingestun . . .	Kingeston . . .	Kington.
14. Brixistan . . .	Brixton . . .	Brixton.

Mr. Dansey justly remarks, when speaking of the origin of parishes—

"Though the earliest teachers may have congregated their auditory at crosses in the open air, it is inconceivable how Christianity could be long and extensively received among the people in such a climate as ours, without churches;" "we may therefore," adds Mr. Brayley, "conclude that churches were erected in Britain very soon after the first preaching of the gospel here: and these, in process of time, became the seats of the officiating ministers who were selected to give spiritual tuition and guidance to the inhabitants of the adjoining districts." Again—"Parishes, in most instances, having originated from the foundation and endowment of churches by the landed proprietors, or lords of manors, on whose demesnes the churches were situated, those lords obtained, in return for their liberality, the right of presenting a pastor or incumbent to the benefice: such pastor being subject to the approval of the bishop of the diocese, and amenable to his jurisdiction for institution and induction to the same. And our churches are still, in general, presentable by the legal representatives of those by whom they were originally founded, and endowed with glebe land and tythes from their own estates." Thus, then, the larger compartments and smaller subdivisions of Surrey appear to be reasonably accounted for.

For what reason we are not informed, Mr. Brayley places first in order the hundred of Woking; and as we are following his track, we need not step aside to ask why the superior claims of Brixton have lost the prior place given to them by Salmon and other historians. We shall also have to supply a few antiquarian and other deficiencies. Etymologies are not always "futile;" and we at least feel an interest in being able to interpret Woking, as Wye-oke-ing, "the ing, or meadow, full of oaks, upon the Wye." Its principal

features are briefly these:—The remains of Newark Abbey, now inconsiderable: in their neighbourhood, Sutton Place, a fine old Tudor mansion, where the wind rustling its gilded leather tapestries, and the peacocks screaming at early day, have affrighted our youthful heart in years gone by: then, the high octagonal tower yonder was erected to guide the good king James across Woking Heath, to his majesty's nightly revels with Sir Edward Zouch: soon, we come to Guildford—

"Decent Guildford, clean and steep,
Ranged around its castle keep,
Relic of departed power,
Grey and crumbling square old tower;"

a place replete with interest, and worthy of a history itself; whether we regard it (as the fact was) as the frequent abode of royalty, from Anglo-Saxon times down to Edward VI. or call attention to the strange Norman frescoes in St. Mary's Church, and the unexplained carvings in the castle; or to Archbishop Abbot, and the famous painted windows of his hospital; or to the chalk caverns, very extensive, and probably dating from the earliest periods of human excavation, when men were troglodites: then, there are the crypts, and St. Catherine's picturesquely ruined chapel; and, not far off, Loseley Manor, a noble specimen of the home of

"A fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time,"

whose beautiful drawing-room, with its elaborate mantel-piece and ceiling richly carved in chalk as hard as stone, and the baronial hall, and quaint pictures, and relics of Sir Thomas More, are amongst our early reminiscences: in other parts of the hundred are, the extensive family mansion of the Westons, West Horsley Place, full of ancient portraits; Clandon House, the deserted seat of the Onslows, the entrance hall whereof is a cube of forty feet; Ockham, where the church presents, amongst other interesting aspects, "a complete architectural gem," in the east window of the chancel; a remarkable and possibly unique specimen of the septuple lancet-head arrangement, which may be referred to the thirteenth or fourteenth century; where, also, the Swiss schools and Italianized mansion of Lord Lovelace interchange pleasurable contrasts; and where the somewhat musty memory of William de Occam, the invincible doctor, "the only schoolman of whom Luther had a good opinion," still survives to illustrate his native annals. And now, after making honest but melancholy mention of the liberal allowance of waste moor and desolate wild accorded to this hundred, chiefly about Ash and Pirbright, and its outlying territory of Bagshot Heath, we may take our leave of Woking.

The hundred of Godley, or more popularly Chertsey, is next presented to us; and we incline, with Salmon, rather to interpret the name as "good land," than "God's land;" not but that the wise monks of Chertsey Abbey contrived to make the terms convertible. This hundred is the north-eastern extremity of the county, and includes, as a picturesque feature, Virginia water—a name suggestive of much natural

and artificial beauty, of some imported ruins, and of many transported holiday-makers. It includes also the following notabilia, amongst others less noticeable:

First in importance, Runnymede, a name at the foundation of our progress in civilization. Denham, who lived in the immediate neighbourhood, and has survived to us as a very poor poet, in his "Cooper's Hill" alludes to the great event in the following fourth-form verses:—

"Here was that Charter sealed, wherein the Crown,
All marks of arbitrary power lays down;
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love."

Denham's name may well suggest to us a contiguous scion of Parnassus; Abraham Cowley, whose home and memory are still revered at Chertsey. He was the posthumous son of a grocer in Chancery Lane; but by making a good use of his poetical abilities, at a time when the muses were in favour at court, he soon emerged from that chrysalis condition, into the full-blown imago of sempiternal fame. He wrote comedies, satires, and amatory effusions; and by way of a makeweight, "a Latin poem on plants, in six books." Cowley lived in a day which may be called the golden age of poets, if not of poetry. We make no question that "a farm and lands at Chertsey, belonging to the Queen, of about 300*l.* a-year," would by no means now be conferred on the concentrated merit of a dozen Abraham Cowleys.

Chertsey Abbey, one of the earliest monasteries in the land, having been erected shortly after the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity, has now but a few poor remnants to exhibit of its ancient magnificence; mere tattered morsels of a somewhat splendid robe. Let us hear what the enthusiastic Stukeley says on this topic, in 1752:—

"I went with eager steps to view the Abbey, or rather the site of the abbey, for so total a dissolution I scarcely ever saw, so inveterate a rage against the least appearance of it, as if they meant to defeat even the inherent sanctity of the ground. Of that noble and splendid pile, which took up four acres of ground, and looked like a town, nothing remains; scarcely a little of the outward wall of the precinctus.

"The gardener carried me through a court on the right hand side of the house, where, at the entrance of the kitchen-garden, stood the church of the abbey, I doubt not, splendid enough. The west front and tower-steeple was by the door and outward wall, looking toward the town and entrance to the abbey. The east-end reached up to an artificial mount along the garden wall; that mount and all the terraces of the pleasure gardens on the back-front of the house, are entirely made up of the sacred rudera and rubbish of continual devastations. Human bones of the abbots, monks and great personages, who were buried in great numbers in the church, and cloisters, which lay on the south side of the church were spread thick all over the garden, which takes up the whole church and cloisters, so that one may pick up handfuls of bits of bones at a time, every where among the garden stuff. Foundations of the religious building have been dug up, carved stones, slender pillars of Sussex marble, monumental stones, effigies, crosses, inscriptions, every where; even beyond the terraces of the pleasure-garden.

"The domains of the abbey extend all along upon

the side of the river for a long way, being a very fine meadow. They made a cut at the upper end of it which, taking in the water of the river, when it approaches the abbey, gains a fall sufficient for a water mill for the use of the abbey and of the town. Here is a very large orchard, with many and long canals, or fish ponds, which, together with the great moat around the abbey, and deriving its waters from the river, was well stocked with fish. I left the ruin of this place, which had been consecrated to religion ever since the year 666, with a sigh for the loss of much national magnificence and national history. Dreadful was that storm which spared not, at least, the churches, libraries, painted glass, monuments, manuscripts; that spared not a little out of the abundant spoil, to support them for the public honour and emolument."

The artificial mount noticed by Stukeley was levelled in the year 1810, and its materials employed to fill up a pond. Many human skulls and bones were found intermixed with the chalk and mortar and building rubbish, of which it had been formed.

But let us not forget, in hoar antiquity, the moderns and their works. Chertsey Church is a recent and goodly structure, "one of the best in Surrey," in the decorated style of pointed architecture. So also recent and goodly is the Elizabethan mansion of Mr. Briscoe, lately one of our county members; this fair building, fitted up with great taste and elegance, is one of the numerous architectural trophies of poor Mr. Basevi, whose premature fate at Ely Cathedral we have had so recently to deplore. Ottershaw Park is extensive, and its dwelling-place correspondent; albeit there is no small incongruity in having attached a Gothical monastic kitchen, to a large Italian villa.

Let us not forget also to mention how consecrated to all juvenile hearts ought Anningsley to be; for here from the eccentric brain of Mr. Thomas Day were born those classics of our childhood, 'Sandford and Merton,' and 'Little Jack.' Ongar Hill, Mr. Escott's pleasant place, has the noticeable incident concerning it, that "the late celebrated architect, Sir John Soane, is known to have worked at the mansion, as a brick-layer's boy. He was then under the control of an illiterate and ill-conditioned elder brother, who was employed here, and who plodded through life as a petty bricklayer. In his old age, a small annuity was allowed him by his more successful relation. A lady of Chertsey (lately deceased), used to speak of recollecting Sir John, when a boy, attending on his brother: and that, at every opportunity, he would sit at the foot of the ladder, engaged with a book." Verily, we are a people amongst whom no limits are set to the triumphs of perseverance, good conduct, and abilities: "Turn again, Whittington," is chimed, over and over again, by all the steeples of the land.

(To be continued.)

THE CONQUERORS OF THE NEW WORLD, AND THEIR BONDSMEN.¹

THIS is a pleasant and useful book, though on a somewhat hackneyed theme; it embraces the Portu-

(1) "The Conquerors of the New World, and their Bondsmen." Vol. I. Pickering. 1848.

guess and Spanish discoveries in Africa and America, starting with Prince Henry's expedition to explore the country south of Cape Nam in 1418, and ending with the promulgation of the laws of Burgos in 1518. The story of Columbus occupies nearly one-half of the volume, which therefore may be said to derive its value rather from the vivacity and thoughtfulness with which it is written, than from any novelty in the matter of which it treats. Yet this story, though familiar as a household word, cannot be repeated in our ears so often as to lose its power of stirring our hearts. We listen as unweariedly as the child to its favourite fairy tale, delighting in the unobtrusive commencement, the "once upon a time," because we anticipate the wonders which are to follow, tracking the path of the great Genoese with kindling eyes because we know where it is to end, and yet the end seems ever new to us. We watch his early studies at Pavia, and discern the future discoverer of worlds in the humble student of whom it is only recorded that he "wrote legibly, designed well, and was a good Latin scholar." We accompany him on his travels throughout Europe, the time to come burning in our thoughts all the while, impatient to develope itself;—we hurry over his marriage and quiet residence at Porto Santo;—we turn with immeasurable contempt from the treacherous Portuguese, trying to "steal his idea," but neglecting himself;—wearily and indignantly we pass the five years of almost hopeless solicitation at the Spanish court, and listen, proud in our superior wisdom, to the sage assembly of cosmographers, deciding that it might be easy to descend a hemisphere, but well nigh impossible to climb up it again;—we wait breathlessly on the lips of the noble and lovely Isabella, and clap our hands as we hear her generous outburst of enthusiasm, "I will pledge my jewels sooner than suffer this enterprise to fail for lack of funds!"¹

Then comes the embarkation: the long, long voyage, with discontent, and treachery, and dread in every heart save one, that of the man who goes forth serene and heroic, leaning upon the strength of an idea. Even the systematic deception of the sailors as to the distance gone over, morally indefensible as it is, thrills us with a kind of delight, because it is so mighty a testimony to the quiet perpetual faith of the leader in his own thought. Then come the first faint indications, the flight of lonely birds, the distant cloud, the breath of the land breeze, and, at last, the light upon the midnight shore, flashing suddenly upon those two pacers of the deck,—feeble is it, and scarce discernible, and yet as a very shout of triumph,—and at last the prow touches land, and the Cross is planted in a new world, and Columbus kneels, weeping, at its foot. You may tell us what you will after this; you may talk of ambition and avarice, nay, even of slave-

dealing; time and reason may do their worst to blacken that name, but it has its place in our hearts, and is not to be expelled.

Indeed, the whole subject of slavery—with a special view to which this book has been written—is one that needs to be approached, not merely with the righteous indignation which our author possesses in common with all thinkers of ordinary humanity, but also with the wise charity which seems to be his more peculiar merit. We see how a monster evil grew up out of an assemblage of blunders varying in their degrees of magnitude, and we charge the terrible result, not so much upon the authorities to whom it is actually traceable, who were guilty chiefly of shortightedness, as upon the violent and cruel men who were instrumental in carrying their decrees into operation, and who, in so doing, were often diametrically opposed to the purpose with which those decrees were issued. Slavery, as a condition, must be distinguished from the slave-trade; the one, a state tolerated by Christianity, and in some respects specially adapted to the gradual improvement of a barbarous and ignorant race, whose emancipation, when they should become fit for it, should of course be steadily kept in view throughout; the other, an infamous and inhuman traffic, which reason, instinct, and religion unite to condemn. But the horrors of this traffic, and the crimes of Spanish governors in the West Indies, can be attributed to Columbus and Isabella with far less justice than the degradation of our mining and manufacturing districts, or the barbarism of our neglected railroad labourers, may be attributed to the government under which these miseries are found to exist; for in this latter case the evil is present and manifest, separated from us, alas! by no wide Atlantic, but crying for redress at our very doors.

In the first African discoveries we find little or no trace of the system. War is made, to be sure, with such powers as are not found willing to accept the dangerous friendship of the whites, and the prisoners become the property of their vanquishers, as was the manner of those times; but Prince Henry of Portugal well deserves the praise which is here given him as being "a man fit to direct discovery." With some curiosity, and more interest, we read of the close alliance between blacks and whites, and the *negro bishops* under whom the infant Christianity of the Africans was to be fostered till it grew to man's estate. Slight, too, and unthreatening seem the first manifestations in the West; we hear of permission accorded to make slaves of the cannibal tribes, with a view to the extirpation of their abominable customs, —a scheme from which we are scarcely disposed to dissent. Then we have the *repartimento* system, under Columbus, a kind of feudal arrangement, whereby certain districts of land were allotted to individual Spaniards, to be cultivated under their authority by the Indian residents. This seems scarcely to exceed the license generally assumed by civilized nations in their intercourse with savages, and in theory there is little to condemn. The

(1) We cannot but enter our protest here against a defence of Ferdinand's apathy and slackness concerning this great enterprise, which reads so like quiet irony that we believe it was so intended by the author, but which nevertheless will probably be construed by many into rank utilitarianism, and as such, perhaps, approved.

advantages accorded might well be supposed to exceed tenfold the services demanded. But, practically, this led to great mischief, inasmuch as for the most part the service was made to be excessive, and the benefits were so blended with evils and injuries as to be more than counterbalanced. Nevertheless, it is easy to conceive that such a scheme of government looked well enough upon paper, and we are rather surprised that Isabella should have been so jealously careful for the welfare of the poor Indians, so distrustful of her great subject, as she in fact proved herself, than that she should have suffered this practice to be established. Finally, the *repartimiento* is abandoned; and this time the evil, disguised as a greater good, emanates from the Spanish court itself. Isabella distributes the Indians among the Spaniards, granting so many to each captain, "to be instructed in the doctrines of Christianity." Strange missionaries truly, those fierce men, athirst for gold, and indifferent to blood!

The result of this unhappy ordinance was terrific; a property in the persons of the unfortunate natives was now legitimized, and every kind of atrocity followed, the religious part of the matter being left, as indeed we can scarcely regret that it should be left when entrusted to such hands, altogether in the back-ground. After the death of Isabella the evil waxed more and more rampant, and the wanton barbarities of these Spanish conquerors find no parallel, save among the Parisians of 1793. We are sickened by the details almost as if we were constrained to look upon them with our eyes. Here we have neither space nor inclination to enter into them, though we must call the reader's attention to one prolific cause of misery, possessing already the worst characteristic of the *slave trade*, namely, the permission given by Ferdinand to import Indians to Hispaniola, from the other neighbouring islands, to work in the European settlements. We also find that negroes from the African colonies were imported for the same purpose. Neither history nor fiction furnishes us with a story more irresistibly pathetic than that of the Lucayans beguiled into slavery by a fraud justly stigmatized as "*hideous*." The Spaniards presented themselves upon the Lucayan shores, and told the poor natives that they were come from heaven, charged to conduct them to the land of spirits, where they would be reunited with all those whom they had loved and lost. Crowds obeyed the treacherous summons. We refer the reader to the pages of this book for a detail of the sequel, and of the wild attempt of two of the deceived Lucayans, a man and a woman, to return home on a raft of their own construction. The tale is one of breathless interest, but tragic conclusion—they were retaken.

Now, when horror has reached its height, we come to a noble chapter of that history of the great contest between flesh and spirit, no page of which is without its thrilling interest. This will be read with an ever-growing enthusiasm of delight and sympathy. In one respect these men of old, whose crimes and fail-

ings we have just been contemplating, had forestalled ourselves—they had reached one point of civilization which we, having fallen back, are now only beginning to recover. When they went forth to colonize, they did not leave their household gods behind them. If they carried with them, as we have too often done, the worst evils of their own condition wherewith to inoculate the land they sought, they carried also the remedy and the antidote. Here, in the midst of wrong, rapacity and cruelty, in the very grasp of a remorseless and irresponsible power, a poor Dominican monk lifts up his voice, pleading, not with servile humility, but with calm and just authority for the oppressed, boldly and indignantly rebuking the oppressors. The hair of the colony stands on end; a deputation visits the convent; a remonstrance is made and listened to, and an apology expected. In those days, the pastor who should be daring enough to rebuke the particular vices prevalent among his flock, met, it seems, with no little unpopularity. It is a practice which makes the flock uncomfortable, and they would rather hear of sins to which they are *not* addicted, so that they may take up the Cross quite at their ease. So the indiscreet preacher is silenced, and on the following Sunday the whole colony assembles to hear his retraction. Good Father Antonio ascends the pulpit, and they wonder to see him look so little downcast, seeing that his business there is of rather a humiliating character. He opens his mouth—and—preaches the same sermon over again, only a great deal stronger! We wish with all our hearts that we could have been there to crave his blessing as he left the church.

The laws of Burgos, which were the result of Father Antonio's resolute performance of his duty, won through all kinds of difficulties, (including the personal conversion of his chief opponent, and the forcing himself, in defiance of etiquette, into the presence of the sovereign,) bear no proportion to the means by which they were achieved. They were imperfect and unsatisfactory, and though imposing a temporary check, left the real source of the mischief untouched. With them the present volume closes; we anticipate with much interest that which is to follow, considering the opening rather as preliminary to the main subject, than as really having entered upon it.

There is a little affectation about this book, which is to be regretted. Fopperies of type and archaisms of stationery seem out of place when the theme is so real and so grave. We are also sorry to observe that Mr. Carlyle has exercised a malign influence upon the writer's style. We trace it in sundry unexpected plunges into the present tense, which have a tiresome air of consciousness and deliberation about them, and do not take us in at all; but more especially in that curious manner of narrative in which at one time the author seems to be examining documents with us, and making colloquial comments upon each fresh fact as it arises, at another he identifies himself and his reader with the persons about whom he is writing, in a way that might produce unpleasant misgivings in

very young persons, as, for example, where he says, "Vasco di Gama is coming to take us round to India." We also think that we are indebted to the same influence for the information that Cape Bojador "*descended from an impossibility to a landmark*," a metaphorical twist which we shall leave the reader to unravel. We must suppose that the author thoroughly coincides with old Herrera's racy definition of reputation, which has peculiarly taken our fancy, and which we shall take leave to quote in his behalf.

"Reputation does not consist," says Herrera, "in success, but in doing something which cannot easily be comprehended,—which compels men to think over and over again upon it." Were we asked to refer the author to a model for style, we scarcely think we could find a better than his own first (and best) work, "*The Claims of Labour*," which was clear, straightforward, unaffected, and not devoid of a certain felicitous terseness of expression, suggesting fulness and deliberation of thought, and infinitely to be preferred to the mannerism which he now, as it seems to us, frequently assumes. We had marked several passages for extraction, but our space fails us, and we shall therefore content ourselves with one, which, though it has a few of the defects alluded to, is yet a forcible and pleasing specimen of the book:—

"Leaving now, for a while, all mention of Portuguese affairs, we commence the chapter of that man's doings, whom we last heard of incidentally as son-in-law of Perestrelo, and living at Porto Santo; but who is now about to become one of the few names which carry on from period to period the tidings of the world's great story as beacon fires upon the mountain tops. There is a peculiar fascination in the account of such a doing as the discovery of America, which cannot be done any more, or anything like it—which stands alone in the doings of the world. We naturally expect to find something quite peculiar about the man who did it, who was indeed one of the great spirits of the earth, but still of the same kind of stuff of which great inventors and discoverers have mostly been made. Lower down too in mankind, there is much of the same nature leading to various kinds of worthy deeds, though there are no more continents for it to discover. There was great simplicity about him, and much loyalty and veneration, (for truly great people are apt to see, here and beyond here, something greater than themselves or even than their own ideas). He was as magnanimous as it is, perhaps, possible to be for one so sensitive and impassioned as he was. He was humane, self-denying, courteous. He had an intellect of that largely-inquiring kind which may remind us of our great English philosopher, Bacon. He was singularly resolute and enduring. The Spaniards have a word, '*longanimidad*,' (longanimity,) which has been well applied to him. He was wrapt in his designs, having a ringing for ever in his ears of great projects, making him deaf to much, perhaps, that prudence might have heeded; one to be loved by those near him, and likely, by his presence, to inspire favour and respect. Such was the man, under whom we are now going to enter into a wider sphere of our history of slavery."—P. 79.

THE YOUNG COUNTESS.¹

ALL persons who, like ourselves, hold strong opinions concerning the important influence of light

(1) "*The Young Countess; or, Love and Jealousy*." 3 vols. 8vo. By Mrs. Trollope. H. Colburn.

literature generally, and of novels in particular, will not be surprised that we give Mrs. Trollope's works more than a few words of approval or disapproval. They are extensively read; and that fact alone would be sufficient to make them objects of consideration to us, were we insensible to the versatile inventive faculty and general cleverness of their author, which we certainly are not, any more than we are insensible to other qualities in her mind which are not so worthy of admiration.

The work before us differs in many respects from most of Mrs. Trollope's other novels. "*The Young Countess*" is agreeably deficient in that coarse, dashing, dare-devil, sort of writing, which is by many persons supposed to be a necessity of that lady's pen. The characters are less exaggerated than those usually to be met with in her books; and the moral inculcated is good. After saying this, we are sorry to be obliged to add, that the story itself, though pretty enough, might have been told with much better effect in one volume than in three; and that, in consequence, the reader's interest is never intense, often flags, and sometimes ceases altogether. Not that there is any want of effort on the writer's part to amuse, or to excite her readers; but, unfortunately, it is the effort only that is visible, and not a satisfactory result.

While reading "*The Young Countess*," we were many times reminded of something we saw in the street the other day. A boy with "a strong right hand" was trying to get water from a pump; he spared no labour in his use of the handle; he pumped, and pumped, and pumped, but it was all in vain,—no water flowed: so it is in this book. Mrs. Trollope really tries very hard to pump up something fresh and sparkling;—now a striking position, now a gorgeous description, now an attempt at graceful badinage, now a bit of sentiment, and, strange to say, with all her cleverness, she never once succeeds in satisfying the expectations she raises;—every *point* which you are led to presume will be a *coup de maître*, turns out to be a *coup manqué*. In short, "*The Young Countess*" is an unsatisfactory, uncomfortable sort of book; and in one respect, at least, *un-Trollopean*, (if we may be allowed to coin a word,) for it is *dull* and very hard to get through.

The story is briefly this:—Amelia, Countess von Rosenau, the heroine, is left a rich widow at the age of twenty-five. She has married at nineteen, without loving her husband. He is an unamiable man, and she does not love him after marriage, but she obeys and fears him. From an instinctive sense of duty and personal pride, she conducts herself in an irreproachable manner, although she knows that she is in every respect, superior to her husband;—a very dangerous piece of knowledge for a woman to possess, by the way. Fortunately, Amelia, unlike other German countesses, does not fall in love till *after* her husband's death, and not till the prescribed year of mourning has passed. She is six-and-twenty then, and her life actually begins. She is thus described:—

"Pride is described by moralists as a passion; but, if it be so, it is of so cold and phlegmatic a nature that it cannot readily unite itself to any other powerful feeling, and the heart of Amelia was the home of many passions. Some, as must ever be the case in characters of vehement feeling, were likely to lead her to good, and some to evil.

"Even the purely intellectual portion of her nature, though of no common order, partook of this wavering inequality. Brilliantly rapid in conceiving every thought suggested to her, even of the most elevated and abstract kind, she was, from a multitude of causes, marvellously little able to set a right estimate upon their value.

"However simple was the form in which, either in reading or conversation, a new idea was placed before her, it seemed as if there were a natural impossibility of its reaching her judgment till it had been either decorated or deformed by her fancy, in such a manner as to create a false impression instead of a true one.

"This habit of mind inevitably led to blunders innumerable, both philosophical and moral; and, till she discovered that they were blunders, she reasoned, felt, and acted under their influence, with very perilous indifference to the judgment of cooler heads. But, once convinced that she was wrong, she bounded back to the point from whence she had bolted, with the most honest desire to get right, if she could.

"This was a charming trait in her character, and obtained, as it deserved to do, a vast deal of toleration and indulgence from those who witnessed it. But the frequency with which it was called into action, and the facility with which it was permitted to wipe out, both in her own estimation and that of her friends, all the blame which her blunderings deserved, made her less cautious than was desirable in examining her own opinions before she acted upon them.

"She read immensely, for she read with a degree of velocity (no quieter word will do) of which very few are capable; and, moreover, she rarely permitted herself to pass a moment in which she might read without doing so.

"She read and spoke German, English, French, and Italian with almost equal facility; and the course of her reading was as desultory and unrestricted as it was well possible it should be.

"She worshipped talent wherever she found it; but, in her eagerness to find it and do it honour, she sometimes mistook the shadow for the substance.

"Her heart was warm, and her affections were easily excited; but her temper was violent, and every one who had watched her closely, at any period of her existence, might have guessed, from the slight workings of her beautiful mouth, and the unfathomable expression of her fine dark eye, when any feeling of her heart was wounded, that she was capable of feeling anger as well as love.

"She avowed herself to be proud, and she was so; she was proud of her race, but prouder still of herself. Yet this last feeling had something better in it than mere vanity; she was conscious of a fund of warm and kindly feelings at her heart; she was conscious that she had some goodness in her; she knew that she was beautiful; and, as she so dearly loved talent in others, she could not help thinking that she must have some herself.

"Such was Amelia, countess of Rosenau, when she suddenly found herself, at the age of twenty-five, a widow, with an unencumbered revenue of six or seven thousand a-year, and without any will but her own to control her actions."

Her first act is a piece of conventional prudence, very laudable in a worldly point of view, but lacking a high religious motive. She determines to live in solitude at her castle of Rosenau for a whole year; not that she may reflect on the duties of her responsible position, and prepare herself for the unfettered life

she will subsequently lead, (real sorrow for the death of a man who was her husband being, it seems, quite impossible, in her case,) but merely because this retirement from the world will create a *prestige* in favour of her discretion. With such a motive for seclusion, she, of course, soon wearies of her lonely life. She contrives some diversion for herself in restoring a portion of an old ruined tower in which there is a dungeon, and furnishing it in a medieval style; still she feels dull and lonely, and begins to prefer "*la solitude à deux*," when chance throws a charming young girl of noble birth but empty purse in her way. She carries her off at once to her castle in quality of *pet* and companion. Caroline von Marfeld, however, is more than a pretty girl, she is an undeveloped genius; and consequently, a very dangerous companion for "the young countess" when her castle is filled with "lords and ladies gay" among whom she is anxious to shine unrivalled in beauty and talent. As soon as her year of mourning is expired, "the countess" hastens off to Vienna to mix in the world of fashion in that more-than-Parisian Paris, leaving Caroline to amuse herself as best she may at Rosenau. When the countess returns, she brings with her a circle of court friends, the *crème de la crème* of the fashionable world. Now, it is Amelia's highest ambition to send all these people home enraptured with her *vie de château*; and she and Caroline contrive all sorts of novel and agreeable pastime for them. Some of the company, however, devise a pastime for themselves, which, though not at all novel, is often found more agreeable than any other; and which has the advantage of requiring no preparatory study, and is said to be suited to the meanest capacity,—to wit, making love. There is a prince who makes love to a princess, a young count who makes love to a young countess, a French old maid who makes love to an English old bachelor, and, alas! our fascinating heroine, who if she does not actually make love to a certain Count Alfred, makes him make love to her, when he, if left to himself, would have preferred making love to the charming Caroline.

Now, perhaps, the gentle reader fancies that all these love passages, with descriptions of dresses, reports of conversations, Apician repasts, *à la Trollope*—*tableaux vivants*, charades, &c. must be very amusing; we assure him that this is not the case. The result of this *vie de château* is a very serious one. The fair chatelaine becomes desperately enamoured of Count Alfred. Goethe says of Aurelia (in Wilhelm Meister) "she was not lovely when she loved," and adds, "this is a most unamiable thing in woman." Such was the young countess's case also. Her love is of that wild, passionate, exacting kind almost always accompanied by ignoble suspicions and cruel jealousy. All her better nature is overcome by these detestable passions. She alienates the affection she might have secured; Count Alfred renounces his engagement to her; mad with rage, pride and hatred, she turns like a tigress on the innocent Caroline, and drives her from the home she had promised her for life. Her revenge upon the

man who rejected her is somewhat in the style of an ancient legend, or a romance of the Mrs. Radcliffe school, but it is not well told—it is diluted, protracted, spun out, so that you are tired of it before you know thoroughly what it is. In the midst of a grand fête, when a party of the guests are taken to see the restored rooms in the old tower, she with the assistance of her maid contrives that Count Alfred shall be fastened in the dungeon, and kept there. Here she detains him, when all his relations suppose him to be dead; having, strangely enough, made no search for him when he disappeared. He receives food in the genuine *moyen âge*, captive style, i. e. by means of a sliding plate of iron in the wall of his dungeon. The maid who is the confidant of her crime becomes her tyrant. Amelia has a brain fever, recovers, learns that Caroline was innocent of aught but losing her heart, repents immediately, sets her captive free, and takes the veil, giving the bulk of her property to Count Alfred and Caroline. Fourteen years after these occurrences—

"Sister Agnes (no longer Amelia de Rosenau) was elevated to the rank of abbess of the monastery of St. Ursula, and never was any promotion of the kind hailed with more universal joy, for there was not a single individual in the convent who did not both love and honour her.

"Several noble families with whom she had been acquainted before she retired from the world, made a point of waiting on her to congratulate her upon her very gratifying appointment, for she was still a young woman to be selected for so important a charge. But there was one party among these guests in whom she evidently took particular interest. The group consisted of a very tall and comely gentleman of some forty years of age, or so, a still lovely wife nearly ten years his junior, and a boy and girl, the very prettiest copies of their respective parents that nature ever indulged a handsome couple by producing.

"The lady abbess of St. Ursula entered her parlour to welcome them with a smile of affectionate gladness on her lip; but she was very pale, and not all her habitual dignity (and never had the convent of St. Ursula boasted of an abbess who had more) could prevent a slight trembling of the knees as she approached them.

"The first movement made to meet her was by the Count de Hermanstadt, for he it was who stepped forward the moment she appeared, and reverently bent his knee before her.

"There was something in this action that seemed in every way to reconcile her to herself and restore her to composure.

"The tall, thin, but ever graceful abbess of St. Ursula laid her hand upon his head as he knelt, and pronounced a fervent blessing on him.

"And can this be Caroline? that magnificently handsome woman, so much taller, so much larger than when we saw her last! Can that be Caroline?

"The heart of the abbess told her that it was so, though her eyes would hardly have served her so faithfully, but as it was, she felt no doubt about it, and in another moment they were locked in each other's arms.

"The boy and girl stood blushing and apart, for their education had been too well begun to leave them ignorant that a lady abbess was rather an awful personage; but the first lesson learnt by the young Amelia de Hermanstadt, in the convent where she was subsequently educated, was that the best affections of the heart do not always become blighted there.

"Amelia the elder had already learnt a more important lesson still; namely, that it is possible the heaviest sorrows may find balm, and then oblivion there."

Thus closes the history of "the young countess." The direct moral inculcated, viz. that religion is the only true balm for sorrows however deep, is very good, and in this respect we think our authoress has done better than usual; as well as in the absence of coarseness and vulgarity of description and sentiment. We pass over vulgarisms of expression, such as "the two ladies scudded along the gallery," &c. and "get along with you," &c. addressed by the high-bred countess Amelia to her friend the baroness Caroline. The two great faults of the book are its preposterous expansion into three volumes, and the want of amusing matter throughout. If one were to judge of Mrs. Trollope by this specimen of her powers, one might say of her as was once said of Madame de Staël, "She is the greatest bore in the world for so clever a woman, and the cleverest woman in the world for so great a bore."

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.¹

Robert Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates."—
"*Pippa passes.*" Moxon.

To return to Robert Browning, we recognise in him a genius which soars above all the trammels of conventionalism, and which may even be said to have laid the foundation for a new school. He has none of the faults, and perhaps not all the merits, of the Elizabethan dramatists. He approximates in one respect to the French dramatic bards, namely, in unity both of conception and execution. These are qualities which English critics are least able to appreciate; they hunt for show-passages—passages independent of the context, consequently dramatic blots; and if they do not discover these, they can see little or nothing to admire. Now, in Browning's plays, not a speech, not a line, scarcely a word is introduced, which does not tend to exhibit some phase of character, which has not a direct bearing on the development of the plot, which does not contribute to the unity of the whole creation. This, almost as of course, has not been appreciated (speaking generally), and thus Robert Browning's works have been neglected and slighted by the smaller fry of critics in the literary organs of the day. But, despite this, our author has succeeded in placing a series of plays before us in his so-called "*Bells and Pomegranates*," which will live and be honoured as long as our country's tongue endures.

And now, without further preamble, we will proceed to notice the first work in this series, entitled "*Pippa passes*," which is couched in a peculiar form and vein, but which, nevertheless, must command the sympathies of all who have once learned to understand it. And here let us confess that a certain needless obscurity is but too characteristic of Browning's strains, and suffices in some degree to account for the slow progress he has made in popular estimation. He is not only in the habit of omitting

(1) Continued from p. 63.

all relative pronouns and various other small words, as well as stage directions, for brevity's sake, but he also endeavours to concentrate both thought and passion within the narrowest possible space—to express a world of meaning sometimes by a word. Again, he assumes the reader's knowledge of all recondite facts, historical, geographical, philosophical, natural and social, which may be accidentally adverted to in his dramas, and he further does appear (there is no denying it,) to take some slight pleasure in perplexing the said reader's brains. Now these are very serious defects, which make the first perusal of one of Browning's works rather a study than an ordinary reading; and though they justify not the dullness of the critic who should have broken through such barriers, they do account for the absence of just appreciation on the part of the general public. But, *allons ! à l'ouvrage !* Let us discharge our duty with the utmost possible celerity.

"Pippa passes," then, is a dramatic poem, the scene of which is laid at the Italian village of Azolo, in the Trevisan, and the time of which occupies little more than twelve hours, from sunrise to sunset. It is the first day of the new year, and yet more a summer's than a winter's day in that warm clime. Pippa, a young girl who works in the silk-mills of Azolo, and who looks on this as the great holiday of the whole long year, springs out of bed in the morning in her poor little chamber, and bursts into the following soliloquy, in the exuberance of delight. [The italics are ours.]

"Day !—

Faster and more fast
O'er night's brim day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
Where spurting and supprest it lay :
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of eastern cloud, an hour away :—
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled;
Till the whole sunrise, not to be supprest,
Rose-reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bours, grew gold, then overflowed
the world.—

Day ! If I waste a wavelet of thee,
Aught of my twelve hours' treasure,—
One of thy gazes, one of thy glances,
(Grants thou art bound to, gifts above measure,)
One of thy choices, one of thy chances,
(Tasks God imposed thee, freaks at thy pleasure,)
Day ! if I waste such labour or leisure,
Shame betide Azolo, mischief to me !"

How touchingly innocent, graceful and naïve is this exordium, and how bounding and natural is its rhythm, and how striking its imagery ! How poetical and yet how dramatic and suggestive of character the whole speech ! And yet, there is a peculiarity in its style which may not commend itself *at first sight*. But we must not pause for comment. We continue, expressing our author's pregnant poetry in yet briefer but plainer prose. Thus sweetly does the pretty Pippa proceed. "Treat me not, day," she says, "as those who have all other days beside thee—I have but *thee*. It is Pippa thou misusest if thou

prov'at sullen,—me, whose old year's sorrow, who, except thee, can chase before to-morrow ?" Here follow allusions to the characters afterwards introduced in the four main compartments of the poem : first, the haughty Ottima, the wife of old Luca, owner of the silk-mills in which Pippa works, and her lover Sebald, whose tale of guilty passion she (Ottima) is suspected of approving ; secondly, Jules, a young student of sculpture and Phene his betrothed, who is to become his bride that day ; thirdly, the gentle Luigi and his mother, so happy in their mutual tenderness ; and finally, *Monsignor*, the lord of the manor and a cardinal, who has come to Azolo to say masses that night for the soul of his brother, the late proprietor. All these great people, says Pippa, will not suffer, should this day prove unkind ; but it is my *only* day, and therefore *my* day only. And now her attention is called off (all this time she is supposed to be attiring herself), first, to a golden sunbeam caught in her ewer, then to a little flower which stands on her window-sill, and which she addresses lovingly, in her heart's gladness :—

"Laugh through my pane then ! solicit the bee !
Gibe him, be sure, and, in midst of thy glee,
Worship me !"

"Worship whom else ?" she continues, "for am not I this day *what'er I please* ?—*Who* shall I seem to-day ? Morn, noon, eve, night—how must I spend my day ? In the morning," she continues, (we give the meaning only, not the words of our author,) "I will be Ottima ; and the fine house and gardens shall be mine, and Sebald shall steal, as he is wont, to flatter, whilst old Luca sleeps ; and I—I shall give abundant cause for prate, to the talkers in our little town below." The innocence with which all this is said, the kindness of heart, the sweet simplicity of character developed in every word, these are very charming. Beautiful is the trusting confidence which leads her to think, after all, there is more harm fancied than done, and which finds utterance in that simple line of condemnation—

"How we talk in the little town below !"

But to proceed. At noon, Pippa will be the bride of the young artist, Jules ; the pale bride, with her snow-white cheek and black tresses, whom she herself saw arrive the night before. "A bride to look at and scarce touch !" she says—

"For are not such

Used to be tended, flower-like every feature,
As if one's breath would fray the lily of a creature !"

"But *her* I will not envy," Pippa continues ; "*that* kind of love I covet not, to bind and to enslave me. No ! rather a parent's love for me ; one that should have lapped me round from the beginning. Well, at eve, what prevents that I should think myself Luigi, when he and his mother commune in their turrets ?—I *will* be Luigi," she says, and then, after a pause, continues—

"If I only knew
What was my father like ;—my mother too."

She is an orphan, then ; and yet not all an orphan—
 "Nay," she resumes—

"Nay, if you come to that, the greatest love of all
 Is God's."

"Well, then,—to feel God's love upon one, as it will
 rest on Monsignor to-night, when he says masses for
 his brother's soul :"

"I, to-night at least,
 Will be that holy and beloved priest."

"But, after all,—I myself share in God's love. I
 need not be a holy priest for that. Why, else, should
 New-year's hymn declare,

*"All service ranks the same with God.
 If now, (as formerly he trod
 Paradise,) God's presence fills
 Our earth, and each but as God wills
 Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
 Are we. There is no last nor first !—
 Say not, a small event ! Why small ?
 Costs it more pain, this thing ye call
 A great event should come to pass
 Than that !"*

"May not, then, my very passing by these high
 folks in some way affect them?—Oh ! prove *that*
 true!" she says to Heaven, "and at least such passing
 may give joy to me. A mere look at all these happy
 people may teach me not to grieve for the past, and to
 endure the future."

As they !" "I am just as great, no doubt,

she continues, in her happy consciousness of joy,
 and then thus concludes her soliloquy :—

*"A pretty thing to care about
 So mightily,—this single holiday !—
 Why repine ?—
 With thee to lead me, Day of mine,
 Down the grasspath grey with dew,
 'Neath the pinewood, blind with boughs,
 Where the swallow never flew
 As yet, nor cicala dared carouse ;
 No ! dared carouse ! [She enters the street.]*

Thus ends the first scene, or introduction ; which is
 like an innocent pastoral ushering in more stormy and
 passionate passages, themselves no less replete with
 the spirit of genius and of poesy. But we must be
 hasty. The second scene, then, entitled "Morning,"
 introduces us to the interior of the "shrubhouse" in old
 Luca's garden. His wife Ottima, and her paramour,
 Sebald, are together. The morning is somewhat more
 advanced. A fearful deed of darkness has been
 wrought. The lover has murdered the husband ! He
 is now drinking and carolling fragments of wild songs,
 in the vain endeavour to bury the remembrance of his
 crime. Ottima, the wife, is more collected. She
 strives to calm her guilty lover's fears, to draw his
 attention to the scene around them.

"Ah ! the clear morning !
 she says,

*"I can see St. Mark's :
 That black streak is the belfry.—Stop ! Vicenza
 Should lie—there's Padua, plain enough—that blue—
 Look o'er my shoulder—follow my finger"—*

"Morning !" cries the guilty Sebald :

*"It seems to me a night with a sun added.
 Where's dew ! where's freshness ?"*

This is an awful scene—terrible, because psycho-
 logically truthful : a study for the dramatist which can
 scarcely be too often made : a lesson to every human
 heart, tracing as it does the gradual progress of crime,
 and realizing all its horrors. We shall pass it over
 with a general tribute to its power and truth. This
 dialogue, had he written nothing else, would suffice
 to prove Robert Browning a great dramatist. At
 last, the guilty Ottima, who for her lover's sake con-
 ceals her own remorse, prevails on him to promise
 oblivion of the past. "Crown me your queen," she
 says, "your spirit's arbitress—magnificent in sin. Say
 that !"

*"Sebald [repeating]. I crown you
 My great white queen, my spirit's arbitress,
 Magnificent—"*

Pippa [without, passing].

*The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn :
 Morning's at seven ;
 The hillside's dew-pearled.
 The lark's on the wing,
 The snail's on the thorn :
 God's in His heaven—
 All's right with the world !*

[Pippa passes.]

Sebald. God's in His heaven ! Do you hear that ? &c.
 But we can afford no more space for extracts here.
 Suffice it to say, that simple song, those childish words,
 flash conviction of the depth of his iniquity on Sebald's
 soul. Ottima appears to him his direst foe. He
 resolves to curse her, and deliver himself up to justice.
 But she, too, has been rebuked and chastened by the
 words of innocence. "Kill me, Sebald !" she says,
 "Mine was the crime. I always meant to kill myself."

Let us leave the guilty pair in the throes of agony
 and remorse, and turn to the second, scarcely less
 exciting, compartment of the poem, "Noon," intro-
 duced by a short scene amongst a body of foreign
 students, assembled before the house of Jules, the
 intended bridegroom. From their conversation we
 learn that they have practised an odious deception on
 him. They have written letters to him in the name
 of Phene, the girl he is about to marry, as from her ;
 and he weds her in the belief that she is the painter's
 ideal in soul, whilst she is nothing but a poor and alto-
 gether ignorant, yet innocent, girl ; herself another
 victim to the deception. Mortification, at the superiority
 assumed by Jules to themselves and their pleasures,
 seems to have been the incentive to this cruel plea-
 santry. This scene is written in pungent and pregnant
 prose. It is very dramatic ; giving in a few words the
 clue to the individual character of each student, and
 more especially portraying the German tobacco-smoker,
 "Schramm," with no little humour. But now the great
 scene ensues. Jules and his bride arrive, and enter the
 house. The doors are closed behind them, the students
 are in suspense without. The poet introduces us to
 the sacred privacy of the artist's studio ; and the
 interview which follows forms one of the most beau-
 tiful dramatic creations we are acquainted with. It is

by no means devoid of faults, indeed, but its beauties infinitely outweigh them. Jules' deep love, his artist passion for his bride, are first expressed; and then the memories of his past life are contrasted with his future, as husband and as lover.

"O, my life to come!
My Tydens must be carved, that's there in clay;
And how be carved, with you about the chamber?—
Where must I place you? When I think that once
This room full of rough block-work, seem'd my heaven,
Without you!—Shall I ever work again?—
Get fairly into my old ways again?
Bid each conception stand, while, trait by trait,
My hand transfers its lineaments to stone?
Will they, my fancies, live near you, my truth,—
The live truth—passing and repassing me,—
Sitting beside me!"

And then follow the bright retrospect on the first letters that passed between them, and on all their loving plots to gain each other; and the still brighter anticipation of days of joy to come. The remainder of the speech is exquisite, but we have not space to quote from it. At last Jules pauses, struck by the deathlike paleness of his loved one. He conjures her to speak. She does speak. What he has said she understands not, but she feels that it is beautiful. But she must sing—sing a song which *Lutwyche*, one of the students, and her mother Natalia, have taught her; a song which reveals the fatal secret, that she is a poor innocent, wholly ignorant of that art for the love of which Jules loves her, and the will-less tool of his enemies. Her first simple accents almost disclose the truth. He turns deadly pale. She prays him not "to change so," thinking he is angry because she sings not. Her ditty follows: it teaches that as love may lie concealed in hate, so hate may cower in seeming love.

"Thus I, Jules! hating thee,"
she concludes—

"Sought, long and painfully——"

[*Jules interposes.*]

Jules [after a pause]. *Lutwyche*?—Who else!—
But all of them, no doubt,
Hated me,—them at Venice! Presently
For them, however!—*You* [*to Phene*] I shall not
meet.

If I dreamt, saying that would wake me!—Keep
What's here:—this too.—We cannot meet again,
Consider,—and the money was but meant
For two years' travel, *which is over now*;
All chance, or hope, or care, or need of it!—
This, and what comes from selling these—(my casts
And books and medals excepted)—let them go
Together! So the produce keeps you safe
Out of Natalia's clutches. If by chance
(*For all's chance here*) I should survive the gang
At Venice—root out all fifteen of them—
We might meet somewhere, *since the world is wide.*"

The deep despairing resignation of this speech, the first dawn of conviction, then the terrible certainty, then the awful calm, are all evidences of a most intimate knowledge of the human heart, or rather, of the highest dramatic powers. But now, at this climax of utter despair, "*Pippa* passes," singing as before. Her song is of a page's love for his mistress, a queen. The page mourns that she he loves is already

so high he can do nothing for her; and love would always *bestow*. "Were she wronged," he says,—"*to the rescue of her honour! Were she poor, for her he then might gain the world!*" But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her, "*this works his sorrow.*" But he is not unheard, the page. Of this the "*refrain*" of the song informs us.

"'Nay, list!' bade Kate the queen."

Vainly does some idle courtier or some haughty dame reply, carelessly,

"'Only a page, that carols unseen,
Fitting your hawks their jesses.'"

The page has been heard. The queen shall be his consort! *Pippa* has passed.—And now, after a long pause, young Jules resumes:—

"Kate? Queen Cornaro, doubtless, who renounced
Cyprus, to live and die the lady here
At Azolo. *And whosoever loves*
Must be, in some sort, god or worshipper,
The blessing or the blest one, queen or page.
I find myself queen here, it seems!—How strange!—
Shall to produce forms out of shapelessness
Be art? and, further, to evoke a soul
From form be nothing?—*This new soul is mine:—*
Now, to kill *Lutwyche*, what would that do? Save
A wretched dauber, men will hoot to death
Without me.—To Ancona—Greece—some isle!
I wanted silence only: there is clay
Everywhere. One may do what'er one likes
In art. *The only thing is, to be sure*
That one does like it, which takes pains to know.—
—Scatter all this, my Phene, this mad dream!
Who, what is *Lutwyche*? what, Natalia!
What the whole world, except our love, my own,
Own Phene? But I told you, did I not?
Ere night we travel for your land: some isle
With the sea's silence on it.—Stand aside!
I do but break these paltry models up
To begin art afresh!"

Is not this stirring, in its noble truthfulness, almost to tears? There, on this isle, will he trace "some dusky mountain,

"Whole brotherhoods of cedars on its brow:
And you are ever by me, while I trace—
Are in my arms, as now—as now—as now!—
Some unsuspected isle in the far seas!
Some unsuspected isle in far off seas!"

Most exquisite! We have no space to dilate on the manifold beauties of this scene. We trust that we have already said enough to induce those who have not seen it to read it for themselves forthwith; and those who have perused it but hastily, to study it with care. The next scene connects the second and third compartments. It introduces us to an English vagabond with the strange appellation of Bluphocks (*query*, Bluefox?), who talks in the strain of the cynic "*Spiegelberg*," in Schiller's "*Robbers*." We spoke, before, of "*Monsignor*," the cardinal. This Bluphocks, it appears, has received orders from the cardinal's steward or "*intendant*," to carry some scheme of villany into execution, which scheme turns out to be the seduction and consequent ruin of little *Pippa*; the motive for which (according to Browning's usual unfortunate habit) we only discover much later. We, however, being in the secret, may as well state at

once what it is. Pippa, then, is the daughter of the eldest brother of the cardinal, supposed to be no longer in existence by the world; *the second brother*, just deceased, having given orders for her assassination to the steward, which *he* believed were carried into execution, in order that he might come into possession of the family property. But the steward was too wily not to preserve poor Pippa's life, so as to retain power over his employers. She is now to be decoyed to Rome, and there ruined, through the medium of this English scoundrel, Bluphocks, (but not, be it observed, with the connivance of the cardinal), and the fiendish quiet with which this rascal sets about his task is positively appalling. His first step is to bribe some girls who work in Pippa's silk-mills, to talk to her of an English gentleman who admires her, and thus excite her girlish curiosity.—It will further be remembered that we adverted to "Luigi and his Mother," the chief personages of the third compartment. Now, in the course of this scene we discover that Luigi is an Italian republican, or, at all events, a "patriot," inimical to the Austrian government, and will be seized by the police unless he leaves Azolo that evening. We cannot explain at length. The third compartment, "Evening," commences. Luigi and his mother are in their tower. The scene which follows is beautiful in parts, yet inferior as a whole to the two former episodes (if we may well call them so), because its bearing is less distinct. So much, however, we discover. Luigi has actually formed the design of slaying the Austrian chief, either the viceroy or the emperor, we know not which. Nay, he is one of a club of self-styled patriots, who have voted the necessity for this deed of blood, and he is to be its executor. The unreasoning, passionate fervour of the Italian nature is finely expressed in this youth's speeches. His loving mother is the advocate for peace. She strives to work on his sense of honour, his fears, his feelings; all in vain. "Well, you shall go," she says, and continues, in a bitterly truthful and wholesome strain—

"If patriotism were not

The easiest virtue for a selfish man
To acquire!—He loves himself: and then, the world,
If he must love beyond; but nought between.
As a short-sighted man sees nought betwixt
His body and the sun above.

Once more, your ground for killing him!—Then, go!

Luigi. Now, do you ask me, or make sport of me?—
How first the Austrians got these provinces?
(If that is all, I'll satisfy you soon.)
Never by warfare, but by treaty; for
That treaty whereby—
Or, better go at once to modern times!—
He has—they have—In fact, I understand,
But can't restate the matter; *that's my boast!*
Others could reason it out to you, and prove
Things they have made me feel."

How characteristic! how truthful! And now the mother refers to his loved one, his Chiara,

—"with her blue eyes upturned,

As if life were one sweet and long surprise!"

But even this memory does not dissuade him from his purpose. And now "Pippa passes," and chants a

mystic ballad, the application of which is the only really unintelligible thing we can discover in this dramatic poem. The issue of it is that Luigi exclaims to his mother:—

"Farewell, farewell! How could I stay! Farewell!"

and rushes out. He has departed, therefore, for Vienna, and so escaped the police. We trust that he may be supposed to have abandoned his execrable design. Indeed, we cannot conceive it possible that an author, animated in general by such Christian feelings as Robert Browning, should recommend regicide, in cold blood, as a deed praiseworthy and heroic. But he has erred greatly in leaving the slightest doubt upon such a subject; unless, indeed, our lack of comprehension be alone responsible for the error. But we do not like playing with edged tools.

Now ensues the preparatory scene for the fourth and last compartment. It contains a conversation among the girls whom Bluphocks has bribed to speak of him to Pippa, and is clever, but painful. There are exquisite passages in this scene, but they will not bear extraction. At its conclusion, Pippa is seen approaching, and the girls call to her to speak with them. And now we have arrived at the fourth compartment, "Night." We are in the palace of "Monsignor" the cardinal. He dismisses his friends and attendants for the night, retaining only the *intendant* or steward, and an interview ensues between them. This scene is written in the most masterly prose, reminding us forcibly of the very best parts of Goethe's "Egmont" and "Götz von Berlichingen." The Italian cardinal, cold, wily, polite, sanctimonious, jesuitical, is wonderfully portrayed. He tells the steward he is acquainted with the latter's crime in murdering his niece, his eldest brother's child, for which he intends to consign him to condign punishment; and this he says with the blandest of smiles. But the steward is ready prepared. He reveals the truth—the child lives still, is at hand. If Monsignor will not listen to reason she shall be brought forward. Monsignor remains calm. However, he *will* listen. The steward proceeds to develop his plan for the ruin of the child. The cardinal attends with seeming resignation, nay, appears about to yield, when "Pippa passes" without, singing this charming though childish strain—this ideal of nursery rhymes:—

"Over head the tree-tops meet,
Flowers and grass spring 'neath our feet.
What are the voices of birds,
Ay, and beasts too, but words, our words!
Only so much more sweet!—
That knowledge with my life begun:
But I had so near made out the sun,
Could count yon stars, the seven and one,
Like the fingers of my hand;
Nay, could all but understand
How and wherefore the moon ranges:
And just, when out of her soft fifty changes,
No unfamiliar face might overlook me,
Suddenly God took me. [Pippa pauses.]

Monsignor [springing up]. My people—one and all—
—all—within there! Gax this villain—the him hand
and foot! He dares—I knew not half he dares—but

remove him—quick ! *Miserere mei, Domine !* Quick, I say !”

And thus this scene closes. And now we arrive at the epilogue of the poem, or concluding section. Once more we are in Pippa's chamber, as at the beginning : and she enters it. And then, singing and merrily talking to herself, she prepares to lay herself down for the sleep of innocence. Her childish curiosity respecting this English stranger who admires her, her firm resolution to toil industriously throughout the livelong coming year, her happy and yet half-mournful recollections of the holiday she has passed—all these form a charming whole, which is, for the most part, beautifully expressed. The soliloquy and the poem both end thus :—

“Now, one thing I should like to really know :
How near I ever might *approach* all these
I only *fancied being*, this long day :
Approach, I mean, so as to *touch* them, so
As to—in some way—*move* them, if you please,—
Do good or evil to them some alight way.—
For instance, if I wind
Silk to-morrow, silk may bind
And border Ottima's cloak's hem.—
[*She sits on the bedside.*]
Ah me ! And my important passing them,
This morning's hymn half promised, when I rose !—
True, in some sense or other, I suppose.
[*As she lies down.*]
God bless me, though I cannot pray to-night !—
No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right :—
‘All service is the same with God—
Whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we—’ [*She sleeps.*]

And thus concludes the poem of “Pippa passes.” That it will amply repay the most attentive and repeated perusals we can assure the reader ; though, after the extracts we have given, we can scarcely imagine such assurance to be needful. Want of space forbids further comments on the spirit of purity which pervades the work, despite the painful nature of some passages ; or on its leading moral, that God can work out great ends by small means, and give power to the child's song to change the hearts of the mighty. Some of our readers will remember the poem of “Naaman's servant.”

Browning is, undoubtedly, not a perfect artist : far from it. But a certain exquisite and eminently “*patrician*,” let us add Christian, delicacy of sentiment will be found to be the prevailing characteristic of his works, combined with a force and truthfulness which are sometimes surprising. Will he ever be popular, in the widest sense of the term ? This is very questionable : for, no doubt, this remarkable poet is obscure. When we first perused one of his dramas (we think, “The Last of the Druses”), we were so annoyed by its seeming confusion and mysticism, that we got through the first scene with difficulty ; and though recognising great beauties here and there, made our way but slowly to an accurate appreciation of the play. Indeed, while first studying all these works, we feel as though treading the maze of a dark forest in the star-light night. Awhile, all seems obscurity around us ; but, by degrees, as our eyes grow accustomed to the

forest twilight, they discern a thousand beauties that passed at first unnoticed, in every brake and bower. The dark shadows, that stretched across our path in sullen gloom, seem to add a deeper charm to the scene ; while the golden star-beams, shining in betwixt green leaves above, fall on lovely flowers beneath our feet, which we trod o'er unheeded, but which prove the more lovely and fragrant the more we examine into their nature and inhale their sweetness. Then, too, there is a sacred melody breathing through the wood : a low continuous warbling, as from a distant chorus of sweet nightingales. All that seemed confusion is order. The very gnarled forest-trunks, with their wide-spread and interwoven branches, the very clouds that pass above, and momentarily dim the pure stars—the very midnight breezes that wail from afar—add to the beauty, to the unity, of the scene. And, finally, where we at first drew back with a feeling of dismay, we weep, perchance, from the overflowing of our hearts in love, and recognise the presence of the Divine.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

“*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni !*”—

wrote Horace (the Tommy Moore of the Augustan Era) to his friend Posthumus, probably under the influence of a splitting head-ache, the effect of an over dose of Falernian, imbibed during one of those “*Noctes Ambrosianæ*,” in which wit flowed from, and wine into, the mouth of the bard in about equal quantities. The same sentiment presents itself to us also : albeit we possess neither the wit nor the wine-bibbing propensities of the Latin poet, we exclaim with him at the flight of time, and note with a sort of dreamy wonder how the “*fleeting years glide by*,” leaving us the same, and yet how changed ! For who is there that can look back a year, and, remembering past thoughts and feelings, not perceive that a change has taken place in him,—that he is, so to speak, a new man, for better or for worse ?

Twelve months ago, we hailed Christmas in our Postscript ; and now the hand of Time has encircled the dial, and points to Christmas once again. Reader, does it seem nothing to you when you reach one of these milestones on the journey of Life ?—do you not stop to read its silent warning ? One year farther from the cradle—from the light-hearted innocence of childhood—from the bright hopes of youth ! one year nearer to the grave ! It is a solemn thought ! May we hope that we are one year fitter for it !

Oh the changes and chances of this mortal life !—what an ever-varying kaleidoscope is the existence of each one of us ! Now some unhopèd-for piece of good fortune casts its bright halo around us, and the glass of our minds reflects only brilliant colours ; anon some unforeseen evil comes, and veils the fair prospect with the shadow of its own dark outline, and the gay colours vanish, never, as our fears suggest, to re-appear, till, from some quarter whence we least expected it, the sun-light once more streams in

upon us, and the cloud which we rashly thought had hidden it for ever, but serves by contrast to enhance its radiant brightness.

Christmas is again approaching—the season of roaring fires and hearty welcomes—when the household sympathies glow most strongly within us, and the love of our hearths is no longer a poetic ideal, but a real *bond fide* influence, an active and actuating principle. Nor is it strange that it should be so. “Where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also;” and what man is there so utterly destitute as to possess no home-treasure, no smiling face that grows brighter at his approach, no loving heart that beats more joyfully at the sound of his returning footsteps? And for those to whom many of these blessings are denied—the poor, whose hearths are cheerless, to whom cold and hunger are sad and ever-present realities—we can only pray God to comfort them, and endeavour, each to the best of our ability, to lessen those miseries, the full bitterness of which can be known only to those who are called upon to endure them. Thus shall we best secure for ourselves a merry Christmas.

Our Postscripts have of late contrived to run to a greater length than we projected, and encroached somewhat upon the space allotted to our notices of new books: to prevent the possibility of committing the same error now, we will proceed at once to mention—

“The Two Baronesses.” 2 vols. 8vo. A very pretty novel, written in English by Hans Christian Andersen, the Dane, who has contrived to win the hearts of all little children by his exquisite stories, and the hearts of a great many grown-up persons also, by those same childish tales, and his former novel, the “*Improvisatore*.” Andersen’s own English we prefer to that of any translator he could have selected; it is wonderfully good—for a *foreigner*—because it is always perfectly intelligible, and often faultless; which is more than can be said for a host of natural British literary produce. The heroines are two charming ladies, the one seventy, and the other seventeen; and, to speak as a man and a critic, we really know not which to like the best. It is true, that the fair and youthful Elizabeth is all that heart can desire, or fancy paint;—“not very dashing, but extremely winning;”—but then, that dear, lively old lady, with her perpetual head-dress *à la Cenci*, (she was no bad judge of a becoming *coiffure*, by the way,) and her strong loves and hates, is not only very “winning,” but very “dashing” too, and quite as likely to be fallen in love with at seventy years of age as Ninon de l’Enclos; at least, in a book, and by a lazy reader, loving the *piquant*. It must not, from these words, be supposed that Andersen has done anything so preposterous as to make the old lady the object of anybody’s love, in that sense; he “had no such stuff in his thoughts.” No, we have merely confided to the reader the state of our own heart towards this fiery old baroness;—it is a clear case of “inadvertent captivation;” and we wish our reader no more serious mischief than a speedy participation in our present love for the “Two Baronesses.”

“The Parsonage.” By Rodolph Töffer. 2 vols. of the Parlour Library. All those who know anything of this beautiful writer will be glad to see his Tales placed within reach of all classes in this country. Those who know nothing of Töffer, and have hearts to love and reverence simple earnest piety, genuine humour and pathos, and vigorous, yet delicate painting of external nature, and patriarchal simplicity of manners, such as may be met with in the Swiss Cantons, even at the present time, should make themselves acquainted with Rodolph Töffer. “The Parsonage,” though full of primitive beauty of thought and feeling, is too long; and does not contain any marks of the fantastic, erratic, and delicate humour, to be found in “My Uncle’s Library.” Töffer resembles several noted humourists. He is very much like Sterne and De Maistre; *i. e.*, he is like Sterne *through* De Maistre, who first brought him into notice; he also reminds us of Richter, and is sometimes a little like Charles Lamb.

“Lady Granard’s Nieces.” 3 vols. 8vo. A book made up of a little cleverness, and a great deal of folly and bad taste.

“Charms and Counter-Charms.” A novel by an American lady, who is deservedly popular in the States. It is an interesting tale, gracefully written, and animated throughout by noble sentiments and true piety. It is sold here by John Chapman, Strand, for an incredibly minute sum.

“Mary Barton.” A rare book; containing a full recognition of the frightful miseries of the poor in our manufacturing towns, and the deepest sympathy with the sufferers; and at the same time showing clearly that the masters are the friends, and not the enemies, of the operatives; and that the higher classes do not cause the poverty of the lower classes, and *cannot* cure it.

“Helen Charteris.” A book that promises more than it performs, and ought to be better than it is, being dedicated by permission to Miss Edgeworth.

“Madeleine; a Tale of Auvergne.” By Julia Kavanagh. Colburn. A story founded on fact,—Heaven be thanked therefor! It is encouraging to human nature to read such tales of unostentatious, unconscious heroism.

“The Bee Hunter; or, the Oak Openings.” Another of our old friend Cooper’s novels, *à la* “*Last of the Mohicans*,” full of vivid descriptions of the primitive loveliness of the oak openings in the prairies to the south of Lake Michigan. Here the Bee Hunter lives in solitude, and plies his trade. Then we have some more Yankees, and then parties of Red Indians—enemies and friends. There is a little scalp-hunting, which is just enough to make the reader put his hand to his own head to feel that *his* scalp is all right: there is a taking of prisoners—an escape—a hair-breadth pursuit; and all those hair-breadth perils and adventures, on river and lake, in forest and prairie, that Cooper knows how to describe so well, and which we know so well, by experience, to have the power of fascinating all boys and girls, and not a few men and women.



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BAMBOROUGH CASTLE,

FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

WALTER SCOTT tells us that there is not a situation in all Northumberland equal to Bamborough, or one so admirably adapted to the ancient rules of defence; and it has, accordingly, figured conspicuously in our annals of intestine convulsion. Its hoary remains crown the summit of a lofty rock, weather-stained, and richly tinted with a variety of brown and yellow lichens, towering some hundred and fifty feet above the unquiet sea which washes its rugged base. Its origin is confessedly very ancient—some attributing it even to the Romans, and regarding it as one of the *castella* built by Agricola in his third campaign. The first known founder was a Saxon, and it was not unusual with that people to avail themselves of the well-chosen sites of a Roman encampment, and to give to the structure raised upon them the name of *burgh* and *brough*. Ida, the first Saxon king of Northumbria, is said to have fortified the rock, A.D. 548, and the name of the place was Bebban-burgh, in honour of his queen. The first rude defences were of wood, but were afterwards exchanged for stone. On the conversion of the Saxons, King Oswald built a chapel within its walls, and dedicated it to St. Aidan. The fortress was besieged by Penda, king of Mercia, as early as 642; he had raised piles of wood to burn the walls, when the wind suddenly changed, and blew the burning faggots into his own camp—a deliverance so signal as, in the spirit of that age, to have been ascribed to the prayers of Aidan, bishop of Lindisfarn, then on the Fern Islands. King Oswald's zeal for the conversion of his subjects, his donations to the Church, and his death at the hands of a Pagan conqueror, procured him the honours of a saint and martyr; his arms were preserved as relics in the church, and his shrine wrought many a wonderful cure. A chronicler who wrote about 1192 describes it as a very strong city, though of small extent; with but one hollow entrance, admirably raised by steps. He also mentions the chapel, and "a well curiously adorned, and of sweet clear water."

We cannot pursue in detail all the vicissitudes of the fortunes of Bamborough through this earliest period of its annals. Pass we to the time of the descent of the Danes; when, about 933, the fortress fell into their hands, with a considerable booty. It was afterwards restored to the Saxons, who strengthened it, but taken and pillaged a second time by their terrible piratical invaders.

It next figures in the border troubles. In the reign of William II., A.D. 1095, whilst Malcolm king of Scotland was ravaging the border, Mowbray earl of Northumberland, having fallen from his allegiance, took refuge at Bamborough, with his wife and a lieutenant. He had left it in the hope of making himself master of Newcastle; but found its gates shut, and took sanctuary at Tynemouth, whence, however, he was dragged by the king. Meanwhile, his wife maintained the castle against every assault, and it was not till the king threatened to torture the captive earl

that the castle was given up by his lieutenant, who, for his devotion and fidelity, was taken into favour by the monarch.

When the earldom of Northumberland was given up to Prince Henry, son of the Scotch king, this fortress and Newcastle-on-Tyne were expressly reserved to the crown of England. It was to Bamborough that Edward I., in 1296, summoned Baliol to come and renew his homage for the crown of Scotland, whose refusal led to the invasion of that country. It was whilst Isabel de Beaumont, related to the beautiful Eleanor, queen of Edward I., had a life grant of the castle, that she sheltered Piers Gaveston from the vengeance of the enraged nobility. The place was afterwards conferred upon the Percy family, on account of their bravery in the border struggles, and in their hands it continued for several ages.

The next stirring scenes in its eventful history were in the bloody Wars of the Roses. Ten thousand men invested it for Edward IV. under the earl of Worcester and other noblemen. It was defended till Christmas by the duke of Somerset and Sir Ralph Percy, who, on their surrender, received the royal pardon. Sir Ralph Grey next surprised it for Queen Margaret. After the battle of Hexham, which was so fatal to her fortunes, Sir Ralph desperately defended Bamborough, besieged anew by Warwick and Montacute for Edward IV. By the fall of a tower he was so severely injured, that the garrison, supposing he was dead, surrendered. Sir Ralph, however, survived, and was afterwards executed as a traitor at York. Such is a brief outline of the history of this ancient fortress; which, in all its details, might make matter for a most interesting volume.

The injury that Bamborough had sustained during these stormy vicissitudes was not repaired till long afterwards. In the time of Elizabeth, Sir John Foster, of Bamborough Abbey, was governor for the crown. The manor having been forfeited by one of his descendants, was purchased by his brother-in-law, Lord Crewe, who settled by will the whole of the revenues on charitable uses.

The purpose to which it has at length been devoted, after surviving long ages of convulsions which have left so many similar fabrics but heaps of mouldering ruins, confers a peculiar and honourable interest upon this venerable pile. The first direction of the funds, by the Rev. John Sharp, one of the trustees to whose philanthropic zeal and activity the wise arrangements of the charity are chiefly due, was to put the structure in repair. One large room, in the keep, is used as a court-room for the manor. There is a small armoury, a library, open to every respectable housekeeper within twenty miles, and to the clergy of all denominations. The schools are open to an unlimited number of children, averaging about seventy. Thirty poor girls are provided for until they are about sixteen, and fitted for useful service. The great tower contains an ample granary, opened in times of scarcity to the poor on low terms. There is also a meal market and grocery at reduced prices. In the infirmary, multitudes have

received relief—the annual in-door patients averaging between thirty and forty, and the out-door above a thousand.

But these wise and useful institutions, conceived in the very spirit of practical charity, are not all that distinguish Bamborough. Its mercies embrace both land and sea. Those who wander upon the stormy element that lashes its iron-bound shores are as much considered as the poor who cluster round its protecting walls. It is, indeed, a terrible coast, and noted for its shipwrecks. A patrol is therefore kept up on stormy nights for above *eight miles*, and those who bring notice of a distressed ship receive a premium. A look-out is kept from the castle, and a cannon is fired to give notice of a wreck. Signals are hoisted, machines are in readiness, and a lifeboat is kept at Holy Island, whence it can more easily put off to the relief of vessels. Rewards are given to the boatmen who are foremost in rescuing those in peril. Storehouses are kept for the reception of goods that may be saved, apartments and bedding kept ready for thirty shipwrecked sailors, and those whom all these precautions have not availed to save, are, if washed ashore, provided with a decent burial. "And thus Bamborough has become," as a Northumbrian historian well observes, "as remarkable for deeds of humanity, as it was formerly for acts of violence and bloodshed."

The huge square keep, probably of Norman origin, is the most conspicuous object in the castle. In a narrow passage near the top were found upwards of fifty iron heads of arrows rusted together. In December, 1770, the draw-well already alluded to was accidentally discovered; it is 145 feet deep, cut through the solid rock. A still more interesting relic was found in the summer of 1773, in clearing away a mass of sea sand, accumulated by the storms of centuries; namely, the remains of the chapel, with its semicircular Saxon arches, altar, and font.

Not only was the position all but impregnable, but the fortifications were very strong: on the land side some portions are broken off by the falling away of the cliffs upon which they were founded. A singular circular tower in the projecting base, is one of the most ancient of the bulwarks with which they are strengthened. The entrance-gateway has two towers; a few paces forward, through a covered way, is a second machicolated gateway. This being won, the assailants were yet exposed, on the edge of a giddy precipice, to be assaulted by the besieged from a very ancient round tower, which defended the critical pass.

The little adjacent village of Bamborough was once a royal burgh, the seat of ancient kings. It sent two members to parliament in the time of Edward I., and contributed one vessel to Edward the Third's expedition against Calais. It had three religious foundations—a house of friars, preachers, founded by Henry III.; a cell of canons regular of St. Austin, and a hospital. The church is a neat structure, but cannot be the same alluded to as founded by Oswald, which was most probably within the fortifications of the castle.

From the summit of the great keep tower is a wide look-out over the stormy German Ocean, and the coast view presents a variety of interesting and memorable objects, such as the castle of Dunstanborough, the more distant point and monastery of Tynemouth, and the far-off town and fortifications of Berwick-upon-Tweed. Near at hand towers grandly the picturesque castle of Holy Island, and the desolate group of the Fern Islands stud the expanse of open sea. At low tide they are twenty-five in number. On the principal one, Farne, was once a small monastery, the retreat of St. Cuthbert, who died there in 686. No retirement could have been more drearily wild; amidst a maze of sea-beat rocks of dark whinstone, seamed and cracked with the ceaseless action of tempests, and without a blade of grass to relieve their utter desolation. The fury with which the tide rages between these rocky islets is at all times tremendous, and on stormy nights the terrors of the place defy description. Many a ship, entangled in this perilous maze, perished here before its dangers were lessened by the erection of a lighthouse on one of the islands called the Longstone.

It was of this lighthouse, in 1826, that William Darling, the father of the well-known Grace Darling, was appointed the keeper—an office which requires considerable steadiness and force of character, and a mind that can find resources within itself in a position so dreary and isolated.

Of such a nature was, apparently, the parent of this heroine, who was born at Bamborough on Nov. 24, 1815. Her childhood passed unnoticed, and she was considered to be of a reserved, or rather self-concentrated character, into which the wild grandeur of the scenes around her must have tended to inspire a spirit of quiet enthusiasm. There was nothing masculine about her, quite the reverse: her person was comely and pleasing, and she had "the sweetest smile," says Mr. Howitt, "ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. You see," he continues, "that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion; a devotion so entire, that daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering or endangered humanity swallows up and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration—puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself."

In the unvarying routine of her secluded situation Grace Darling had attained her twenty-second year, when the incident occurred that called forth into sudden and sublime action the noble qualities of her nature. The "Forfarshire," a small steamer plying from Hull to Dundee, left the former port on the evening of Wednesday, the 5th of September, 1838, having on board in all sixty-three persons. Owing to the neglected state of her boilers, she could proceed but slowly on her course, so as not to pass through the passage between the Fern Islands and the main until the following evening. When she had advanced as far as Berwick Bay, a gale set in from the north, the sea became high, and from the rolling of the vessel the

leakage in her boilers increased to such a degree that her steam power was entirely lost. The sails were accordingly hoisted to keep her off the land, but the ship soon became unmanageable, and drifted rapidly to the southward, amidst a constant driving rain, and a fog so dense, that it was impossible to ascertain her course. At length the white gleam and dismal roar of breakers, and the gleaming of the Fern Light, disclosed the perilous situation of the vessel. The captain vainly endeavoured to save her by running between the islands and the mainland, but she would not obey her helm, and, thus tossed to and fro at the mercy of a violent sea, before daylight she struck heavily, bows foremost, upon one of the most jagged of the islands, the side of which descends perpendicularly a hundred fathoms into the ocean.

At this terrible moment a portion of the crew, who thought only of saving themselves, hastily lowered a boat and rowed off. The scene of terror on board may be imagined, but not described. Very soon a huge wave lifted up the already shattered vessel, which, falling upon the rock, broke at once into two pieces, the after portion and the cabin being instantly borne away and engulfed by one of the most tremendous of those currents which rave between the islets. The fore-part being jammed among the rocks, still maintained its precarious position, exposed to the heavy surges which threatened to hurry away the nine survivors to the same fate which had but just befallen their fellow-passengers before their eyes. Thus they remained till daybreak, when, through the stormy mist which yet hung over the island, the sufferers were descried by a telescope from the Longstone lighthouse, occupied at that moment by Mr. and Mrs. Darling and their daughter alone. The fury of the waves was such, that it seemed mere desperation to attempt to weather them; the distance to the wreck was more than a mile, and although the tide was at its ebb, which might enable the boat to pass between the channels, on their return it would be flowing in all its strength, so that, unless assisted by those whom they relieved, their strength would have been unequal to work the boat back again. These considerations induced the father, injured as he was to the perils of the seas, to shrink from the attempt. It was only at the urgent entreaties of Grace Darling herself, who till that moment had never been accustomed to assist at the boat, that it was launched with the assistance of her mother; and the father and daughter, each taking an oar, set out on their perilous enterprise. The impulse of loving enthusiasm which enabled this intrepid girl to rise superior to fear, nerved her arm also with more than mortal strength, and after great exertion the boat was carried safely up to the rock. We may imagine the feelings with which the survivors would witness its approach; but their amazement was indescribable, and tears started into their eyes, when they perceived that one of their heroic deliverers was a weak woman. Among those rescued by her self-devotion was a wretched mother, whose children had perished in her

arms of cold and exhaustion, in the course of that fearful night.

It was no easy matter to keep the boat steady enough to approach the wreck and embark the sufferers; and to prevent it from being crushed against the iron ridges of the rock. But these difficulties were overcome, and all were conveyed in safety to the lighthouse, where they remained imprisoned by the tempestuous weather from Friday until Sunday, receiving in the meanwhile every attention at the hands of those who had rescued them from the jaws of destruction.

The sensation occasioned by the heroism of this young woman is doubtless fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. Her name was pronounced with enthusiasm by all classes of the community. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her to come to Alnwick, and testified their respect for her by a handsome present. A subscription was raised for her, which amounted to about 700*l.*, and she received from all quarters testimonials of the admiration her conduct had excited. With all this, the simple-hearted girl was in nowise transported from her proper and natural sphere, but continued to reside at the Longstone with her father and mother, until symptoms of consumption occasioned her removal to the mainland. She first remained awhile at Bamborough, and thence to Alnwick, where the Duchess of Northumberland procured for her lodgings, and sent her own physician to attend upon her. Finding that nothing could be done to save her, she returned to her sister's at Bamborough, the Duchess, on her departure, paying her a farewell visit unattended. She died, with calm resignation, on the 20th of October, 1849, and was buried with every mark of honour in her native village, leaving a name and memory that will not perish from a land which enshrines the noble deeds of its women among the proudest of its glories.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V.

WHICH IS OF A DECIDEDLY WARLIKE CHARACTER.

THE place of rendezvous for the "gallant defenders of the British constitution," as Leicester had designated the little party, was a cigar shop in the immediate vicinity of the building in which the meeting was to be held. On their arrival, they perceived that the shop was already occupied by several young men, who were lounging over the counter, bandying jests and compliments with a ringleted young lady, who appeared thoroughly self-possessed, and quite equal to the part she had to perform, having through all her pretty coquetties a shrewd eye to business, and reserving her most fascinating smiles for the most inveterate smokers.

(1) Continued from p. 87.

As Grandeville entered the shop, which he did with a most lordly and dignified air, he was welcomed with general acclamation.

"All hail, Macbeth!" exclaimed a thin young man, with a white great coat, and a face to match, throwing himself into a tragedy attitude.

"Most noble commander!" began another of the group; "Most illustrious De Grandeville! how is?"

"Your anxious mother?" interrupted a short muscular little fellow, with as rich a brogue as ever claimed Cork for his county.

"Hush! be quiet, Pat; we have no time for nonsense now, man," cried a tall youth, with a profusion of light curling hair, a prominent hooked nose, a merry smile, and a pair of wicked grey eyes, which appeared to possess the faculty of looking in every direction at once. "You are late, De Grandeville," he added, coming forward.

"Ar—no, sir; five minutes good by the Horse Guards. Ar—I should have been here sooner, but I have been ar—recruiting, you see. Mr. Bracy, Mr. Frere, Mr. Arundel,—you know Leicester?"

"Delighted to see such an addition to our forces," replied Bracy, bowing; then shaking hands with Leicester, he added in an under tone, "walk with me, when we start, I have a word to say to you."

Leicester nodded in assent; and then proceeded to accost others of the party with whom he was acquainted.

"Ar—now, gentlemen, will you please to attend to orders," began Grandeville, raising his voice.

"Hear, hear!" cried the pale young man, faintly.

"We'll do it bett'her, if you'd be houldin' yer tongue, maybe," interposed the hero from Cork, who, being interpreted, was none other than Lieutenant McDermott of the Artillery, believed by the Commander-in-Chief to be at that very moment on duty at Woolwich.

"Ar—you are to divide yourselves into three or four bodies."

"Faith, we must get blind drunk, and see double twice over then, before we can do that," remarked the son of Erin argumentatively.

"Now, Paddy, be quiet," said Bracy, soothingly; "you never got so far in your arithmetic as vulgar fractions, so you can't be supposed to understand the matter."

A somewhat forcible rejoinder was drowned by Grandeville, who continued, in his most sonorous tone, "Ar—you will then proceed to the hall of meeting, and make your way quietly to the right side, as near the platform as possible. There—keep together, and attract as little attention as you can, and Mr. Bracy will transmit such directions to you as circumstances may render advisable. Do you all clearly understand?"

A general shout of assent, varied by a muttered, "Not in the slightest degree," from McDermott, was followed by the order, "Then, march!" and in another moment the party were *en route*. The pale young man, who was in his secret soul rather alarmed than otherwise, had attached himself firmly to Frere, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and who he thought

would take care of him, so Lewis was left to pair off with Leicester.

As they proceeded, the latter began, "Depend upon it, there's some trick in all this, probably intended for Grandeville's benefit; that fellow Bracy is one of the most inveterate practical jokers extant, and he seems particularly busy to-night; he's a clerk in the Home Office, and Grandeville believes in him to an immense extent; but here he comes. Well, Bracy, what is it, man?"

"Is your friend safe?" inquired Bracy aside, glancing at Lewis as he spoke.

"The most cautious man in London," was the reply; "and one who appreciates our noble commander thoroughly; so now allow us a peep behind the scenes."

"Well, the matter stands thus," returned Bracy. "I was walking with Duke Grandeville one night about three weeks ago, when we chanced to encounter the good folks coming away from one of these meetings; they were nothing very formidable,—a fair sample of young Newgate Street, youthful patriots from Snow Hill, embryo republicans of St. Paul's Churchyard, Barbican, and other purlieus of Cockaigna, led by a few choice spirits, copying clerks, who hide their heroism from the light of day in lawyers' offices—booksellers' shopmen from the Row, who regard themselves as distinguished literary characters, and prate of the sovereignty of the press, and the like;—well, of course they discoursed most ferociously, and the Duke, overhearing some of their conversation, was deeply scandalized, and fancied he had discovered a second Cato Street conspiracy. The thing appeared to promise fun, so I encouraged him in the idea, and we attended the next meeting, when they talked the usual style of radical clap-trap. Every thing was an abuse—the rich were tyrants, the poor slaves, and property required transferring (*i.e.* from its present possessors to themselves); they knew they never should be kings, so they cried down monarchy; but they trusted that, with strong lungs and good luck, they might become paid delegates, therefore they clamoured for a republic. There was much noise, but no talent; sanguinary theories were discussed, which they had neither minds nor means to enable them to carry out; in short, the place is one of those innocent sedition shops, which act as safety valves to carry off popular discontent, and ensure the health and vigour of the British constitution. Of course, however, the Duke did not see it in that point of view; and from that night forth he became positively rabid on the subject, so it entered the heads of some of us that we might improve the occasion by persuading him that he might, through me, communicate information to the Home Office, (I need scarcely tell you that it never reached the authorities there), and we have led him on sweetly and easily, till he positively believes that he is to be there to-night as an accredited government agent, with full powers to suppress the meeting, and I know not what else."

"But surely you'll get into a fearful row," urged Leicester.

"We are safe for a bit of a shindy, no doubt," was the cool reply; "in fact, I do not consider that the thing would go off properly without it, so I brought an Irishman to render it inevitable; but I have bribed a door-keeper, and let the worst come to the worst, we can easily fight our way out."

"To be sure we can," exclaimed Lewis, "lick a hundred such fellows as you have described. This is glorious fun; I would not have missed it for the world."

Bracy glanced at him for a moment with a look of intense approval, then shaking him warmly by the hand, he said, "Sir, I'm delighted to make your acquaintance; your sentiments do you honour, sir. Are you much accustomed to rows of this nature, may I ask?"

"I have been resident in Germany for the last three years," was the reply; "and, although they have a very fair notion of an *émeute* after their own fashion, they don't understand the use of the fist as we do."

"There are two grand rules for crowd-fighting," returned Bracy. "First, make play with your elbows, Cockneys' ribs are as sensitive as niggers' shins; secondly, when it comes to blows, strike at their faces, and never waste your strength; but when you *do* make a hit, drop your man if possible; it settles him and frightens the rest. Here we are! So saying, he turned into a kind of passage, which led to an open door, through which they passed into the body of the hall.

It was a large room, with a vaulted ceiling, and appeared capable of holding from five to six hundred persons. At the farther end of it was a platform, raised some feet, and divided from the rest of the hall by a stout wooden railing. The room was lighted with gas, and considerably more than half filled. Although the majority of the audience appeared to answer the description Bracy had given of them, yet along the sides of the apartment were ranged numbers of sturdy artisans and craftsmen, amongst whom many a stalwart form and stern determined visage might be detected.

"There are some rather awkward customers here, at all events," whispered Leicester; "if we chance to get black eyes, Arundel, we must postpone our visit to the General to-morrow."

"The man that gives me a black eye shall have something to remember it by, at all events," returned Lewis, quickly.

"Hush! that fellow heard you," said Leicester.

Lewis glanced in the direction indicated, and met the sinister gaze of a tall heavy-built mechanic, in a rough great coat, who frowned menacingly when he found that he was observed. Lewis smiled carelessly in reply, and proceeded after Bracy up the room. When he had passed, the man, still keeping his eye upon him, quitted his seat, and followed at some little distance. On reaching the upper end of the room, they perceived Grandville and two or three others, among whom was McDermott, on the platform, while Frere and the rest of their party had congregated on and near a flight of five or six steps, leading to it from the body of the hall.

"Bravo, Grandville!" observed Bracy, in an under tone, to Leicester; "do you mark that! he has secured a retreat—good generalship, very. I shall have to believe in him, if he goes on as well as he has commenced. Hark! they are beginning to give tongue."

As he concluded, a little fat man came forward, and said a good deal about the honour which had been done him in being allowed the privilege of opening the evening's proceedings, to which he appended a long and utterly incomprehensible account of the objects of the meeting. His zeal was evident, but Nature had never intended him for an orator, and the chances of life had fitted him with a short husky cough, so that nobody was very sorry when he ceded the rostrum to his "esteemed friend, if he might be allowed to say so, (which he was,) Jabez Broadcorn." This Jabez Broadcorn was evidently a great gun, and his coming forward created no small sensation. He was a tall, gaunt-looking man, with straight weak hair, and an unhealthy complexion; but his great feature, in every sense of the word, was his mouth. It was a mouth, not only for mutton, but for every other purpose to which that useful aperture could be applied; at present it was to be devoted to the task of conveying its owner's mighty thoughts, in appropriate language, to the eager listeners who surrounded him.

This gentleman then, having, by dint of drawing in his lips, and thrusting them out again, and rolling his eyes so fearfully as to suggest a sudden attack of English cholera, got up his steam to the required height, proceeded to inform the assembly, that they were, individually and collectively, free and enlightened citizens of the great metropolis of Europe, prepared to recognise their sacred rights, and resolved to go forth as one man to assert and maintain them. Having imparted this information, (through his nose, for the greater effect,) he began to ask himself a species of Pinnock's Catechism, so to speak, which ran somewhat after the following fashion:—

"And why am I here to night? Because I love profit? No. Because I love personal distinction? No. Because I love my country? Yes. Because I would not see her children slaves? Yes. Because purse-proud oppressors, revelling in their wealth, trample on the honest poor man? Yes."

Having said by heart several pages of this, in which he was exceedingly well up, and which he rattled off most fluently, he continued:—

"But such tyranny shall not always be tolerated. British freemen, whose proud boast it is that they have never borne a foreign yoke, shall no longer crouch beneath a despotic rule at home. The atrocious barbarities of a brutal poor-law, which taxes honest householders to furnish salaried ruffians with power to drag the half-eaten crust from the famished jaws of helpless poverty——"

(A slight sensation was here occasioned by McDermott mentioning for the benefit of the meeting in general, and the orator himself in particular, his conviction that the last sentence was "very pretty indeed,"

together with a polite inquiry as to whether he could not be so kind as to say it again. Peace being restored after sundry shouts of "Turn him out!" "Shame!" &c., the orator resumed:—

"Let them build their Bastiles, let them tear the wife from her husband, the mother from her child; let them crowd their prison-houses with the honest sons of labour whom their brutality has forced into crime,—the poor man need never dread starvation while the hulks hunger and the gallows gapes for him,—but a day of retribution is at hand; let the tyrants tremble beneath their gilded roofs,—those unjust usurpers of the soil,—the poor man's bitterest foes, the landed gentry as they arrogantly styled themselves must be cut off and rooted out."

"Pretty strong, that!" observed Bracy, in a whisper.

"Ar—this won't do, you know!" returned Grandeville, in an equally low voice; "I must, really—ar—interfere."

"Better hear him out," rejoined Bracy, "and then get up and address them yourself." To which suggestion, after a slight remonstrance, the former agreed; but such a shining light as Mr. Jabez Broadcorn was not to be put out as quickly as they desired; he was the great card of the evening, and knew it, and prolonged his speech for a good three-quarters of an hour, during which time he hypothetically dethroned the Queen, abolished the Lords and Commons, seated a National Convention in St. Stephen's, and made all the poor both rich and happy, whilst he practically rendered himself so hoarse as to be nearly inaudible; for which gallant exertions in the cause of liberty, he received the tumultuous applause of the meeting, together with Lieut. McDermott's expressed conviction that he was "a broth of a boy entirely," together with an anxious inquiry—"whether his mother had many more like him."

When Broadcorn retired from the rostrum there appeared some misunderstanding and confusion as to his successor; taking advantage of which, Grandeville looked at Bracy, who nodded, and added, "Now's your time!—Go in, and win;" then, catching a cadaverous-looking individual who was about to advance, by the shoulders, and twisting him round, exclaimed, "Now, my man, stand out of the way, will you?—this gentleman is going to address the company!"—he thrust Grandeville forward, and, patting him encouragingly on the back, left him to his own devices. That heroic gentleman, having bowed to his audience with much grace and dignity, waved his hand to command attention, and began as follows:—

"Ar—Listen to me, my friends!—Ar—hem—I am prepared to admit—that is, it is impossible to deny—that many great and serious evils exist in the complicated social fabric of this glorious country,—the vast increase of population"—

"Owing to the introduction of chloroform," suggested Bracy.

"Though slightly checked by"—

"The alarming consumption of Morrison's Pills," interposed the Irishman—

"The wise facilities afforded for emigration!" continued Grandeville, not heeding these interruptions—"is one chief cause of the poverty and distress which, though greatly exaggerated by the false statements of evil-disposed and designing persons, (groans, and cries of 'Hear!') are to be found even in this metropolis, beneath the fostering care of an enlightened and paternal government—(increasing murmurs of dissatisfaction)—but if you believe that these evils are likely to be redressed by such measures as have been pointed out to you this evening, or that anarchy and rebellion can lead to any other result than misery and ruin—ar—I tell you, that you are fearfully mistaken! Ar—as a man, possessed of—ar—no inconsiderable influence—and ar—intimately connected with those powers against which you are madly arraying yourselves, I warn you!"

Here the excitement and dissatisfaction, which had been rapidly increasing, reached a pitch which threatened to render the speaker inaudible; and amid cries of "Who is he?"—"an informer!"—"government spy!"—"turn him out!"—"throw him over!"—several persons rose from their seats, and attempted to force their way on to the platform, but were kept back by Lewis and others of Grandeville's party, who, as has been already mentioned, had taken possession of the flight of steps, which afforded the only legitimate means of access from the body of the hall.

Undisturbed by these hostile demonstrations, Grandeville continued, at the top of his voice,—"I warn you that you are provoking an unequal struggle,—that you are bringing upon yourselves a fearful retribution,—even now I am armed with authority to disperse this meeting—to"—

What more he would have added, the reader is not fated to learn, for, at this moment, the man in the rough great-coat, who had followed Lewis from the entrance of the room, exclaiming, "Come on, we are not going to stand this, you know, never mind the steps," seized the railing of the platform, and drawing himself up, sprang over, followed by several others—in an instant all was confusion—Grandeville, taken in some degree by surprise, after knocking down a couple of his assailants, was overpowered; and amid cries of "throw him over," hurried to the edge of the platform; here, grasping the rail with both hands, he struggled violently to prevent the accomplishment of their purpose.

"Come along boys! we must rescue him;" exclaimed Bracy; and, suiting the action to the word, he bounded forward, and, hitting right and left, reached the scene of conflict,—Lewis, and the others, abandoning the steps, followed his example, and the row became general. For some minutes, the uproar was terrific; blows were given and received; blood began to flow from sundry noses; and certain eyes, that had begun the evening blue, brown, or grey, as the case might be, assumed a hue dark as Erebus. As for Lewis, he knocked down one of the fellows who had hold of Grandeville; then he picked up the Irishman who had singled out and attacked the biggest man in the

crowd, none other indeed than the rough-coated patriot, who appeared a sort of leader among them, and been immediately felled by him to the ground; then he assisted Frere in extricating the pale-faced youth from three individuals of questionable honesty, who were availing themselves of the confusion to empty his pockets; and then he felt himself seized with a grasp of iron, and, turning his head, found he was collared by the rough-coated giant. A violent but ineffectual effort to free himself, only served to convince him that, in point of strength, he was no match for his antagonist, who, regarding him with a smile of gratified malice, exclaimed, "Now, then, young feller, I've been a-waiting to get hold of you, and I've nabbed you at last!—How about a black eye now?" As he spoke, he drew him forward with one hand, and struck at him savagely with the other. Avoiding the blow, by stooping suddenly, Lewis closed with his adversary, and inserting his knuckles within the folds of his neckcloth, tightened it, until in self-defence, and in order to avoid strangulation, the fellow was forced to loosen his grasp of Lewis's collar. The instant he felt himself free, Lewis, giving the neckcloth a final twist, and at the same time pressing his knuckles into the man's throat so as for the moment almost to throttle him, stepped back a couple of paces, and, springing forward again before the other had time to recover himself, hit up under his guard, and succeeded in planting a stinging and well-directed blow exactly between his eyes; this, followed by a similar application rather lower on the face, settled the matter;—reeling backwards, his antagonist lost his footing, and fell heavily to the ground, dragging one of his companions down with him, in a futile attempt to save himself. The fall of their leader threw a damp on the spirits of the others, and although those in the rear were still clamorous, with threats and vociferations, the members of the crowd, in more immediate proximity to the little party, showed small inclination to renew the attack.

"Now's our time for getting away," said Bracy, "make a bold push for the door."

"Ar—I should say," rejoined Grandeville, one of whose eyes was completely closed from the effects of a blow, and whose coat was hanging about him in ribands, "let us despatch one of our party for the police and military, and stand firm and maintain our ground till they come up, then capture the ringleaders, and clear the room."

"Nonsense," said Leicester, who despite his regard for his wardrobe, had behaved most spiritedly during the skirmish, "we shall all be murdered before they appear, besides," (he added aside to Bracy), "it will be making much too serious a business of it; we should get into some tremendous scrape."

"Yes, that's true," said Bracy; then turning to Grandeville, he added, "I don't think my instructions would bear us out if we were to go any farther; remember, we were only to make a demonstration."

"And faith, if breaking heads, and getting a return in kind, comes under that same denomination, it's a pretty

decent one we've made already, 'pon me conscience," put in McDermott, wiping away the blood that was still trickling from a cut in his forehead.

While these remarks were bandied from one to another, the party had contrived to make their way from the platform, and were now in the body of the room, striving to push through the crowd, towards the side door; this at every step became more and more difficult, till at length they were so completely hemmed in, that farther progression became impossible, and it was evident that a fresh attack upon them was meditated. Fortunately, however, they were not far from the point of egress, and Bracy, having caught the eye of his ally the door keeper, who was on the alert, exclaimed, "Now, Grandeville, we must fight our way through these fellows, and gain the door, there's nothing for it but a spirited charge; you and I, Frere and his friend, and Paddy had better go first as a sort of wedge."

"Ar—head the column, and break the enemy's ranks, ar—yes, are you all ready? CHARGE!"

As he gave the word, they rushed forward in a compact body, and knocking down and pushing aside all who opposed them, succeeded in reaching the door; here a short delay occurred, while Bracy and his friend were opening it, and several of their late antagonists, irritated at the prospect of their escape, incited the others to attack them, so that before their egress was secured, even the Irish lieutenant had had fighting enough to satisfy him, and the pale young man, having long since given himself up as a lost mutton, actually fainted with fear and over-exertion, and was dragged from under the feet of the combatants, and carried off by Frere and Lewis, but for whom his mortal career would then and there have ended.

How as they emerged into the street, a party of the police arrived, and caused more confusion and more broken heads, and how Grandeville and the Irishman on the one hand, and sundry Chartists, with Lewis's late antagonist among them on the other, were jointly and severally taken into custody and marched to the station-house, where they spent the night, and how Leicester contrived just in the nick of time to catch an intelligent cab, into which he, Lewis, Frere, and the fainting victim with the pallid physiognomy compressed themselves, and were conveyed rapidly from the scene of action, it boots not to relate, suffice it to say, that a certain dish of oysters, flanked by a detachment of pint bottles of stout, which had taken up their position on Frere's dining-table, during the absence of its master, sustained an attack about half-past eleven o'clock that night, which proved that the mode in which their assailants had passed the evening, had in no way impaired their respective appetites.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH LEWIS ARUNDEL SKETCHES A COW, AND THE AUTHOR DRAWS A YOUNG LADY.

It was about noon on the day following the events narrated in the last chapter; Frere had departed to his office at the scientific institution some two hours since, and Lewis and Faust were looking out of window, when

a well-appointed cab dashed round the corner of a cross street, and a pair of lavender coloured kid-gloves drew up a splendid bay horse, who arched his proud neck, and champed the bit, impatient of delay, till a male child in livery coat and top boots rolled off the back of the vehicle, and stationed itself before the animal's nose, which act of self-devotion appeared to mesmerize him into tranquillity, and afforded the occupant of the cab time to spring out and knock at Frere's door. Five minutes more saw Leicester and Lewis seated side by side, and driving rapidly in the direction of Park Crescent.

"I don't know how you feel this morning, Arundel," began Leicester, "but positively when I first woke I could scarcely move, I'm black and blue all over, I believe."

"I must confess to being rather stiff," was the reply, "and my left hand is unproducible. I cut my knuckles against the nose of that tall fellow when I knocked him down, and shall be forced to wear a glove till it heals."

"You did that uncommonly well," returned Leicester, "the man was as strong as Hercules, and vicious into the bargain; he evidently had heard what you said about a black eye, and meant mischief. I was coming to help you when you finished him off."

"It would have been most provoking to have been disfigured just at this time," rejoined Lewis, "one could not very well go to propose oneself as a mentor for youth, with a black eye obtained in something nearly akin to a street row."

"No," said Leicester, "the General would consider our last night's exploit as dreadfully *infra dig*; he is quite one of the old school, and reckons Sir Charles Grandison a model for gentlemen; you must be careful to avoid the free-and-easy style of the present day with him, but I think you'll suit him exactly, there's naturally something of the *preux chevalier*, *heros de roman* cut about you, that will go down with him amazingly."

"In plain English, you consider me stiff and affected," returned Lewis, "do not scruple to tell me if it is so."

"Stiff, yes; affected no," was the rejoinder, "indeed your manner is unusually simple and natural when you thaw a little, but at first you are—well I hardly know how to describe it, but there is something about you unlike the men one usually meets. You have a sort of half-defiant way of looking at people, a sort of 'you'd better not insult me, sir' expression. I don't know that I should have observed it towards myself, but it was your manner to Grandeville that particularly struck me. I have not annoyed you by my frankness?" he added interrogatively, finding that Lewis did not reply. Regardless of his question, Lewis remained silent for a minute or two, then suddenly turning to his companion, and speaking in a low hurried voice, he said—

"Can you conceive no reason for such a manner? is there not enough in my position to account for that, ay, and more; by birth I am any man's equal; my father was of an old family, a colonel in the Austrian service, and in the highest sense of the word,

a gentleman. I have received a gentleman's education, up to the present time I have associated with gentlemen on terms of equality, and now suddenly, through no fault of my own, I am in effect a beggar. The very errand we are upon proves it. Through the kindness of Frere, and of yourself,—a stranger,—I am about to receive a favourable recommendation to some proud old man as a hired servant, for though in name it may not be so, in fact, I shall be nought but an hireling! Is it strange then that I view men with suspicion? that I am watchful lest they attempt to refuse me the amount of courtesy due to those, who having never forfeited their own self-respect, are entitled to the respect of others?"

He paused, and removing his hat, allowed the cold breeze to blow freely around his heated brow. Leicester, who despite his foppery, was thoroughly kind hearted, being equally surprised and distressed at the burst of feeling his words had called forth, hastened to reply.

"My dear fellow, I really am—that is, 'pon my word, I had no idea you looked upon the affair in this light; I can assure you, I think you quite mistake the matter; a tutorship is considered a very gentlemanly occupation. If I had any work in me, I'm not at all sure, I might not—that is, it would be a very sensible thing of me to look out for something of the kind myself. Stanhope Jones, who was up at Trinity with me, and about the fastest man of his year, ran through his fortune, got a tutorship in Lord Puzzletête's family, went abroad with the eldest cub, and picked up a prize widow at Pisa, with tin enough to set the leaning tower straight again, if she had a fancy to do so."

During this well-meant attempt at consolation, Lewis had had time to come to the conclusion, that he was in the position of the unwise individual who wore "his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at;" or, in plain English, that he had been betrayed into a display of feeling before a man incapable of appreciating or understanding it; and a less agreeable conviction at which to arrive, we scarcely know. Nothing however remained, but to make the best of it, which he accordingly did, by admitting the possibility of there being much truth in Leicester's view of the case, and changing the subject by saying, "But now I want you to give me a peep at the *carte du pays* of the unknown region I am about to explore. I think I pretty well comprehend the General from your description. Of what other members does the family consist?"

"Ah! yes, of course you must be curious to know,—well, the *dramatis persone* is somewhat limited. First and foremost the General,—you comprehend him, you say?" Lewis made a sign in the affirmative, and Leicester continued. "Then we have an awful personage, who I expect will be a severe trial to you—Miss Livingstone; she is a relation, an aunt I think, of the General's late wife, who lives with him and keeps his house, and was the terror of my boyhood, whenever I was staying down at Broadhurst. She never was over young, I believe; at least, I can't imagine her any-

thing but middle aged, and she must now be sixty or thereabouts. For the rest, she looks as if she had swallowed a poker, and by some mysterious process of assimilation, become imbued with its distinguishing characteristics; for she is very stiff, very cold, and as far as I know utterly impenetrable, but of a stirring disposition withal, which leads her to interfere with every body and every thing. Lastly, there is my cousin Annie, the General's only daughter, (he has a son also, who is with the army in India, and said to be a very rising officer)—she inherits her mother's beauty, her father's pride, her great-aunt's determination to have her own way, and the devil's own love of teasing. To set against all this, I believe her to be thoroughly good and amiable, and every thing of that kind; at all events, she is a most bewitching girl, and bids fair under judicious management to become a very charming woman. I fancy her mission is to reform my brother Bellefield and render him a steady married man, and I wish her joy of it. She comes into her mother's fortune when she is of age, and the respective governors have set their hearts upon the match."

"And what says Lord Bellefield?" inquired Lewis listlessly.

"Oh, Bell reckons she won't be of age, and that the match can't come off these four years, by which time he expects to be so hard up that he must marry somebody, and as there will be plenty of the needful she will suit his book as well as any other."

"The young lady of course approves!" continued Lewis, untying a knot in the thong of Leicester's whip.

"Catch a woman refusing a coronet," returned Leicester, as he pulled up at a house in Park Crescent so suddenly as almost to throw the bay on his haunches.

"General Grant begs you will walk up stairs, Mr. Leicester; he is engaged at present, but desired me to say he particularly wishes to see you," was the reply made by a most aristocratic butler to Leicester's inquiry whether his master was at home. "Keep the bay moving, Tim—now, Arundel, turn to the right—that's it," and suiting the action to the word he quitted the cab, and crossing a "marble hall" sprang up a wide staircase followed by Lewis.

"Silence and solitude," he continued, opening the door of a large drawing-room handsomely furnished. "I hope they won't be long before they introduce us to the luncheon-table; oysters are popularly supposed to give you an appetite, but the natives we demolished at Frere's last night must have been sadly degenerate, for I declare to you I could scarcely get through my breakfast this morning. Ah! what have we here?—a water-colour landscape in a semi-chaotic condition. Annie has been sketching, as sure as fate; I'll introduce a few masterly touches and surprise her." So saying he seated himself at the table, and began dabbling with a brush.

"By Jove, I've done it now!" he exclaimed in a tone of consternation, after a minute's pause. "Just look

here; I thought I would insert the trunk of a tree in the fore-ground, and the confounded brush had got red in it, so I have made a thing like a lobster, and spoiled the drawing."

"I think, if you wish, I could turn it into a cow, and so get you out of the scrape," suggested Lewis, smiling at his companion's guilty countenance.

"My dear fellow, the very thing," exclaimed Leicester, hastily rising and thrusting Lewis into his seat; "let's have a cow, by all means.—That's famous," he continued, as with a few graphic strokes Lewis converted the red daub into the semblance of an animal. "Bravo! make her an eye—now the horns—what a fascinating quadruped; where's the tail to come?"

"You would not see the tail in the position in which the cow is supposed to be lying," remonstrated Lewis.

"Still, it would make it more natural," urged Leicester. "As a personal favour, just to oblige me, stretch a point and give her a tail."

"There, then, I've twisted it under her leg," said Lewis, making the desired addition, "but depend upon it, there never was a cow's tail so situated."

"All the greater proof of your talent," was the reply; "the ideal is what you artists (for I see you are one) are always raving about, and this is a specimen of it."

So engrossed had the two young men been with their occupation, that they had not observed the entrance of a third person. The new comer was that most charming of all created beings, a very lovely girl of seventeen.

As every poet since Homer has done his utmost to clothe in fitting language a description of the best specimen of the class which it may have been his hap to meet with, and as no man in his senses would exchange half-an-hour of the society of one of the originals for all the fanciful descriptions of women that ever were written, we would fain be excused from adding one more to the number, and were all our readers of what grammarians most ungallantly term, "the worthier gender," we should cut the matter short by begging each man to imagine the damsel in question exactly like the "unexpressive she" who is, for the time being, queen of his soul. But as we flatter ourselves certain bright eyes will sparkle, and coral lips smile over this "o'er true tale," and as we have already been asked by "oceans" of young ladies, "What is the heroine to be like?" we will e'en make a virtue of necessity, and give a *catalogue raisonné* of her many perfections.

Annie Grant, then (for we'll have no disguise about the matter, but own at once that she it *was* who entered the drawing-room unperceived, and that she it *is* who is destined to play the heroine in this our drama of the Railroad of Life—and be it observed inter-parenthetically that we use the theatrical metaphor advisedly, for Shakspeare has told us that "all the world's a stage," and it is a matter of common notoriety, that in the present day all stages have become railroads) Annie Grant, then, we say, was

rather above the middle height, though no one would have thought of pronouncing her tall; her gown of *mousseline-poil de-peha*! what are we thinking of?—she had not a gown on at all; how should she, when she was going to ride directly after luncheon? No, her habit, which fitted to perfection, was well calculated to set off her slight but singularly graceful figure to the best advantage. Her hair, which was braided in broad plaits for the greater convenience, (seeing that ringlets under a riding-hat are an anomaly, not to say an abomination,) was *really* auburn,—by which definition we intend to guard against the pale red, or warm sand coloured locks, which usually pass current for the very rare but very beautiful tint we would particularise,—and if a poet had speculated as to the probability of some wandering sunbeam being imprisoned in its golden meshes, the metaphor, though fanciful, would not have been unsapt. Delicate regular features, large blue eyes, now dancing and sparkling with mischievous glee, now flashing with pride, a mouth like an expressive rose-bud, a clear skin, with the warm glow of health painting each velvet cheek, but retreating from the snowy forehead, combined to form a whole on which to gaze was to admire.

This young lady, being such as we have described her, tripped lightly across the apartment, till she had stationed herself behind her cousin Charles, and perceiving that both gentlemen were so pre-occupied as not to have observed her approach, contrived by standing on tip-toe, and peeping over Leicester's shoulder, to witness the introduction of the cow of whom we have already made honourable mention.

During the animated discussion on the tail question, she nearly betrayed her presence by laughing outright; repressing the inclination, however, she retraced her steps, and had nearly succeeded in reaching the side door by which she had entered, when her habit, catching against a table, caused the overthrow of a piece of ornamental china, and revealed her presence.

On hearing the sound, Lewis, recalled to a sense of his situation, and for the first time struck by the idea, that in touching the drawing he had been guilty of an unwarrantable liberty, rose hastily from his seat, colouring crimson as he did so, from an agreeable mixture of shyness, mortification, and proud self-reproach. Leicester, on the other hand, with the *déplomb* and presence of mind of a man of the world, turned leisurely, and whispering "Keep your own counsel, there's no harm done," he advanced towards his cousin, saying with a nonchalant air, "You have stolen a march upon us, Annie.—This gentleman and I called to see the General upon business, and as he seems resolved to afford us a practical lesson on the virtue of patience, I ventured to while away the time by showing my friend some of your sketches. By the way, let me introduce you. My cousin, Miss Grant—Mr. Arundel." Thus invoked, Lewis, who in order to atone to his wounded self-respect had wrapped himself in his very coldest and haughtiest manner, and resembled a banished Prince rather than an everyday Christian, advanced a few steps, and acknowledged

the introduction by a most Grandisonian inclination of the head.

The lady performed her part of the ceremony with an easy courtesy, in which, although perhaps an equal degree of hauteur was infused, not the slightest effort was visible.

"Mr. Arundel is doubtless a judge of painting, and my poor sketches are by no means calculated to bear severe criticism," remarked Miss Grant, demurely.

As Lewis remained silent, Leicester hastened to reply:—"A judge! of course he is; he's just returned from Germany, the happy land where smoking, singing, and painting, all come by nature."

"Indeed!" returned Miss Grant; "then, if it is not too troublesome, perhaps I might ask Mr. Arundel's advice as to a sketch of Broadhurst I was attempting before your arrival; I left off in despair, because I could not manage anything for the foreground."

"Try an elephant," suggested Leicester; "it would have a grand effect, besides possessing the advantage of novelty, and filling up lots of space."

"Would you bring me the drawing, Charles?" returned his cousin; "I know too well the style of assistance I may expect from you in such matters. Who embellished my poor head of Minerva with a pair of moustaches?"

"I did," rejoined Leicester, complacently, "and I am proud of it; Minerva was the goddess of war, and sported moustaches in virtue of her profession."

"Are you never going to give me the drawing, Charles?" asked Annie, impatiently. "Positively, cousins are worse than brothers; Reginald, poor fellow, was a great deal more attentive than you are. Mr. Arundel, might I trouble you to hand me that sketch?"

Thus appealed to, Lewis had nothing for it but to comply, which he did accordingly, biting his lip with vexation at the *dénouement* which appeared now inevitable. But Leicester's resources were not yet exhausted; stretching out his hand before his cousin had received the drawing, he coolly took possession of it, saying, "I know you meant this drawing as a little surprise for me; you have heard me say how much I coveted a sketch of dear old Broadhurst, and so you have kindly made one for me. You have really done it extremely well! Who was it—Fielding—you have been learning of? Positively, you have caught his style!"

"Don't flatter yourself that I did you the honour of recollecting any such wish, even supposing you really uttered it in my hearing, of which I entertain grave doubts," returned Annie; "but, if you particularly desire it, I will make you a present of it when it is finished—if I could only manage that tiresome foreground!"

"I like it better without," was the reply; "there's nothing to interfere with the outline of the building which stands forth in bold relief—and—eh!—well, what's the matter?"

During his speech his cousin had risen from her

scat, and, approaching him, caught sight of the drawing, which she had no sooner done, than, raising a little white hand, she pointed to the intrusive cow, and asked, quietly, "Where did that come from?"

The comic perplexity of Leicester's face was irresistible to behold, as with a glance at Lewis to secure his sympathy and co-operation, he was evidently about to adopt the cow at all hazards, when the door opened, and a tall, stately old man, with a military port and erect bearing, entered; and surveying the group with evident surprise drew himself up still more stiffly, ere, with slow and measured steps, he advanced towards them.

IT WAS GENERAL GRANT!

REMARKABLE LITERARY IMPOSTURES.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

No. II.

WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND.

THE Shakspeare forgeries of William Henry Ireland form a curious, if not very edifying passage in the literary history of the last century. An imposture on a grander scale was never conceived or executed; and perhaps we may add, with all respect to the learned celebrities who were deceived by it, that dupes more easily satisfied, more credulous and unsuspecting, were never met with. It must be admitted that a very opportune period was chosen for the imposition; and, taking into consideration the youth of the individual by whom it was perpetrated,—that he had not at the time attained his twentieth year,—it must also be confessed that it was carried out with considerable cleverness and ingenuity.

William Henry Ireland was the son of a gentleman who is known as the author of several Picturesque Tours, and some illustrations of Hogarth—a man of considerable taste, and an ardent admirer of Shakspeare. He had been articled to an attorney, and having daily opportunities of inspecting ancient deeds and writings, he seems to have occupied his leisure, first in deciphering, and afterwards in copying and imitating them. Possessed of this dangerous talent, his father's reverence for the great English dramatist, and his own ambition for distinction, suggested to his mind the daring scheme of imposture by which he has rendered himself remarkable. From an attentive examination of the authentic signatures of Shakspeare, he soon learned to imitate the character of his handwriting with facility; and from time to time presented his father with scraps of manuscript, to account for the possession of which he invented a most romantic and improbable story. One of the earliest of these forgeries was "Shakspeare's Profession of Faith;" a document intended to prove that the great dramatist was a Protestant. The papers were soon shown to many learned individuals. Among others, they were inspected by Dr. Parr, and young Ireland could hardly repress his feelings of exultation when he heard that great man say to his father, in his

presence: "Mr. Ireland, we have many fine things in our Church-service, and our Litany abounds with beauties, but here is a man has distanced us all."

For a long time Ireland made almost daily additions to his pretended discoveries. Was it possible that his father had no suspicion of their origin, and was he entirely deceived by the monstrous assertions of his clever but unprincipled son? The appearance of the manuscripts went far to prove their genuineness. The colour of the ink—the water-marks in the paper, deceived the eyes of the most practised antiquaries. The precious relics were regarded with reverence and almost superstitious awe. Mr. Boaden, a gentleman of great dramatic taste, in a pamphlet written at a subsequent period to expose the fraud, was not ashamed to confess that "he first beheld the papers with a tremor of the purest delight, touched the invaluable relics with reverential respect, and deemed even existence dearer, as it gave him so refined a satisfaction." A number of literary gentlemen and patrons of literature met at Mr. Ireland's house, and voluntarily subscribed their names to the following document:—"We whose names are hereunto subscribed, have, in the presence and by the favour of Mr. Ireland, inspected the Shakspeare papers, and are convinced of their authenticity." Amongst the signatures are those of Dr. Parr, Herbert Croft, Dr. Valpy, Henry James Pye (poet-laureate), and James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. It is further stated that Mr. Boswell previous to signing his name fell upon his knees, and in a tone of enthusiasm and exultation thanked God he had lived to witness the discovery, and exclaimed that he could now die in peace.

One of the ablest critics of the day, however, remained unconvinced. This was Mr. Malone, the ingenious and indefatigable editor of Shakspeare, who professed from the first a contemptuous disbelief in the so-called "discoveries," but intimated that he would not deign to notice them till they had been made public. He kept his word. When the famous documents were published, he addressed a letter to Lord Charlemont, in which he satisfactorily proved and exposed the fraud. It is rather amusing to find the great English advocate Erskine, a devout admirer and diligent reader of Shakspeare, and whose course of study and practice at the bar must have made him thoroughly conversant with all the rules of evidence, thus expressing himself with regard to these papers, and Mr. Malone's incredulity:—"I went to-day to Ireland's from curiosity, and having heard from several quarters that the new Shakspeare was a forgery, and having seen an advertisement from Malone on the subject, all I can say is, I am glad I am not the man who has undertaken to prove Mr. Malone's proposition; for I think I never saw such a body of evidence in my life to support the authenticity of any matter which rests upon high authority. I am quite sure a man would be laughed out of an English court of justice who attempted to maintain Malone's opinion, in the teeth of every rule of probability acknowledged for ages as the standard for investigating truth."

Believing himself possessed of a most invaluable treasure—in spite of the protestations of his son, who dreaded and foresaw the exposure of the fraud—Mr. Samuel Ireland determined on publishing the “discoveries,” and in the year 1796 printed a large proportion of them in a fine folio volume, under the title of “Miscellaneous papers and legal instruments under the hand and seal of William Shakspeare, including the tragedy of King Lear, &c. in the possession of Samuel Ireland.” A very slight examination of this volume would, it has been thought, have shown the transparency of the fraud. The orthography adopted by Ireland was ludicrously inaccurate. The redundancy of consonants in nearly every word had a very grotesque appearance, and was by no means characteristic of the age of Shakspeare. Thus, for “one gentleman” the orthography is “owne gennetellemanne.” Although Shakspeare had “little Latin,” he would never have committed the blunder of “Glosterre *exitte*,” (for *exit*.) The concluding lines of Lear’s denunciation of his daughter—

“————— that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is
To have a thankless child;”

were thus distorted :—

“————— that she maye
Knowe howe sharpe ande lyke a serpentes toothe it is
toe have a thanklesse childe.”

Without wishing unnecessarily to multiply examples of this ridiculous orthography, we will quote the title of King Lear, as it appears in the volume. “The tragedye of Kynge Leare isse fromme Masterre Holinschedde. I have in somme lyttle departedde fromme hymme, butte thatte libhertye will notte I truste be blamedde bye mye gentile readerres.” “Gentle readers,” we need not remind *our* readers, were not appealed to by the dramatists of Shakspeare’s time, whose great object was to prevent their works from being printed, and thus getting into the hands of rival companies.

The mode in which Ireland accounted for the possession of the manuscript of Lear and other treasures is so curious, (perhaps the proper word would be, impudent,) that we cannot help referring to it. He drew up a deed in which he represented Shakspeare bequeathing them to one of his ancestors, an intimate friend of the poet, in acknowledgment of a special service he had rendered him. Divested of its grotesque orthography, the document, after the usual preamble, ran thus :—

“Whereas on or about the 3d day of the last month of August, having with my good friend Master William Henry Ireland and others taken boat near unto my house aforesaid, we did purpose going up the Thames, but those that were so to conduct us being much too merry through liquor they did upset our aforesaid barge. All but myself saved themselves by swimming, for though the water was deep yet our being close nigh to shore made it little difficulty for them knowing the aforesaid art. Master Ireland not seeing me did ask for me, but one of the company did

answer that I was drowning; on the which he pulled off his jerkin and jumped in after me. With much pains he dragged me forth, I being then nearly dead, and so he did save my life, and for the which service I do hereby give him as followeth: first, my written play of Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, King John, King Lear, as also my written play never printed, which I have named King Henry the Third,” &c.

One would think that to have believed all this required a greater degree of credulity than usually falls to the lot of critics. An original letter, purporting to have been written to Shakspeare by Queen Elizabeth, is a forgery almost equally daring. We print it as it appeared in the volume :—

“Wee didde receive youre prettye verses goode Masterre William through the hands of oure Lorde Chambelayne ande wee doe complemente thee onne theyre greate excellence Wee shalle departe fromme Londonn toe Hamptowne for the holydayes where wee shalle expecte thee withe thye beste actorres thatte thou mayste playe before ourselfe toe amuse usse bee not slowe butte comme toe usse bye Tuesdaye next asse the lorde Leicesterre wille bee withe usse.

“ELIZABETH R.”

“Thys letterre I dydde receyve fromme mye moste gracyouse Ladye Elizabeth ande I doe requeste itte maye bee kepte with alle care possyble.

“WM. SHAKESPEARE.”

Amongst the papers, also, was an amatory epistle to Anne “Hatherreway,” in which was inclosed a lock of the poet’s hair. The letter is not long, but its affected grandiloquence is rather amusing. “I pray you,” it commences, “perfume this my poor lock with thy balmy kisses, for then indeed shall kings themselves bow and pay homage to it. I do assure thee that no rude hand hath knotted it; thy Willy’s alone hath done the work. Neither the gilded bauble that environs the head of majesty, no nor honours most weighty, would give me half the joy as did this my little work for thee.” There is also a paper of verses, inscribed to the same lady; the style of which, as will appear from a short specimen, is not quite worthy of Shakspeare :—

“Is there in heaven aught more rare
Than thou, sweet nymph of Avon fair?
Is there on earth a man more true,
Than Willy Shakspeare is to you?”

The last document we shall notice, is a “Deed of trust to John Hemminge,” drawn up by Shakspeare himself, who states in the preamble, as a reason for being his own attorney, that he has “found much wickedness among those of the law,” and does not like “to leave matters at their will.”

The most daring part of the imposition, however, remains to be told. On the 2d of April, 1796, the play of *Fortigern and Rowena*, “from the pen of Shakspeare,” was announced for representation at Drury-Lane Theatre. Public excitement was at its height. As the evening approached, every avenue to the theatre was thronged with anxious crowds, eager

to obtain admission. When the doors were opened, there was a furious rush, and thousands, it is said, were turned disappointed away. The play had been put on the stage with unexampled care. Mr. Kemble himself sustained the part of Vortigern. The imposition, however, was too palpable to deceive an intelligent audience, as will appear by the following characteristic account of the performance, which appeared in the *Times* newspaper of the 4th of April: "The first act in every line of it spoke itself a palpable forgery—but it was heard with candour. The second and third grew more intolerable; thus 'bad began but worse remained behind.' In the fourth, 'rude murmurs like the hollow-sounding surge, broke loudly forth.' In the fifth act, the opposition became seriously angry, and on Mr. Kemble repeating this significant line—

'I would this solemn mockery were o'er!'

he was not allowed to proceed for several minutes." An attempt was made to announce the play for repetition, but the unanimous voice of the public having proclaimed the imposture, it was wisely withdrawn.

The failure of *Vortigern* was a death-blow to the fraud; but it must occasion no slight surprise that such a barefaced forgery should have succeeded so far. Without possessing the genius of Chatterton, it cannot be denied that Ireland exhibited a large amount of misdirected ingenuity. At the time of the completion of *Vortigern*, he was only nineteen. The play was written and transcribed in secret, and at stolen intervals; and if we may take his own word, "he appeared in public at the same time as much as he could, in order to make the world believe he was a giddy, thoughtless youth, incapable of producing the papers."

The closing scene of the comedy—for so we may style the whole affair—may be readily anticipated. Gratified by the notoriety he had acquired, Ireland was easily induced to publish a full and free confession of his fraud. He hastened to take upon himself the whole responsibility, and anxiously endeavoured to exculpate his father from any participation in the imposture. It must be confessed that circumstances seemed to warrant the suspicion that father and son were equally implicated, and even the latter's solemn declaration to the contrary could not remove the impression that had been made on the public mind.

Mr. Samuel Ireland died in the year 1800, and it has been asserted that his days were shortened by the exposure of the shameful fraud of which he had been made the dupe. The son subsequently published in his own name many plays, novels, and poems, which are now almost forgotten. His death is recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as having taken place on the 15th of April, 1835; and it may be further stated, that up to that period he had kept, and that he carried with him to his grave, the significant *sonbriquet* of *Shakespeare Ireland*.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

BY MRS. BURBURY,

AUTHRESS OF "NEVER BE POSITIVE."

"My dear Marion, I am sorry I called this morning, but I thought all the bustle of your party would be over by this time. I am afraid I'm in your way, so I will pay you a visit to-morrow, unless you will let me help you now; and, indeed, if you will, perhaps I may be useful, for you look very tired; and if a customer should come in, he will wonder to see you in such confusion."

"Oh, don't mind that; William never brings in anybody without sending me word first,—it's not always convenient having people coming in without notice."

"No—not *always*—but is it not troublesome and disagreeable to him to be obliged to let you know, instead of bringing in a good customer at once if he wished it?"

"Oh, I dare say it is at times, but one can't be for ever in apple-pie order; what with the children, and sewing, and meals, and one thing or other, this place is often so littered I would not have anybody see it for the world."

"But, my dear sister, I thought you had made the large room upstairs a place for all that. I remember you told me you intended to do so."

"Yes, so we thought, but we found when we got known, we had so many callers, that I was obliged to have a drawing-room to show them in."

"A drawing-room!—is not that rather expensive for such young beginners?"

"Of course,—I knew you would say so, Fanny, so I never told you; William warned me of it, but I couldn't have believed you were so jealous."

"Oh Marion, have you no better name for my anxiety; can you not understand that all I say is prompted by a sincere love for you and my dear little nieces. I am older than you, Marion dear, and when our mother died, you know, she bade me watch over you like herself."

"Yes; that was all very well when I was a child; but at six-and-twenty, a wife and a mother too, Fanny, I think I am old enough to be trusted alone." And pretty silly Mrs. Forrest tossed her head indignantly.

"Most surely—and no one could go more safely if she would; but I fear the love of greater things than a young tradesman's wife should indulge in, will work evil to both you and William. Still, Marion dear, you are the best judge of your own means, and I have no wish to be thought interfering; indeed, you must have more right than I think for such luxuries, or Mrs. Lawrence greatly exaggerated the elegances of your dinner table yesterday."

"Oh, she told you it went off well, did she?" said Mrs. Forrest in a tone of triumph. "I'm glad she saw it; she must acknowledge now, I know how to give a dinner. What did she say? very jealous, wasn't she?"

"I don't know, Marion, but she spoke rather sneeringly, I thought."

"Sneeringly!" and Marion's face flushed, "what of, I should like to know?"

"Perhaps I am wrong; but when she told me that you had silver forks and sauce ladles, I fancied it must be either untrue or she was sneering."

"Oh, she noticed them—I thought she would, that was one reason why I had them; we agreed upon that."

"But, Marion dear, is it true?—surely it is Mrs. Lawrence's invention," asked Fanny anxiously.

"True! of course it is—why not?" replied her sister pettishly.

"Because I thought—I fancied—dear Marion, do not be angry, but you told me a month ago, of William's heavy loss in that bankruptcy of Mr. Howe's, and I know you had not these silver things then; so I wondered how you had them now."

"I don't see why you need to wonder, Fanny—our credit is good for a few dozen of forks, I hope. But don't look so frightened; you make me laugh at your old-fashioned notions—make yourself easy—we did not buy them: we only hired them."

"Hired them!—Oh Marion, what folly—what fictitious show! My own dear sister, I never thought you could have fallen so far," said Fanny in a grieved voice.

"I really think you are speaking very unjustifiably and rudely, Fanny. Haven't William and I a right to please ourselves, and haven't you yourself always impressed us with the necessity of keeping up appearances?"

"Yes; but not such appearances as the borrowed show of hired silver—bad and silly enough, if you, as young tradespeople, had spent your capital in purchasing such unbecoming finery; at any rate the appearance would have been genuine; but to pretend to it, to make people believe you possessed of such things, then trifling money away to hire them, is adding deceit to pride."

"Fanny, you have no right to speak so, and I will not endure it."

"Marion dear, you must. When I came here to-day, I did not think to speak so, for I hoped Mrs. Lawrence's tale was a fabrication; but since I find it true, as you have no other real friend to step in between you and what will at no distant day lead to ruin, I must."

"Ruin, indeed!—how strangely you talk—we spend our own money!"

"Listen first to me, Marion, then say what you please in justification: when you were a wee little thing, not six years old, and I only fifteen, our poor mother died and left you to my charge—I promised her that while I lived I would watch over you, guide you, and lead you in the path of God's holy ways; that I would never marry nor leave you, but while you were without any other protection I would be to you a mother. I kept my word—*now*, Marion, your heart can tell you. I refused the man I loved, that I

might remain with you, and till your marriage few were the shadows that fell between us. I gave you to the better care of the husband you chose, and although you have both often laughed at the old maid's croaking, yet, Marion, was it ever spoken selfishly? My dear, dear sister, I do not mean this for boasting, for indeed there is nothing in it to be proud or boastful of, but I say it, that for the love of the old days when we were all to each other, you may listen to me. You took this shop at a heavy rent, and necessarily increased business expenditure, with the resolution never to exceed the personal and household costs you had found quite sufficient for comfort in your smaller place in Store-street. Upon this promise to yourselves, you came; but alas, how soon it has been forgotten!—the outlay that even I know of, has greatly exceeded what was resolved upon."

"But surely you will allow that the new shop-front, and lamps, and fittings, were quite necessary. Even you must see that?"

"No, Marion, I do not—your predecessor spent 400*l.* upon all such things two years before he died; and, if you remember, the fact of their being in such excellent order, was one reason you assigned for taking this shop in preference to the one in Morris-street. If that were true then, it was no less so six months after: but this is not all; it was settled that, for a while, that nice large room should be given up to the children as a play place, and a room to sew, take meals in, and serve for all such things, that this might be always tidy and ready for William to show any customer to, whenever business required it. A strong healthy servant was to be procured to attend the children and help in the house-work, that you might do more useful things, and by spending a few pounds so, save many more. How are all these wise and prudent plans changed! the play-room converted into an expensively-furnished drawing-room, the active country servant into a finely-dressed useless nurse, by far too idle and smart to earn the food she costs you—yourself, instead of William's helpmate and assistant, a fashionable lady, receiving visitors, and giving dinner parties, making a show you have no earthly right to pretend to, and hiring plate to do so. If I did not know that William's affairs were no secret to you, I should fancy you ignorant of the real state of things; but you are aware that only last week he was obliged to give his printer a bill instead of cash, and you heard him tell me that business had never been so bad."

"It is true; but if people once suspected we were pressed, we should soon lose our business. It is quite necessary to keep up appearances Fanny, and if you were placed as we are, you would see it."

"Why was it never necessary before? Did you lose customers in Store-street because you spent little and paid quickly?—ate with steel instead of silver?"

"How you do harp upon that, Fanny!"

"Because that one act of imprudence, in all human probability, is the point at which your ruin or amendment will begin. If you have moral courage Marion,

those forks may be the means of saving you; but if the system of pretension and borrowed splendour be too dear to relinquish, those forks will be most surely the cause of your downfall. People are not so blind as you imagine, nor so easily deceived; as for keeping up appearances, no one could expect such, at the table of a tradesman, who a year since was too poor and wise to engage a shopman; and if this *were* looked for by ignorant and foolish people, is that any reason why you should cripple your resources, or sacrifice your moral integrity to gratify them? No, my dear sister, be honest with yourself; it was for no idea that it was right, but only to satisfy your own pride, and, I fear, envy, by outshining Mrs. Lawrence."

"You are very cruel, Fanny, to speak so; and very unjust too," said Mrs. Forrest, now crying bitterly; "but I know why you do it, and I will speak to William to return the money you lent us last month to pay the rent;—I did not think you would have done so!"

After a long and painful conversation, the sisters parted, and Fanny Cunningham went home with her kind and prudent heart full of apprehension and sorrow.

Three months after the scene we have related, the post brought William Forrest a letter from the creditor to whom he had given a bill, reminding him that in a week it became due; and also enclosing an account of which the following is a copy, and which had been sent to him in mistake by a new shopman of the silversmith, his surname being the same as that of Marion's husband:—

"Mr. Forrest,

"To Luke Diamond,

"Hire of four dozen large and small silver forks £1 0 0"

One of those sudden depressions to which trade is always subject had occurred, and Mr. Forrest, unable to meet the bill he had given to his namesake and printer, wrote to tell him so and request a renewal, which he never suffered himself to doubt would be agreed to; but Mr. James Forrest was a clear-headed old man, who had seen much of the world, and watched many young couples rise and fall; so, when he reflected upon the silversmith's bill enclosed to him, he saw at no great distance the ruin such follies must lead to—he felt he could have no confidence in the prudence of a man who squandered his money so absurdly, and, in short, he declined to renew William's bill, saying that he had paid it away.

Mr. Forrest was now thoroughly crippled, no means presented themselves of getting the money, and he was in despair.

"Go to Fanny!" said his sobbing wife; "perhaps she will help us!"

"But she has never been here since that unlucky quarrel about those forks; besides, I don't think she either could or would do anything."

Yet, for all that, William went, and in the small, but scrupulously neat parlour of her lodgings he found his sister-in-law. She was busy, as usual, working some of that beautiful lace which is often made by my

poorest but most industrious countrywomen. She rose cheerfully from her seat, and held out her hand, asking after all at home.

"They are all well except Marion," he said; "but what are you doing so busily, Fanny?"

"Only making lace!"

"It is very beautiful; is it not? You will indeed be gay when you wear it. For your wedding—eh, Fanny?"

"It is not for myself—though you are right about its being for a wedding—it is Lady Anne Mortimer's wedding veil."

"Lady Anne Mortimer!—I didn't know, Fanny, you had such noble acquaintance;—no wonder we see so little of you."

"My dear William, you strangely misunderstand; I can boast no acquaintance with her ladyship, except being employed by her:—I worked both her sister's marriage dresses, and she has kindly given me this veil to do."

"Worked the dresses!—Are you paid for them, then?"

"Of course;—why are you surprised?"

"But the appearance of the thing!—What can people think?"

"What they choose, William,—if, indeed, they waste their time in thinking at all about so insignificant a person. While I owe them nothing, pay for all I have *when* I have it, pretend to nothing but honesty and quiet,—who can say anything?—and if they should, what can it matter to me? As for appearances, I have none to keep up, because I never professed to be one bit greater or richer than I really am. I shall be very glad of Lady Anne's thirty guineas, because I honestly earn it, and it gives me the means of indulging myself in a few little charities I could not else accomplish.—But this is a tiresome long homily, William, and you look tired;—let me make you a cup of coffee?"

More to gain time and courage to speak his errand, than because he required the refreshment, her offer was accepted, and he loitered over it till Fanny began to fear that something was indeed the matter. Dearly, very dearly, she loved her sister and nieces, and, in truth, the greatest reason for her industry was to accumulate for them a little fund which she saw must soon be needed. She knew the foolish ideas of both Marion and her husband, on the old score of keeping up appearances, but she knew too that neither of them was obstinate nor perverse, and that both greatly dreaded any exposure. With much seeming patience she waited for William to speak upon the subject of his visit, but at last he rose to go without having said a word upon business, and then Fanny saw that if she wished to serve him, she must herself allude to it.

"I am sure, William, you came here to say something more than you have done; if so, do not hesitate; with your wife's sister you should not surely be reserved!"

"I did come to say something to you, Fanny, but when I see how differently you are acting to Marion

and myself, I feel so ashamed of my folly, that I tell you honestly I have not the courage."

"If you are in any difficulty out of which I can help you, be sure, my dear William, I will; so put down your hat again, and do not look so wretched, for, believe me, there is scarcely any dilemma out of which a firm and honest mind, working boldly in fear of God's law, and faith of his promised aid, cannot be extricated; so cheer up, and tell me all."

And, thus encouraged, William spoke, while, so magical is truth, that Fanny saw at once he was frankly confessing everything; he made no attempt to conceal or justify his losses and careless expenditure, and there was a brave humility in his tone and manner, that went instantly to a heart capable of understanding and appreciating it. She saw the right time was come for help, and with a wisdom few people who serve others show in like cases, she refrained from one bitter or doubting word. Even that complacent boast which most (and all selfish hearts) indulge in—"Ah, I told you how it would be!" was unspoken.

Oh! if men and women would but see the evil those words and others like them do,—how the sorrowing or suffering spirit shrinks, and rebels, at the unsympathizing and ostentatious superiority thus assumed, surely they would be left unuttered. Why is it that after misfortune, folly, or even crime, we believe that all holy trace of "God's image," given us before the fall, is obliterated? Far, very far from our original beauty we have sunk, our best things are tainted with the early sin of Eden, for truly "the trail of the serpent is over them all;" but of the baptized soul who shall dare to say that *all* likeness is gone, all pure and great aspirations dead? Fouled with this world's sins and pursuits, still at times, in all natures, from the disobedient child to the hardened felon, some flash, like sunlight through a storm-cloud, startles us into an involuntary acknowledgment that the Divine image is not wholly blotted out, that something is left to us yet, though stained and crushed; but as an angel's wing, even soiled and drooping, is heavenly plumage still, so the faultiest spirit that walks this earth, has in some corner of its soul a remnant of its divine beauty, which, rightly touched, and tenderly fostered, springs and echoes to the call of love, and might, by the generous trust and appreciation of others, make many an evil man a righteous one again. But no; alas for human nature! by some mysterious train of reasoning, we seem to fancy that every man's crime or folly raises us —because just that *very* sin or imprudence we are not guilty of, we are pure of all other; and as in proportion to his fall we are elevated, we have a right to arrogate innocence (without which none should bear hardly upon his fellow), and taunt, and doubt, and agonize a heart already suffering, and say with a pride none but a *righteous* soul has claim to use—"I dare say you mean very well now, but you have been warned before. I really should like to help (or trust) you, but I fear the same temptation, &c." Oh, man—man!—when will the holy spirit our Lord lived to inculcate, and died to prove, the love and charity

which "hopeth all things, beareth all things," be practised in this weary world! Does it never occur to these pharisaical censors, mighty in reproof, that upon *them*, often and often will lay the heavy guilt of a soul's return to evil, its desertion of the good to which one kindly action of trust in the holy impulse, a few words of encouragement to the better nature, now awakened, would lead. Does the sound of words which may be spoken at the Eternal bar, never come warningly upon the senses,—the reproach of a brother or sister whom their harshness has driven back to evil?

Let us say a few words to those who have (and who has not?) relatives or friends who, led away from right and prudence, have done ill and unwisely, and would fain with your help retrieve the past. Seize the first indication of penitence, watch for it as a storm-wrecked mariner watches the breaking earth that heralds the appearance of the germinating seed which is to be parent of the corn to support his life, nurse it as tenderly, give it full belief, chill not the impulse by distrust; above all, never use those hateful phrases, "Ah, I told you so; you would not take my advice!"—"I knew how it would end!" and such like. True, you may have prophesied rightly; but can you say, that, reverse your positions, let the warnings be spoken to you, and with the same temptations that have wrecked your fellow's prudence, you would have done more righteously? Ah, remember that it is a sore thing to the proud human heart to acknowledge its sins and follies!—be gentle then, and, speaking faithfully but mercifully of the past, be trusting, cheering, charitable for the future; give the soul something to be proud of, something to work for; and teaching it that Christian love watches for, and fosters penitence, lead it by gratitude for the practice, to reverence for the Author of our faith.

Oh, beautiful Spirit of love! scared from this stormy world by the evil passions of those thou wouldst gladly bless with thy own beauty, return to us again! Once more, as in the Eastern garden, walk with us as a guardian to cherish and protect.

This is a long digression, but it was such reflections as these, which led Fanny Cunningham, whom we confess to loving dearly, to meet her brother's confidence with a cordial smile; and when he said—

"An execution will be in the shop to-morrow, and my credit gone for ever; all I dare ask you is, to give Marion and the children a home."

She replied—

"Well, William, the worst is come, and we must meet it as we best may. I will do all I can to help you, for I am sure this is a struggle severe enough to guard you against such mistakes for the future."

"Indeed it is; trust me and try me again; and with God's blessing upon my resolution and exertions, you shall have no cause to regret your goodness."

"I am sure of it," said Fanny, cheerfully and confidently. "And now, let us consider: you say that you are involved to the extent of six hundred pounds, for which, in most cases, you have given bills, now

falling due, and, of course, if Mr. James Forrest's claim is unsatisfied, and your stock seized, all your creditors will come upon you at once. I do not quite see at this moment what is best to do; but I possess nearly all the money you want, and you shall have it, though it will need some judgment in the application, and many changes, as you say, must be made in your expenses, lest you should be again in a similar dilemma, and I have no power at all to help you. Let us both go at once to Mr. Hatten, and if you will be guided by his advice, I promise that you shall have the means."

Oh, Fanny, Fanny! where is your worldly wisdom? What a chance you have lost for the resuscitation of all his delinquencies! When will such another opportunity occur for the revival of old grievances; or reminding of advice unheeded, and sage counsel neglected? What an excellent plea you have thrown away for refusing to assist, and prudently doubting "if it would be of any use to help!" What can you be thinking of? I believe I know what she would answer to the question,—"I am thinking of Him who bade us, 'if our brother trespass against us seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to us saying, I repent, to forgive him.'"

Very joyfully did William Forrest agree to his sister's proposal, and in a month the whole of his debts were paid by her; the furniture of the gay drawing-room sold; the room converted into the useful place they at first intended; the smart nurse replaced by an active country servant; Marion behind the counter of fancy stationery; the dandy shopmen gone, and every man and woman in the house working diligently for the eye of Him, whose servant has bidden us not to be "slothful in business;" but "whatever our hand findeth to do, to do it with our might."

PRINCES AND PRIESTS; OR, ORIENTAL DAGUERREOTYPES.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

EVERY body, on the 25th of August, 184—, was to be seen with an image of Ganese, the elephant-headed deity, in his hand, for it was the great festival of the "Ganese chatworthee." The poorer folks danced about little plaster images, adorned with necklaces and ear-jewels of red and green pigment; others paraded effigies of wood, with no speculation in the eyes that so of talc did glare withal; while some extolled the merits of a god of cloth, a "guy," stuffed very hard, and clad in blue, while all the snippings of a tailor's cutting-room seemed to have been put in requisition for his ears and trunk. Some idols were of stone, curiously carved: the material differed with the rank of the worshipper; but he would have been thought a luckless householder indeed, who did not to-day refresh the Lares of his hearth, and anoint a new Ganese, fated to a watery grave when the sun sank upon the western wave. Among the rich, these idols were costly, but I had not an opportunity of seeing

more of them than in divers peeps, obtained by torch-light, through the open doors of the richly-gilded palankeens, which bore these objects of a nation's worship to the sea. Several of these palkees I passed in the great bazaar, when returning from our evening drive. The interiors were hung with wreaths and festoons of chumpa and mogree blossoms, and were decorated with gold, jewels, and rich brocade, while supported by cushions sat the Hindoo god of wisdom, the great Gunputtee, whose early accident, as related in the Purans, so mortifyingly furnished him with the elephant's proboscis. Around the palankeens flashed torches, throwing their red glare upon the jewelled head of the deity, while tomtoms in advance, and shrill pipes from the rear, added to the noise and discord. Horsemen and footmen, Brahmins, and the wealthy of the island, attended these processions, and ere the stars shone forth, thousands of elephant-headed gods were consigned to the deep waters.

The great procession connected with this festival is to be seen at Baroda, where the Guicowar, as its Hindoo patron, makes the most of it. Wisdom, one would think, was supreme in the dominion of his highness, if we might judge of it by the distinctions with which it is annually treated, did not facts assure us of the contrary; however, not only does Ganese ride forth on this his fête day in the finest of all fine palankeens, but the prince attends him; and not only the prince, (who, like the pope, might afford to appear humble one day in the year, for the sake of his creed,) but the British Resident is there too, with the sepoy of a British army, and the national music of England, with elephants, and trumpets, and banners, and a shouting multitude; and all to do honour to an idol of wood or stone!

We cannot tell how long respect for the prejudices of the Guicowar may command this consideration at our hands. Some admirable papers, written by a missionary at Baroda, have already appeared on the subject, which well deserve attention; for, independently of the grief and pain such duty must cause to many European officers called on to command this guard of honour to a Hindoo deity, it is quite certain that Hindoos, when they witness these marks (as they consider them,) of homage, and respect, believe that we do absolutely respect the *objects* of the ceremony, and that our rule in India is, somehow or other, a permitted one, on the part of their gods, whose supremacy we are obliged, for our own security's sake, to acknowledge by such public demonstrations of respect. I have been told by intelligent natives that it is really matter of popular opinion, that it is not the prince, but the deity we so honour; that it is not a courteous form, by which we seek to keep order, but a voluntary act of absolute homage; and, if this is indeed so, the fact deserves attention. Natives have frequently told me, with regard to the Mohurum, Hooli, and other similar observances, that if European officers did not attend processions and natches, the sepoy and natives generally would care much less about them, and not be encouraged

to spend the large sums they now do, on dancing women, lights, and decorations. The sepoys are flattered at the presence of their superiors, and set greater value on the occasions which seem to interest them. I confess I had never viewed the matter in this light, but had ever considered the accepting such invitations as mere acts of courtesy, necessary to encourage and keep up good feeling between the native subordinates and their European superiors; but the assurances I have since received on the matter, from sound authority, place these concessions in a very different and very important point of view.

The month *Shrawan* requires the celebration of more festivals than any of the rest of the Hindoo year, and consequently the priestly class are in full feather. The meer's house being situated between two great bazaars, and on the high road from two important temples, that of Juggernath Sunkersett and that on Malabar Hill, fakirs pass by, and are seen about it, at all hours and in all varieties. The earliest abroad I observed to be a man who, at five every morning, was so freshly smeared with wood ashes, that the only dark portions of his body were the pupils of his wily, malignant-looking eyes; he wore a high crown, like the cap of Osiris, of peacocks' feathers, and a tiger's skin over his shoulders; he carried a dish and staff, and, I suspect, creates an impression very advantageous to his own interests. This worthy is generally followed by a man carrying a child, frightfully crippled, in a basket slung by a bamboo over his shoulder; the man wears ochre-coloured garments, and the child roars out something or other in praise of Mahdeo which neither he nor any one else can understand. Then comes an old fakir, dragged along by a coolie in a little cart, covered with brickdust-looking cloth, and rests from place to place, until they have made the tour of every temple in the "*quartier*," and the wise man's scrip is full; and there are scores of others smeared with white dust, and laden with heavy beads; all scowling and malignant beings, intent on the robbery of their fellow men.

It was but a few days before the festival, as I was riding up from Tardeo to the Sunkersett temple, that I saw a strange creature on the road, who I imagined might be one of the huge monkeys from Guzerat, which the Brahmins delight in petting, in honour of their god Huniman; and I fancied the creature might have wandered beyond the precincts of the temple, to look about him a little and get an appetite for fresh mangoes and his morning rice. Having no sympathy with Huniman's votaries in this particular taste for the long-armed Guzeratees, I was about to turn my horse along a bye-path, when I remarked that several of the fruit people, toddy sellers, and others, on their way to the bazaar, salaamed to this creature and made way for it. Now, really, even to the monkey who boards at a temple, I thought this was going too far, and thus having my suspicions roused by it, I rode forwards, and soon saw that it was a poor creature who, in penitential mood, and to gain credit for a work of merit, was absolutely hopping

his way, in the posture of a frog, to every temple of renown in western India! He looked old and emaciated, as one who really to the letter performed his vow, and did so, moreover, from a sincere belief both in its necessity and in its value.

A few days after this, I saw another man near the same temple, stretched along upon the ground, who was measuring his length towards Nassik; but I had my doubts of him, for he was of stalwart frame, and looked amazingly as if he got up and walked sturdily along under the shelter of the jungles, when no one was on his path; for he was a healthy, muscular looking rogue, whose motives I suspected to be none of the purest. I asked the Brahmin, Nana Narain, about them both, and he first shook his head, and then nodded it, with a very incredulous air; and when I asked him if he thought them sincere, he said, "Oh, no!—they did these foolish things for what they could get! There were not so many as there used to be, for people did not encourage them now." He said, the few now here went, in consequence of its being *Shrawan*, to the Mahdeo and Sivaite temples, because, as some part of it was a great fast, such penances were more likely to be a good means of collecting alms. In the Bharat and Ramayan, Mahratta plays, that were performed here at the Dewalli sometimes, these people were often introduced "to make laughter." They called themselves Sanyassi's, but they were generally only beggars. People sometimes educated their children, he said, to this sort of life, as a trade, and taught them "very curious things," by which they better imposed upon the people; such as remaining for days without food and water, charming snakes, and seeming to wound themselves with daggers, but it was "all nonsense."

Now, albeit Nana Narain was a strict Brahmin, and, as such, his criticism on devotocism was valuable, yet, I had seen men, Sanyassi's, near Girnar, and in other of the jungles of Western India, leading the lives of anchorites, and certainly without other inducement than they derived from the approval of their consciences. I mentioned these, and Nana Narain allowed their existence. It was, he said, a part of Hindooism, and in old times was extensively practised, but not in these days; the examples were now very rare; and the imitations (part of modern corruption,) that were generally to be met with, deserved punishment, rather than encouragement, because it brought into ridicule that which was really, and originally, good. It seems, that in old times, when a man determined on a life of holiness, he was required to pass through four stages of initiation. At eight years of age, he was invested with the Brahminical cord; the first state; in the second, he studied the attributes of the deities, and that control of the universe their powers had created; in the third stage, he married, became a householder, studied the social virtues, and lived as a man of the world. In the fourth, the devotees became Sanyassi, "holy;"—they retired to the jungles, and devoted their lives to meditation; they were compelled to shave their heads, they were for-



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bidden to live in houses; they dared neither to possess nor to use money; silk, as an article of raiment, was forbidden them; and if wearing garments at all, such were directed to be of *flax*, cotton being forbidden. It is right that a man should be educated, to become eventually a Sanyassi, and pass blameless through his stages of initiation; but occasionally, when the fear of death falls upon a rich man, he gives all his goods in charity, through the agency of Brahmins, and, with certain ceremonies, is made a Sanyassi, which of course is supposed to secure for him every description of blessing that the Hindoos believe can attend the transition states after death.

An instance of this kind occurred but a few months ago at Nassik: A man of enormous wealth, having eaten a great many water-melons, believed himself seized with spasmodic cholera, and at the point, as he thought, of finding himself either a dog or a rajah, as the case might be; and, being anxious to ensure the latter result, he called the Brahmins, and making over to the great temple the whole of his enormous wealth, the ceremonies were performed, and the dying man admitted to the benefits of Sanyassi-ship, as completely as if, instead of making and hoarding money all his life, he had, from the tender age of eight years, been employed in works of charity. Strange to say, however, notwithstanding that pots of milk had been placed about the room, grains of rice strewn under the charpoy, strings of leaves placed over his head, and I don't know how many little images of Devi brought in, and smeared with oil in the sick man's chamber, before he thought of becoming Sanyassi, and without any effect whatever, the moment his worldly goods were willed away to that great temple with the huge silver bells, by the side of the Holy Gunga, Nature began the work of a hakeem, and the man was cured! In four-and-twenty hours he was as well as the fattest Brahmin in Nassik; but he was a Sanyassi notwithstanding. He had not one pice in the world, wherewith to go forth and buy a handful of parched grain; nor dared he beg, for this also is forbidden; so, after some struggles, he took a staff and a platter, and went forth; what the liberal gave him, that he ate; he dared not return to his house, but lay on the road-side, and as he did so, perhaps, thanked Nature little enough for her interference, for to pass away under cholera into a condition of rajahship, must be pleasanter to the imagination than to endure the reality of a Sanyassi, *malgré lui*, after the manner of the victim at Nassik. How the Brahmins must have chuckled as they noted him with his staff and platter, day by day,—they passing by, in fine linen, to the great temple,—where they had divided the spoil!

Altogether, they are a dreadful set of people, the Brahmins of Nassik. The place itself is considered as the Benares of western India, and the people persist in calling the river Godavery the Gunga; and when full it is very beautiful in its several windings; and the temples that crowd its banks are handsome and picturesque; and the groups of pilgrims and

devotees attract attention, who so zealously perform their ablutions in the sacred stream; while here and there we see the procession of a native prince, his elephants and horsemen, or a carrier of the sacred water, with his vessels covered with crimson cloth and circled with silver bells; or we have a string of bullocks laden with bags of human bones, to be deposited here by those who cannot afford a journey to Benares;—and the scene is strange, and full of interest; but, as we stand gazing thereon, and feeling that here, indeed, we are in the stronghold of the corruptest Brahminism, a priest from the great temple passes by;—a troop of truculent-looking sepoy follow him, with swords, and cloths as shields wrapped round their left hands; and the Brahmin himself, though he deigns not to lift his eyes, scowls horribly on the ground, and, at the moment that he passes, lifts his hand, and holds his left ear between his finger and thumb, to save him from the Evil Eye, as the shadow of a Feringee may chance to fall on him. Seeing this, the sepoys scowl also, and hold their ears, evidently longing, however, to use their swords instead, and you feel it is so, and are relieved when they have passed. We are sure that Brahmin whom we have in our mind's eye as we now write of his class, is at least a true disciple of the Dharma Subbha!—*he will never yield to innovation;—he will never spare a widow, nor save a Rajpoot girl, nor forbid an aged father to bury himself alive! Not he!*—the Purans are all in all to him, and he will insist upon them to the last. The city swarms with Missionaries, some able, all zealous, but they will do no good with him! Bigotry and ignorance go hand in hand in this case: “’tis not that the man is rich in argument, but that he is poor in knowledge;”—ignorant of every thing, he doubts nothing;—he asks not of the truth that is in *him*, but his self-sufficiency convinces him that error is everywhere else; and whether it be so or not, never gives his mind a moment's trouble on the matter, but rests as he is, satisfied with the blind homage of his hoodwinked people.

It was on a fine July evening while walking on the Valade, a good raised road which saves the “flats” of Bombay from the farther encroachments of the sea, and leads by ways of pleasantness to the pretty woods of Mahim, that I suddenly perceived one who has been rather lionized of late in Bombay, the Persian prince Aga Mohamed, with his brother and some portion of his retinue. The prince was, as princes should be, of a rather portly presence, with beard and moustache equally luxuriant in growth, black and silk-like; his costume consisted of a chintz body-coat girded with a cashmere cummerbund, red satin trowsers, and one of the tallest lamb's-skin caps, probably, ever brought from Bokhara. His highness bestrode what seemed but a sorry nag, unless, indeed, like many, such apparently pitiable looking animals in the East, unseen qualities rendered him a very Bucephalus to the modern hero he had the honour to bear. However this may have been, the starved appearance of the nag was amply compensated by the pomp, pride, and circum-

stance that brought up the rear. There, at a foot's pace, advanced a bright yellow chariot, swinging backwards and forwards, as if it assented fully to all that was going on; the horses were sleek, and yet they bit each other from time to time, shaking the chariot yet more into the affirmative, not from hunger, but for pastime, while on the box sat one attired in gamboge coloured silk, contrasting well with the crimson bag depending from his cap, who roared out verses from Hafis for the recreation of his master, pausing at the conclusion of each stanza, and then, as if in a refrain, giving us the titles and dignities of the prince and the royal house of Persia.

This cortege was altogether *Persian*. And this expression is sufficient to convey to the minds of all acquainted with that country and its people, the extreme of absurdity, combined with the most preposterous effects of self-complacency and conceit. Mr. Morier knew the Persian character well, and although English readers may fancy his sketches overdrawn, those acquainted with the East acknowledge their admirable truth, and know how impossible it is for any writer to exaggerate the peculiar absurdity that results from the Persian *amour propre*. Aga Khan, however, though doubtless strongly resembling the rest of his countrymen, is a notable person, and some particulars in his history deserve remark. His family are of those who, as *Kojas*, pretend to the honour of direct descent from the prophet. Now, the king of Persia seems to have not been quite decided as to which party deserved his protection, for, at one period, he persecuted these claimants to relationship with Mahomet, and afterwards seems to have thought them good, truth-telling, honourable men enough. Sectarian feeling was not, however, confined to the ruler, but the people of Kurnean in their zeal murdered the father of Aga Khan, and showed decided intentions of exterminating the family, on which the king called the young Aga to court. Now, "hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you," in an eastern *darbar*, is an invitation often equivalent to the mandate of "come to the slaughter," as the *beys* found it, when bidden to the marriage by Mahomet Ali; and Aga Khan, painfully conscious of this fact, very naturally and properly hesitated in accepting the invitation; on which the king sent a *khelat*, his seal, as an assurance of protection, and a message explanatory of his tenets, on receiving which, the aga stood on the edge of the royal carpet of promotion, and was elected Viceroy of Kerbelā. After a while "it came to pass" that Aga Mohamed found favour in the sight of the king, and he said, "Behold, I give you my daughter in marriage; I am an earthly sovereign, but I rejoice in giving my child to one who will find favour for her with the king of heaven."

The khan, thus honoured both in temporal and spiritual things, returned to his province; but disputes still arising, as the result of a kingdom being divided against itself, the khan with his followers in considerable force went to Caubul, and when the war broke out, did us good service. He then came to

Sindh, purposing settlement there, under British protection; but on its appearing that the Sindhians also held opinions on doctrinal points of the Koran that might render disputes very common between their *Syuds* and the *Koja* settlers, Aga Khan was requested to disband his followers and establish himself at Calcutta. The city of palaces, however, had no charms for him, and the prince came to Bombay, hoping eventually to return to Persia, and now seeks that which he is unlikely to obtain; viz. a guarantee for protection from our government to the Persian court. His followers have returned to their lands, but the khan still enjoys a very tolerable provision from the devoted attachment of his sect.

Aga Khan affects some knowledge of the black arts, mutters incantations, casts nativities, pretends to second sight, and is strong in many forms of astrology and divination. He foretold, the people say, that the rain would fall this year, exactly at three o'clock by the cathedral church, on the 7th of June: and of course it did so. Then the governor was to pay him a visit of ceremony at the aga's house, in Rampart Row, and a large assembly were collected, but the aga at the time appointed came among them, in his ordinary dress, and said, "The Governor will not come: I have consulted the stars; they are unpropitious; he is ill;" and an hour after this, it is said, a trooper galloped up with an aide-de-camp's note to this purpose, and the people dispersed, every one to his house, pondering on the wisdom of the aga.

Ladies seldom accompany their husbands on journeys in the East, and the king's daughter remains at Kerbelā; but, as the aga has fortunately found favour in the sight of two other wives who here bask in his smiles, his hearth is not rendered wholly desolate by the etiquette of society.

After passing the khan and his "chorus," we strolled on to a celebrated Mahomedan tomb, erected on a pleasant breezy hillock overlooking the sea, and connected with a smaller one, which when the tide is full seems floating on the waves. Both these places are objects of pilgrimage, as much by the Hindoos as the Moslems, though the first have no excuse for making it so, but the love of holidays, of wearing fresh attire, chatting, walking, and placing the *Kushka* (mark on the forehead) more carefully than usual. The tomb at the end of the valade looked like a bungalow, but on clambering over the rocks to gain it, we found that it had but two small doors, and those firmly closed, with not even a loop-hole whereby to satisfy curiosity; so that it might have been empty for what we knew, a mere falsehood of brick, and the Peer, headstone, coverlet and all, at Mecca, or Kerbelā, or heaven knows where, among the thousand mausoleums that no doubt bear his name. It was a most unsatisfactory place altogether, and coming down, wondering at our own folly in having gone up, we met a fellow with a water-vessel on his head, and to try his faith in the unseen we inquired "whose tomb that was?" on which he grinned from ear to ear, as if we had said a marvellous witty thing that pleased

him, and then with little respect of persons roared out, as if training himself with pebbles in his mouth to be a second Demosthenes, "Peer Munjancee, of course, and his sister lies there, buried in the sea."

On my return to the meer's in the evening, I found the servant of Abdullah, the Arab horse merchant, waiting to offer himself as a purchaser of my pony "Ubluck," (or the Piebald,) a strong serviceable native-bred animal, but lately displaying a will of his own, and carrying it out with some success. The creature ever reminded me of the reis, or captain of my boat, in going to Thebes, who ascended the river by a series of right angles, that he might dance, and sing, and pipe on a few inches of bulrush, at each village on either side; and when threatened with a Turkish governor's wrath, my dragoman remarked, "Oh! suppose we beat him thousand times; or, if you please, suppose we *hang* him, he never go straight." Of this character was the determined obstinacy of Ubluck; he did not, it is true, dance at villages, but he loved feasting at home, and would ever seek to return thither, after the first canter that he considered necessary to stimulate appetite, and that by the most ingenious devices. My groom had priced the creature at ten pounds; but, to my amusement, Abdullah's man proposed payment in kind, or that I should receive as an equivalent one hundred rupees' worth of balzarine dresses, all of the same pattern, that he had received from Calcutta, and now brought on the head of a coolie. The gross of green spectacles that so distressed the Primrose family was mere bagatelle to this; and the disappointment of the jockey *commis voyageur*, when he discovered how powerless was the effect of some thirty-five white balzarines with lilac stripes, was at its height when Govind Rao, my groom, confided to his ear both my refusal, and mirth at the proposition.

Meer Achar left us to return to Baroda, he having command of a body of his highness the Guicowar's horse. I was sorry to lose his society, for he wiled away many evening hours with his descriptions of the court amusements at Baroda, the elephant and buffalo fights, the exhibitions of trained birds, the dramatic performances, and various recreations of a similar nature that the Guicowar delights in; for his highness is a very unenlightened personage, and between priests and players, prayers and puppets, birds and bigotry, passes his time. Meer Achar had been a pleasant shopping companion also; he delighted in seeking for articles of all descriptions, from leaden pipes for his shower-bath to artificial flowers for his wife; and he was a most shrewd man of business too, always amiable, always liberal, but with the most calculating head I ever knew. No native trader ever succeeded in winning Meer Achar to pay as a prince for his possessions; whether it were a matter of pence or of lacs, it would be the same thing; the meer paid the absolute and intrinsic value of all he purchased, and he would, if necessary, pass hours and days in deciding this. Every morning, when he returned from the fort, his carriage was laden with *bijouterie* and articles

of fantasie of all kinds, French, Chinese, English, Persian, and these all were packed up in huge chests by Ramjeo, to prepare them for their introduction to the meer's harem at Baroda, where, in a few days, they were probably destroyed or rendered useless, by fair but untutored hands.

The porch was crowded to witness the departure of the meer, and all the people raised their voices to repeat his titles and wish him abounding fortune. Among the servants, the gay little barber stood prominently forth; the meer had just placed largess in his hand, and the eyes of the happy Figaro moved, in rapid glances, from the meer to heaven, then to the five rupees, and then to the meer again;—he was intoxicated with gratitude, that little barber!

The meer thus drove forth, amid the shouts for good luck that rent the air, but the hakeem, old Budroodeen, still rolled his eyes rather impatiently at the late delay, for he had consulted his books, and had told the meer that this day and this hour were propitious; wherefore good luck *must* follow. Everything seemed strangely quiet when the meer had gone. The moonshée took to his books, the delall to his slumbers, Hubbeeb the Beloved to oiling and dressing his moustache, and the young peon to sitting still and making hideous faces, as was his wont, while Ramjeo, divesting himself of his embroidered ankrika and gold and crimson turban, began to walk loiteringly about in damp places, occasionally experimentalizing on the perfume to be found in weeds, and mounted on a pair of wooden clogs, which, for appearance sake, were studded under the sole of the foot with the heads of large brass nails, so that peripatetics with him bore a strong affinity to a fakir's penance. However, what will not most of us suffer for fashion's sake? and it being the fashion to walk barefooted on the heads of nails, Ramjeo did so calmly.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.¹

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you!"
As You Like It.—Act II. Sc. 2.

ALTHOUGH the "Education Bill" was not a government measure, the Premier supported it, and was even indirectly concerned in its drawing up and introduction. His rage at his brother-in-law's opposition had a *suppressed* intensity, that seemed to compensate for his deficiency in the opposite emotion. The less he could love, the more bitterly could he hate. His disappointed egoism boiled inwardly. He applauded his own sagacity. He blamed his soft considerateness. It was evident to himself what his defect was; the one dot over the "I." He was too soft and yielding. He had too much consideration for others. It led him at times to betray his better judgment. How clearly he had foreseen the results of his brother's engagement with

(1) Continued from p. 112.

In order to finish the above tale in the present Volume, it has been found necessary to print it in smaller type.

Lord Clifton's sister! Fanciful and unpractical, they were just the kind of people to influence him strongly and wrongly. Lord Clifton's rank and influence would be sure to foster his native intractableness. Such an alliance was greatly above any he could reasonably have anticipated for many years, at all events. In time, indeed, when his character would be better formed, and by his help and patronage, he might have looked even higher. But this engagement took it all out of his hands. It emancipated him, as it were, from the only control that was likely to be of any solid, practical advantage to him. His worst fears had now been realised, even more suddenly and completely than he had expected. It was a complete explosion. And all this might possibly have been hindered, if he had been more explicit and resolute in his measures to prevent the engagement taking place. But it was just like him. At the exact moment when firmness and hardness was wanted, he had exhibited unpardonable weakness. He had been too reserved and dainty in his conversation with Lord Clifton and his sister about Sumner. He wanted to screen from them his real character; and his foolish kindness had done him in reality more harm than good. There seemed to be but two alternatives. He could not have a rebel in the camp. He must altogether break with him, or contrive some means of putting an end to that ill-omened matrimonial engagement. The former must evidently be the last resource; for it was evident he had not miscalculated his intellectual power. The effect he produced last night in a maiden speech, showed pretty clearly what stuff he was made of. He was clearly not to be thrown away—besides the damaging circumstance of so able an opponent being so close a relative.

Thus mused the First Lord of the Treasury.

The great majority of the assembly that listened to Harry Sumner's speech were unable to comprehend his arguments. They had been luminously put, his rhetoric was alluring, and his manner attractive: they had been gratified, but anything but persuaded.

The Education measure was adopted by a majority of twenty-two.

The following Friday was the day fixed by the Court of Queen's Bench to hear the libel case—"Sumner v. Flint." Sumner had not troubled himself much about it. He had no doubt of the verdict; and his object was simply a withdrawal of the calumny on the part of the Colonel. He wished for no damages—only to be cleared.

The case was opened by a formal offer on the part of the complainant to accept the retraction of the odious, calumnious slander that had been circulated by the defendant. He wanted no apology. He should not have noticed it, but that he found its public contradiction necessary to prevent its being widely believed.

Mr. Lamb conducted the defence; and with a shrewdness, ingenuity, and power, that came like a thunder-clap upon the opposing counsel and his client. They found they had been too secure.

The defendant positively declined the offer—and even vowed his determination, in no way to withdraw a charge which from his heart he believed and knew to be true. This unsuccessful offer itself damaged the cause from the first: the complainant's counsel was as astounded as himself at this rejection of terms, that seemed so favourable to the aggressor. To those who only saw matters from without—the gaping public, it looked like misgiving on one side, conscious truth on the other.

Sumner's case was not a strong one. The evidence in his behalf was chiefly circumstantial; whilst the opposing counsel, by the help of Mrs. Roake's witness and her son's, together with that of the college tutor, contrived to present the complainant's character in such colours before the jury, that they unanimously valued it at the smallest coin of the realm. They found for the complainant—damages ONE FATHING.

Sumner was engaged on this day to dine at Hyde

Park Gardens. Mrs. Sumner had been spending the day with her daughter.

When they had all now adjourned to the library, coffee had been partaken of, and the room was clear of servants, Sumner opened the subject on which he had been brooding ever since he parted from Mr. Lamb.

"I have not told you the oddest part of the thing," he began. "After the trial, I found old Mr. Lamb, to have a chat with him. He declined to shake me by the hand, and indeed cut me. I could get no explanation from him. He muttered some mysterious hint about his whole fortune being lost; but as I have had no pecuniary transactions with him at any time, of any sort, what he can allude to is a riddle to me. Something has made him a bitter foe—what, is indeed a mystery. Lucy, you cannot give me any help in the way of conjecture, can you? Something about some shares, I think he said."

Mrs. Perigord looked appealingly towards her husband. She might as well have searched for a tree or a flower on a *mer de glace*.

"No—dear Harry," she replied, in a hesitating, uneasy tone of voice. "You have never had any money transactions with Mr. Lamb, that I am aware of."

"You! why do you say you so emphatically! has any one that you know?" inquired her brother.

Poor Lucy Perigord found herself at this moment in no enviable position. She could immediately give him the information he desired; but she dared not disobey her husband's directions; and she was no adept at evasion. Many an anxious, almost supplicating look, she directed towards her husband. He remained as though enjoying her discomfiture—impassive as a rock of adamant, on his chair, revolving, in the depth of that skillful mind, the best use to be made of this position.

"A mystery!" exclaimed Sumner.

"To which you have no intrinsic aversion," at length Mr. Perigord opened his lips to utter. Then, raising slowly his eyes, and resting them on his brother, in a calm, lofty, and resigned manner, observed in deliberate and measured tone:

"You will possibly now regret the vexatious opposition to me you were headstrong enough to volunteer the other night, when I inform you that, but for me, your mother and yourself would, at this moment, have been in the receipt of an income of about the amount of my butler's."

"You really must permit me, Perigord," said Sumner, "to disavow the remotest idea of opposing you. But tell me about this mysterious money matter. What has Lamb to do with it?"

"You know," he replied, "that the whole of your mother's property was invested in that ill-omened railway scheme."

"The Bribeworth and Huxtable!" asked Sumner with some vehemence.

"The same: I found its prospects were hopeless; my brother Gripe agreed with my opinion. I instructed him to get rid of them: Mr. Lamb purchased them; I believe he invested his whole fortune in them, so confident was he of success. A few days afterwards, the line was rejected by the Committee, and the fond gentleman was ruined. He has been obliged to diminish his establishment, and move to less expensive quarters."

An uncomfortable pause succeeded this explanation of Mr. Perigord's. Lucy drew a deep inspiration, expressive of the relief she experienced, at being disburdened of a subject which she was obliged to keep concealed from her mother.

Every feature of Harry's countenance exhibited unequivocal symptoms of an inward turmoil. There was an ominous and threatening appearance in this prolonged and unbroken silence; in which the only recognisable sounds, were Mrs. Perigord's hurried breathings, and the chink of her husband's watch-chain and seals.

The relief at first experienced by the former, had been quickly succeeded by timid anxiety, which was rapidly increasing to agitation. Her blue melancholy eyes were riveted on her brother.

At length she saw him raise his eyes with an inquiring look towards his mother; he met her gaze anxiously bent upon him. She readily divined the direction of his thoughts, and answered the question contained in his looks.

"You are wondering, Harry, why this was kept from you. Mr. Perigord exacted a promise from me and Lucy to that effect. I'm sure he had very good reasons. I left it all to him; and, as it has turned out, it is well I did. I am sure I ought to be grateful to him."

Sumner, who had withdrawn his gaze from his mother, and had well nigh relapsed into his previous thoughtfulness, almost started at these concluding words. He fixed a stern and scrutinizing glance upon her; exclaiming in a half-musing tone,

"Well!—grateful?"

"Yes, Harry; why not?" asked Mrs. Sumner, who was a trifle disconcerted by her son's manner.

"And so the old man thinks this is my doing!" he continued musingly, but with a bitter emphasis. Then after a pause he exclaimed, "There are emotions it is not in man to beat back!"

He had perceived rapidly but vividly *ALL* the consequences that must inevitably result from what he had just learned; and every keen emotion lent its separate force to the one, of overpowering rage, at the intrusive meddling of his brother-in-law, in matters so nearly concerning himself.

"Perigord!" he said sternly, "I must make bold to say, that your meddling with my, or rather my mother's affairs, and on so large a scale, without any consultation with me, is im—"

"Oh no, dear Harry, George did it for the best; be calm!" interrupted Lucy Perigord.

"But see the consequences, Lucy," replied her brother. "Mr. Perigord should not have interfered so extensively, in matters so nearly affecting me, without naming it to me: indeed, exacting a promise of secrecy from my mother and sister. No Lucy! it was not right."

"I knew you, Sumner," interrupted Mr. Perigord coldly. "I dreaded some such folly as I perceive you are now contemplating, and I thought it best to save Mrs. Sumner from being ruined by a headstrong son."

"Oh George—George! pray don't, I implore you, my husband!" Lucy Perigord interposed; her eyes were dim with tears, her cheeks flushed, and her whole slight frame trembled like an aspen, as she moved with shrinking timidity towards her husband; and laying her fair hand, which shook visibly, gently upon his shoulder, whispered into his ear, in a tone of even abject entreaty, a supplication that he would be patient, and bear with her brother, "who was young and warm." It showed how little she understood that man. Nothing she could have done or said, could have so keenly exasperated him. If there was one thing which more than another he plumed himself on, it was his philosophic equanimity of temper. The very "whispering" in which it was conveyed, added fuel to the flames.

"Sit down, my dear!" he replied, with freezing coldness, and in a tone somewhat of command: "Sit down. If you wish it, your brother and Mrs. Sumner, (if she have no objection,) and myself will withdraw. The subject is important; it does not admit of postponement; it really does not, my dear. Will you have the kindness to be seated." And as he spoke he gently, but with a kind of rigid and formal coldness, withdrew his wife's hand from where it rested, and signalled her to a seat.

This manner was unfortunate; it was not calculated to assist his brother-in-law in retaining that mastery of his feelings which was fast escaping him.

"Mother!" he said in an impassioned tone, "I need

not ask you, whether you would choose to be enriched upon the ruin of another?"

"Never!" Mrs. Sumner promptly and emphatically replied.

"Folly! rank idiocy!" exclaimed Mr. Perigord, to whose smothered fury events were rapidly opening an unwonted vent.

"Poor old Mr. Lamb, mother," continued Sumner, without noticing the interruption, "is ruined by that purchase of your shares; it consumed his whole fortune. And what is more, they were sold to him only a few days before the ruin of the line. Would you have consented to this, mother?"

"Never," she replied with increased emphasis, "never, my boy!"

"Nor would I have consented! Hence the secret!"

Lucy Perigord, finding her husband not in an approachable mood, (when was he!) had gently withdrawn and seated herself by her brother's side. She placed her hand in his; he grasped it warmly—with a nervous tenacity, indeed, which caused her to shrink.

"My dear brother," she said coaxingly, "will you oblige me by not coming to any conclusion immediately. George knows more about business matters than you do, does he not?"

"Undoubtedly!" said her brother.

"And I am sure you know that he is incapable of even thinking, much more transacting, anything not consistent with the most scrupulous and delicate integrity!" continued Lucy.

"Doubtless!" her brother answered, "but I should have been consulted. I, after my dear mother, am the only person interested; and I may have feelings on the subject, to which your husband is an entire stranger."

"And so should wish ever to remain," interposed Mr. Perigord, in a tone of haughty bitterness; adding, with a sardonic smile, "This is a pleasing spectacle, in sooth—Mrs. Perigord, her mother and brother, taking the honour of the first minister of the crown under their patronage. I am your debtor, I feel myself acquitted. Thank you. Ha! ha! Really, my chivalrous relative, I should have imagined that, *under circumstances*, a lower tone on such a subject had best suited you."

This was galling. Sumner felt an inward thirsting for revenge; he struggled for a second or two, and beat it back manfully.

Lucy's anxious eyes were upon him. She marked the changing colour, the lowering brow, the quivering lip.

"Lord Clifton just left as you came, Harry," she said hurriedly. "He requested me to tell you that he had learned the result of the trial, and hoped you would not let it disturb you. He said you knew you had some friends, at least, on whose minds the only effect of the verdict would be to increase if possible their admiration and sympathy. He said you would know what he alluded to."

Mrs. Perigord had thus interposed in the conversation with the simple, genuine desire of diverting it into another channel. Her husband imagined she was aiming a side-sarcasm at him; an object about as distant from the gentle creature's thoughts as self-renunciation from her husband's nature. He was exasperated. He, too, tried to repress his rage; from a very different motive than his brother's, however, and not so successfully.

"Lucy, Lucy!" he began hurriedly, and then hesitated in some confusion.

No one but herself would have mistaken the tone in which these two words had been uttered. Mrs. Sumner, with the sagacity of a mother's observation, saw very clearly what was impending.

"My dear Mr. Perigord, we do understand you, I hope," she said; "I'm sure Harry is as grateful for your intended kindness as I am, even although he may wish it had not been done. But it *is* done now, and there's an end of it. It can't be undone."

"But it can be undone!" exclaimed Sumner vehemently.

mently; "and if I have any influence with my dear mother, it SHALL be undone. No; there is not an end of it yet, I hope and trust."

"Well, well, Harry, we will talk it over another time," replied Mrs. Sumner.

"Undone!—*Shall* be undone!—Not an end of it! No, young man, if I can help it, your mother shall not be ruined by your recklessness—I may say, cruelty," Mr. Perigord exclaimed with an excitement of manner very unusual to him; adding, in a tone of bitter irony, "Honour!—Faugh!"

"Pray do not—oh, do not speak a word of reply!" whispered Lucy to her brother, in a tone of earnest supplication.

But the raging troop was loose; the restraint of higher considerations was riven; and against the tempest of the moment even his darling sister's wishes were powerless.

"Again!" he exclaimed, in a voice of vehement passionateness, "Perigord, I insist on your saying openly what you allude to in those crawling, ungenerous insinuations!"

"There is an insincerity in your demand," replied Mr. Perigord angrily. "*You know* what I allude to."

"No such thing! you—"

Sumner was here interrupted by his sister, who, unable to articulate for the floods of tears which, crowding for a vent, choked utterance, could only breathe fervently, "Hush—Hush! dearest Harry; for my sake, hush!"

"Was it honourable to be plucked for copying?" asked Mr. Perigord, in his wonted cold and sneering tone—for he had now recovered his internal balance; "that is what I allude to."

"Then know, slanderer, that I never did copy—know that I was copied from!" were the words which seemed to rush like a torrent of fire from Sumner's tongue. No sooner were they articulated than every particle of rage had instantaneously evaporated. The speaker was utterly subdued. He could not recall what he had said; he had betrayed himself, and *divulged his cherished secret*. His every look betrayed pangs of agony; he could bear it no longer; he burst into tears, and left the room.

"Oh, George, how unkind, how unfeeling you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Perigord, as soon as the door had closed after her brother. "Poor fellow! I knew how it was."

"If this be true, he should have told me before," said Mr. Perigord.

"If—George!" exclaimed his wife, her face flushing with indignation; "what do you mean? Surely you can't mean to doubt Harry's word!"

Mr. Perigord making no reply, a pause ensued, which lasted till Harry Sumner reentered, and speaking in a calm and deferential tone, said, addressing his brother-in-law,—

"Perigord, I ask your pardon. I hope you will pardon and forget my inexcusable intemperance of language. Pray do not let me be the cause of enmity between us. I am punished enough in what my ungovernable passion has hurried me to. I never again, it seems to me, can know the peace of mind I did before."

Mr. Perigord listened in unbroken silence, with his eyebrows slightly elevated, to this open and unconditional apology. He made no effort to interrupt it; and when the speaker ceased, paused a second or two, as if to afford him the opportunity of quite exhausting his subject; then, with a haughty indifference of manner, he replied:—

"Never fear, never fear, Sumner. The pettishness of youth is not likely to rankle in my recollection, I do assure you; more important matters demand my attention. I really am not disposed to quarrel with youths fresh from college."

"One word more," said Sumner in reply; "and then let the subject be finally discontinued. I sincerely hope and trust you will not take offence at what I have easily persuaded my mother to consent to."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Perigord, who was again taken at an advantage, and thrown off his stately balance;—"you do not mean to say—"

"I have private reasons so pressing, that I cannot, and will not, act otherwise. So I earnestly hope you will not permit it to interfere with our acquaintance."

"You are prepared to resign your office and your seat, I presume?" inquired Mr. Perigord, who did not expect the answer he received.

"Of course I am. I had fully determined, in consultation with my mother, to take this step, and every other demanded by the circumstances: I am quite aware of what I am doing. My little property will be immediately made over to my mother. I am what the world calls ruined: and am content to be."

The great man literally stared at Sumner for some seconds after he had made this announcement. He scarcely believed he heard aright; and yet there was a calm, steady determination in his brother's tone, which admitted of no doubt of his sincerity.

"There is another thing the world will call you," he said, angrily.

"True—a fool. Well, be it so: I am prepared for the consequences," Sumner interrupted.

"Then," exclaimed Mr. Perigord, dashing his hand with great vehemence on the table near him, "I shall consider such a step as a gross insult passed upon myself!"

"No, Perigord; a little reflection on the matter will, I am sure, show you there is nothing like that in what I am doing. It would be a costly insult. Good night!" And he extended his hand in a manner of such winning cordiality to his brother, that even he was unable to resist handing to him the tip of his little finger. Sumner, taking an affectionate farewell of his sister, whose cheek was of a feverish and burning heat, departed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolonged; have patience and endure."
Much Ado about Nothing.—Act IV. Sc. 1.

On the following day after the conversation narrated in the preceding chapter, Harry Sumner gave the necessary directions for arranging the return of the whole sum of money of which he believed his deceased friend's father to have been deprived, by an advantage which he could not avail himself of. In two or three days, the necessary arrangements were completed. Mr. Lamb was bewildered to find himself in repossession of a fortune which he had deemed irrecoverably gone. Mrs. Sumner was in possession of 500*l*. instead of 1700*l*. a-year. Harry Sumner was a pauper. He was no longer in office, and he had resigned his seat. Yet unaccomplished was one terrible duty this altered state of circumstances imposed upon him—the last step into the valley of earthly solitude, the last adieu to earthly smiles and pleasure. There is a point of human misery at which its completeness is its consolation. The heart begins to revive because it can fall no lower; and that most touching of spectacles—the gentle smile of enduring patience and hope, begins to play in gleams of religious light, soft as light dawn, about the regions that had before seemed to be wrapped in hopeless darkness. Humility embraces its destiny, and consents to suffer. Sumner had reached that point. Collecting about him all his convictions and all his resolution, he bravely kept his path.

When his sense of justice had been obeyed, and every necessary arrangement completed, he sought his sister. He found he had a less difficult task than he had expected in persuading her to accompany him to Windlebourne, whither Lady Agnes had returned. Lucy Perigord had been at length constrained to acknowledge to herself, that it was better to relieve her husband occasionally of her presence and society. Ominous words, uttered by him many months ago, came back as vividly to her memory as though they had been only spoken yesterday: "The more often we permit ourselves in

temporary separations, the longer will your romance last." She acknowledged his judgment and sagacity; was poignantly afflicted at her inability to enable her husband to return a love like her own; and was only kept from concluding that he was really right in the dreary truth implied in this recommendation, and that her ideas of married love and bliss were indeed only the romance of girlhood, by a stronger conviction that there was something in herself which prevented any such love. She was not at all disposed to dissuade her brother from his purpose.

It was about the time when the evening service was usually over at Bribeworth church, when the travellers approached their native town. By a mutual impulse, both at the same moment looked eagerly forth from the carriage, as if expecting to recognise some familiar object. They were not disappointed. A plainly-attired female figure was standing with her back to them on the Windlebourne bridge, in a stooping attitude, as if talking to a little child who was playing timidly with her fingers. Sumner closed his eyes, and sank back in the carriage: Lucy Perigord clasped her hands with sudden delight, and something like her young glee glistened from her blue eyes. Lady Agnes slipped something into the tiny hand she held, closed the dimpled fingers upon it, and, hearing a sound of wheels as she rose from her stooping position, she carelessly raised her eyes towards the approaching object, as if only half conscious that she did so. Lucy, who was earnestly observing her, literally started with a thrill of joy, as she witnessed the evident and irrepressible emotion with which Lady Agnes first recognised the unexpected vehicle and its burden.

Traces of emotions which she betrayed not were, however, very perceptible. When the carriage drew up, and the travellers had descended, there was a slight tremor of her whole frame, as she grasped Lucy's hand with genuine affectionateness. A grateful smile played upon her lips; a heightened colour spread a glow of gladness over her countenance; and when she calmly turned her soft dark eyes upon her lover, it was as if a blaze of love had flashed upon his soul.

That evening was spent in her society; they rambled about the grounds, sat in the old favourite nook by the stream side, watched the setting sun from the hill top, dived into the shade of trees—basked, in short, in the common rapture of a lovely summer evening's walk. Calm and tranquil were the transports of the one; there was an impetuosity in the blissful delirium of the other. Not a word of what he had purposed fell from him that evening. He felt that renewing and prolonging these joys, was to wrong and delude the loved girl who leaned upon his arm; but to break the spell was utterly beyond his power. A heavy punishment was exacted of him in his bitter self-reproaches in the solitude of that night. No sleep closed his eyelids; and he spent the hours as they should who have a great trial to pass through.

The experience of the day that had passed prepared him for the next; and before he had scarcely greeted her, from whom he was about finally to tear himself on the following morning, she had observed that something was wrong. Sumner distrusted himself this time, and would run no risk of procrastination. Before a word beyond the ordinary morning salutation could be spoken, he said, with ill-repressed feeling, that he had something to communicate which deeply concerned them both, and prayed her to bestow upon him the favour of one more saunter in the grounds.

Lady Agnes hastened to equip herself for that purpose. They were heavy moments—those of her absence. Her lover used them to fortify himself for the occasion. So soon as they had gone forth into the summer air, and were now out of hearing, Sumner commenced.

"Agnes," he said, "you have long been in the habit of overcoming your own will. To you it has become almost easy. You have taught me to aspire to the same standard: but I am only a beginner. To me—
—I find it—it is—"

"Easier—far, already, than I find it," said Lady Agnes. She spoke with attempted calmness, but her voice trembled with emotion.

"Oh, how shall I tell my heavy news? How bear to see that face o'ercast? How willingly would I die rather!" exclaimed Sumner.

"Oh, Harry! Nay! not so," said Lady Agnes with gentle reproachfulness; "God's will be done, whatever it be."

"It is impossible for you to know how unspeakably I prize your love; and that is my misery," continued Sumner.

"What do you mean, dearest?" inquired Lady Agnes affectionately.

"It is taken from me—I must not have it. It is a higher will; and you—Oh, Agnes—Nay—I am a child—a very coward," he continued.

"Do, dear Harry, be calmer. Do not be so disturbed. What is it you would say?" she remonstrated, but with a caressing gentleness.

"I am a ruined man!" exclaimed Sumner abruptly.

"Ruined! I know not what the word means, if you refer to anything on this side the grave," replied Lady Agnes. "You surely are not thus cast down about any temporal calamity that has happened?"

"Temporal! Ruined!" he repeated; "No—true; but it is not a mere worldly calamity. It reaches over my life, and changes its whole form and tenor. No, I cannot! It is impossible—I am no longer in a position to—to—I—"

"I fancy I gather your meaning. If I am right, name not the subject to me, except as to your betrothed wife."

Such was Lady Agnes' reply to her distracted lover.

"I must—I must!" he exclaimed passionately.

"There was at best a wide distance between our respective positions. Yes—your consent was a condescension—a sacrifice to love. I had a position and a fortune then—I have neither now—I am an outcast—a pauper—yes, Agnes—literally a pauper!"

The guilelessness and disinterested devotion of Lady Agnes' plighted love did not admit of her placing herself sufficiently in her lover's position. She had long learned to look down on the casual appendages of rank and wealth. The notion of the union of two loved souls depending absolutely on either of them, seemed to her simply preposterous. Her answer partook of the tone and colour of her thoughts.

"Must I remind you, Harry," she said, smiling, "I am yours and you are mine! It is a contract—and one too which must not be lightly broken." Here the lovely speaker interrupted herself with a nervous laugh; and accused her lover of making her to be guilty of "unmaidenly boldness." Then she added in a lower tone of voice, with deep feeling, "How grateful both of us ought to be, Harry, that, in spite of the entire loss of property you appear to have experienced, there is yet between us more than enough for our utmost wants, and almost luxuries, if we demand them. As to rank and position, there is but one, as you know, that I aspire to; and you will give me more valuable help in reaching that, than I can dispense with."

Sumner was wholly overcome. To speak was for a few minutes out of the question. He made two abortive efforts. He would have displayed a weakness, of which he would have been unnecessarily ashamed, if he had not desisted. If he had had time to weigh matters dispassionately, he might have seen cause for coming to a different decision. But Lady Agnes' last words had struck the most sensitive chord in his nature. Responsive to the lightest touch, this volunteered self-sacrifice, as it appeared to him, sent thrilling echoes through and through him. He was conscious of but one impulse, and that was to follow their echoing inspirations any whither, on the moment, headlong. The very devotion of the love of this generous girl, her fascination and endearments, did but exasperate the instinct. Instead of

making separation more impossible, it hurried him the more violently away. He could literally see nothing but the meanness of linking such an one to his fates—of dragging her from her peerless height to his low level—of taking advantage of her love, of its very disinterested, or rather, self-sacrificing nobleness, to humble her, and to enrich and exalt himself. "Never!" he vowed internally. "She shall know at least that my love is too true for that."

"Agnes!" he said at length, when he had summoned sufficient self-command to express himself with firmness, "when I wed another, you may conclude that I never really loved you. To have known you, and to have revelled for months in the rapture of your society, as brother with sister, is happiness enough for the rest of my life. At least, it is all I am permitted. A power, to whose decrees you have taught me we must lovingly submit, has forbidden more."

He spoke with such fearful calmness, and there was such a truly appalling rigidity of inflexible resolution in his very look and gesture, that now for the first time in the conversation, and on a sudden, the heart of Agnes Clifton sank down to utter hopelessness, and she wept bitterly.

So soon as the first violence of her woe had subsided, Lady Agnes recovered her composure. But she was no longer the same being in appearance. Her face was deadly pale; all colour had left her lips; her eyes—their soft radiance dimmed with unbidden tears—looked, as the heavy lids half curtailed their dark and expressive orbs, the very symbols of misery. Still she was calm—like her lover—strongly, rigidly, fearfully calm. Her resolution, too, had been made in a short interval: it was the same as his. For the rest, she must obey and endure.

She gazed at her lover for a moment or two with unutterable fondness; and then fondly, but deliberately, she proceeded to:

"I have told you, Harry, that all external advantages are to me utterly worthless and contemptible. I value wealth only for the sake of alms-giving; rank, because it affords greater opportunities of sacrifice to God. For themselves, I entirely despise them. Happiness would be quite as near to me in a cottage as in a palace—perhaps nearer. Happen what may, the consent I gave you is *irrevocable*; mark me, *irrevocable*. Whatever you are to me now, you will be to me when the last summons arrives."

There was a pause; Harry Sumner's breath came and went convulsively; an icy faintness came over him. Fortunately it was only a passing thrill. Lady Agnes stood still pale and motionless.

"Place yourself—place yourself in my position," at length he found power to articulate. "Imagine it, Agnes; picture it—Could you?—Would you? No; you would spurn the idea! A pauper, without even a prospect, to wed an earl's daughter! Hush, my traitor, coward heart; nothing under heaven shall induce me to swerve from a determination prompted by the plainest considerations of honour."

Lady Agnes listened still and silent; her breathing was quick and strong; but her lips remained firmly closed.

Sumner then found strength to resume that terrible stern calmness, as he said, in slow and deep accents, with lips that blanched not, and unquivering voice, "I go. Farewell.—The Eternal rain blessings on you! Happiness and I part company to-day."

"What are your plans?" asked Lady Agnes, in a voice scarcely audible.

"Holy Orders!"

After a long and most trying pause to both, "Go!" she exclaimed—and her accents were as of one inspired—"Go! thou whom—now, alas! I feel too keenly—I have set up as an idol in my heart. Go, *untill* we have both learned what it is to love without *idolatry*. In any case there is heaven to live for." And, bending her head on

his breast, she waited for his solemn farewell. It was given, and Lady Agnes Clifton and Harry Sumner separated.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"And through that conflict seeking rest."—*The Excursion.*

SUMNER's trials were not ended with his sad farewell. It was not permitted him to indulge to the full his grief. He was resolved not to communicate ever so small a share of his trouble to his sister. A profound inner peace is the invariable instalment of reward of every act of duty performed at a great sacrifice of oneself. There is, too, a degree of physical excitement in the first fresh pangs of overwhelming affliction. These came to the aid of Sumner's natural fortitude. However, the sufferings of his heart were too excruciating to be completely concealed. A word—a gesture—an involuntary sigh—an occasional fit of absence, with the altogether altered expression of a countenance, on which unremitting suffering soon began to tell—betrayed the misery within. His sister saw it plainly enough, despite all his efforts to hide it. She wondered within herself how Lady Agnes, by any persuasions, or on any plea, could have been induced to consent to exile herself from such a love as her brother's. To her, sorrow was familiar—a constant guest—an inseparable companion. Its bitterest visitations were with her. Earth knows no keener anguish than the loving as did Lucy Perigord, where its return is as impossible as it was from her husband. Such sorrow as this could not but dull the edge of every other in Lucy Perigord's desolated bosom. With all her tender love for her darling brother, and in spite of all her unfathomable sympathizings with his sorrow, it added not materially to her own. For there is no deeper than the deepest—darker than the darkest—worse than the worst. But when in the home of their infancy, as they sorrowfully, their arms wreathed round each other, trod that dear garden which had once echoed with the innocent glee of their childhood, and in the twilight of the evening sauntered carefully amidst the pale lights that gleamed faintly at their feet on that sward so soft and green, which until now had scarce drunk a tear from their eyes, he discoursed to her in solemn and fervent phrase of the present and of the future—the furnace fires and the refined gold—the cross of a year or two, and the everlasting crown:—when, glowing with his subject, he spoke after a still more impassioned fashion, of the unspeakable love, which itself inflicted every calamity, having first endured its fellest form itself—of how all human love, the purest and most intense, is but a torment in preparation, if it be not subordinate to that, and tend not thitherward, where love would receive its fruition and its joy:—then, indeed, she listened to her brother with feelings resembling those with which Lady Agnes had appreciated his grandeur of purpose and nobility of soul. Then she began to feel enamoured indeed of grief—to welcome, to embrace it. Remembering in whom she suffered, she scarcely prayed to be relieved.

Harry Sumner sought an interview with Mr. Smith before he returned to Town. He communicated to him his wish to prepare for Holy Orders. Mr. Smith's advice was, that he should return to Oxford and place himself under the guidance of an eminent member of that University. Sumner unhesitatingly adopted this wise counsel. He had informed his constituents, in his farewell address, that a sudden and great reverse of fortune had compelled him so soon to terminate a connexion which had commenced so auspiciously. There was an open genuineness, and at the same time a depth of feeling, in the address, which increased the universal regret at his retirement. He expressed his wish and intention to avoid any public demonstration. He hoped to take leave of all of them personally. Having fulfilled this intention to the best of his power, he returned with his sister to London. Mr. Perigord was in the very zenith of success. He had laid a financial scheme on the table

of the House, that sent the moneyocracy into raptures. It sent him at one bound to the top of the contested ladder. Addresses, freedoms, deputations, leading articles, bad odes, and worse dinners, swelled the triumph of the *man of business*. It was a brilliant ovation. The premier was brim full of that patronizing affability so grateful to sycophants and place hunters. His parliamentary majority swelled. The last step taken by his brother-in-law had rid him of that perplexity. He had now only to clear himself of him altogether, and fix the blame where it evidently belonged. This he did effectually. Honourable members looked aghast at "such infatuated folly." These were the sort of sentiments regarding him, amidst which Sumner now found himself on his return from Bribeworth. Some who used to shake him by the hand with uncomfortable heartiness, surveyed him through an eye-glass, and studied a shop-window with intense ardour until he was out of ken. Cold bows and cold shoulders, haughty recognitions—such constituted his present reception. Mr. D'Aaroni saw through the whole affair—the member for Cantingbury liked him too much to be cool, if he had become a high-wayman, even—his friend Banbury cared nothing for "on dis;" and, moreover, did not know how to change his manner and feelings to a friend. These three formed almost the only exception to the all but universal prejudice that had been excited against him. Not a feeling of anger was kindled in his breast by this false-hearted injustice. He smiled sadly, and pursued his course. He remained a fortnight in London. It was spent in profound retirement. His mother then returned to Pendlebury with Lucy, who was within three weeks of her accouchement. Her son took his departure on the same day for Oxford.

Lord Clifton did not remain in England. In the last conversation he had with Sumner, he had, in answer to his inquiries, been informed by him of every particular of those events which had terminated in a manner so untoward and unexpected. Few persons would have suspected the depth of feeling that lay beneath the quiet, simple manner of Lord Clifton. Upon this occasion he felt like a woman for his friend. But he resolved to watch events; and if it appeared that the lapse of a year or two did not allay the intensity of that emotion which he well knew had been kindled in either breast, it was his fixed determination to remove all obstacles. At present he *dared* not interfere. How could he tell but that he might be seeming to thwart higher purposes? A year or two would discover if their souls were inseparably united. If so, there could be no hesitation about ratifying their union. He was thus easily prevailed upon by his sister to consent to let Windlebourne for a year or two. She had a *particular reason*. She was to receive the proceeds, and was to dispose of the whole as she pleased without being called to an account. Lord Clifton was delighted to gratify this little whim of his sister's, in spite of a strong private aversion to allowing strangers to inhabit Windlebourne. The letting it was placed in the hands of an agent; and Lady Agnes, with her brother, hastened to the continent.

As soon as Sumner arrived at Oxford, he placed himself, according to Mr. Smith's advice, under the direction of an eminent doctor of that university; who had counselled him to spend two entire years in strict preparation. A year and a half of that period had now transpired. It had been spent by him in a manner which the reader will suffer to remain in its inviolable privacy. Let it suffice to be told, that it was spent in the strictest observance of duty.

A few days before the time at which we resume our story, Mr. Smith had been presented to a living, which he found he could conscientiously accept. Mr. Perigord's brother, the rector, had been so delighted with the curate's care of the parish, and with the man himself, that he was anxious to meet with a clergyman of similar principles. Mr. Smith was very anxious that Sumner should succeed him, and represented the ad-

vantages of such an appointment so powerfully to the rector—who, besides being of an easy disposition, liked the proposition himself immensely—that nothing would do but Harry Sumner must come, in spite of his only being in deacon's orders. Now, on the very morning of which we are speaking, Sumner had received letters of the most pressing description from Mr. Perigord, the rector, Mr. Smith, his mother and sister, urging, the latter beseeching him, to accept the curacy. He had laid them before Dr. —, who knew every circumstance needed to form an opinion, and received his assent. He was to present himself for deacon's orders at the forthcoming—the Pentecost—ordination. He well knew what he was undertaking. A vivid sense of the responsibility to which he was about to be committed was ever present with him. He looked from the array and power of the enemies against whom he was pledged to wage war to the death, and the priceless value of the charge about to be entrusted to him, to his own insufficiency, with many a trembling misgiving. Often he would have declined such a charge, but his adviser encouraged him to proceed. Guided by him, he betook himself more diligently and resolutely, during the short remaining interval before his consecration, to that exercise of prayer, whence he procured strength, and skill, and weapons, for a work at the prospect of which his heart sank within him.

What hung upon his conscience most heavily was the incapacity he experienced to divert his heart from its human love.

The solemn day at length arrived, and Sumner was ordained at Oxford by the Bishop of —.

THE YOUTH OF GOETHE.

BY E. O.

If the question were asked in a numerous circle, whose works amongst those of the German poets stood forth so prominently marked by national peculiarities as fairly to be taken for the type of their class, the names of Goethe and of Faust would probably rise spontaneously to the lips of all present: it cannot, therefore, be uninteresting to trace the circumstances which contributed to form a character so well known, and threw their varied shades of colouring over writings which have exercised a powerful influence on the literature of Europe during the greater part of a century. Goethe has enabled us to do this with considerable accuracy, by leaving to the world a portion at least of his autobiography, and thus furnishing us with a key to unlock the secret springs on which the more visible workings of his mind depended. The German title of this book is "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*," and the first English translation of it has this year made its appearance, under the name of "*Truth and Poetry from my own Life*;" the first ten books of the work, had, however, been published in America, before the present, and more complete version was undertaken.

"On the 28th of August, 1749, at mid-day, as the clock struck twelve," says Goethe, "I came into the world at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. My horoscope was propitious; the sun stood in the sign of the Virgin, and had culminated for the day; Jupiter and Venus looked on him with a friendly eye, and Mercury not adversely, while Saturn and Mars kept themselves indifferent: the Moon alone, just full, exerted the power of her reflection all the more as she had then

reached her planetary hour; she opposed herself therefore to my birth, which could not be accomplished until this hour was passed. I came into the world as dead, and only after various efforts was I enabled to see the light. We lived in an old house, which, in fact, consisted of two houses that had been opened into each other; a spiral staircase led to rooms on different levels, and the unevenness of the stories was remedied by steps. For us children, a younger sister and myself, the favourite resort was a spacious floor below, near the door of which was a large wooden lattice that allowed us direct communication with the street and open air. A bird-cage of this sort with which many houses were provided was called a *Frame*; the women sat in it to sew and knit, the cook picked her salad there, female neighbours chatted with each other; and the streets consequently in the fine season wore a southern aspect; one felt at ease while in communication with the public. My father's mother, in whose house we properly dwelt, lived in a large back room on the ground floor, and we were accustomed to carry on our sports even up to her chair, and when she was ill, up to her bed-side. I remember her as it were a spirit—a handsome thin woman, always neatly dressed in white. One Christmas evening she crowned all her kindnesses by having a puppet-show displayed before us, and thus unfolding a new world in the old house." This unexpected exhibition produced a great and lasting impression upon Goethe and his sister Cornelia, so that from that time they enjoyed nothing so much as contriving and bringing forward upon their narrow stage, various pieces with appropriate dresses and scenery.

Goethe's favourite retreat was amongst a few plants placed in the window of what was called "the garden-room," which commanded a view over the gardens which reached to the very walls of the city: over these, and beyond the ramparts, might be seen a beautiful and fertile plain stretching towards *Höchst*. "There," says he, "I commonly learnt my lessons, and watched the thunder-storms, but I could never look my fill at the setting sun, which went down directly opposite my windows; and when at the same time I saw the neighbours wandering through their gardens taking care of their flowers, the children playing, parties of friends enjoying themselves, and could hear the bowls rolling and the ninepins dropping, it early excited within me a feeling of solitude and a sense of vague longing resulting from it, which, conspiring with the seriousness and awe implanted in me by nature, exerted its influence at an early age, and showed itself more distinctly in after years."

His father was of a singularly didactic turn, delighting in nothing so much as the work of instruction, which he carried on as regarded his young wife and her two children with the most persevering and minute attention; his affection for his own aged mother, during whose life-time he delayed his long cherished plans for the complete alteration of the gloomy old house in which they lived, was however a redeeming trait in his particularly tiresome character. When she died,

she left a lasting impression of her kindness and indulgence on the minds of Goethe and his sister; and also a legacy which they highly valued, in the shape of the puppet theatre, whose speechless actors had already awakened in them both so lively an interest in the drama.

But now a new condition of life was about to begin; for, during the period in which the house was rebuilding, the children were sent to a public school, and for the first time emancipated from the seclusion in which they had hitherto been brought up. Young as he was, Goethe used his comparative freedom, to become acquainted with different parts of his native city, of which he had till then only heard; and a certain liking for the antique was thus implanted within him, which was increased by the wood-cuts and old chronicles he used to purchase for a few half-pence during his wanderings, relating to the siege of Frankfort and other local events. With infinite pleasure and minuteness does the old man dwell on the impressions of his thoughtful and inquiring childhood; on the days passed in the council-house, where his grandfather sate in civic dignity as the *Schultheiss* or chief magistrate, elected by the city; on the legends gathered from all who were able to satisfy his curiosity respecting the portraits of the early emperors, and the coronations of Charles VII. and of Francis I., and on the pageants and curious ceremonies which remained in those days to link the present with the past.

Meanwhile, the house was finished, and the family were again united, and soon resumed their old routine of study in more cheerful apartments, which were destined to be adorned with paintings from the easels of modern masters. It was a favourite opinion with Goethe's father, that pictures were just like Rhenish wines, which may be produced in each year of equal excellence, though age may impart to them a higher value: he therefore employed for many years the whole of the Frankfort artists; but the one who especially awoke and nourished the love of art in his children was Seekatz, a pupil of Brinkmann, the court painter at Darmstadt. Conscious as he was of his own acquirements and unceasing perseverance in the task of education, he undertook to instruct them himself, using the help of masters only so far as their lessons appeared absolutely necessary: but when these were gradually multiplied, he allowed the neighbours' children to share them with his son and daughter, and on Sundays the fellow-pupils held a little assembly of their own, in which each was expected to produce original verses. Goethe was struck by the observation, that although his own poems always appeared to him to be the best, the other boys invariably thought the same of their performances, whatever they might be; and the thought of whether he might not seem as mad to them as they did to him, occasioned him long and deep disquietude—a singular proof of the tendency of his mind towards metaphysical speculations. His studies were frequently interrupted by illnesses, from which he had scarcely time to recover before his father, vexed at the delay which each occasioned,

insisted on double lessons being learnt, and shortened the few hours of recreation which he had ever allowed. Religious education he had none, if we except what he calls "a dry kind of morality without any appeal being made to the understanding or to the heart." The Old Testament and Ovid seem equally to have engaged his attention; but, in the simplicity of childish faith, he held firmly the belief, that God who had created all things, would take care of him, and might be approached by him with offerings of what he possessed. He determined to erect an altar, upon which natural productions were to be set forth as images of the world, and over them a flame should burn, signifying the aspirations of the heart of man towards his Maker: and this plan he accomplished by means of his collection of ores and fossils, arranged upon a music stand; a few fumigating pastils which emitted fragrance and at least a glimmer, appeared to him a fitter representation of the feelings of the heart than a more vivid light; and he kindled them with a burning glass just as the morning sun arose. The altar remained as an ornament in his chamber; others regarded it only as a well-arranged collection; but the boy was conscious of something holier, which he carefully concealed. An accident, however, which soon afterwards happened to the music-stand, owing to his inexperience in using his burning-glass, so disconcerted him, that he did not again renew the ceremony.

About this time our young philosopher used to astonish and perplex his young friends by the romantic stories he was in the habit of telling them, half truth, half fiction, and partly gathered from his reading: his mind indeed appears to have been as singularly beyond his years, as was the new summer suit given him for Whit-Sunday, which he thus describes at the opening of his story, called "The new Paris," which, considering the age of the narrator, is truly marvellous. "My costume for the festival consisted of shoes of polished leather with large silver buckles, fine cotton stockings, black nether garments of serge, and a coat of green baracan with gold buttons; the waistcoat of gold cloth was cut out of my father's bridal waistcoat: my hair had been frizzled and powdered, and my curls stuck out from my head like little wings."

Scarcely had Goethe completed his seventh year, when Frederic II., king of Prussia, commenced the famous seven-years' war by falling upon Saxony with 60,000 men; and then, instead of a previous declaration of war, he published a manifesto, explaining the causes which he supposed justified so monstrous a step. The world, [finding itself appealed to as judge, split into two parties, and our hero's family was an image of the great whole: his grandfather took the Austrian side. "As for myself," says he, "I was altogether a Prussian, or, to speak more correctly, a Fritzian; for what cared we for Prussia? It was the personal character of the great king that impressed all minds. I rejoiced with my father in our conquests, readily copied the songs of triumph,

and still more willingly the lampoons directed against the other party, as atrocious as were often the verses themselves." In the course of the dissensions to which this state of politics gave rise, the adherents of either side could scarcely meet in the streets without a war-cry, like that of the old Montagues and Capulets: Goethe perceived the injustice of the spirit which animated both, and traces to the feelings which it aroused in himself, that disdain of public opinion which clung to him for many years, and only in later days was brought within bounds by insight and cultivation.

A somewhat less serious subject of dispute was soon afterwards introduced into the family circle, by the appearance of Klopstock's "Messiah," which was smuggled into the hands of Goethe and his mother, by their old friend Councillor Schneider. It was a vexatious era to the master of the house; for scarcely had he in some degree recovered his equanimity, after finding verses without rhyme brought into fashion, when it sustained a severer and more lasting shock, by the appearance of Count Thorane, the lieutenant of the king of France, who, at the head of a column, marched into Frankfort on the New-year's Day of 1759, and soon afterwards took possession of his quarters in the newly-finished mansion, each apartment of which had been furnished and kept with such unremitting care. Willingly would we transcribe the whole account of the reserved and dignified soldier, with his perfect uprightness, and his love of art: his character stands in admirable contrast to that of the elder Goethe, who became daily more of a self-tormentor under the annoyances consequent on Count Thorane's residence under his roof, though he never but once came into personal contact with him. The Frankfort artists were again fully employed in painting an immense number of pictures, which were destined to adorn the chateau of the Count's elder brother; and the boy often persuaded them to execute subjects of his own selecting, and acquired a considerable knowledge of their art. His mother, for whom he cherished throughout life the tenderest affection, behaved with admirably good sense, in maintaining peace and mutual charity in her household; she already spoke Italian, and now rapidly acquired French also, the more readily to converse with her guests, and her children soon spoke both languages fluently. Her son thus describes her:—"A mother, as yet almost a child, who first grew up to consciousness with and in her two elder children; these three looked on the world with healthy eyes, capable of enjoying life, and desirous of present happiness." They were inseparable in wishes, in tastes, and in sorrows; but the family was unhappily divided from its head, at least in spirit and in feeling.

Goethe now began to study English with ardour; and, at his own desire, he took lessons in Hebrew also, from a strange old man of whom he had always stood in wondering awe, Rector Albrecht, who insisted on teaching him on the approved method, with points, instead of allowing him to gain only a superficial knowledge of

the language, which he had wished to acquire simply that he might complete a book, in which all the varied studies of his boyhood were brought together in the shape of a correspondence between six brothers and sisters, who were supposed to be scattered over different parts of the world, and all wrote in different languages. Meanwhile, Count Thorane having seen his series of pictures satisfactorily finished, no longer felt any particular interest in the house in which they had been painted, and had moved to other quarters in the city, to the great joy of its owner. Goethe's Hebrew studies, and his thorough knowledge of the letter of the Scriptures, led him to take great interest in the Jewish quarter, or rather street, of the city: the old legends of the cruelty of Jews towards the children of Christians hovered vaguely before his mind, and the caricatures and infamous pictures of them, still to be seen on the arched walls of the bridge-tower, seemed to him witnesses against them; for they had been placed there not through any private ill-will, but by public institution: still the women were pretty, and the men excited his respect by their tenacity in clinging to their peculiar customs: they remained, moreover, the chosen people, whose history carried back the mind to the remotest ages of the world; and he could not rest till he had frequently visited their school, and been present at a wedding, and a circumcision, and formed some idea of the Feast of Tabernacles.

His graphic portraits of the literary and scientific men with whom he came into contact throughout the early part of his life, form one of the most entertaining portions of the three volumes before us, but we must confine ourselves to his own personal history, though it may be well to quote here his account of the degree of influence they exercised upon him:—"Each one thought as much of me as if I had been his only child, if not more, and strove to increase his delight in me as in a beloved son, while he aspired to mould me into an exact likeness of himself. Olenschlager would have made me a courtier, and Von Reineck a diplomatist, and both would have disgusted me with poetry and authorship; as it concerns myself, I also wished to produce something worthy of attention, but in what way this was to be brought about was not clear: yet I will not dissemble, that if I indulged in any dream of success, it appeared to me most fascinating in the shape of that laurel garland which is woven for the brow of the poet."

Goethe may have been about fourteen, or a little older, when the talents he possessed for throwing himself into the situation of others, and from thence writing in prose or verse with extreme facility, were called forth by a curious combination of circumstances, which doubtless bore their fruit in his subsequent works. A great political object, the election and coronation of a king of Rome, was at that time pursued with much earnestness; and his father, and all concerned in the magistracy of Frankfort, were so constantly engaged with public affairs, that he was left more than usually free to choose his own occupations and amusements. He had an intimate friend, whom he names Pylades,

and to him he had been in the habit of showing his verses, some of which he in turn had produced in a circle of young men, to whom he was now anxious to introduce the youthful author, and this he accomplished in the course of their rambles through the town and its neighbourhood. They were men of the lower class, who had gone through the schools, and were possessed of various knowledge and a certain degree of culture; they got on by writing for lawyers, by teaching half-formed scholars somewhat more than could be learnt in the common schools, by assisting merchants and factors, and, apparently, also by writing poems to be recited on the occasions of marriages, funerals, and other family meetings. They soon found their new associate's talents a great help to their flagging invention, and persuaded him to compose one poem after another, on the success of which the frugality or the abundance of the suppers to which they invited him, chiefly depended. He would soon, however, have grown weary of the deception which, by means of the poetical epistles they induced him to write, they were putting on a young man of the city, had not an unexpected apparition revived his spirits.

"On our arrival," he says, (at the house, at which the society was accustomed to meet,) "the table had already been neatly and orderly covered, and sufficient wine had been put on; we sat down, and remained alone, without requiring further service. As there was, however, a want of wine at last, one of them called for the maid; but, instead of the maid, there came in a girl of uncommon, and, when one saw her with all around her, of incredible beauty. 'What do you desire?' she asked, after cordially wishing us all a good evening; 'the maid is ill in bed, can I serve you?' 'The wine is out,' said one, 'if you would fetch us a few bottles it would be very kind.' 'Do it, Gretchen,' said another, 'it is but a cat's-leap from here.' 'Why not?' she answered, and taking a few empty bottles from the table she hastened out. Her form, as seen from behind, was almost more elegant. The little cap sat so neatly upon her little head, which a slender throat united very gracefully to her neck and shoulders. Everything about her seemed choice; and one could survey her whole form the more at ease as one's attention was no more exclusively attracted and riveted by the quiet honest eyes and lovely mouth. I reproved my comrades for sending the girl out alone at night, but they only laughed at me, and I was soon consoled by her return, as the publican lived only just across the way. 'Sit down with us in return,' said one; she did so, but alas! she did not come near me. She drank a glass to our health, and speedily departed, advising us not to stay very long together, and not to be so noisy, as her mother was just going to bed. It was not, however, her own mother, but the mother of our host."

From this time Goethe's anxiety to behold the beautiful vision again made him exert his utmost powers of writing; but she had sense to perceive that his passionate admiration was founded less on the charms of her person than on the propriety and sweetness of her

demeanour. "To me," he says, "by the sight of this girl a new world of the beautiful and of the excellent had arisen." Gretchen occasionally stepped forward as a monitor to warn him that he might be drawn into trouble by the work his companions had found for him; but he disregarded every intimation of the kind, till one morning his mother entered his room in sorrow and anxiety. "Get up," she said, "and prepare yourself for something unpleasant; it has come out that you frequent very bad company, and have involved yourself in very dangerous and bad affairs. Your father is beside himself, and we have been able only to get thus much from him, that he will investigate the affair by means of a third person. Remain in your room, and await what may happen. Councillor Schneider will come to you; he has the commission both from your father and from the authorities, for the matter is already prosecuted, and may take a very bad turn."

"I saw that they took it for much worse than it was, yet I felt myself not a little disquieted, even if only the actual state of things should be detected. My old *Messiah*-loving friend finally entered, with the tears standing in his eyes; he took me by the arm, and said, 'I am heartily sorry to come to you on such an affair: I could not have supposed that you could go astray so far. But what will not wicked companions and bad example do! Thus may a young inexperienced man be led step by step into crime.' 'I am conscious of no crime,' I replied, 'and as little of having frequented bad company.' 'The question now is not one of defence but of investigation, and on your part of an upright confession.' 'What do you want to know?' retorted I. He seated himself, drew out a paper, and began to question me. 'Have you not recommended N. N. to your grandfather as a candidate for the * * place?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'Where did you become acquainted with him?' 'In my walks.' 'In what company?' I started, for I would not willingly betray my friends. The good man put more questions, all of which I could answer with a denial; for of all that he wished to learn I knew nothing. At last he seemed to become vexed, and said, 'You repay my confidence and good-will very badly: I come to serve you; you cannot deny that you have composed letters for these people themselves or their accomplices, have furnished them with writings, and have thus become accessory to their evil deeds; for the question is of nothing less than forged papers, false wills, counterfeit bonds and things of the sort. I come not only as a friend of the family, I come in the name and by order of the magistrates, who, in consideration of your connexions and youth, would spare you and some other young persons who like you have been lured into the net.' It was strange to me that amongst those he named, none of those with whom I had been intimate were found. The circumstances agreed without touching each other, and I could still hope to save my young friends."

Finding at last that his silence was only likely to be misconstrued, and that the truth was far less guilty

than the good councillor imagined, Goethe told him the whole progress of the affair, but although "I began," he says, "calmly, the more I brought to mind and pictured to myself the persons, objects, and events, so many innocent pleasures and charming enjoyments, and was forced to depose as it were before a criminal court, the more did the most painful feeling increase, so that at last I burst forth in tears and gave myself up to unrestrained passion." He was by no means comforted at the prospect of escaping himself with Pylades, owing to the respect due to their families; he asserted that his friends might be equally innocent, without having it recognised, or being otherwise favoured, and when his old friend left him he threw himself on the floor and moistened it with his tears. His sister at length came to him and gave him the somewhat provoking intelligence that the magistrates had talked over the affair with his father, and she had even heard them laugh as they departed. On the second day his mother and sister came to offer him an amnesty on the part of his father, "which," he continues, "I gratefully accepted; but the proposal that I should go out with him and look at the insignia of the empire, I stubbornly rejected, and I asserted that I wanted to know nothing either of the world or of the Roman Empire, till I was informed how that distressing affair, which for me could have no further consequences, had turned out for my poor acquaintance. Neither the great gala day, nor the public table of the emperor and king,—in short, nothing could move me. I passed both day and night in great disquiet, in raving and lassitude, so that I felt happy at last when a bodily illness seized me with great violence, and they had to call in a physician and think of every way to quiet me. They supposed they could do it best by the sacred assurance that all who were more or less involved in the guilt had been treated with the greatest forbearance: that my nearest friends, being as good as innocent, had been dismissed with a slight reprimand; and that Gretchen had retired from the city, and had returned to her own home. They lingered the most over this last point, and I did not take it in the best part; for I could discover in it not a voluntary departure, but only a shameful banishment. My bodily and mental condition was not improved by this; my distress now first really began, and I had time enough to torment myself by picturing the strangest romance of sad events, and an inevitably tragic catastrophe."

Nothing came to the relief of his overwrought and distempered mind, till he conversed freely with a kind and in some respects judicious friend, whom his father placed near him as a private tutor: from him he learnt that Gretchen had spoken of him as a child whom she loved with the affection of a sister, and often sought to guide by good advice, and to hinder from taking part in tricks which might have brought him into trouble. On hearing this very unflattering account, Goethe was terribly affronted; he even hastily assured his friend that all was now over: in outward behaviour at least he now really put on the man, and instantly laid aside weeping and raving, which he began to consider as indeed

childish; but for a time the wonderful energy of his mind was gone, he relished nothing, and accomplished nothing. Under such circumstances his friend began to make him acquainted with the secrets of modern philosophy; but with the most ancient men and school he was still best pleased, "because there, poetry, religion, and philosophy, were completely combined into one." Unknown to himself, what his soul appears to have yearned for, was the authoritative teaching of the Romish Church, and instead of this he was led by an erring guide into the chaos of conflicting opinion, doubt, and absurd theory, belonging to a time to which scepticism almost universally gave its fearful colouring. Later in the work before us, Goethe describes his feelings on first going to the confessional, previous to his being admitted to the Holy Communion: for a form of confession (strangely changed from the rite established in the Roman Catholic Church) is still observed throughout the reformed Churches of Germany.

"We were taught," he says, "that we were much better than the Catholics for this very reason—that we were not obliged to acknowledge anything in particular in the confessional; nay, that this would not be at all proper even if we wished to do it. This last did not seem right to me, for I had the strangest religious doubts, which I would readily have had cleared up on such an occasion. Now, as this was not to be done, I composed a confession for myself, which, while it well expressed my state of mind, was to confess to an intelligent man that which I was forbidden to tell him in detail. But when I entered the old choir of the Barefoot Friars,—when I approached the curious latticed closet in which I was, to meet my spiritual father, and found myself face to face with him,—when he bade me welcome with his weak nasal voice, and the sexton shut the door,—all the light of my mind and of my heart was extinguished at once, the well conned confession would not cross my lips; I opened in my embarrassment the book in my hand, and read from it the first short form I saw, which was so general that anybody might have spoken it with quite a safe conscience. I received absolution, and withdrew neither warm nor cold; went the next day to the holy table, and for a few days behaved myself as was becoming after so solemn an act." Soon, however, his conscience was horribly tormented by the fear of having incurred the wrath of God by his want of due preparation; none could dare to pronounce himself worthy, and the forgiveness of sins appeared to him to be "limited by so many conditions that one could not with certainty appropriate it to oneself."

Here spoke the language of the human heart crying out for the help provided by Christ for it; but in his case no elder of the Church was found to use the power committed to him, either for rebuke or consolation; and so he wandered on in the gloom of a half-awakened spirit until he feared to look towards the light; and at last determined as soon as he should go to Leipzig to withdraw altogether from the Church,

and to devote himself to the careful study of the doctrines of philosophy and science, independently of any established form of religious belief.

Goethe was destined by his father for the study of the law; nothing, however, could have been further from his own inclinations than to follow in a track which he had seen lead to so little happiness in him; his most earnest desire was to go to Göttingen, where he might sit at the feet of Michaelis, Heyne, and others upon whom his whole confidence rested; but his father remained inflexible, and after a winter and summer passed in ailments both of mind and body, and a slow convalescence amongst the woods and fields, with distant excursions through the Rhine country, he set off for Leipzig, full of hope for the future, and of ardent aspirations after knowledge. He arrived there just at the time of the fair, and wandered about the market and the booths with much interest. His attention was particularly attracted by the inhabitants of the eastern countries in their strange dresses, the Poles and Russians, and, above all, the Greeks, for the sake of whose handsome forms and dignified costume he often went to the spot. Leipzig calls up to the observer no antique time; yet quite to his taste were the huge-looking buildings, which, fronting two streets and embracing a citizen world within their large court yards, built round with lofty walls, are like great castles; nay, even half cities. In one of these he quartered himself, and immediately presented his letters of introduction to Hofrath Böhme, the Professor of Public Law and History; at the same time he informed him that he had not the slightest intention of studying jurisprudence. The professor, however, by means of argument and also a clear representation of the difficulty he would find in leaving the course marked out for him by his father, persuaded him to attend his lectures, while he agreed also that he should attend those of the celebrated Gellert, the Professor of Literature and Ethics. The reverence and love with which Gellert was regarded by all young people was extraordinary; his writings had already for a long time been the foundation of German moral culture; his lecture-room was crowded, and "the beautiful soul," says Goethe, "the pure will, and the interest of the noble man in our welfare, his exhortations, warnings, and entreaties, uttered in a somewhat hollow and sorrowful tone, made indeed an impression for the moment, but this did not last long; the less so, as there were many scoffers who contrived to make us dislike this tender, and as they thought enervating manner."

"And thus by degrees the epoch approached when all authority was to vanish from before me, and I was to become suspicious,—nay, to despair, even with regard to the greatest and best individuals whom I knew, or had formed an opinion of for myself. Frederic II. still stood constantly at the head of all the distinguished men of the century in my estimation, and it must therefore have appeared very surprising to me that I could venture to praise him as little before the inhabitants of Leipzig as formerly in my

grandfather's house." They brought forward the unanswerable fact against the reputation of this prince as a truly great man, "that if one would go through the seven years' war step by step, it would be found that he had sacrificed his fine army to no purpose whatever, and had even been guilty of protracting this ruinous feud to so great a length; and I felt my unbounded reverence gradually cooling away." A new friend, whose acquaintance Goethe made about this time, exercised a whimsical influence over his plastic mind and humorous fancy: this was Behrisch, tutor to the young Count of Lindenau.

"His exterior was singular enough, to begin with; slender and well built, far advanced in his thirties, a very large nose, and altogether marked features—from morning till night he wore a scratch as large as a peruke; he dressed himself very neatly, and never went out without his sword by his side and his hat under his arm. He was one of those men who have quite a peculiar gift for killing time, or who rather know how to make something out of nothing in order to pass time away. Everything that he did must be done with slowness and a certain deportment which might have been called affected, if Behrisch had not had something of affectation in his character by nature. His greatest delight was to busy himself seriously about drolleries, and to follow up without end any nonsensical idea; he had a good education, was particularly versed in the modern languages and their literature, and wrote a beautiful hand."

Behrisch wrote out, in his very best style, a collection of Goethe's poems, which afforded an opportunity both for the greatest possible waste of time, and for the most comical dissertations on the superiority of such an exquisite manuscript over a printed book: he indulged himself in a caricatured aversion for his countrymen, and used to describe with ludicrous touches what they were fit to undertake. "We, on the other hand, knew how to tease him, by assuring him, that to judge from his exterior we must take him, if not for a French dancing-master, at least for the tutor of the French language in the University: this cut was usually the signal for hour-long lectures, in which he used to set forth the difference, wide as the heavens, which there was between him and an old Frenchman." "The direction taken by my poetical writings, which I only carried on the more vigorously as the transcript grew progressively more beautiful and more careful, now leaned altogether towards the natural and the true; and as the subjects could not always be striking, I endeavoured to express them clearly and pointedly, the more so as my friend often gave me to understand how great a thing it was to write down a verse on Holland paper, with the crow-quill and Indian ink; what time, talent, and effort it required, which one ought not to squander on anything superfluous. In so doing he commonly used to open a number of his prepared sheets, and fix in detail upon what ought not to stand in this or that place, and congratulate us that in fact it would *not* stand there."

When this eccentric personage had departed from Leipzig, Goethe discovered that he had instructed and polished, while he amused him, and that his presence had become necessary to him in order that all the pains he had bestowed upon him might bring forth their fruit in society.

It is curious, in reading the life of this great thinker and great poet, to trace the germs of those philosophic theories which were afterwards so fully developed in his writings, and not less so to observe how he drew to himself, by the force of natural attraction, whatever might contribute to perfect his genius in all its varied powers: nothing more clearly proves his own superiority over those around him, than their constant effort to bring out in him all that they valued most highly in themselves, as if they thought that thus fuller justice would be done to it. Leipzig had the advantage of being the residence of a large circle of scholars and amateurs of the fine arts, and amongst them there prevailed the utmost harmony, because they held but one opinion with respect to the importance of just and enlightened criticism as applied to all works of art. The appearance of Lessing's "*Laocoon*" formed a new era in their life. "It transported us," says Goethe, "out of the region of scanty perceptions into the open fields of thought. The so-long misunderstood *ut pictura poësis* was laid aside at once, the difference between the arts of design and language made clear; the summits of the two now appeared sundered, however near their bases might border on each other. The artist of design should keep himself within the bounds of the beautiful, while the artist of language, who cannot dispense with striking objects of every kind, is permitted to ramble abroad beyond them. The former labours for the outer sense, which is satisfied only by the beautiful; the latter for the imagination, which may even reconcile itself to deformity."

"But as conception and perception mutually further each other, so I could not work up the new ideas long, which Lessing had awakened within me, before an infinite yearning arose in my breast to see important works of art, for once, in greater numbers: I therefore determined to visit Dresden without delay."

This purpose he accomplished with whimsical secrecy, taking up his abode at the house of a poor shoemaker, whose letters to a fellow-student had interested him.

His astonishment on entering the gallery surpassed all his expectations, but he there found himself truly at home. "When I entered my shoemaker's house again to dinner, I scarcely believed my eyes: I fancied I saw before me a picture of Ostade's, so perfect, that one could almost hang it up in the gallery: the position of the objects, the light, the shadow, the brownish tint of the whole, the magical keeping, everything that one admires in those pictures, I here saw in reality: it was the first time that I perceived in so high a degree the faculty which I afterwards exercised with more consciousness; namely, that of seeing nature with the eyes of this or that artist to

whose works I had devoted particular attention. This faculty has afforded me much enjoyment, but has also increased the desire zealously to abandon myself, from time to time, to the acquirement of a talent which nature seemed to have denied me." "The few days of my residence at Dresden were solely given up to the picture-gallery; the antiquities still stood in the pavilion of the great garden, but I declined seeing them, as well as all the other precious things which Dresden contains, being but too deeply impressed by the conviction, that even in and about the collection of paintings, much must yet remain hidden from me. Thus I took the excellence of the Italian masters more on trust and in faith, than by pretending to any insight into them. What I could not look upon as nature, put in the place of nature, and compare with a known object, was without effect upon me: it is the material impression which makes even the beginning of more elevated amateurship."

On his return to Leipzig he employed himself a good deal in etching; and from this era we may date the commencement of his purely artistic life. With his boyish passion for Gretchen, we take leave of the more natural and unselfish emotions of a youthful heart; and he now appears as a giant of the intellectual world, rejoicing, indeed, to run his race, but unscrupulous in his use of all that promised assistance, and in his rejection of all that might have impeded him in his course through the vast arena of human knowledge.

(To be continued.)

STORY OF A FAMILY.¹

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," &c.

CHAPTER XI.—A MYSTERY.

ONE morning uncle Alexander made his appearance in a singularly bad humour. It is supposed that he had committed some imprudence with regard to a venison-pie which had decorated the table on the day preceding; but whether this were the cause or not, the consequence undoubtedly was, that he rose in a state of profound depression, which gradually kindled into active sourness as the day advanced. Now it is observable that whenever uncle Alexander was more than usually cross, he directly began to talk about the state of the country; and woe to the hapless individual who incautiously ventured to express any opinion whatsoever on the subject—there was no hope and no escape. If you were silent, he asked you a direct question; if you differed from him he became frantic; and if you agreed with him, he immediately contradicted himself, and then raged over the difference of opinion thus produced. Doubtless, it did him a great deal of good, though not in the pleasantest manner possible for his friends. The most charitable

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proceeding that could be adopted towards him in such cases was to give him a topic to quarrel with, just as you throw a bone to a hungry dog; when the animal has munched it, and mumbled it, and growled over it for a little while, he is ready to wag his tail and lick your hand quite benevolently. But it was almost impossible for this soothing policy to be pursued when Godfrey was by, and disposed, as on the present occasion, to mix in the conversation. Godfrey was not only sincere, but perverse; if he disliked the general tone of a man's mind he seldom contemplated any individual opinion with the charity which is indispensable to justice; and if he were inclined to demolish an absurdity, expose a blunder, or contradict a particular view, no reverence for person, time, or place, was likely to deter him from so doing. He just threw the firebrand, and quietly awaited the conflagration.

"Since the principle is now universally recognised," said uncle Alexander, "that the people are the source of all power, it is a marvellous instance in the long series of human inconsistencies, that any institution whatsoever should be retained which does not embody the convictions of the people—nay, we even retain such as run counter to those convictions and do them violence. England is fast retrograding. I may not live to see her final decay, but I fear that nothing can avert it."

"I should like to know, merely as a matter of curiosity," observed Godfrey, "whether the Normans, who came over with William the Conqueror, did not predict the rapid decay of England? It seems to be an universal instinct; I dare say Adam prophesied that the world would come to an end in the next generation to himself."

"That kind of flippancy," said his uncle, in much wrath, "might be all very well as a repartee, if you were making small talk for a lady, but it is as far as possible from being an answer to my argument."

"As to argument," replied Godfrey, "I am not quite sure that I saw it. If power signifies might, as distinguished from right, there can be no doubt that it resides in the people; but so far from recognising this as a principle which needs to be developed, I should call it an unhappy necessity, the effects of which one would seek to neutralize by every possible means."

"It is ludicrous—perfectly ludicrous!" cried Mr. Lee, "that a young man like yourself, who can have no experience, should presume to go against the collective wisdom of ages——"

"Pardon me, I was going *with* it," interposed Godfrey.

"Upholding despotism——"

"No—Government."

"Government by a majority; that is the only admissible form."

"Well," said Godfrey, "it always strikes me as a strange mode of getting at truth to take the judgment of the majority; considering what the average intellect of the educated human being is, in the present day, I should think it a far better chance to select the

opinion, whatever it might be, which had the fewest supporters."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Mr. Lee.

"My dear Godfrey," said good uncle John, in a perfectly audible whisper, and with a wink so violent and prolonged, that it could not fail to attract attention, "don't irritate him, there's a good fellow. He never can stand contradiction."

"I really wish, John," retorted his brother "that you would have the goodness to abstain from interference. I assure you, you only make yourself ridiculous."

Uncle John became exceedingly red, and would probably have made some desperately testy answer, had not Frederick, to whom a scene of this kind was especially painful, interposed, anxious to lead the conversation gently away from the subject of dispute.

"And you really think, Godfrey," said he, "that the number of men capable of forming a correct judgment is comparatively small?"

"Well," said Godfrey, "I think experience leads one to that notion: just think over all your acquaintance; how many are there to whom you would go for counsel in a difficulty, or whose opinion you could take upon trust without scrupulously examining the matter yourself? I don't know whether a sound judgment is the highest of all intellectual gifts, but I am sure it is the rarest."

"You are perhaps an example of the truth of your own observation," remarked uncle Alexander, with that serviceable smile which enables a man to say the bitterest things possible under cover of a jest.

Godfrey flushed crimson, and the light in his eye was so sudden and so fierce, that his mother involuntarily and timidly laid her hand on his arm as if to restrain him. He took no notice of the action, but remained perfectly silent. Ida, who had been pondering on his last words so deeply that she had not noticed the *inuendo* which followed them, now spoke.

"I always fancied," said she, "that judgment was a very prosaic matter-of-fact sort of thing, and had nothing to do with intellect."

Godfrey smiled. "Judgment of prudence or expediency," answered he. "Very true. But you do not know how much I comprehend in those words, 'a sound judgment.' What is it but clearly and fully to see the *truth*? and the eyes which can see truth must surely be very calm and pure. There must be that delicate apparatus of instincts which we call tact; there must be charity, unselfishness, and that repose and elevation of mind which are begotten by communion with high and holy themes. For truth, in whatever garb or class it is found, is and must be always divine; and depend upon it that the eyes which have been exercised only upon the clods of earth will be bewildered and blinded when they are uplifted to the contemplation of the stars."

"Is that blank verse?" asked uncle Alexander grimly.

"It can't be," said uncle John, "because I understood it."

"Well, but really, my dear Godfrey," said Melissa,

"this is quite a new tone. I thought you professed utter contempt for common sense, and considered genius the only guide; that is to say, the only thing of any consequence. You change so perpetually in your ideas, that I assure you it is quite impossible for me to understand you."

Godfrey looked as if he had no doubt of the fact, whatever he might think about the cause; and Alexander said aside to Ida, "How strange, is it not? to talk of either genius or common sense as the guide of life! They are both of the *head*, and it is the voice of the *heart* to which we ought to listen."

"Very true, Alex!" cried uncle John, clapping his nephew encouragingly on the back; "the heart for ever, my boy! Talk of Godfrey's changing! when was there ever such a change known, as to hear that sentiment from *you*? Why, if you go on in this way, I do believe we shall see you like your cousins after all!"

The compliment was so very equivocal, that it could scarcely be expected to gratify Alexander, who indeed looked at his uncle as if he might have been induced to inflict bodily injury upon him for a very small bribe. The unconscious offender, however, proceeded in a tone of increased cheerfulness. (Sometimes one could not help wondering where his cheerfulness would end, it was so perpetually taking fresh starts, and accelerating its pace each time.)

"How this reminds me," said he, nodding to Ida, "of a conversation in which your dear father took part, some fourteen years ago. He was saying how much better imagination was than reason; and he compared them to two angels, one of which was always helping you forward, and the other pushing you back. No—let me see—I am not quite sure about *that*, because I don't suppose it would be exactly in keeping for an angel to push you back. Perhaps it was a devil. However I know he made it into a very beautiful allegory, and good old Mr. Becket said he would have been much wiser if he hadn't said anything about it. But you see, my quarrel with judgment, which I suppose is just the same thing as reason, is, that it always makes you see everything that is wrong."

"Never mind the definition," exclaimed Godfrey, "but tell us what you mean. How does it make you see everything that is wrong?"

"Well, but doesn't it now?" was uncle John's expressive rejoinder.

"Don't ask me," said Godfrey, "I know nothing about it. The reason why I am such an admirer of judgment is just because I have got so little of it myself."

"Well, but doesn't it always show you all kinds of faults and evils?" asked uncle John; "for example, a poor pale woman with a sickly baby begs of me, and I want to give her half-a-crown. Well, what does judgment say? 'Take care what you're about,' says judgment, 'that baby isn't her own, and might get work if it liked, and support its whole family in respectability and comfort, on the railroad, or in the mines, or any where else.' That is to say, the woman

or her husband might. And then I don't give the half-crown."

"Don't you?" said Ida, "Oh! I am very sure you do. Because, dear uncle John, you must know, I think, that isn't at all what a *sound* judgment would say. I think it would say, 'Give by all means; better be deceived a hundred times, than let one real case of misery remain unrelieved.'"

"That's not the sort of thing that is generally called judgment, my darling," said uncle John.

"Oh! I don't care at all about what it is generally called," rejoined Ida; "no more does Godfrey, I am sure, because you know he says the majority are always in the wrong."

"And then about people," pursued uncle John, "judgment always tells you their faults. Now I don't want to know my friends' faults, nor to talk about them, nor to hear them talked about."

"But nobody ever does talk about a *friend's* faults," said Ida.

"Don't they though?" replied uncle John, "uncommonly few friends most men must have then!"

"Besides," said Godfrey, "you are generally forced against your will both to hear them discussed and to discuss them. It is strange how, whenever a man forms a real friendship, those who are about him seem to make it a point of conscience to let no defect in the friend escape notice. All that is said may be very true, but the strange thing is, that it should be *said*. It would seem more natural to think within yourself, 'Here I will be silent, for, true as this is, it may give pain to speak of it!' But on the contrary, there is a perpetual blockade laid to the unlucky friendship, and every foible or failing that it can be induced to admit, is considered a sort of triumph. I always feel extra perverse on such occasions; and I would maintain that a fool was a first-rate genius, if I loved him, and people were always mentioning his folly to me."

"The strangest thing of all is," said Melissa, suddenly assuming the seven-leagued sentimental boots in which she was sometimes wont to outstrip all her fellow-creatures, "that one should ever be able to see a fault in those one loves."

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;

I but know that I love thee whatever thou art!"

"There's the dressing bell," cried Godfrey in a tone of intense relief, and the conversation broke up.

Ida had remained behind to put away her portfolio and pencils, and she was still thus occupied when Godfrey returned into the room. "Ida," said he, "what do you think of that couplet which dear aunt Melissa quoted just now? do you agree with it?"

"Oh no!" said Ida, "who *could* agree with it? What kind of love could it be which was able to say '*I know not if guilt's in that heart*'? It is true of course that we should not *ask*, but that would be because we should know that it was *not* there."

Godfrey looked at her with a strange sort of hesitating expression. "I once heard," said he, half-laughing, "a very curious discussion. The question proposed was this—Suppose you were to discover that

the person you loved best in the world was guilty of a very great crime—say, murder (everything, you know, is possible), what effect would it produce on your love? It was an odd idea, was it not? and there were a great many different opinions. One said, the love would be turned into hatred; another said, it would yield gradually to reason; and I think there was one lady who said that the love would be as strong as ever, but that it would become a source of misery instead of happiness. What should you have said, Ida?"

"But I never could believe it," exclaimed Ida, lifting her large deep eyes to his face.

"Yes, but suppose you were *forced* to believe it."

Ida became pale at the thought, and put her hands before her eyes. "Do you think it would be possible to live?" asked she.

"Well," said he, "but what I want to know is this.—Would such a discovery utterly and at once annihilate affection?"

"I don't suppose affection could ever quite be annihilated—could it?" replied Ida. "It does not seem possible to leave off loving one whom you have really loved."

"It does not seem possible!" repeated Godfrey; "then you would wish it to be possible? you would think it right, and necessary, and proper to erase and smooth away the writing upon your heart, and make it a blank surface! you would separate yourself, and try to forget, and doubtless you would succeed, and doubtless you would be quite right. One sin lost Paradise in the beginning—so it may well lose the only copy of Paradise that we have left to us."

"I cannot think," said Ida, "why you should imagine such painful things. However, of this I am quite sure, that in such a case I should *not* think as you do; so far from trying to destroy love, I think I should be doubly anxious to preserve it—it could never be so needful. For of course it must be a noble nature which had done this great wrong, otherwise it could never have won love at all;—and then, just imagine the remorse! how much comfort and help and tenderness such an one would require;—oh no! I think I should cling closer than ever! But I believe it would kill me," added she shuddering; "and I cannot conceive the possibility of it."

"What a child you are, Ida!" cried Godfrey, laughing, and with an abruptness of manner which might have offended a person with more self-love—"you realize everything so vividly. I am sure you ought never to see a play acted, it would agitate you quite to distraction; you have been making almost a tragedy to yourself out of these baseless speculations of mine."

Ida looked up in his face with a kind of half-timid smile, as if she saw that he was a little cross, and felt quite sure that she must have been very foolish. "I am a child, I believe," said she. "It is a sad thing to be childish as I am at eighteen; I wonder what I shall be when I am quite an old woman."

Godfrey took both her hands in his. "Let us try and fancy you—!" exclaimed he; "my imagination is so vivid that I think I see the wrinkles gathering and the

gold turning to silver, (touching one of her long curls with the tip of his finger as he spoke.) What a wise, sharp face it will be in a mob cap (whatever that may be); and the eyes will have learnt communion with bitterer tears than those which come from ideal sorrows; they will have lost that upward look and that shining light of hope; they will be used to looking back, and dimmed as if by straining to see all that has passed away from them. And the lips will have grown chancier of their smiles, and familiar with sage and sober words; and the heart, I verily believe it, will be a child's heart still!"

Ida was prevented from answering this speech, which was delivered with a strange kind of serious playfulness, by the entrance of Melissa, dressed for the evening and apparently much shocked by not finding her niece in a similar predicament. She followed her to her room and administered a most bewildering lecture upon etiquette, poor Ida remaining from first to last in profound ignorance of her meaning. Sundry awful hints that it was "not the thing," that "girls couldn't be too careful," that "people were always ready to talk," &c. &c. reduced Ida to a sense of some vague danger incurred by being too late for dinner, of which she certainly had formed no previous conception. However she expressed becoming penitence for her incautious crime, and succeeded in appeasing her aunt's wrath thereby.

My discerning readers will, of course, be anxious by this time to hear something more of Mrs. Chester. She had scrupulously observed the retirement for which she stipulated on first coming to Evelyn, till the last fortnight, in which, not without a severe struggle, she had begun to change her behaviour. She feared that she was very imperfectly fulfilling her pledge to Percy Lee, by giving up all surveillance of Ida in the new scenes to which she was now introduced; and many little touches in Ida's evening report of the day's recurrences made her feel somewhat anxious. She soon discovered that there was no fear of Alexander, though that complacent gentleman entertained a very different opinion. He had made Ida several pretty presents, and, in the simplicity of her gratitude, she had undertaken to work him a waistcoat, which he considered an unmistakable proof that she was in love with him. It is not the jealous only who take trifles light as air for proofs of that which they are determined to believe; the vain and self-confident are at least equally open to deception. Indeed it would be a curious inquiry to distinguish and analyze the multitudinous assemblage of minute blunders which make up the foundation whereon rests a vain man's faith in the estimate which others have formed of him. And if the cause be curious, the result is at least equally so; and pre-eminently so was it in the present case. "Poor Alexander" enacted the favoured lover quite to his own contentment, with the solitary drawback that he was not a favoured lover at all. He was like an ill-shapen man, who, by perpetually putting himself into the attitude of the Apollo Belvidere, has per-

suaded himself that he is like a Greek statue, and expects others to think the same. Between Ida and Frederick there had grown up one of those serene and tender friendships which are the very gardens of life. Gardens rich and lovely as that early Paradise wherein earth gave forth her fruits and flowers unasked, and there was nothing hurtful or venomous, neither storm nor cold, but a calm alternation of golden sunshine and glorious star-clothed night. It did not seem possible that there should ever be any offence between them; for there was neither caprice, nor passion, nor distrust, but each seemed to behold the other in a daylight too clear and pure for any vapour of earth or cloud of air to intercept the view. Their affection had grown up as a flower grows—gently, swiftly, silently; no start nor check in its progress, but a gradual and uninterrupted unfolding into perfect beauty and fragrance. Alas, how few have such repose as this! How impatient are we in our love for each other, how exorbitant in our demands, how traitorous in our doubts! and our hearts burn within us as we say to ourselves, "We are not loved as we would be loved;" forgetting that love is timid and sensitive, and needs an invitation and a welcome. Perhaps we dread to trust what we call "our happiness" in the hands of another, and so we withdraw into ourselves; and what happiness have we then? Of what avail are jewels which are never taken out of their locked casket for fear of robbery? Love must be generous as well as fervent, or it can never fulfil its office.

But Ida and Godfrey. Their relation to each other was more difficult to comprehend. She was timid with him, which, gentle as she was, was not her habit; and he was still inexplicably changeable towards her. He had still those fits of gloom which had at first repelled her: he took every opportunity of throwing her with Frederick, and encouraging their intimacy, yet never was he so sombre as when he had succeeded in establishing a *tête-à-tête* between them. The brother and sister compact which they originally made with each other remained unbroken, and frequently seemed to be a reality as well as a name, though there was not at any time that perfect frankness between them, which is the characteristic of such a relationship. When apart, each thought of a hundred things to say to the other; when together, they would not unfrequently sit silent side by side, or else degenerate into a mere intercourse of trivialities. They had not yet attained to a full comprehension of each other; they were, so to speak, not in unison, but rather trembling with that strange suggestive discord which almost anticipates the perfect harmony in which it is about to be merged.

Nothing in Godfrey so entirely puzzled the observant Madeline as his behaviour to his mother. There was in it at times a kind of bitterness, which contrasted strongly with his tenderness to Frederick, and with his affection, at intervals, towards his mother herself. Madeline could attribute it only to a capriciousness of temper, which made her tremble at the

idea of trusting her darling's happiness in his hands. Mrs. Aytoun was so gentle, so entirely devoted to her children, that it was impossible to imagine any provocation on her part: besides, she was a mother; and if that be not claim enough on the love and reverence of a child, what shall suffice? It is in itself the visible symbol of the guardianship of angels. It has often been noticed, that the heroines of novels have, as a general rule, no mothers, and that the exceptions have parents of the Lady Ashton stamp—the *one mother* whom Sir Walter Scott has delineated in all his volumes. The reason is simple enough. If the fair object of our sympathy and of the author's cruelty had a mother, in the true sense of the word, she would be saved from all scrapes, supported through all difficulties, comforted in all troubles. She could not by any means contrive to be the martyr for whom our pitying admiration is demanded; no possible extent of ingenuity could spin three volumes out of her.

"My dear Mrs. Chester," said Melissa, entering that lady's apartment with an air of peculiar condescension, "I hope you intend to give us the pleasure of your company at the tea-table this evening."

Madeline was standing at the window, watching the turbid red glow upon the horizon which preceded the rising of the moon. She came from the midst of it, pure and calm, and soared up into the cloudless sky overhead, penetrating the whole heavens with her pale emerald light, as the spirit of some glorified martyr might rise, placid and exulting, from the flames of the stake. Madeline turned towards her visitor, though her eyes wandered wistfully and regretfully back to the sky, and it might have been noticed that there was upon her cheek the glaze of scarcely dried tears. She answered, with her peculiar quiet proud manner, which rendered it so impossible to patronise her, that she had intended to come down stairs, and would now certainly do so.

"Because," said Melissa, confidentially, "I am a little anxious about our sweet Ida, and I want you to help me. You can scarcely have failed to observe the growing *penchant* between her and Alexander; and it is so desirable in every way, that I am very eager to help it forward. Godfrey is a little in our way; but I have noticed that he seems to enjoy your conversation, and if you will have the goodness to occupy him, we can leave the others a good deal to themselves."

Certainly Madeline was not well bred; I am sorry for it, but there is no denying it. She gave a slight scornful laugh, and replied that she did not think there was the slightest symptom of an attachment between Ida and Alexander. She gave herself the greatest credit for having made a polite and gentle answer. It is very odd that we are always most conscious of courtesy when we are outwardly most rude. I suppose the reason is, that we feel so much rudeness within, that the degree of rudeness which we display seems to us to be moderation, graciousness, and the most intense self-command.

Melissa was not to be baffled, and she resumed: "You have not detected it? Well! that does not surprise me, because you have been so little with them. But I have observed them closely, and have quite made up my mind that unless something *very mal-à-propos* occurs it will be a match; so I hope you will trust to my discernment in the matter."

Madeline bit her lips. There was something indescribably irritating to her in hearing the future of her delicate and pure-hearted Ida discussed after this worldly fashion. Indeed, every word that the unconscious Melissa uttered was so provoking that silence seemed to be the only refuge from a positive quarrel, and so she was silent. What precious names we have to hear from common lips, and blended with vulgar thoughts! It seems profanation; as though the name were itself a living reality, and could feel the coarse handling which it encounters.

On went Melissa, growing more and more conciliatory as she proceeded, and little guessing the fuel which she was heaping at every word upon a fire now smouldering, but ready to break forth. It is unfortunate how much I am forced to dwell upon Madeline's faults, but I must confess that she was not what is popularly called good-tempered; not patient, not in the least placid, but with rather a habit of sarcasm, and with a great reservoir of hot indignation always ready to be opened. She had no notion of taking things quietly; there was no *via media* in her course; she was either excited or apathetic; and indeed the apathy was so habitual, that it required a pretty strong excitement to wake her out of it. Such an excitement did not seem likely to be wanting just at present.

"Now you see, my dear Mrs. Chester," pursued Melissa, "there are a hundred reasons why it is desirable that this marriage should take place. I need hardly recapitulate them to you. It is necessary that Ida should marry one of her cousins—that is indisputable; we have only to decide which the one shall be. Now, poor Frederick is out of the question, and I should be very sorry to see her married to Godfrey. It is painful to speak against one's own relations, but there are cases in which it is necessary. Godfrey's principles are very uncertain, and his temper violent. But Alexander is just the husband she requires. He is the natural heir; his conduct has always been perfectly unexceptionable; and he is, moreover, a man of the world. Now I consider it particularly desirable that Ida should marry a man of the world."

Madeline could be silent no longer. "Really," said she, "we differ so widely, that it seems useless to discuss this question. I have not agreed in one single word that you have been saying. I see no necessity for Ida's marrying one of her cousins—no necessity for her marrying at all. So far from considering Mr. Frederick Aytoun's blindness as an insurmountable obstacle, I should consider it, supposing them to be attached, as the strongest possible motive for union. The absence of one outward means of communication would draw their spirits more closely

together, and make the invisible bond more real—the invisible sympathy more tender. Moreover, she could never feel one of those misgivings, the torture of women, that she was not absolutely necessary to him. I perfectly agree with you, that Mr. Alexander Lee is a man of the world, but that is the very reason why I should look with horror at the possibility of—. However, I am quite sure it is impossible, so on that point my mind is easy."

All this was very blunt and rough, but there is no describing how much it cost Madeline to say it as civilly as she did. She was resisting all kinds of insane impulses; she longed to tell Melissa that she was a simpleton and a hypocrite, and to beg her to walk out of the room. Indeed, it was a narrow escape that she did not say something of the sort; and her voice and manner expressed it rather more clearly perhaps than words could have done.

Still Melissa persevered. "But, my dear Mrs. Chester, you evidently don't take my meaning; if you were to reflect a little upon Ida's peculiarities I am quite sure you would agree with me. She has not been educated according to ordinary ideas; indeed, my good brother Percy was always very eccentric, and he has suffered his eccentricities to affect his principle of education in—this is quite between ourselves—a rather unfortunate manner. Sweet, and amiable, and pretty as Ida is, it cannot be denied that she is scarcely fit to mix in general society. Her intellects—this is quite between ourselves, but you cannot fail to have noticed it—her intellects —."

"Her intellectual gifts are as rare as her moral," interrupted Madeline, with flashing eyes. "I don't wonder that you wish this to be 'quite between ourselves.' Certainly she has 'not been educated according to ordinary ideas,' and ordinary persons must find it very difficult to comprehend her. Mr. Lee showed the wisdom which is as strongly his characteristic as goodness, in separating her from his family till she should be grown up. Her intellects—the idea of your saying anything about her intellects! It is —." Here Madeline suddenly checked herself, and covered her face with her hands, in instantaneous and deep self-abasement for her impetuosity. Before the bewildered Melissa had recovered presence of mind enough to compose a resentful speech, and while, indeed, she was inwardly debating whether or not a hysteric would be her best plan, her mouth was stopped by an apology. "I beg you to forgive me," said Madeline, with a mixture of pride and dejection in her manner perfectly indescribable, "I was very much to blame. I am very hasty. But," she added, having forced from herself this humiliating confession, not on Melissa's account but on her own, and resuming her accustomed manner when it was finished, "but I can only repeat that our views are so utterly different, that the endeavour to make them coincide would be quite hopeless."

"Hopeless, indeed!" returned Melissa, with a severe graciousness of deportment, highly impressive. "I am sorry I have come on so bootless an errand.

I am quite willing to overlook your disrespect to myself, since you are sorry for it; but I hope it will not be repeated, as you must be aware that in our relative positions it is a kind of thing that cannot be tolerated. I will take it for granted, however, that it is not to happen again. You will, of course, not attempt to interfere in any way whatsoever with the course of things, though your opinion may be very different to mine. I shall hope to see you in the drawing-room in a quarter of an hour."

Melissa held out her hand with most repulsive urbanity. It was agony to Madeline, but she touched the cold fingers with her own, and as soon as Melissa was gone, flung herself upon her knees in a passion of contempt for herself and all the world; which must seem very disproportionate to its cause, to natures less stormily constituted than her own. "My own act again!" exclaimed she; "powerless by my own act! I could not answer her. I had not self-command to tell her quietly that I was bound to what she calls interference by duty, because I was a coward in the presence of my own passions. O God, forgive me!"

It never occurred to Madeline to feel humiliated by the apology she had compelled herself to make. Paradoxical as it may sound, her nature was a great deal too proud to be galled by this. She gave not so much as a passing thought to Melissa, either at the time or afterwards, but bitterly condemning herself for the recurrence of a fault long deplored, and scarcely half conquered, she made the instant atonement to her own conscience, and thought of nothing else. Melissa, however, like all cowards, became far more irate when the object of her wrath was not before her. As she reflected upon her wrongs, she made up her mind to tell uncle John — (oh! poor uncle John, he little dreamed what was in store for him)—that he must inform Mrs. Chester that unless she altered her behaviour, she must leave the house. "It is the very least he can do for me," said Melissa to herself, with mild firmness; "and if he had any discernment, he would have done it long ago, without giving me the pain of suggesting it; and so I shall tell him."

When Madeline descended to the drawing-room, she found the whole party assembled, with the addition of a new comer, a fine little boy, six years old, the son of that Mr. Tyrrel who was alluded to in a letter of Melissa's, which the reader may possibly remember. He was a pretty, lively child, full of that innocent repartee which is so pleasant in unspoiled childhood; and he sat on Ida's lap, and was the object of unremitting attention, half jocose, half caressing, from the younger gentlemen of the party. Alexander plied him with strong tea and buttered toast, and asked him questions in sesquipedalian English, feeling quite sure that Ida thought him very witty, and that he was displaying that aptitude for winning a child's heart which is a pretty sure road to a woman's. We hope the parallel will not be considered insulting. After tea, a general petition was made to Mrs. Chester to sketch the little boy's portrait: his father was expected the

next day, and it would be such an agreeable surprise for him! Mrs. Chester's drawings were so rapid and so accurate; would she not be persuaded? Madeline fetched her materials, and established herself opposite to her youthful sitter. The child stood at Ida's knee, and was certainly as pretty a subject for a painter as could be found anywhere. An abundance of golden-coloured hair, some shade or two paler than Ida's, fell in rings about his shoulders; and his eyes, which were large, and of the darkest hazel, were lifted to hers with a half-serious impression, yet still glistening with suppressed mirth.

"Will it make your head ache, dear Madeline?" asked Ida. "You are not looking well."

Madeline's cheeks were burning and her eyes heavy, but she denied that she had any ailment, and the work proceeded.

"Why does she wear that ugly close cap?" said the child to Ida, pointing to Madeline's head: "nobody else does; and she would look so much prettier without it."

Mrs. Chester started at these words, and dropped her pencil, while Ida stooped over the unconscious offender till her bright curls mingled with his, caressing him into silence. Madeline, however, relieved the embarrassment of the party by immediately speaking herself. "I *am* nervous to-night," said she; "but don't scold him; it was a very natural observation for a child."

"How will you have your picture taken?" asked Alexander. "Will you be in a smart uniform, with a sword by your side, like the Duke of Wellington?"

"No," replied the little boy; "because then papa wouldn't know me. Oh yes but he would though! He would know me in any dress, and I should know him: but I won't have it done so, because it wouldn't be true."

"But it's no consequence not being true, when it is only a picture," said Alexander.

"Isn't it?" asked the child; "then I don't like pictures: they must be bad things."

"You are a little preacher!" cried Alexander. "I should like to hear a sermon from you. Tell me now, do you never say what is not true?"

"I am sure he never does," exclaimed Ida, with that instinctive care for the freshness of a child's moral sense natural to those in whom the same sense is delicate and acute. "Pray don't put such ideas into his head."

Alexander laughed, and persevered. "Did you never take the raspberry jam when papa wasn't looking," inquired he, "and then say that the cat took it?"

The child gave Ida a significant glance, and then looking up at Alexander, with an expression of infinite humour, replied, "No, I never did; but I *will* now you have told me of it."

A burst of laughter from all followed this retort; and uncle John, with his accustomed clap on the back, informed Alexander, in a stentorian voice, that he was "sold out and out!" The child, however, laid his soft cheek upon Ida's hand, and whispered in a tremu-

lous voice, while his large dark eyes filled with tears,—"But it was naughty to make a joke about it at all, because, once, when I was very little, I *did* tell a story."

At this moment Madeline flung down her pencil with an air of impatience. "I cannot draw!" exclaimed she; "it is perfectly unaccountable!"

Godfrey looked over her shoulder; "I see a likeness," observed he, "but it is too young."

"It is the face of a baby!" replied Madeline; "and this is the second sketch, and the first had the same defect." She rubbed the lines out with much vehemence, and began to draw again somewhat hurriedly; Godfrey watched her progress with interest, but, after a few minutes' work, she pushed away the paper, and rose, saying, with a strangely agitated manner, "It is the baby's face again! I cannot do it!"

"It is very singular," said Godfrey, examining it, "because there is so strong a likeness; the little fellow must have been just like it when he was a baby."

"Won't you make another attempt?" inquired Alexander.

Madeline put her hand to her head. "Not to-night," said she; "I believe I am ill."

Her face was now quite pallid, and there was a painful unnatural expression in her eyes. She forced a laugh, seemed puzzled at herself, and said she did not know what was the matter with her.

Ida led the child across the room. "Come, little Arthur," said she, "come and look at yourself when you were a baby."

She was approaching Madeline with the intention of urging her to go to bed and sleep away her headache; she felt really uneasy about her friend, but knowing her morbid dislike to having any fuss made about herself, she covered her purpose by this playful address to the child, and thought to manage the matter quietly and without notice. She was, however, baffled, and in a very alarming manner. As she drew near, Madeline uttered a slight cry, as if in sudden pain, reeled, and fell upon the ground perfectly insensible.

INCIDENTS OF CIVIL WAR.

Paris, October, 1848.

As the court-martials are drawing to a close, I have had many opportunities of conversing with prisoners, who, after three months' incarceration, have been declared innocent, or rather, without trial or judgment have been restored to liberty! In this chequered life that good with evil blends is known to all in every land; but, luckily for Old England, she knows not how strangely and how fearfully this is the case when a nation is divided against itself.

In England such warfare is but a part of her history; the broad outlines remain, but all the sad details are forgotten. Unluckily for France, with her boasted *fraternité*, her position is anything but this. Her elements are discord and strife; her Republic is

yet unborn; it is, at most, but creeping into life, amidst the throes and perils of a new existence. For a name, or a word—for the red, or the tricolor—her children are ready to rise in arms, and write their opinions in letters of blood. 4

What was the recent banquet at Toulouse but a banquet of blood? There was not the pure and brilliant joy of brethren meeting to rejoice; neither "did the feast of reason, nor the flow of soul," mingle in the feast, where Death was an invited guest.

But, to return to the liberated *insurgés*, the victims of such men as conceived the banquet of Toulouse;—some of these cases may be not only interesting, but also useful as a warning against the horrors of civil war; showing the bitter fruits of such movements—how the innocent are confounded with the guilty, and how justice is linked with injustice.

It is now long since I first knew an industrious woman, the mother of three children, and the wife of a man more helpless than a child; for years she has gained a livelihood by selling fruit and vegetables in the *faubourg St. Honoré*. One of those fair beings who, like Sisters of Charity, go about doing good, knew her better than myself, and from time to time has aided her efforts by temporary loans; these were ever repaid with scrupulous exactitude; in short, though her sphere was humble, a better or more honest old soul there could not be. A dark and narrow street, near the *Marché des Innocents*, was the humble quarter where this woman rented a room and called it her home. There had been hard fighting in the neighbourhood, and from the house in which she lived a shot had been fired and a *garde mobile* killed; the following day the house was invested, and most of its inhabitants seized. This poor woman had unfortunately returned to visit her husband and children, and, though *absent during the whole day when the shot was fired*, she chanced to be there when her fellow-lodgers were made prisoners. Appeal and remonstrance were vain; she was marched off to the prison *St. Lazare*, which was already too crowded to offer beds to lie upon, or any roof save that of heaven: crammed and crowded like beasts for a market, they remained in the court-yard for days and nights, with a scanty provision of straw to divide them from the bare stones on which they were doomed to lie. It needs not words to picture the poor woman's distress of mind as she imagined her children and her helpless husband left to starvation or the mercy of strangers. By dint of entreaty, and such poor bribe as her pockets could furnish, she obtained the means of writing, and penned a letter to the gentle being who had so often proved her friend. The letter was finished; but, alas! she knew not the address; she knew the name, and knew the quarter, and in her simple ignorance she wrote as follows:—

"Mademoiselle F—,
"chez ses Parens,
"derrière la Madeleine."

Vague enough, considering the street where Mademoiselle F— resides is situated more than a quarter

of a mile from *la Madeleine*; but, thanks to the intelligence and shrewdness of the letter-carrier, it found its destined reader. In an instant she flew to her friends, the real Sisters of Charity, stating her case, and showing her letter. It so happened that this poor woman had been in their convent the whole of the day on which the shot was fired, and engaged in making lint for the wounded. A clearer case of *alibi* could not be desired; and away went the Sisters of Charity to the police to tender their evidence. Their assertions were, of course, believed; there was not a shadow of doubt as to the woman's innocence, but, alas! all this availed nothing against the *état de siège*, and trials by court-martial—the laws were, like the times, out of joint; things must run their course, and the poor soul must bide her turn. After an imprisonment of three months, wretchedly lodged, with bad bread and foul water for nourishment, reduced to a skeleton by mental and bodily suffering, *untried and unjudged*, she was restored to liberty with as little ceremony as attended her arrest. But for the one kind being who had known her for years, but for the letter, (*parvenue par miracle*), as she said, and but for the good Sisters of Charity, she might have seen her husband and children no more; the orphans of civil war might have died with hunger, or perished in the snares of guilt!

As relief to this, I must name the cruel case of an honest *provincial*, which borders so strongly on the ridiculous that it were difficult to suppress a smile while frowning at the perversion of justice. A National Guard of Compiègne, like a dutiful and valiant son, answered to the call of Paris in distress; for, though Paris is no longer France, she is still the great parent of every Frenchman. His feelings were shared by many, but as it required some little time to brush up their accoutrements, and prepare for the journey, the following day was named for the departure of the band. Now it so happened that the National Guard of whom we treat, who is, in short, our hero, as he was that of *la belle France*, had divers relations at Paris. The number of his cousins amounted to seven, and amongst the seven there was one *belle petite cousine*, who, in his estimation, largely outweighed the remaining six. *Mourir pour la patrie* was all very fine, thought he; nay, more, he was prepared to do so if stern necessity ordained the sacrifice; but at the same time he thought there were other sweets of life just as sweet as dying, and determined to profit by the occasion, and mingle love with glory.

In order to effect this purpose, his sword, bayonet, and gun were brushed up in double quick time, and, had he possessed a uniform, it would doubtless have shared in this hasty *coup de brosse*. Unfortunately for our hero, his armour for the outward man was nothing more nor less than a blue *blouse*. What of that! His heart and intentions were honest; so, putting his traps together, he gave his comrades the slip, and started in advance, in order to devote some of the four-and-twenty hours to his *chère et belle cousine*. Who, with one grain of heart, will not sympathize

with the feelings of this lover and hero? who will not image the visions of glory which mingled with the soft dream of love?—the chances of being (like the half of all France) *décoré*—of wearing the *croix d'honneur* for the eye of the world, while the heart beneath thrilled for *la belle et petite cousine*? He started on his journey, and all went well until our hero reached St. Denis; but no sooner had he arrived there than he was pounced upon by the *garde mobile*, the National Guard, and a guard of the line. In vain he protested, in vain he cried, "*Mais camarades, je suis de vous!*" I came to fight for you, and not against you—to risk my life and shed my blood in the cause of order over anarchy!"

It was all in vain; the man who came alone in his glory, who wore a blue blouse, and no other uniform, came in such a questionable shape, that his protestations went for nothing, and he was hurried off to prison as an *insurgé* taken in arms!—Poor fellow! honest as the day, and brave as a lion, he had not the courage to whisper a word as to *la belle petite cousine*, or an act of gallantry so peculiarly French might have availed him something; but in France, *c'est le ridicule qui tue*, and dreading the laugh and irony of his fellows, he who would have faced a hail-storm of bullets, dared not speak the truth, which might have saved him from prison.

Once in captivity, and branded with the name of *insurgé*, all hopes of redress or release were at an end. Civil war had lighted the torch of discord, and every evil passion had taken fire; there was neither time for justice, reason, nor investigation; the innocent and guilty were huddled together and caged like wild beasts, thus to await the slow return of coming justice.

The following day, trumpets sounding, tambours beating, and welcomed with shouts, *la garde nationale de Compiègne* passed through St. Denis. The poor prisoner could hear all this from his cell, and in the bitter draught of that sad moment there was one sweet drop which lingered in the cup, and saved him from despair—*la belle cousine* was there. He thought of her, of the hope which said they yet might meet; and the madness which bordered on self-destruction changed to the firmness of endurance.

For more than two months he was confined in the *fort de Charenton*. A long and weary time it seemed to the poor provincial, who never told his love. In the end he was *reclamé* by his relations, *interrogé* by he knew not whom—and—set at liberty.

"*On pourrait bien battre le rappel une autre fois, mais je ne reviendrai jamais!*" said he, in his anger, as he first breathed the fresh air: but, if rightly informed, the time present was not thrown away. The first fruit of freedom was a visit to *la belle petite cousine*. She had deemed him dead, and when he came to her door, she flew into his arms, and her head sank with joy on his shoulder.

It was a moment too precious for words; but, as in fondness and affection she clung to his side, the *croix d'honneur*, glory, suffering, all was forgotten, save the heart he had won without firing a shot.

Amidst the many cases which have fallen under my observation, there are few, I may say none, which can boast a *dénouement* so bright; in many, if not all, injustice and suffering have paved the way to ruin and misery.

Such is the dark reality of which I am now about to tell. An old and honest mechanic, named Morin, between sixty and seventy years of age, with his right hand smashed and disabled by an accident in former days, was crossing the Rue St. Antoine in the first days of the fight,—a shot was fired, and he fell, wounded in the arm and shoulder. He was carried to the Hôpital St. Louis, and remained there eight days. During this time he managed to inform his relations of the misfortune which had befallen him, and, while there, he was visited once.

On going there a second time, his friends were informed, "*Il a été transféré à St. Lazare!*" Sent from the hospital to a prison, seems to be a cruel lot for an old and wounded man; but a darker picture is behind: from that day to this, he has been seen no more!

Entrance to the prison was forbidden, but there were *commissionnaires* appointed to receive anything for the prisoners, and to give information.

The only answer which has ever been obtained is—"*On ne le trouve plus dans l'infirmerie; on suppose qu'il est mort, mais on n'en sait rien!*" That he has gone hence and will be seen no more, there can be no doubt; but what a painful picture does this give of an innocent and aged man, thrown amidst the guilty, no friend, no relation near to sooth his dying moments, and when dead, carted like carrion away, and shovelled *en masse* into the *fosse commune*!

As the ordinary prisons of Paris were quite inadequate to the thousands of prisoners taken during and soon after the four days of June, this must plead, in some measure, for the sufferings inflicted. Cellars intended for wood and wine were converted into prisons, and when these were full to overflowing, the prisoners were attached by cord in threes and fours, and watched over night and day by sentinels with loaded muskets.

While yet the battle raged, the prisoners taken to the Caserne Nouvelle France, in the Faubourg Poissonnière, were ranged on the ground with their backs to the wall and their hands tied together. The *garde mobile*, fearfully irritated by the atrocities which had been practised on their comrades, watched over them with sword, gun, and pistol, and having once given this warning—" *Si vous bougez, l'on vous brûle le cerveau!*"—they struck them with their weapons on the least movement. In the same barrack many were shot, and the prisoners compelled to carry away the dead bodies of their friends.

On Sunday, the third day of the fight, a friend of mine was ordered, with thirty men of his company, to do duty in this barrack. They were placed in a courtyard, and drawn up in front of a window, with orders to fire into it upon hearing the least movement. This window gave light and air to an apartment containing some three or four hundred prisoners!

"*Nous ne sommes pas des bourreaux!*" said my friend, whose feelings of humanity shrunk from the idea of firing in cold blood upon a disarmed and helpless mass. The order had also been given to preserve the strictest silence, but this was neutralized by letting the butt end of their muskets fall heavily on the flagstones, in order to hint to the prisoners that they were watched and guarded. Such sympathy or mercy did not appear to find favour, for, at the end of an hour, they were replaced by the *mobile*.

What happened then, I know not. "Walls," they say, "have ears;" and the adage had never been, if they had not also tongues to tell what ears had heard. But there are cases where the dread secrets of a prison are never revealed: this may be one.

One man, a sculptor, has furnished me with some curious particulars. He was arrested on the Monday, and by the strange chances of war fell into particularly good company. He had the honour of being taken and tied by the hand on one side with Monsieur le Baron de Fauchicour, a natural son, *on dit*, of Charles X., and similarly linked on the other side with Monsieur Lachambeaudi, a well-known author.

With royal blood on the one side, and the aristocracy of talent on the other, he was marched off to the Bicêtre. By this time all the best lodgings for prisoners were occupied, and the poor sculptor and his adjuncts were deposited in cellars lately plastered, and forced therein at the point of the bayonet. Windows there were none, and the only light they received was through small holes left to give air: a huge and massive door grated on its rusty hinges, the lock was turned, the bolts fastened, and there they were.

Once secured, for *four-and-twenty hours they were forgotten!* There they were, packed away like empty bottles, and left to all the torture of hunger, thirst, and limbs swollen by the fetters which held them fast.

That this was an oversight, I need scarcely add; a mere *incident of civil war*; one of those frightful scenes which must be multiplied when a nation is armed against itself, and brothers strive with brothers. Small consolation this to those who were thus doomed to pass such day and night!

On the morrow, once more the hinges creaked, and the massive door was slowly opened: a company of the line, fully armed, stood at the doorway, paused, and entered.

"*On va nous fusiller!*" whispered one to the other; and such had been their suffering, that the thought had more of mercy than terror in its flight.

There was, however, no such intention; the military power was a mere display; and a supply of bad bread and foul water was distributed. It must, however, be borne in mind, that I am speaking of the *early days* of the fight. As soon as *le service des prisons était organisé*, the prisoners were classed and better treated, with two hours' liberty for exercise each day. Indeed, it was said that the soldiers who guarded them became jealous of their good fare.

That there were cannon charged and ready to be fired in case escape were attempted, was no hardship;

and when a prisoner knew he would be shot if he approached the sentinel, he deserved his fate if fool enough to do so. Thanks to the forts which Louis Philippe built, and which were to preserve *his dynasty for ever on the throne*, there was no want of room for the men who had conspired against the Republic!

By the way the only instance that I have known of a prisoner being *réclamé* with success was in the sculptor's right-hand friend. Monsieur Lachambeaudi, the author, wrote to some purpose when he penned a letter to his friend Beranger, the French god of song. How it happened I know not, but as we know that Orpheus moved the very stones to tears, it may be supposed that Beranger had learnt the touch of his lyre, and turned to pity the stony hearts of his judges or jailors. No such good luck befel an honest mechanic, who had worked till two o'clock on the Saturday, when his patron was called to command in the National Guards, and his workshops were closed. Returning home by the Rue Lafitte, he fell in with the combatants, and sought refuge in a *porte cochère*. As soon as the firing ceased, he came out, and though unarmed, and no evidence of powder against him,—with nothing, indeed, but the fatal blue *blouse* to witness against him,—he was seized as an *insurgé*, and hurried to the *caserne* at hand. While there, he wrote in pencil a few lines, and threw them from a window. They were addressed to his uncle, a man of the highest respectability, and were honestly delivered by one who had picked them up.

Though this uncle did his utmost, though his landlord furnished the best of certificates, though the prisoner was himself one of the National Guard, and though they found in his room *his gun unused and the full complement of cartridges he had received*, yet all efforts to obtain his release were ineffectual.

On this man's word I can place entire confidence; and the particulars he furnished as to the early treatment and sufferings of the guilty, and, alas! of many and many an innocent, may not be uninteresting.

Into the subterranean passage in the gardens of the Tuileries the prisoners had been driven, like beasts into a pen, without even straw to lie upon, had there been room to repose. The windows which gave air were few, small, and far between. I had heard that the suffocating heat and fetid atmosphere had turned the brain of many, and that, like beasts baited to madness, they roared and raved, heedless of the order for "silence!" I had heard that shots had been fired into the windows to enforce the order given, and with my own eyes I had seen the bullet marks without, and on the bars of iron which chanced to stop them.

After some eight days' confinement in the *caserne*, and previous to being transferred to the Fort d'Ivry, the man of whom I am talking was confined in this subterranean passage. Its first inmates had departed; but many a poor wretch had left traces on the wall which told his fate in letters of blood!

Even where it was possible to pay some attention to their wants and comforts, one truss of straw

(weighing ten pounds French) was during some days deemed sufficient for *five*, and subsequently for three prisoners; and this, their bedding, changed only once in fifteen days.

During the third and fourth days of the battle, many prisoners were led to the Ecole Militaire in the Champs de Mars; as there were no prisons wherein to confine them with safety, they remained for two or three days bound together in fours. And thus they slept, and lived! If, by chance, they tasted soup, they were obliged to take it in a wooden spoon so thick that few mouths could admit it; and when a large mouth was found, the mouthful of wood vastly exceeded the few drops within it: add to this, that neither of two middle men could ever taste a mouthful unless his near neighbour *lent a helping hand*, and it will need but little imagination to picture the torture and sufferings which are amongst the incidents of *civil war*!

It may, indeed, be wondered how the innocent survived such treatment, or kept up their spirits during the confinement of months; but there are two things most strangely developed in a Frenchman—the one his elasticity of mind, the other his love of order amidst disorder. Though a mere boy at the time, I can well remember a visit to Dartmoor, and seeing the gloomy building in which the French prisoners of war were confined. “*Dartmoor*” and desolation sound nearly synonymous; but the idea of a prison in the land of desolation was in itself enough to lower many a gallant spirit to the earth. Not so with the Frenchman. Even the granite of Dartmoor, its dreary solitude, its cloudy mist which veiled the sun, all which weighed upon his mind, could not destroy its power of elasticity. His energies rallied, his invention worked, and amusement was turned to profit, to the means of buying *les luxes de Dartmoor*! The well-picked bones of English bulls which furnished the prisoner’s fare were turned to his source of wealth: with the aid of a knife and some few humble tools, they assumed a thousand shapes. In the hands of many, dry straws grew into beauty, and in their fanciful forms revealed a degree of taste and elegance which, under happier circumstances, might have contributed to the adornment of a palace.

Since then, I have witnessed the convulsions which have shaken the capital of France. I have seen an empire pass like a dream; a throne planted by the bayonet, and uprooted by the hands, the unwashed hands, of King Mob and his satellites: I have seen a throne built by *le peuple*, and given to the citizen king; and, lastly, I have seen that plebeian throne destroyed by the hands which built it, and burnt at the Column of July. Yet, in all these changes, and more particularly in the late total and terrific disorganization of government, army, police, and National Guard, I have seen order arise in the midst of disorder, in a manner to which I believe no other nation could furnish a parallel.

Within less than an hour of storming the Tuileries, “*mort aux voleurs*” was written on the walls and

wafered in the windows; self-appointed sentinels, in rags and tatters, mounted guard, and gave the semblance of order. One man posted himself at the entrance to the apartments of the Duchesse D’Orleans, and saying, with a bow, “*Je vous en prie, messieurs; il y a des dames en dedans*,” the mobites passed, and even *forçats* paid respect.

In the first fury of the Communists, Guizot’s hotel and all the state papers were saved by writing “*ambulance*” without, and carrying a wounded man within. In their fêtes, fairs, and festivities, order is the order of the day; in sight-seeing and play-going, whenever and wherever *on fait queue*, no one thinks of assuming any but his due and appointed articulation. This love of order and elasticity of mind were quickly found amongst the *insurgés* of June. Judges, juries, and brigadiers were appointed, games and amusements devised; the ill-baked doughy bread which they could not eat was moulded into busts of Cavaignac, and the crusts, which came away like a nut-shell, were turned into *gamelles*, that is, the bowls from which they ate their mess in groups. I need scarcely add, that this was done in derision; but, at the same time, there was more of *badinage* than bitterness in the satire. At first the use of tobacco was forbidden; this, and the novel idea of *transportation*, of sending them out of the ugly country they call *la belle France*, drove them to the brink of despair. As soon, however, as permission was given “to drown all their cares in a whiff of tobacco,” their spirits rallied, and their sufferings, past and future, seemed all but forgotten.

It were needless to multiply cases, and tell, as I could do, of many who were seen no more; such, alas! are but too common amongst the incidents of *civil war*. May Heaven in its mercy shield Old England from trials such as these! Suffering, in some shape or other, is the doom of all; but, that the innocent should be made to suffer by and with the guilty, is a trial which may be spared by crushing anarchy in the bud, by holding the reins of government with a firm hand, and, above all, by remembering that there must be no loitering on the road,—that “*il faut marcher avec le siècle*.”

Reviews.

SURREY.¹

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER,

AUTHOR OF “PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY,” &c.

CROUCH Oak is a notable tree: it was considered, in old times, to have been the last footstep of Windsor Forest, which has since very sensibly retreated. Queen Elizabeth is said to have dined beneath its shadow. The girth of the trunk, at two feet from the ground, is twenty-four feet. But, among the goodly trees of this hundred, let us by no means overlook the cedar of Mrs. Fox. This lady (now, we believe, in her ninety-fifth year) is the venerable relict of the great Charles James; and the cedar, nearly fourteen feet in girth,

(1) Continued from page 117.

was planted by herself, "when the size of a mere wand." How rarely do mortals see their acorns thus exalted into oaks! But time, which works this wonder among the rest, warns us to pass over to another hundred.

Elmbridge, according to the mysterious arrangement of Mr. Brayley, claims our notice next: and it contains many things to heighten that notice into interest. The name seems to be derived from the river Mole—Moulin, so named from its mills, once frequent—and not from any subterranean propensities. Moulin soon becomes Emlyn, and thence Emley, and Elm. Salmon's fancy about Emma the queen of Ethelred, and his alternative one respecting one Ealmer, a lord of Aspe, and their respective possible bridges, need not delay us a moment; we are content with "the bridge over the Mole." For its notabilia, let us commence with the humilities of common life, before we gain the climax of a palace.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem, is a wise rule, under all circumstances. Tasting, then, the spa water near East Moulsey, and casting a serious glance at the duel-stained sod of Moulsey Hurst, (now, happily, better known by Hampton races,) let us hasten on to Walton, a very angling name and place, but dating, for both, ages before the birth of honest Izaak. The church here—and wonder-seekers always wisely call upon the sexton before they look further round them—has matter of interest for us, not so much for its heavily patched exterior, nor only for its Norman columns within, but chiefly for its records of the dead. Lord Shannon's monument, by Roubillac, would seem to have stopped short at Walton on its way to Westminster Abbey; it is a splendid marble, for a country church. Not far off, lies William Lilly, the astrologer, with his epitaph by Elias Ashmole, apparently a congenial spirit, seeing that he dubs him *peritissimus*. Near this is a pyramidal tablet of white marble to the memory of Henry Skrine, the tourist and topographer. Then, there are some curious brasses of John Selwyn and his family, an inscription of the wary and wise answer made by our Elizabeth respecting the doctrine of the Real Presence, a proud Latin epitaph to one "*de stirpe Giraldis*," and a genuine specimen of the gossip's bridle, bearing the following inscription, and the date 1633:

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle,
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle."

We suspect Chester imported this affair from Spain; for it is marvellously like a notable weapon of inquisitorial torture, intended to silence heretics by looking red-hot iron round their brows and on their tongues. We seem to remember such an instrument in the museum at Cologne. Walton has also to boast of Admiral Rodney; and can show the ancient mansion of President Bradshaw. Near its bridge occurs that *bonne bouche* to antiquarians, the place called Cowey Stakes: being the veritable remains of the *chevaux de frise* anchored in the Thames by our sturdy ancestors to stop its ford against Cæsar's legions. Of course these subaqueous stockades can now no more be seen

than Sodom and Gomorrah under the Dead Sea; but occasionally it happened that one was "weighed up at the time of a great flood," black as ebony, in size and substance an oak tree, and shod with *lead*. Let no man, however, now hope to emulate the late Earl of Sandwich, who "used to come to Shepperton to fish, and give half-a guinea a piece" for these interesting stakes: for "within the last thirty or forty years, the bed of the river has been much deepened in these parts by the city authorities; and in consequence thereof all remains of the ford have been destroyed, and every trace of the Cowey Stakes obliterated." The encampment on St. George's Hill still survives to rejoice any disappointed antiquary: let him there decide with us that it is a genuine British fastness.

To return to modern days and ways. Let us now cursorily make notes of admiration for sundry pleasant places scattered hereabouts as gardens of delight. Lord Tankerville's is a beautiful spot, full of ornamental trees, and variegated sylvan scenery, besides the gems of art in-doors. Ashley Park, Sir Henry Fletcher's, is a fine old Tudor mansion, with the characteristic heronry: Burwood and Burhill have their beauties; and Pain's Hill, made classic ground by Shakspeare, is full of them:—to note a few, its pictures, statues, and other works of art, its hills and dales, woods and waters, and other works of nature; its Roman mausoleum, ruined hermitage, embattled tower, temple of Bacchus, Turkish tent, Gothic temple, and splendid prospects. From this we step, by a natural gradation, to Oatlands, so long the home of the late estimable Duchess of York: it has ancient recollections, as having, in a former phase of architecture, served as a palace to Elizabeth and Henrietta Maria; and to these it adds the usual modern adjuncts of pleasant things in nature and art, universally attributable to parks and seats. Weybridge church presents the beautifully simple kneeling statue of the duchess, by Chantrey, several interesting brasses, and a decorated octagonal font. That of Thames Ditton likewise is rich in brass, especially respecting one Erasmus Forde and his seventeen children.

Boyle Farm is a place of some note, at least to aristocratical hay-makers; and Ember Court shows us a few celebrated pictures: so can Esher Place, where Wainfleet's picturesque tower, falsely attributed to Wolsey, has attracted the admiration of every traveller by the South-Western Railway. The church at Esher possesses a bell, brought from St. Domingo by Sir Francis Drake; an altar-piece by Sir Robert Ker Porter; and sundry mural monuments. That of Stoke d'Abernon has life-sized brasses of some Norman knights, highly curious; an altar-tomb of a Lady Vincent; and a wrought-iron stand for an hour-glass affixed to the pulpit—a respectable hint to some very tedious divine of ancient days.

Claremont, the principal feature in Elmbridge hundred, may well wind up this short summary of its interests. Claremont is a sort of mausoleum to the memory of the Princess Charlotte: for over all its statues and paintings, its bijouterie and bronzes, the

spirit of that lamented lady still appears to linger, as about her brief hour of maternal happiness. Numerous articles once belonging to her royal highness are still affectionately preserved in the same state as when she looked upon them living; and there is a sentiment of awe and sanctity about the whole deserted palace, which breathes around, Reverence the dead. We miss, of late years, the fine picture by Devis, representing the apotheosis of the royal mother and her child; and it is a pleasing evidence of both good taste and good feeling, to hear that his majesty of Belgium has sent for that masterpiece to be the companion of his graver hours. The pleasure-grounds of Claremont, about sixty acres, are replete with every charm that art can add to nature: Capability Brown did his best, and has since been considerably improved upon; especially by the flowering shrubs of America, the resurgent powers of Nature herself, and the several rustic memorials of the lamented Princess; not to mention also the Gothic alcove, now her mausoleum.

Kingston hundred comes the next in order, and its chief town and synonyme claims our first attention. This dates from the earliest antiquity. Dr. Gale tells us in his commentary on the Itinerary of Antoninus, that here was the ancient town of Tamesa, mentioned by the geographer of Ravenna: and Leland caographically tells us that "yn ploughyng and diggyng hav very often been found fundacions of waulles of houses, and diverse coynes of brasse, sylver and golde, with Romayne inscriptions, and paintid yerthen pottes, and yn one in the cardinal Wolsey's tyme, was found much Romayn money of sylver, and plates of sylver to coyne, and masses to bete into plates to coyne, and chaynes of sylver." Delicious treasure-trove! The name of Kingston dates from the coronations there of Athelstan, Edwin and Ethelred, which events constituted it a *king's town*: anciently it was called Moreford, or the great ford. Two Edwards also, an Edmund, and an Edgar were crowned at Kingston; and the sacred stone on which they sat, is, or lately was, in the market-place. That Kingston has been oftentimes the theatre of war, is matter both of history and of ocular demonstration; for Mr. Brayley tells us:—

"Many reminiscences of the hostile conflicts which have taken place in this neighbourhood, from the earliest period of our history, are occasionally brought to light by excavations for new buildings; nor can this excite surprise when we advert to the position of the town on the banks of the Thames, offering a strong point of defence; and also recollect that its old bridge (coeval with that of London,) was in former times the only roadway betwixt Kingston and the capital, by which the river could be crossed. Broken weapons and other remains of a warlike description, together with human bones, skeletons, and other vestiges of hasty inhumation, have been found at different times and places; and, on digging for gravel a few years ago near the supposed locality of the ancient town, a considerable quantity of mixt metal was discovered in rude masses, in contiguity with foundation walls, and broken pottery of a Roman character. These wrought and unwrought lumps were of the nature of bronze, and apparently of the same kind of metal that the Roman sword-blades and spear-heads were made of, which were dug up in the coffer-dams when the foundations of the piers of

the present bridge were laid in the years 1825 and 1826."

Mention of the "locality of the ancient town" reminds us of another locality, that of the very modern one, called New Kingston. It arose, mushroom-fashion, speedily for time and slightly for texture, generated by speculative heat: we learn from Mr. Brayley that the whole place is in the hands of mortgagees, the scheme not having proved successful. Perhaps this may be regarded as an experimental test of the hypothetical towns into which, we are told, all railway stations are finally to expand. We can anticipate no such shifting of local anchorages: men and women love too well the places which have known them of yore.

Kingston has not many notes of mark; its new town hall, indeed, has an unique heraldic window, wherein, amongst others better known to fame, the achievements of "Cornish kings" and "Andegavian kings" are displayed: its fine old church may boast of Chantrey's statue of Lady Liverpool, the brass of Robert Skern, and the scarcely obsolete custom of "Cracknnt Sunday:" and a quaint old house or two survive, one well known to ourselves, reputed to have been a whilome palace of King John.

During the great civil war, the dying struggle on the part of the royalists took place at Kingston; and in a lane near Surbiton Common was fought the last skirmish, wherein Buckingham and Holland were defeated, and Lord Francis Villiers was slain.

For other matters, Norbiton and Surbiton, and the bridge, and a rich sprinkling of comfortable villas, well nigh exhaust the interest of Kingston.

Richmond,—the Ridgmont, or "terraced hill" of Salmon,—the Shepe, or "brightness and beauty" of Saxon nomenclature, is our next halt; where few of us know not the Star and Garter, or the Castle,—princely hostelries both,—nor the landscape beyond compare, which all have heard of. Thomson, and Scott, and Canova, and, briefly, every man of any taste at all for anything beyond "eel pies" and "maids of honour," have celebrated, and do and will celebrate, its charms to the end of time. This may save our further praises. There was once a famous palace at Shepe, built by Edward III., and where that great king died, A.D. 1377. There also died Anne of Bohemia, queen of Richard II., who laid it in ruins through sorrow at her loss. Henry V. rebuilt it; and it having been again destroyed, this time by fire, Henry VII. restored it once more, changing its name to his own, Richmond. Here he died; and Queen Elizabeth also: and, in its own turn meeting with the scythe of the destroyer, soon after the martyrdom of Charles, this goodly structure was razed by command of the rebel Parliament. Richmond Park is popularly known among us all, by its many sylvan beauties, and the pleasant holidays and pic-nics to which it gives occasion: but few may then remember that its wall, obstinately persisted in, and encroaching upon vested rights, went far to cost King Charles his head. For other local memorabilia, there have existed at Rich-

mond, under royal patronage, Carmelites, Carthusians, and Premonstrants: at present, the old church is the only religious house of much consequence; and it contains the tablets to Thomson (who lived and died at Richmond,) and to Kean, among several others of more ambitious dimensions but of humbler fame. The bridge, and a multitude of pleasant residences, each more charming than its neighbour, must close our rapid view of Richmond.

In the vicinity, Ham House is an interesting old mansion, full of tapestries and antique wealth; not to forget also, its pictures, sculptures, and what Dibdin enthusiastically calls its "wonderful book-paradise," where Caxtons and Wynkyn de Worde meet in that Elysium by dozens. Petersham church has two touching epitaphs in poetry; and that of Kew contains the records of three celebrated painters—Zoffany, Meyer, and Gainsborough. Kew is, or was, as we all know, an abortive attempt at a palace: George IV. scarcely did a better deed in all his royal life than when he pulled down to the ground that "castellated carpenter's gothic structure." Its exotic gardens, with the conservatories and all their choice naturals, may well be suffered to bloom on: whether every temple and ruin which Sir William Chambers created is equally worthy of a perpetuity, may be questioned; but one, at any rate, is appropriate, useful, and ornamental. If in the Richmond-manor court-rolls Kew (as we now indite the word) is indifferently written Kayhough, and Kai-ho, we may almost naturally look for a Chinese pagoda in the neighbourhood: and the rival to the tower of Nanking overlooking Mortlake flats, has at least its use in occasionally raising some denizen of damp earth ten stories nearer to the healthy airs of heaven. Cobbett was once a labourer in these gardens; and "George III., on perceiving a clownish boy, with stockings tied about his legs by scarlet garters, inquired concerning him, and humanely desired that he might be continued in his service." Malvolio's cross-gartering was triumphant after all.

We now come to the important hundred of Brixton. Plebeian as the word may sound, and suggestive to common ears only of omnibuses, cockney villas, and other suburbanities, its very name hath to the antiquary a classic and mysterious meaning: for be it known that pundits are not at all agreed whether Brixistan, the stone of Brix, marked the boundary of lands possessed in old time by a Saxon magnate Brice, a British prince Brix, or a Roman patrician Brixius: we fancy that in the latter we can detect the more probable Fabricius, a name of consular dignity. Salmon proposes also the etymology of Briggs-town or Bridgetown, but this obtains less favour with the learned; mainly and reasonably, for lack of a bridge, seeing that Southwark has always claimed the river-side as a borough distinct. Southwark intends the South-werke, or a fortification on the south side of the river: one Castle Street is still in being, a shadow and an echo of some long forgotten fortress. Southwark once contained its palaces and abbeys; as King John's, the Duke of Suffolk's, those of the bishops

of Winchester and Rochester, the abbots of Hyde, Battel, Waverley and Bermondsey;—it had likewise its brutalizing sports, the Bear Garden, the licensed stews, and consequent prisons. We all know Southwark's famous iron bridge; and, as the hundred of Brixton extends from near Deptford to beyond Mortlake, we may claim for this portion of our theme one-half each of all the metropolitan bridges, besides that marvel of engineering science, the tunnel under the Thames. Although not in order, as strictly part of Southwark, yet as mixed up with it, and commonly so reputed, we will follow our authors in getting rid of Bermondsey at once: it appears to be a manor and a parish by itself; doubtless from having been of old an ecclesiastical domain.

Beordmund's Eye, or Eyot, or Islet, is a name referable to times when a Dane or Saxon so yeleft possessed here a portion of terra firma in the midst of the surrounding swamp. Bermondsey has few celebrities: as many country parts of Surrey are barren, wild, and dreary morass, so this town part is chiefly remarkable for poverty and misery and squalor; insomuch that in "Oliver Twist" Mr. Dickens has made the locality called "Jacob's Island" the scene of his worst revelations of low crime. Once Bermondsey had far other glories; a princely Cluniac convent, which numbered in succession sixty-eight priors and six abbots, where several of our early kings have held their courts, where Katherine of France somehow lived and died, and where hundreds of crusading nobles congregated before departure. Of this nothing now remains, but a few old deeds and seals to testify its once existence.

The east gate of the monastery in Grange Walk was pulled down about the year 1760. The great gate house, or principal entrance, the front of which was composed of squared flints and dark red tiles, ranged alternately, was nearly entire in 1806; but shortly afterwards it was wholly demolished, together with nearly all the adjacent ancient buildings, and Abbey Street was erected on their site.

Alas, that our fathers, forty years ago, had no Archæological Societies! We believe and hope that no such sacrilege against old time and fine taste—not to say religion also—can ever occur again, *ducibus Conyngham et Northampton*. For other matters noticeable in Bermondsey, there are its leather market, its effete straw-paper manufactory, its hat-works, its claim to portions of the Greenwich and divers other traversing railways, its Romanist church and convent (where some titled English ladies are numbered of the sisterhood); then there are the rebuilt parish church, with a fair sprinkling of monuments—the new one of St. James, a familiar and slightly object from the Brighton railway—and Bermondsey spa, a chalybeate which has had its day, and with the aid of gardens, fireworks, and music, once was as famous as Vauxhall.

Mr. Brayley drives us next to Camberwell, possibly from some alphabetical reason of his own: a very bad one in a topographical point of view. Its name is

due to a well, or spa, which has since become parochially annexed to Beckenham in Kent: a part of the parish is also called Milkwell; probably from its native carbonate of soda. No one can travel along Denmark-hill, Norwood, and Peckham, without being tempted to covet their numberless petty paradises; these suburban evidences of citizen wealth and taste and love of homely comfort everywhere abound: and if occasionally a picturesque cemetery or soberer churchyard occurs, the lesson is a wholesome one, "This is not your rest." From Grove Hill, once possessed by the celebrated Dr. Letsum, there is a panorama of 150 miles: in the neighbourhood is a site which Lillo's tragedy has made classical by George Barnwell's crime and its reward. Camberwell church is a fair Gothic pile, lately erected; quite, one may think, to the satisfaction of the Cambridge Architectural Society, and other lovers of the mystical in stone: among its dead repose the ashes of a legitimate King and Queen of the Gipsies, and of a woman 125 years old: it has also some interesting brasses, imported from its ancient predecessor. There is a causeway in Camberwell, built in old times, for the convenience of those who could not wade through the aboriginal marshes: there is also "Oak of Honour Hill," where Queen Elizabeth once held a solemn picnic; and "St. Thomas's Watering," where the Becket pilgrims used to rest and refresh. Camberwell contains also, with other places, the "College of God's Gift," and all its "pleasant pictures;" a subject upon which Mr. Brayley has been remarkably industrious and accurate. Dulwich Gallery needs no commendation from us: it is rich in many gems of art; and those Londoners who are ignorant of the fact, had better go there at once, as all foreigners do, and praise for themselves. It is one of the wealthiest gifts ever made by a private individual to a nation; and if we take into account its humanizing and intellectual usefulness, the many happy holidays it causes, the local prosperity generated by so world-beknown a lion, we may rank Bourgeois as a Surrey—nay as a British benefactor, scarcely inferior to Smith or Guy. It is a peculiarity of the Dulwich Gallery, and eminently proves how high is the average of its general excellence, that almost every amateur who visits it professes to have found out his own special and superior favourite: like the railway schemes of last year, all are favourites; and if sundry cruder productions of the good donor himself are not worthy even to be "hanged" beside their neighbouring and astonished Cuyps, Poussins, Wouvermans and Pynakers, even these are kindly winked at with the eye of favour too; on the same principle as that on which the National Gallery is indulgent to Sir George Beaumont. And this brings us down easily enough to an anecdote respecting the two collections, certainly not so creditable to both as it is to one of them. The most recent accession to the Bourgeois pictures is a splendid Camillo Procaccini, of high value and mundane fame, "the Creation of Eve;" a subject far better treated by this scarce master than by Buonarrotti

himself, and, as a picture, in perfect condition, of gallery dimensions, and entirely unexceptionable. This is the donation of a private family, thankfully accepted at once by the trustees; and the world will marvel (the world of London in especial with no little indignation,) to hear that this fine painting was first offered, as a free gift, to the National Gallery, and *refused* by their discreet body, on the sole plea of want of room! Let the bare walls blush; and let mankind speculate, taught by Mercury and Venus, and mindful of a recent Holbein, how much more accessible to the public Procaccini might have hung, had the liberal donors condescended to sell it. When money passes, a percentage is at least probable; whereas a free gift involves nothing more agreeable than gratitude and trouble.

Stockwell is to be mentioned only in connexion with Mrs. Golding's ghost, the fame whereof, and of that lady's "dancing furniture," has survived from 1772 to this our year of grace 1848. Newington Butts was so styled from the ancient practice of archery in these parts; as celebrated once for such child's-play artillery as now are Woolwich marshes for imitative thunderbolts, more awful than Salomeneus could forge. It has some respectable churches, to the elder one of which Bishop Horsley was rector. Rotherhythe signifies, in Saxon, the "Sailor's haven;" Baxter, however, a great authority in such matters, derives it from the river Roder, *gr odyr*, the border or limit separating Kent from Surrey. In the days of old Canute commenced hereabouts the trench whereby he intended to have reached London by water independently of Father Thames; and, by a curious piece of retribution, hereabouts also, ("the whirligig of time bringing round other revenges,") in modern days, Brunel invaded the Thames by driving a tunnelled road right through it. Few of us have not seen the Thames Tunnel: it is one of the wonders of the world; a stupendous undertaking, now happily accomplished by that knight of reality, though, in sound, romance, Sir Isambard. Rotherhythe churchyard contains the tomb of Lee Boo, the Pelewan prince; his epitaph has merit:—

"Stop, reader, stop, let Nature claim a tear,
A prince of mine, Lee Boo, lies buried here."

Clapham and its neighbourhood presents one universal feature—the comfort and prosperity attained by our merchant-princes in their trade, and enjoyed hereabouts in their hospitable dwellings. The name intends the "ham," or "house," of one Clappa,—Osgod Clappa to wit,—a Danish thane, at whose daughter's wedding-feast in Lambeth Palace, Hardicanute drank himself to death. Nicholas Brady, the anti-poet, (and yet his pious doggerel twines about the heart) was once its rector. Streatham church brings its quota of interest in the memorials of Dr. Johnson's friends, Thrale and Piozzi—in reminiscences of Dr. Hoadly the controversialist—in an ancient Gothic altar-tomb, and in echoes from the now silent tongue of Henry Blunt. Brixton church, St. Matthew's, has been admired as "one of the few chaste specimens of

classical architecture amongst our new churches;" to our own taste, however, what is called classical architecture—that is, Greek and Roman, the architecture of horizontality—seems little elevating, little suitable to the climate of our land, or to the genius of our religion. To the soaring Gothic, with its lines perpendicular, reaching to the skies, and stopt midway in the apex of their airy arch as if in prayer, to this we do seriously incline. Westminster Abbey before St. Paul's; the latter is frigid, bare, unfinished, unsatisfactory; the former unites magnificence with comfort, and intricate traceries with solemn grandeur.

Lambeth, we are told, means "dirt-harbour;" as it were loam-hythe. Dr. Gale redeems it from so humble an origin by suggesting that a Roman road, or "leman," passed through it to Stangate, where was a ford over the Thames. Both may be true; such a road in those days was likely to be "loamy." Its church, besides antiquity and the usual ecclesiastical interests, shows us on its south-east window the celebrated Pedlar, whose charitable Acre, given to the poor, bought for his dog a Christian's burial: so runs the legend. Signora Storace, Elias Ashmole, John Tradescant, and several archbishops, here lie waiting their resurrection. Lambeth Palace is full of ancient memories and of present archiepiscopal splendour. The Saxon Comitessa Goda, and Bermondsey and Waltham abbots, and many noted prelates of our own Church, both papal and protestant, have left there records of themselves in buildings and adornments; whilst in the time of the Commonwealth,—rather common-woe,—Scott and Hardyng pulled down the great hall, and turned the chapel into a ball-room: these were more than restored by the munificence of Archbishop Juxon. Again, if the mob under Wat Tyler plundered and despoiled the palace, the pious care of Arundel and Chicheley, Morton and Warham, retrieved their damage. Queens Mary and Elizabeth were frequent guests there, severally, of Cardinal Pole and Archbishop Parker. Martyr and Bucer found a safe asylum at Lambeth palace from religious persecution; while sundry unfortunate incarcerated Lollards have heretofore felt it to be a hotbed of bigotry and cruel superstition. Many apartments in the palace are of imposing dimensions, and well furnished. There are interesting old portraits by scores, a library of 25,000 volumes stored with primitive learning, and many windows enriched by old stained glass; a noble banquetting hall with its carved oak roof, the great gate and record chamber over it, and the beautifully kept gardens, must be all which our space will let us even thus cursorily mention. In the neighbourhood stood Norfolk House, Carlisle House, Hereford House, and several other mansions of the great; and Lambeth Wells, once a popular Spa; and not far off is pleasant Astley's, the delight of holiday-making schoolboys and of many older children.

Regardless of order, where Nature has marked out no road, and Art steps not in to her assistance, we must take a rapid view of other surrounding places with what little of interest they may have to offer us:

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of course, making always this protest, to wit, that we have not the room, even if we had the intricate knowledge required for such a task, to exhaust the topic: every neighbourhood will have to complain of some small wonder unemblazoned, some petty fact mistaken: *Sat erit, de minimis non curat ratio.*

Kennington, notwithstanding all its present plebeian associations, once was a royal seat, a king's, or king's town. Harold is said to have resided here. All that once was a palace is now clean wiped out, saving that in some houses of Park-place, "thick walls of flint, chalk, and rubblestone intermixed, are found among their cellars." Nevertheless, Edward III. kept Christmas at his palace of Kennington in 1342: and we doubt not at least as hospitably as ever has occurred at its all but namesake Kensington. Near at hand is Vauxhall, which Mr. Nicholls imaginatively conceives to have been once the hearth and home of Guy Faux: the only thing that makes such an idea probable being that the place is notorious for fireworks. We all know the gardens—the "royal property" of Beau Simpson,—for their fame is mundane, more than European: and if they are not quite Elysian fields, siren shores, bowers of Calypso, or gardens of Aladdin, at least the fault is not a lack of lamps, songs, witcheries, or sylvan wanderings. Roubillac has contributed to them a statue of Handel, and Hogarth some early paintings. On the north side of the gardens is, or was, a Roman camp, evidenced by the finding of occasional coins and bits of pottery of that ubiquitous people: and "is or was" must apply to all our brief eulogy of Vauxhall; for so changeful and chanceful is time, and his servant property, that even while we write we know not whether some auctioneer's potent hammer is not knocking down all the Moorish towers, Chinese pagodas, British supper rooms, music halls, and rotundas, whereof we have a misty recollection; not to say also, Mount Vesuvius, and the hermit in his cell. Cuper's gardens, and Apollo gardens, in the same vicinity, have been similarly celebrated for fireworks, and music, and other animal delights; but that was a hundred years ago: such places do not attain to the longevity of crows.

We have yet to glance at Battersea, the Patriceseye of Domesday; Patrick's isle. The church has an east window of stained glass, (ancient, but not coeval with the royal house of Tudor which it portraitured,) a monument by Roubillac of Lord Bolingbroke, and some others: the noble family of St. John once had their mansion at Battersea.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.¹

Few authors have been subjected to greater severity of criticism than Mr. Robert Montgomery. For a writer who can endure such discipline, the result will be good and profitable. It will not be so, however, in all cases; men of genuine talent, of high genius, have

(1) "The Christian Life. A Manual of Sacred Verse." By Robert Montgomery, M.A. Oxon. Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," "Luther," &c. &c. London: Arthur Hall & Co. 1849.

suffered discouragements in the early part of their career, from which they have only recovered when fancy, and many of the finer sensibilities of the heart, have been lost to literature. We have got little in return for the mischief which criticism has thus wrought. In the case of writers like Mr. Montgomery some degree of harshness may even do good. They are not to be convinced of their want of judgment, of their errors against a classical taste, without hard blows. Their own spirits are bold and obstinate, and they must be grappled with by critics who have a kindred character; by reviewers who will crush and tread upon poet's hearts without the slightest concern, as long as poets may be supposed to indulge conceit and vanity, to the sacrifice of pristine truth and beauty. Mr. Montgomery would, probably, have hugged to the last the most dearly cherished of his literary errors, had not the darling been torn from his soul by the rough hands of unmerciful critics. His self-confidence and hardihood were too great to let him suffer much from this treatment. On the contrary, he has to thank his most ungenerous reviewers for benefits conferred upon him, and which are sufficiently evident in the comparatively pure and better style of some of his later productions.

But we never meet with a case in which some bold persevering mind has been improved by untempered, wrathful criticism, without deploring the fate of men like Keats. We say like Keats. The actual amount of harm done to that fine and tender writer himself, may be matter of doubt. But he was one of a class; and we question not that a vast amount of noble poetry is thus sacrificed to the delight which some men have in hunting genius back into the solitude of its own spirit. Talent, even of the highest kind, is not the determined, energetic thing which it is often supposed to be. It is not at all so certain as some people imagine, that a man of sublime thought will be as resolute to develop his ideas in the sight and for the use of the world, as he will unquestionably be persevering and earnest in maturing them in his own heart. Whether the mass of mankind be ever the better for men of genius, depends greatly upon the manner in which they are received at the outset of their career. If the critics could have carried their point, we should have had neither Coleridge, Southey, nor Wordsworth. They were too mighty for the antagonist; but how many more writers might we not have had, little, if at all, inferior to them, had the masters of criticism taken a more generous, a more comprehensive view of their profession!

These remarks are naturally suggested by some allusions in Mr. Montgomery's well-written and very interesting preface. But we must now turn to the contents of the volume itself. The several poems of which it consists were written, says the author, "to portray, in a poetical form, somewhat of the creed and character, the duties and dangers, the hopes and fears, the faults, privileges and final destinies of a believer in the religion of Christ." This is an object befitting Mr. Montgomery's ability and character: but it is one

attended by many difficulties; and even a partial fulfilment of the design deserves no ordinary measure of praise. There is something so wonderful and mysterious in the working of a spirit apprehending, and apprehended by, Divine love; something so tender, so human and yet so unearthly, in the profound experience of the Christian heart, that of all the efforts of poetic genius, none can be nobler than those which tend to exhibit these things in the light of pure and fervent thought.

Few writers would deserve the praise which we are ready at once to accord Mr. Montgomery. He has the grand ideal of the Christian life and mystery impressed upon his mind. The visions of heavenly forms, the sympathy of the soul with a world unseen, enters as an element into his poetic feeling. He strives with untiring patience to express what has thus been made manifest to him; and there are pieces and separate passages in this volume which forcibly convey the lofty meaning of the poet to the understanding of the reader.

But while we give this praise, we should be dishonest in our criticism if we did not add, that a considerable portion of the volume is made up of verses which are either trite and common-place, or exhibit some of the worst faults of Mr. Montgomery's early style. What, for example, can a reader of any taste think of the following puerile and unintelligible lines?

"The budding glories of a green-hair'd spring
Dawn with bright verdure; and wild birds ope their wing,
And sun-born gladness through the soft air glows,
While the young breeze with laughing gush o'erflows."
P. 313.

In another stanza of the same poem the *gurgling* streams are described as making

"liquid stanzas as they run
In mellow whispers warbled to the sun."

Now we cannot, for the world, understand how a *whisper* should be *mellow*, or how it should *warble*, and still less how a stream should *gurgle* and *warble* at the same time.

Again: having spoken of

"Sunny friends, whose smiles destroy
Autumnal shades, when doubt is dreaming;
The infant's prattle and the mother's tone,
Whose wedded heart seems throbbing through our own"—
we have the following:—

"Yet these are more than gold can gain,
And often fly the haunts of splendour,
Where riches buy but dazzling pain,
That leaves the selfish heart untender."

In an allusion to the most awful of all events, the following attempt at sublimity is made:—

"Well might creation feel affright,
And earth's dread anguish seem to say
Her sun could not endure the sight,
But dropt its lid and look'd away!"—P. 296.

Surely the slightest consideration will convince Mr. Montgomery, that the reader must be in a very serious mood indeed if he be not provoked to laughter by the last line of this stanza. What is *the lid* which the sun is represented as dropping? We suppose an eye-

lid is meant : but how could the sun *look away* when it had thus *dropt* its lid? If an author will deal in metaphor and imagery, every reader has a right to expect that they shall be in some degree intelligible. But what will any one say to the consistency of Mr. Montgomery's poetic reasoning, when, in the stanza just quoted, he describes the earth, *in her dread anguish*, seeming to say that her sun could not endure the sight of our Lord's crucifixion, whereas in the preceding stanza but one he exclaims—

"Alas ! vile earth an atheist proved."

Now, this is true neither in poetry nor theology. The earth never proved an atheist, or a rebel; and Mr. Montgomery, in writing on subjects of this kind, ought to know, that to confuse the earth, or nature, with the moral world of man, is to pass over a most important distinction—"The creature was made subject to vanity not willingly."

In the following we have a different specimen of the manner in which an author employs his metaphorical language :—

"Suspicion is the ice of prayer,
That chills to death enwrappt desires;
Our souls too seldom seek to share
The fervour of adoring fires,
That once of old made martyrs burn
For doctrines love alone can learn."—P. 377.

Now let the thought which this stanza is intended to embody be fairly analyzed. "Suspicion," we suppose, is taken as equivalent to doubt or disbelief. It is no such thing, and is very incorrectly spoken of as such. But were it otherwise, it could not be "the ice of prayer." It might, indeed, by a poetical figure, freeze the genial current of devotion. Prayer can have no ice of its own to "chill to death enwrappt desires." But contrasted with this "ice of prayer" we have "the fervour of adoring fires;" and these *adoring fires* were what "*made martyrs burn*." Mr. Montgomery, however, knows well enough, that what made martyrs burn were not *adoring fires*, but the accursed spirit of persecution, and wood and pitch. This play upon the word *burn*, and transferring it from its metaphorical to its literal meaning, or *vice versa*, is utterly unworthy of the writer. But the strange fancy, indeed, for words of this kind is everywhere apparent in Mr. Montgomery's verses. Thus he often spoils a poem written in a calm, simple style, by forcing in expressions which are as bombastic as they are unmeaning. For example, in the paraphrase on "Blessed are the Meek," we have

"Oh ! never ape that *burning Pair*
Whose vengeance seem'd on fire,
Because they could not meekly bear
What fann'd their zealous fire !"

We presume there is some mistake here, either in the printing, or by an oversight of the author. Perhaps, *ire* was intended in the last line. So practised a versifier would never have made *fire* rhyme with *fire*. But even with this correction, what is the meaning of the stanza? To *ape a burning pair*, whose vengeance, while they themselves were on fire, was also burning, would be rather a silly experiment. But what was it

which "faun'd their zealous fire," and which they "could not meekly bear?" We may guess at the sense, but it is of "fire from heaven," and not of a *burning pair*, or of vengeance on fire, or of anything else on fire, that the simple Scripture narrative makes mention.

Such are the offences against good taste, the obscurities, and even absurdities, which disfigure several of the pieces in this volume. We should not have noticed them, had they been the mere accidents of hasty composition; but they are the faults of a style which Mr. Montgomery has fondly adopted, to the injury of his genius and his reputation. We indulge the hope that he will take our criticism in the spirit in which it is written. Our object is to warn him against continuing to indulge in the use of unintelligible metaphor; in high-sounding words without meaning; in an affectation of sentiment which becomes sickly and burdensome, if not expressed with force and simplicity. We greatly esteem Mr. Montgomery's genius. With all its faults, the present volume affords indisputable proofs of a high order of mind. It abounds in noble thought. Many of the poems which it contains would add to the reputation of any writer of the day; and we have little doubt but that, in spite of criticism, whether friendly or otherwise, it will secure for its author a fresh measure of popularity. Let Mr. Montgomery write always as he has done in the sweet little poem entitled "Infancy in Heaven," and he may be assured that his merits will not be underrated. There is also a poem of great beauty entitled "The First Soul in Heaven." We might name several others of similar merit; and if Mr. Montgomery had been contented to publish a volume such as these would have filled, he would have done better for both himself and his readers. The more we examine the contents of the work as it now appears, the more we are astonished that a writer capable of composing the poems of which we have spoken, should ever allow himself to indulge in the artifices of minds so inferior to his own. We can only account for the vast inequality of the pieces in the collection by supposing, that the author heaped together all the papers he could find in his library, and sent them in a mass to the printer. Let him thoroughly peruse the volume when a second edition is called for, and readers of taste and piety will own that Robert Montgomery has bestowed a boon upon them, for which his genius deserves a fresh and unfading wreath.

THE DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SAMUEL PEPYS, F.R.S.¹

(Continued from the November Part.)

THE records of the Great Fire of London are interesting, though painful. Pepys mentions as a remarkable fact, that he was shown a Gazette, printed in the April preceding the conflagration, which he wondered

(1) "The Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S. with a Life and Notes, by Richard Lord Braybrooke." Third Vol. Third Edition. Colburn : London, 1848.

"should never be remembered by any one. It tells how several persons were then tried for their lives, and were found guilty of a design of killing the king, and destroying the government; and, as a means to it, to burn the city; and that the day intended for the plot was the 3d of the September then next, and the fire did indeed break out on the 2d of that September." Many, after this, will be induced to ask, whether Pope be correct in declaring, that—

"London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head—and lies."

However, according to Pepys, the investigations made at the time afford no reason for doubting that the fire was accidental. The smoke arising from it was seen during six months afterwards. This calamity does not appear to have affected the human race only, for "the poor pigeons were loath to leave their houses, but hovered at the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings, and did fall down." The Lord Mayor, the civic king, seems to have been made the universal scape-goat: "all blamed him for the fire." Every hour, deputations waited on him to inquire what he *had* done, what he was going to do, and why he had not adopted the suggestions then first made to him, until the poor man was so completely bothered, that, Pepys says, he looked like "a fainting woman" when he met him, and, *more majorem* in the corporation, declared, "he must go and refresh himself before he could do anything."

The prevalent taste for music in those days may be estimated by our diarist's recital, that every lighter bearing away goods had, at least, a pair of Virginals amongst the cargo. Pepys found it expedient to follow the general plan, by removing his property to a place of safety, though his house was ultimately unscathed; and he draws an amusing picture of his "Exodus, on a cart, to Bednall Green," clad in his "night shirt." When the fire was subdued, the town appears to have been inundated by a flood of sermons, odes, essays, and addresses, founded on the event; and pre-eminent amongst the *littérateurs* was Dean Harding, who gave vent to a sermon in which he elegantly and felicitously said, that "the city was reduced from a large folio to a decimo-tertio." The rents of the houses burnt were calculated at about 600,000*l.*; and some idea of the increase it made in the value of property may be formed from the statement of

"Mr. Pierce's having let his wife's closet, and the little blind bedroom, and a garret, to a silk manufacturer, for 50*l.* fine, and 30*l.* per annum, and 40*l.* more for dieting the master and two 'prentices."

Dean Harding's effusion reminds us that it was a clergyman of the same name who preached a sermon against vaccination, whilst in its infancy, endeavouring to show that it was the antichrist mentioned in the Bible, and, moreover, very likely to infuse into mankind some of the nature and qualities of cows. The destruction of books was so great that there was "a chance of Polyglottes and new Bibles being worth 40*l.* each."

Pepys's description of the Great Plague, which was

almost contemporaneous with the Great Fire, is neither precise nor extended, and by no means bears out the terrible picture drawn in Wilson's "City of the Plague;"—indeed, our author often treats the event with a degree of levity which is both unusual with him and inexplicable, unless we remember that a sudden revulsion of feeling—the removal of imminent danger—will often produce a paroxysm of unnatural laughter and hilarity, as in hysteria. His memoranda are extremely scanty, but he mentions a fact which we have seen corroborated; viz. that mercury, in one form or another, was used as the chief remedy for the attack. When that which had evidently been a plague pit was opened, in Poland-street, not many years ago, innumerable globules of quicksilver were to be seen amongst the relics of mortality. The only thing very noticeable in the Diary, respecting this terrible affliction, is an edict of the Lord Mayor, for people to keep within doors after nine at night, in order that the sick might be at liberty to go abroad for air and exercise. This militates against the notion that they were confined to their houses, under a guard, and not suffered to come out, on pain of death.

His account of domestic life in that age is perhaps the most curious and interesting part of the volume. He visits the new Exchange, "and there drank whey, with much entreaty getting it for our money, and they would not be entreated to let us have one glass more." This would almost induce the reader to think that there was something in the "whey" which rendered the partakers of it too hilarious. His instructions in the "Art of Love" rival those of Ovid. A son of Sir G. Carteret was contracted to be married to the daughter of the Earl of Sandwich, and thus says our diarist:—

"Here I taught him what to do—to take the lady always by the hand, to lead her; and telling him I would find an opportunity to leave them together, he should make these and these complements, and also take a time to do the same to Lady Crewe and Lady Wright."

But the excellent mentor's instructions seem not to have been attended to, for a little further on, he adds,—

"To church. Thence back again, by coach; Mr. Carteret not having had the confidence to take his lady even by the hand, coming or going; which I told him of when we came home, and he will hereafter do it."

After infinite manœuvring he—

"succeeded in leaving the young couple to themselves; and a little pretty daughter of my Lady Wright, most innocent, came out afterwards and shut the door to, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration; which made us, without, have good sport to laugh at."

All ended happily, and Pepys records the events with more minuteness and care than he bestows on the Fire and the Plague. The lady had a fortune of 5,000*l.*, then considered a large sum; and a jointure of 800*l.* per annum was looked upon as most liberal.

The following is a curious instance of the convivial habits of the seventeenth century; but, within our own memory, somewhat similar absurdities have been

prevalent at Oxford and Cambridge. During a supper party, Lord Norwich, after giving a toast, had one of his teeth drawn, and it was considered a point of honour for every one present to follow his example. At another jovial meeting, he,—

"and Pinchbecke, and Dr. Goffe (now a religious man) were present. P. did begin a frolic, to drink out of a glass with a toad in it. Lord Norwich did it without harm, but Goffe, who knew that sack would kill a toad, (!) called for sack, and when he saw it dead, says he, 'I will have a quick toad, and will not drink from a dead toad.' By that means (no other being to be found) he escaped the health."

About 10 P.M. they

"rose from table and sang a song, and so home, in two coaches. Mr. Batelier and his sister Mary, and my wife and I in one, and Mercer (his wife's maid) alone in the other, and after being examined in Allgate (Aldgate) whether we were husbands and wives, home."

The anxiety of the civic functionaries to ensure the morality of those entering their territories, is most amusing, and probably surprising to those of our readers who had preconceived notions respecting the times recorded.

Poor Pepys's estimate of Shakspeare will meet with equal ridicule and surprise. He makes this note:—

"To Deptford, by water, reading *Othello*, *Moore of Venice*, which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read *The Adventure of Five Hours*, it seems a mean thing."

So the "ineffectual fires" of *Othello* paled before the surpassing radiance of *The Adventure of Five Hours*. This reminds us, that in Dryden's day, Elkanah Settle was esteemed his superior—that Bentley has published an emendation (!) of Milton, and that the rivalry of John Wilkins filled Pope with rage and envy. Bentley "amends" that magnificent passage in Milton—

"And e'en our tortures may, in length of time,
Become our elements."

thus:—

"And, as is well observed, our tortures may
Become our elements."

Shade of the immortal Johann Von Houkmicrouki! this transcends even thy "Essay on Cheesecakes." *Macbeth* is "a most excellent play for variety," says Pepys; which recalls to our recollection the critical acumen of the old gentleman who tortured Charles Lamb by pronouncing his favourite and most carefully manufactured soup "pleasant." The epitaphs people inflict on departed friends add another evil to the many miseries of dying, and the ill-expressed and worse-conceived praise which authors experience, might almost deter a sensitive man from writing. However, it is some comfort to find that Shakspeare was not totally unappreciated in the age succeeding his own. The Diary exhibits the Duke of York as twice quoting our immortal bard in Pepys's hearing; although that worthy being evidently accepted the axioms as original. Neither does he increase our opinion of his literary abilities by the following *mem*:—

"He (Mr. F.) read, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his that were not transcendant, yet one or two very pretty epigrams; among others, of a lady looking in at a grate, and being pecked at by an eagle that was there."

In what the "point" of so peculiar an incident *could* have existed, he does not give us the means of judging; but his was the culminating period of forced similes and affected expressions. Witness this rendering of a verse of the Psalms:—

"Why dost withdraw thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lap?
Oh stretch it forth, and be not slack
To give thy friends a rap."

Most people will accept as a proof of good sense that which our diarist looks at in quite a contrary light:—

"Good sport with one Mr. Nicholls, a prating fellow, that would be thought a poet, but could not be got to repeat any of his verses."

We adduce the following as specimens of the credulity of the age:—

"Discoursed with Captain Enwin about the East Indys, where he hath often been, and, among other things, he tells me how the King of Syam seldom goes out without 30,000 or 40,000 people with him, and not a word spoke nor a hum or cough in the whole company to be heard. He told me (*what I remember he hath once done before*) that every body is to lie flat down, at the coming by of the king, and nobody to look upon him upon pain of death."

And a little further on:—

"Mr. Hooke made me understand the nature of musical sounds made by strings, mighty prettily: he told me that, having come to the number of vibrations proper to make any tune, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings (those flies that hum in their flying) by the note which it answers to in music during their flying."

Charles II. puzzled the Royal Society by inquiring, why, when a live carp was put into a vessel full of water, the water did not overflow. Several ingenious treatises were written to account for such a phenomenon!

And, finally:—

"Mr. Batelier told me how, being with some others at Bordeaux, making a bargain with another man, at a tavern, for some clarets, they did hire a fellow to thunder (which he had the art of doing on a deal board) and to rain and hail (that is, to make the noise of), so as did give them a pretence of undervaluing the merchant's wine, by saying, this thunder would spoil and turn them, *which was so reasonable!* to the merchant, that he did abate two pistoles per tun for the wine in behalf of that."

Here is a hint for wine-merchants! The editors of Beckmann's *History of Inventions*, give us a proof that the existing race has not degenerated in ingenuity: George IV. had a very rare wine, which, for a length of time, he omitted to call for; consequently, his domestics were induced to make rather too free with it, and when he suddenly ordered it to be served up at a dinner party the following day, they were horrified at finding only two bottles left. What was to be done? They applied to a famous chemist, and he, on receiving a sample of the liquor, furnished them with an imitation of it, which was drunk and enjoyed, without suspicion, at the royal table.

A review of the whole volume leads to many valuable conclusions. It corroborates the axiom, that "human nature is the same all the world over, and at all times." They who feel inclined to pass a harsh judgment on Pepys's age, will find ample inducement

ments for a change in their opinion; but they who contend for the "good old days" will be inclined to suppress the passages we are about to quote:—

"I found one of the vessels laden with Bridewell birds in a great mutiny, and they would not sail—not they; but with good words, and cajoling the ringleaders into the tower, wherein, when they were come, they were clapped up in the hole, they were got very quietly, but I think it is much if they do not run the vessel aground."

These Bridewell birds were chiefly poor men who had been impressed under circumstances which would now be most unequivocally condemned. "A fisher boy told us he had not been in a bed the whole seven years since he came to prentice, and hath two or three years more to serve." And our author, having had a difference with some watermen about the amount of a fare, says—"Therefore I swore to send them to sea, and will do so." The naval service then was by no means a model. The ignorance of ships' captains is thus recorded:—"Some of our flagmen in the fleet did not know which tack lost the wind, or kept it, in the late engagement." The system of impressment was infamous in the extreme, as we could easily prove, had we space to do so. But fancy such an apparition as this of a captain in the Royal Navy!

"Met Mr. Daniell, from the fleet, all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, and tar, and powder, and muffled up with dirty cloths, and his right eye stopped with oakum."

The picture which Pepys exhibits of his own domestic life is well worthy of notice. "I find my wife troubled at my checking her last night, in the coach, with long stories out of *Grand Cyrus*, which she *would* tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner." This inopportune display of recondite learning reminds us of having been once questioned by a young lady, at a ball, respecting our opinion of the Ptolemaic theory. The following gives us some notion as to who was master in Pepys's house:—

"Great dispute with wife, and resolved all on having my will done, without disputing, be the reason what it will; and so I will have it. [And] My wife having dressed herself in a silly dress, of a blue petticoat uppermost, and a white satin waistcoat and white hood (though I think she do it because her gown is gone to the tailor's), did, together with my being hungry, which always makes me peevish, make me angry."

It appears, also, that the worthy lady learnt to play on the flageolet! Minerva discarded the pipe, on observing how her features were distorted whilst playing on it. Could Mrs. Pepys have been destitute of a looking glass?

Finally, we will annex a few of the diarist's opinions respecting his contemporaries.

"At dinner we talked much of Cromwell. All say he was a brave fellow, and did owe his crowne he got to himself as much as any man that ever got one."—"The House of Commons is a beast not to be understood, it being impossible to know before-hand the issue of any small, plain thing, there being so many to think and speak to any business, and they of so uncertain minds, and interests, and passions." "The Duke of Buckingham said to the Lord Chancellor 'Whoever was against

the Bill was led to it by an Irish understanding,' which is as much to say he is a fool."

A pretty compliment for our Hibernian brethren! And thus he alludes to General Monk—"The Duke of Albemarle is a blockhead."

We have not room enough for further extracts, though there are many of the greatest interest, which we should like to introduce. The work is well worth the perusal of every one who wishes to form a correct notion of the important and interesting period during which Pepys lived. We have merely to thank the editor for placing it before the public: his notes are of little value, and he has left much unnoticed which he ought to have thrown light upon. An industrious and erudite man would have turned out *such* materials in a very different style. As it is, we are only indebted to Lord Braybrooke for introducing us to a pleasant and instructive friend. The punctuation of the volume is excessively bad, and it abounds with clerical errors, the effect of inefficiency for the task undertaken. In these days, when the aristocracy engage so prominently in literature, they must not complain if we regard them merely as "authors," and measure out to them the quantum of praise and blame which is accorded to unknown and untitled writers. Indeed, as the former have everything in their favour—leisure for composition and opportunity for revision—as their lucubrations are not disturbed by the voice of an importunate and no longer confiding landlady, or the necessity of rocking a child's cradle with one hand, whilst they wield the pen with the other—as they have not to make their memory serve instead of a library, nor to tremble at the summons for "copy"—they have no right to expect more than strict justice, they have no pretext for claiming indulgence. We doubt whether the existing influx of lordly writers into the paths of literature has been any benefit to the reading community. It has caused a great laxity in criticism, the result of which has been a slovenly style of composition, an absence of correctness in details, and a want of originality and research, which place the Addisonian age in many respects above the present. The volume before us is an instance of the truth of these observations.

THE TOWN.

If the question had been raised in the literary world, of who was the fittest man in Britain to write a book about London, with the above title, there can be little doubt that Leigh Hunt would have been elected by universal suffrage. The circumstances of birth, education, residence, and society, made London dear to Leigh Hunt in early life; and subsequent travels, tastes, studies, and habits, have confirmed the predilection. This huge wilderness of brick—this mighty maze of streets, is to him a fair garden, stocked with immortal amaranths and unfading roses,

(1) "The Town. Its Memorable Characters and Events." By LEIGH HUNT. 2 vols. post 8vo. Smith & Elder.

—a labyrinthine wonder of historic lore, needing no commentary but that of his imagination. Who but Leigh Hunt—the genial! the graceful!—could have made the necessary amount of topographic and historic learning anything but *useful* and *wearisome*? Who could so happily combine easy gossip with romantic and poetic reminiscences,—elegant philosophizing over the past, with bright anticipations for the future? Who knows London so well, or loves it better?

"The Town" is not a *new* book in the proper sense of that word. Great part of it has appeared before in a series of articles in the monthly supplements to Leigh Hunt's London Journal, under the title of "The Streets of London." It will, nevertheless, be as *new* as it will be charming to a large class of cultivated readers; not from the absolute novelty of the facts related, but from the impress of his own nature which the author has stamped upon them. Everybody who is well acquainted with his genius, knows that Leigh Hunt could give grace and interest to any subject; that he could make an after-dinner speech delightful, and a chapter on statistics amusing. Need we say more to prove to the reader that London, in his hands, has become a sort of embodied beatific vision of British glory? In the great metropolis he teaches us to seek and to find memories of our great men and great deeds,—England's valour, goodness, and intellectual worth. He makes the "very stones prate of their whereabouts," and prate so eloquently, that a fanciful reader might half believe it was a spirit talking—the guardian angel of the great city, only that Leigh Hunt is so eminently human, so full of sympathies, that he never talks over the heads of the Londoners, as their tutelary spirit, towering "in pride of place," might be justly imagined to do.

The opening of the book sets forth the value of the subject, and shows the truth of Goethe's remark, that "the eye sees only what the eye brings means of seeing." Let all persons who see nothing in London but bricks and paving-stones, dirt and bustle, take notice that the fault is in them and their ignorance. Let Leigh Hunt teach them to open their eyes and their hearts:—

"Boswell himself, with all his friend's assistance, and that of the tavern to boot, probably saw nothing in London of the times gone by—of all that rich aggregate of the past which is one of the great treasures of knowledge; and yet, by the same principle on which Boswell admired Dr. Johnson, he might have delighted in calling to mind the metropolis of the wits of Queen Anne's time, and of the poets of Elizabeth; might have longed to sit over their canary in Cornhill with Beaumont and Ben Jonson, and have thought that Surrey-street and Shire-lane had their merits as well as the illustrious obscurity of Bolt-court. In Surrey-street lived Congreve; and Shire-lane, though nobody would think so to see it now, is eminent for the origin of the Kit-Kat Club (a host of wits and statesmen), and for the recreations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., of Tatler celebrity, at his *contubernium*, the Trumpet.

"It may be said that the past is not in our possession; that we are sure only of what we can realise, and that the present and future afford enough contemplation for any man. But those who argue thus, argue against

their better instinct. We take an interest in all that we understand; and in proportion as we enlarge our knowledge, enlarge, *ad infinitum*, the sphere of our sympathies. Tell the grazier, whom Boswell mentions, of a great grazier who lived before him,—of Bakewell, who had an animal that produced him, in one season, the sum of eight hundred guineas; or Fowler, whose horned cattle sold for a value equal to that of the fee-simple of his farm; or Elwes, the miser, who, after spending thousands at the gaming-table, would haggle for a shilling at Smithfield; and he will be curious to hear as much as you have to relate.

"Tell the mercantile man, in like manner, of Gresham, or Crisp, or the foundation of the Charter-house by a merchant, and he will be equally attentive. And tell the man, *par excellence*, of anything that concerns humanity, and he will be pleased to hear of Bakewell, or Crisp, or Boswell, or Boswell's ancestor."

Perhaps some of our readers may be glad to see the following summary of the facts and hypotheses set down in the first chapter of "The Town." It gives a rapid glance at the early history of London—a glance at once true and poetic.

"ANCIENT BRITISH LONDON was a mere space in the woods, open towards the river, and presenting circular cottages on the hill and slope, and a few boats on the water. As it increased, the cottages grew more numerous, and commerce increased the number of sails.

"ROMAN LONDON was British London, interspersed with the better dwellings of the conquerors, and surrounded by a wall. It extended from Ludgate to the Tower, and from the river to the back of Cheapside.

"SAXON LONDON was Roman London, despoiled, but retaining the wall, and ultimately growing civilized with Christianity, and richer in commerce. The first humble cathedral church then arose where the present one now stands.

"NORMAN LONDON was Saxon and Roman London, greatly improved, thickened with many houses, adorned with palaces of princes and princely bishops, sounding with minstrelsy, and glittering with the gorgeous pastimes of knighthood. This was its state through the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet reigns. The friar then walked the streets in his cowl (Chaucer is said to have beaten one in Fleet-street), and the knights rode with trumpets, in gaudy colours, to their tournaments in Smithfield.

"In the time of Edward the First, houses were still built of wood, and roofed with straw, sometimes even with reeds, which gave rise to numerous fires. The fires brought the brooks in request; and an importance which has since been swallowed up in the advancement of science, was then given to the *River of Wells*, (Bag-nigge, Sadler's, and Clerkenwell,) to the *Old Bourne* (the origin of the name of Holborn), to the little river Fleet, the Wall-brook, and the brook Langbourne; which last still gives its name to a ward. The conduits, which were large leaden cisterns, twenty in number, were under the special care of the lord mayor and aldermen, who, after visiting them on horseback, on the eighteenth of September, 'hunted a hare before dinner, and a fox after it, in the fields near St. Giles's.' Hours, and after-dinner pursuits, must have altered marvelously since those days, and the body of aldermen with them. It was not till the reign of Henry the Fifth that the city was lighted at night. The illumination was with lanterns, along over the street with wisps of rope or hay. Under Edward the Fourth we first hear of brick houses; and in Henry the Eighth's time of pavement in the middle of the streets."

Proceeding from St. Paul's, which the author takes to be the earliest ground built upon in the city of London, he goes westward along the river (and occa-

sionally a little to the north), as far as St. James's, noting every fact of historic, biographic, or poetic interest in his course. The localities richest in such associations are, as most people are aware, St. Paul's and Paternoster-row, Ludgate and Blackfriars, Fleet-street and its tributaries, the Temple and Inns of Court, the Strand and Whitehall. Perhaps the district which our author has illuminated the most brilliantly with thickly-clustering lights of the past glory of wit and fashion, is the neighbourhood of the theatres. Here he has loved to linger and lounge, to laugh and admire. Here he gives us abundant quotations from that show-loving, vain, and cautious prig, Pepys (unfortunately from Lord Braybooke's first and foolish edition, in which many of the best things are left out, to the unquenchable indignation of the buyers of that first edition). Here we see the king's players and the duke's players — Hart and Nell Gwyn, Kynaston and Betterton; and their successors in either house, Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Oldfield, and Garrick, and more than we have space to enumerate. The stories of those two ladies, and the still more interesting one of Miss Ray, are told in the author's best style.

York Place and Whitehall are touched by the grave historic muse, but also by the lighter hand of the picturesque sketcher, as in the following passage:—

"The reader is to bear in mind that the street in front of the modern Banqueting-House was always open, as it is now, from Charing Cross to King Street, narrowing opposite to the south end of the Banqueting-House, at which point the gate looked up it towards the Cross. Just opposite the Banqueting-House, on the site of the present Horse Guards, was the Tilt-Yard. The whole mass of houses and gardens on the river side comprised the royal residence. Down this open street, then, just as people walk now, we may picture to ourselves Henry coming with his regal pomp, and Wolsey with his priestly; Sir Thomas More strolling thoughtfully, perhaps talking with quiet-faced Erasmus; Holbein, looking about him with an artist's eyes; Surrey coming gallantly in his cloak and feather, as Holbein has painted him; and a succession of Henry's wives, with their fitting groups on horseback, or under canopy; handsome, stately Catharine of Aragon; laughing Anna Bullen; quiet Jane Seymour; gross-bodied, but sensible, Anne of Cleves; demure Catharine Howard, who played such pranks before marriage; and disputatious yet buxom Catharine Parr, who survived one tyrant, to become the broken-hearted wife of a smaller one. Down this road also came gallant companies of knights and squires to the tilting-yard; but of them we shall have more to say in the time of Elizabeth."

In spite of the intrinsic and accidental value of the numerous quotations from old writers, so profusely scattered up and down throughout these two closely printed volumes, we, for our own parts, regret that there is not more of Leigh Hunt himself. Every passing observation upon the past, every speculation for the future, from such a man is valuable; not, indeed, because he is the most accurate observer, the most profound philosopher, or the most cautious and calculating of speculators, for he has no claim to such titles—but because he is a warm-hearted, loving, living, and irresistibly loveable and charming human being, and his beautiful nature peeps out in every sentence he writes.

St. James is a mere *parvenu* in the history of London, and good only in fashion at present. The following is incontrovertible truth:—

"The site of this park" (St. James's), "which must always have been low and wet, is said in the days before the Conquest to have been a swamp. Yet so little understood, not only at that time, but at any time till within these few years, were those vital arts of life, which have been disclosed to us by the Southwood Smiths and others, that the good citizens of London, in those days, built a hospital upon it for lepers (by way of purifying their skins); and people of rank and fashion have been clustering about it more and more ever since, especially of late years. 'If a merry-meeting is to be wished,' says the man, in Shakspeare, 'may God prohibit it.' If our health is to be injured while in town by luxury and late nights, say the men of State and Parliament, let us all go and make it worse in the bad air of Belgravia. Nay, let us sit with our feet in the water, while in Parliament itself, and then let us aggravate our agues in Pimlico and the Park. There is no use in mincing the matter, even though the property of a great lord be doubled by the mistake. The fashionable world should have stuck to Marylebone and the good old dry parts of the metropolis, or gone up-hill to Kensington gravel-pits, or into any other wholesome quarter of the town or suburbs, rather than have descended to the water-side, and built in the *mush* of Pimlico. Building and house-warming, doubtless, make a difference; and wealth has the usual advantages, compared with poverty: but the malaria is not done away. A professional authority on the subject gave the warning five-and-twenty years ago, in the Edinburgh Review; but what are warnings to house-building and fashion! 'It is not suspected,' he says, 'that St. James's park is a perpetual source of malaria, producing frequent intermittents, autumnal dysenteries, and various derangements of health, in all the inhabitants who are subject to its influence. The cause being unsuspected, the evil is endured, and no further inquiries are made.' The malaria, he tells us, in another passage of the same article, 'spreads even to Bridge-street and Whitehall. Nay, in making use of the most delicate *miasmoder* (if we may coin such a word) that we ever possessed, an officer who had suffered at Walcheren, we have found it reaching up to St. James's-street, even to Bruton-street, although the rise of ground is here considerable, and the whole space from the nearest water is crowded with houses.'"

We regret that our notice of "the Town" is unavoidably short and unsatisfactory, but we counsel all our readers to read it, as soon as possible. It is a treat indeed. Some French person (*who*, we never could learn), has said that gratitude is only a keen sense of favours to come. We confess to a sense of this sort mingling with our genuine thanks to Leigh Hunt for these two amusing and really instructive volumes. He has left more than half the metropolis untouched. North, east, and south will look mournful and dark beside their illuminated sister; they cry aloud for the poet to visit them with the light of his countenance. We know he *can* (as far as knowledge and genius give the power) write several volumes more about "the Town," we must therefore hope that his own health and the good sense of the London publishers will combine to induce him to add to his present work. All the reading world will, we feel sure, readily join us in this hope, and raise the old shout of "Eastward, ho!" in a new sense; for the East has, perhaps, the best right to our author's next volume, on the principle of "first come, first served."

FORTY DAYS IN THE DESERT.¹

TRAVELLERS have a far higher vocation than mere geographers. We doubt whether they have ever yet been placed in their proper literary rank. Poets and philosophers, as well as historians, have drawn largely upon the resources opened to them by travellers. There is one thing especially forgotten in the ordinary estimate of those who have journeyed far to observe, and laboured faithfully to describe. It requires great literary ability to select from the common mass of objects which attract the eye fixed on the reality, those which, in description, can convey the idea of that reality to the mind. The artistic principle is in no instance, perhaps, more strikingly exhibited than in the pages of some of our elder travellers. We are not alluding to their fables or exaggerations. There is an implied covenant between the traveller and the rest of the world, that he will make that which is known and visible to the few, known, for good, to the many. When he violates this compact, he ceases to have a claim to the high rank which is legitimately due to the traveller. But let him, on the other hand, report faithfully the last deep impressions left upon his mind by the scenes which he has contemplated, or the novel characters with which he has come in contact, and the best artist that ever existed will not have more completely realized the great purposes of art.

Who has not, in imagination, passed the narrow channel which separates us from the continuous series of provinces and empires, still redolent of life, till we reach the verge of the active world, and stand on the threshold of the visible abyss, constituted by wildernesses and deserts? And who has paused, in thought, before the strange scenes thus presented to his fancy, and not felt that he must go on, and pursue his imaginary journey across the barren plains, leading, perhaps, to the very limits of the path which it is assigned for man, under present dispensations, to traverse?

We confess an intense sympathy with such men as Mungo Park, Clapperton, Denham, the Landers', and others, who have dared to encounter the strange perils of the waste howling wilderness. But the narratives which they have given us have wanted one important element of usefulness; that is, the historical element. This should never be lost sight of, either by travellers themselves, or by those who read their writings. Nothing can ever concern mankind so much as the history of their own race. Every mark of a human footstep which can be discovered on the shore of eternity, is of infinite consequence to him who has to struggle, as every man has in his own individuality, with the wants and perils of a sort of Robinson Crusoe solitude. Now, it is one of the characteristic features of Mr. Bartlett's book, that he has never lost sight of historical tradition. He wisely chose for his adventurous course an historical

path, and he has, both as an artist and a traveller, fulfilled his mission. The fine earnest-minded men of whom we have spoken, as penetrating the depths of the African deserts, merit profound admiration for the species of heroism by which they were animated. They hoped, on the one side, to solve grand geographical problems, and, on the other, to open a new road for civilization and commerce. These were noble objects, and such as might well win for the traveller a name among the benefactors of his race. But as far as the higher and richer sympathies of our hearts are concerned, we owe a deeper debt of gratitude to the bold wanderer who, urged on by the spirit of inquiry, patiently explores the scenes of an antiquity, the form and character of which we are ever wishing to bring before us.

The desert, or wilderness, in which the ancient Israelites passed their forty years of probation, is unquestionably one of those historic sites, which appeal most powerfully to our feelings when excited by the recollections of the past. In that desert, the first great moral code given to mankind was applied to the government of an infant nation. There the discipline of Divine providence, with all the mighty instruments at its disposal, was employed for the training of a people in the loftiest course of heroic enterprise ever opened to the human spirit. Hence, not a chapter can be found in the history of our race, the illustration of which we should more desire than that of this at the hands of an earnest and accomplished traveller.

A vast change has taken place of late years in the study of Biblical topography. Instead of the implicit credence given to tradition in fixing the localities of great events, inquiries have been instituted according to the strictest rules of evidence, and scarcely a spot can now be pointed out in the wide range of Scripture topography, which, having for ages been viewed as the actual scene of some memorable occurrence, has not been deprived by one writer or the other of its ancient honour. We have ourselves but little doubt that, in the greater number of instances, the sites pointed out of old were really those which had a right to be distinguished. There is, however, a large field open to legitimate discussion. Some of the obscurities of Scripture geography increase the difficulty of historical interpretation. We may well be content, therefore, to bear with the violence occasionally done to our faith in the early traditional topography, when the result will probably be a clear and satisfactory system of Biblical geography, established on sufficient evidence, and enabling us to follow with confidence all the main lines marked by the progress and development of Divine dispensations.

The author of the volume before us set out on his journey with the enthusiasm proper to such an undertaking; and he has published the account of his arduous tour from a wish to give somewhat more of distinctness to the route of the Israelites than is to be found in the celebrated work of Laborde; to

(1) "Forty Days in the Desert, on the Track of the Israelites: or, A Journey from Cairo, by Wady Feiran, to Mount Sinai and Petra." By the Author of "Walks about Jerusalem." London: Arthur Hall & Co. Paternoster Row.

afford a fuller description of the beautiful valley of Feiran, the most romantic spot, it is said, in the Arabian peninsula; of Mount Serbal, regarded by some distinguished writers as the real Sinai; and, lastly, of Petra, "that extraordinary rock-hewn capital of Edom, which, by its singular wildness, even yet seems, beyond any other place, to thrill the imagination, and awaken the love of adventure." The volume will be read with delight by two very different classes of readers. Regarding it merely as a book of travels, it may fairly be pronounced one of the most interesting in our language. Mr. Bartlett describes the scenes which he visited with exquisite feeling and ability. No feature is wanting to enable the reader to see what he is looking for with "the eyes of the understanding;" and there is an earnestness in the sentiments with which the descriptions are combined which recommends the whole most powerfully to our hearts.

Take, as an illustration of these remarks the following passage. It refers to an evening spent in the valley of Feiran, near the ruined city of that name:

"I descended from these ruinous chapels into the valley, and clambered up into the area of the small city of Feiran. The principal buildings, probably monastic, range along the brink of the cliff, overlooking the valley—a beautiful site. Near the centre of the city are a few scattered capitals belonging to the church, and its last vestiges. The shades of evening were fast falling as I sat upon a block of stone in this area, and looked around, in the perfect stillness, upon the prostrate walls of the city, and the surrounding mountains, with their fallen chapels and ascetic caverns. There is something mournful, almost awful, indeed, in thus beholding the memorials of an obliterated Christianity, however corrupt or superstitious; here at least once arose the thrilling hymn of praise; and these dark and void cells had once a human interest, and once were irradiated with the heaven-directed hopes and ecstatic visions of the forlorn recluses. . . . If ever I wished that certain of my friends could by some magic process peep down upon me, in my desert wanderings, it was on the night after I returned to my tent. The last red light of day had faded, and given place to the silvery radiance of the moon. Her orb rose grandly above the eastern peaks of the Serbal; meanwhile the Arabs, crouching in the adjoining thickets, had kindled a fire, which glaring up into the palm-groves, lit up from beneath their fan-like branches, every spire glittering in the ruddy illumination with a most magical splendour. I wandered away through the groves, to revel in the strange effects thus produced among their tangled alleys by the fitful play of the flames, and the flitting to and fro of the figures; then followed down the spring till beyond the reach of their influence, and where all was again lying in the still, calm moonlight—the rivulet, the rocky altar, the hoary walls of old Feiran, and the solemn amphitheatre of mountains, which enclose this oasis of beauty from the world beyond. A spiritual presence seemed brooding over the scene, and filled the heart with a deep but uneasy bliss. It was too profound, too wonderful, to be enough enjoyed: it seemed as if I could have wandered for ever about this enchanting ground. Suffice it to say, that one night and its impressions were worth my whole journey."

In many respects, Mr. Bartlett's volume would form a good guide-book, and we have little doubt but that, in some few years, it will be found in the hands of tourists, leaving Italy and Greece behind them, and

reading Mr. Bartlett's pages under the walls of Suez, and among the rocks of Mount Serbal. The indication that such may be the case is sufficiently clear from what he himself says of the present journey between Cairo and Suez:—

"The desert," he states, "between Cairo and Suez is so much relieved of its loneliness and peril by the establishment of the overland route, with its numerous stations, that as yet one feels within the reach and influence of civilization. The surface of the waste is, for the whole way, nearly level, or slightly undulating. The soil firm gravel, with occasional sand. The marks of wheels are curiously intermingled with the numerous camel tracks formed by the caravans, and the half-eaten carcass of the old carrier of the desert is seen side by side with a broken-down modern omnibus. One station is hardly passed before another comes in sight, and thus the desert seems cheated of its wildness. Yet we found this portion of our route emphatically the most wearisome. For the whole way there is no object of the slightest interest. The stations, glittering afar off in the clear atmosphere, seem nearer than they are, and provokingly recede at our approach."

The mention of stations, with the account which follows of the noble steamer from Bombay, plying her way up the solitary gulf, "cleaving the very waters of the miraculous passage, and casting anchor beyond the shoals of Suez;" and the subsequent allusion to a railway across the desert, all tend to show the probability of the near approach of those days when an ordinary measure of time and personal energy will suffice to carry inquiring men from the banks of the Thames to those of the Nile, and from the shores of that old historic stream to Serbal and Sinai.

We have remarked that Mr. Bartlett's book will please two different classes of readers. It abounds in striking, interesting details of personal toil and observation; but it has a higher aim than that of merely furnishing amusement. French, German, and American travellers, have united strenuously in endeavouring to determine to what mountain the venerable name of Sinai is properly due. The only two which can claim this honour are the Sinai of tradition, or the range to which it belongs, and Mount Serbal. Dr. Lepsius on the one hand, and Dr. Robinson on the other, may be regarded as representing the two parties, if such they may be called, engaged in this controversy. Dr. Lepsius contends strongly for Mount Serbal. His arguments are mainly founded on the fact, that while the neighbourhood of Sinai, or the mountain generally so called, is singularly desolate, and offers no supply for the wants of an enormous multitude, that of Serbal is furnished with numerous water-courses, and abundant evidences of fertility. In reference to the theory advanced by Dr. Lepsius, Mr. Bartlett remarks:—

"There can be no doubt that Moses was personally well acquainted with the peninsula, and had even probably dwelt in the vicinity of Wady Feiran during his banishment from Egypt. But even common report, as at the present day, would point to this favoured locality as the only fit spot in the whole range of the Desert for the supply, either with water or such provisions as the country afforded, of the Israelitish host.

On this ground alone, then, he would be led irresistibly to fix upon it when meditating a long sojourn. This consideration acquires additional force when we call to mind the supply of wood and other articles requisite for the construction of the tabernacle, and which can only be found readily at Wady Feiran; and also that it was, in all probability, from early times, a place visited by trading caravans. But if Moses were even unacquainted previously with the resources of the place, he must have passed it on his way from the sea-coast through the interior of the mountains; and it is inconceivable that he should have refused to avail himself of its singular advantages for his purpose, or that the host would have consented, without a murmur, to quit, after so much privation, this fertile and well-watered oasis for new perils in the barren desert; or that he should, humanly speaking, have been able either to compel them to do so, or afterwards to fix them in the inhospitable, unsheltered position of the monkish Mount Sinai, with the fertile Feiran but one day's long march in their rear. Supplies of wood, and perhaps of water, must, in that case, have been brought from the very spot they had but just abandoned. We must suppose that the Amalekites would oppose the onward march of the Israelites where they alone had a fertile territory worthy of being disputed, and from which Moses must, of necessity, have sought to expel them. If it be so, then, in this vicinity, and no other, we must look for Rephidim, from whence the Mount of God was at a very short distance. We seem thus to have a combination of circumstances, which are met with no where else, to certify that it was here that Moses halted for the great work he had in view, and that the scene of the law-giving is here before our eyes in its wild and lonely majesty."

This is ingenious reasoning, and therefore deserving attention. But is the probability which depends upon the fertility of the region to be weighed with the probability derived from tradition, so long continued that it almost assumes the character of history? We think not. A sceptic would overwhelm us with ridicule if we attempted to found an important argument on the supposition that a district which is fertile now was so some thousands of years ago. Yet this is, in reality, the main support of the opinion advocated by Dr. Lepsius and his followers.

While, moreover, it is upon such slender grounds that their theory is constructed, there is an acknowledged objection to it, arising from the very nature of the locality—from circumstances which no lapse of time can be supposed to modify. And what is this objection? One, we should have imagined, sufficient to prevent any traveller from regarding Serbal as the true Sinai. There is absolutely *no open space in the immediate neighbourhood of this mountain for the encampment of a vast multitude*. Such is our author's own statement.

Now, if we refer to the American professor's celebrated "Biblical Researches in Palestine, &c." we shall find an account of this subject, which will show at once that the neighbourhood of Sinai, properly so called, is still likely to retain its honours, as long as ingenious theory weighs lightly in the balance with the highest class of probabilities. We must, however, remind the reader, that by the term Sinai is meant not a single mountain, but a mountain range, and that the mount on which the law was given, was not, according to Dr. Robinson, the particular

eminence to which the monks have applied the name, but that known as Mount Horeb, at the northern extremity of the group, of which the Sinai of tradition forms the southern limit. After a long examination of the whole surrounding region, Dr. Robinson and his companions ascended the mount, which appears to have a so much better claim than Feiran to the sacred character assigned it. "The whole plain er-Râhah," he says, "lay spread out beneath our feet, with the adjacent wadys and mountains; while wady esh-Sheikh on the right, and the recess on the left, both connected with and opening broadly from er-Râhah, presented an area which serves nearly to double that of the plain. Our conviction was strengthened that here, or on some one of the adjacent cliffs, was the spot where the Lord 'descended in fire,' and proclaimed the law. Here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mount that could be approached and touched, if not forbidden; and here the mountain brow, where alone the lightnings and the thick cloud would be visible, and the thunders and the voice of the trumpet be heard, when the Lord 'came down in the sight of all the people upon Sinai.'"

Thus, though fixing on a different part of the Sinai range of mountains, to that commonly regarded as the scene of the sublime event of which we are speaking, Dr. Robinson still keeps within the circle of tradition. Few writers, indeed, are bolder than this American traveller in their inquiries or suggestions; yet, bold as he is, we find him in many of the most material points paying homage to the general, if not the particular truth, of old topography.

Mr. Bartlett has made this question of the identity of Serbal with the Sinai of the Scriptures an important feature of his book. We could not, therefore, pass it by without notice. It is one of the portions of the work also which is likely to prove especially interesting to an increasing class of readers. But the really best parts of his work are those in which, instead of entering into discussion, he tells us, in his picturesque and eloquent language, what he saw and what he felt in his far wanderings. His present publication fully answers the purpose for which it was written. The account of Petra, and the descriptions of some familiar scenes, of Cairo, of the pyramids, &c., are well deserving a perusal; and we can honestly recommend the book to the students of either university, who may want materials for a prize poem on any of the localities or monuments which it mentions.

THE HAUNTED MAN AND THE GHOST'S BARGAIN.¹

ONCE upon a time—in the good old days about which embryo M.P.s rave to their tenantry on the jocund morn that sees them twenty-one—the literature of Christmas was confined chiefly to effusions of a

(1) "The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain; a Fancy for Christmas Time." By Charles Dickens. London: Bradbury & Evans, 11, Bouverie Street. 1848.

lyrical description; the parish beadle being accustomed at that festive season to pour out his soul in verse, and the dustman, if not sufficiently gifted by the muses to contest the prize on the strength of his own poetical powers, usually chartering a bard to set forth in flowing measure his claims upon the public sympathy; by which means merit was rewarded, and art encouraged and advanced. But a new generation has arisen; certain wizards, yclept Bell and Lancaster, evoked the potent spirit of education, and beneath the waving of their magic rods, schools innumerable sprang up like mushrooms;—all England learned to read, and, to supply the demand thus created, half England began to write. In our critical capacity, the knowledge that it is very possible to write about nothing is only too often painfully forced upon us; but that it is easier to have a peg whereon to hang their periods, was a secret soon found out by the brethren of the pen, and, ere long, subject-matter became at a premium. Under these circumstances of literary destitution, the very Seasons themselves, of which one Thomson had long enjoyed the monopoly, were violently rent from his grasp, and seized on by the ready writers.—Then had we garlands of spring-flowers which even Dr. Lindley could not have classified,—Midsummer Nights' visions of which Shakspeare never dreamed—stray leaves in autumn, dropping from every branch of science and literature—and last, though not least, an annual income of Christmas books, of all sorts and sizes and nations and languages beneath the sun.

Amongst the most formidable of the competitors for the wreath rent from brows of beadle and of dustman,—foremost in the ranks of Christmas chroniclers, stands pre-eminent Charles Dickens, author of *THE Christmas Carol par excellence*—that little book, all-powerful, in the magic of its eloquent simplicity, to soften the hard hearts of worldly men, to raise from the grave of the past, warm feelings of childhood, kindly memories of old affections, shades of forgotten household sympathies—trifles in themselves, but hallowed till they become things sacred, by the dear associations that surround them. The "Carol," appealing as it did to all the best parts of our nature, and by the force of love, winning men to virtue, became deservedly popular;—in the language of the "Row," it was a decided hit—a speculation equally satisfactory to those who sold and those who bought. Accordingly, the following Christmas gave to the world "The Chimes," a goblin story. This, like most attempts to repeat a good thing, was in some degree a falling off; still, it had many of its predecessor's beauties, and certain quaint and loveable originalities all its own; witness that most fantastic but delectable creation, Trotty Veck. The "Chimes" was succeeded by the "Cricket on the Hearth;" and the charm of the story, the fascinations of Dot, and the *vis comica* of Tilly Slowboy and her pluralities, caused the general reader to overlook, and the friendly critic to deal gently with, a certain want of originality in plot and character, and a light comedy arrangement of scenes and situations, which detracted from its merit as a work of art.

But its very faults rendered it peculiarly adapted for dramatic representation. A Punch writer (with the author's sanction) chopped it up into the necessary longs and shorts, Mrs. Keeley identified herself with Dot, Keeley got up a little semi-pathetic drollery as the old toymaker, and the "Cricket on the Hearth" became, to all intents and purposes, a *comediatta*.

Whether this palpable realization of the ideal—this clothing the graceful, air-born fancies of Mr. Dickens' poetic mind, in the inimitable flesh and blood of the Keeleys—were a wise experiment, we have grave doubts. Practically, we believe, the author had forcible reasons for lending himself to such a transformation. Similar liberties had been taken (if our memory fail us not) with the two former works, without his permission; and, if the thing *was* to be done, he was the fittest person to superintend the operation, and reap the benefit. However this might be, the consequences were fatal to the next Christmas book by this writer. Confused between publishers and players, Mr. Dickens produced a hybrid anomaly—a thing with an unmeaning name—neither Tyrian nor Trojan, neither farce nor tale, where a phrase of high-flown sentiment ended with a cue for Mrs. Keeley's funny maid-servant, and her little husband's buffooneries served to enliven the more serious business of transferring a lover, or breaking a father's heart. Such a mistake as this could lead but to one result; and, accordingly, the "Battle of Life" was condemned by the critics, pooh-pooed! by the public, hissed at the Lyceum, and finally, (to use Tilly Slowboy's expressive compound verb) "dead-and-buried" by the Times reviewer. That the author was himself aware that, for once, his arrow had missed the bull's-eye, (and who so well able to endure a fall in the literary arena, and yet rise and renew the conflict, as the writer of "Pickwick" and the host of household Lares that have followed in his train?) may be deduced from the fact, that last year he left the field to other competitors; and Thackeray and the beadles, the comic almanacs and the dustmen, had it all their own way. It was, then, with no common degree of interest that we saw the announcement, some month ago, of a new Christmas Tale by Charles Dickens; and it is with unmixed satisfaction that we now rise from a perusal of the work, convinced that its author has profited by his experience.

"The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain" (about as awkward a name, by the way, as ever was hit upon) is appropriately termed "a fancy for Christmas," for such and such alone it is; but a more poetic and beautiful conception we have seldom, if ever, met with. Though we are constantly gliding into the regions of the ideal—though the ghost is a very thorough ghost indeed, cold, vague, shadowy, impressive and horrible, as a ghost ought to be—though the heroine herself, the calm-eyed, loving, loveable, and particularly impossible Milly, is more a good spirit than a woman—yet the supernatural machinery all works in a very natural way; and though slow imaginations may be somewhat put to it to keep pace with the

author's flights of fancy, there is nothing contrary to good sense or right feeling throughout. The story, moreover, has a clear, plain, easily discerned, and most excellent moral; wherein, of its predecessors, it most closely resembles the "Carol," and most widely differs from the "Battle of Life." To give a sketch of more than the commencement of a tale of this description would destroy the interest, and lessen the reader's pleasure in discussing this most dainty morsel of Christmas fare: we shall, therefore, merely introduce one or two of the leading characters, and leave him to cultivate them in what (were we given to metaphor) might be termed their native soil. The tale begins with ten pages of intensely Dickens-ish description of rain, wind, clouds, gable-ends, "lights in old halls and cottage windows," and shadows; but the shadows shall speak for themselves:—

"When twilight every where released the shadows, prisoned up all day, that now closed in and gathered like mustering swarms of ghosts; when they stood lowering in corners of rooms, and frowned out from behind half-opened doors; when they had full possession of unoccupied apartments; when they danced upon the floors, and walls, and ceilings, of inhabited chambers, while the fire was low, and withdrew like ebbing waters when it sprung into a blaze; when they fantastically mocked the shapes of household objects, making the nurse an ogre, the rocking-horse a monster, the wondering child, half scared and half amused, a stranger to itself; the very tongs upon the hearth a straddling giant with his arms a-kimbo, evidently smelling the blood of Englishmen, and wanting to grind people's bones to make his bread."

Having disposed of the elements and the other picturesque "properties" to his satisfaction, Mr. Dickens introduces us to his haunted man, a certain professor of chemistry, by name Redlaw, residing in an incomprehensible old edifice, containing a lecture-room, wherein Redlaw is accustomed to hold forth, and win the love and admiration of certain medical students: and to do that he must have been a very wonderful lecturer indeed, or the students singularly unlike those specimens of their class with whom it has been our privilege to become acquainted. This gentleman has his dinner brought by a certain William Swidger, son of the superannuated custodian of the institution, and husband—hear it, all ye romantic damsels, and shudder,—of the Guardian Angel, Milly; they are joined by Milly and her father-in-law, who discourses eloquently on the "joys of his dancing days," and is constantly congratulating himself upon the *greenness* of his memory—which colour, by the way, is more or less discernible in the generality of his remarks. These worthies, having conversed with equal freedom and singularity, take their departure, and Redlaw is left to himself. We use this phrase advisedly, for no sooner is he left to himself, than the ghost of himself appears to him, and haunts and tortures him by repeating—we cannot say *viva voce*, but by word of mouth—all his own thoughts and feelings. His life, it appears, is embittered by recollections of the past, wherein a perfidious friend had won the affections of an idolized sister, only to cast them away again in favour of a certain damsel, beloved by Redlaw,

who immediately jilted him, and married the traitor, thereby consigning the sister, heart-broken, to an early grave. With such recollections as these, it may easily be conceived that memory should become a curse, and an indefatigable "fetch," acting as a perpetual *memoria technica*, any thing but a desirable companion. In this case, it can be matter of little wonder that he eagerly enters into the following arrangement, "the Ghost's bargain:"—

"'Forget the sorrow, wrong, and trouble you have known!'—'Forget them!' he repeated.—'I have the power to cancel their remembrance—to leave but very faint confused traces of them, that will die out soon,' returned the Spectre. 'Say, is it done?'—'Stay, cried the haunted man, arresting by a terrified gesture the uplifted hand. . . . 'What shall I lose if I assent to this? What else will pass from my remembrance?'—'No knowledge, no result of study, nothing but the intertwined chain of feelings and associations, each in its turn dependent on, and nourished by, the banished recollections—those will go. . . . Say,' said the Spectre, 'is it done?'—'A moment longer!' he answered, hurriedly.—'I would forget it if I could! Have I thought that, alone, or has it been the thought of thousands upon thousands, generation after generation? All human memory is fraught with sorrow and trouble; my memory is as the memory of other men, but other men have not this choice. Yes, I will forget my sorrow, wrong, and trouble!'—'Say,' said the Spectre, 'is it done?'—'It is!'—'It is; and take this with you, man whom I here renounce!—the gift that I have given, you shall give again, go where you will. Without recovering yourself the power that you have yielded up, you shall henceforth destroy its like in all whom you approach. Your wisdom has discovered that the memory of sorrow, wrong, and trouble, is the lot of all mankind, and that mankind would be the happier in its other memories without it. Go! be its benefactor! Freed from such remembrance from this hour, carry involuntarily the blessing of such freedom with you. Its diffusion is inseparable and inalienable from you. Go! be happy in the good you have won, and in the good you do!'"

For an account of the manner in which he exercises his newly-acquired power, and the good or evil which results therefrom, we shall now refer the reader to the work itself. A worthy family, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Tetterby, possess a most undeniable claim on our gratitude, by affording a vehicle for the display of our author's own peculiar inimitable vein of humour. Some of his touches are most happy. The following description of a baby—a new, wonderfully imagined, and triumphantly executed baby, possessing a strong, clearly-defined, and most alarming individuality, and yet, withal, perfectly true (to the best of our knowledge) to baby-nature—is irresistible. We extract it for the benefit of all "persons about to marry."

"Besides which, another little boy—the biggest there, but still little—was tottering to and fro, bent on one side, and considerably affected in his knees by the weight of a large baby, which he was supposed, by a fiction that obtains sometimes in sanguine families, to be hushing to sleep. But oh! the inexhaustible regions of contemplation and watchfulness into which this baby's eyes were then only beginning to compose themselves to stare over his unconscious shoulder! It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular

young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet, in any one place, for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. 'Tetterby's baby' was as well known in the neighbourhood as the postman or the pot-boy. It roved from door-step to door-step, in the arms of little Johnny Tetterby, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles who followed the tumblers or the monkey, and came up, all on one side, a little too late for everything that was attractive, from Monday morning until Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch making Johnny fag and toil: wherever Johnny desired to stay, little Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep, and must be watched: whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home, Moloch was awake, and must be taken out. Yet Johnny was verily persuaded that it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England, and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp flapping bonnet, and to go staggering about with it like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to any body and could never be delivered anywhere. . . . It was a peculiarity of this baby to be always cutting teeth. Whether they never came, or whether they came and went away again, is not in evidence; but it had certainly cut enough, on the showing of Mrs. Tetterby, to make a handsome dental provision for the sign of the Bull and Mouth. All sorts of objects were impressed for the rubbing of its gums, notwithstanding that it always carried, dangling at its waist (which was immediately under its chin), a bone ring, large enough to have represented the rosary of a young nun. Knife-handles, umbrella tops, the heads of walking-sticks selected from the stock, the fingers of the family in general, but especially of Johnny, nutmeg-graters, crusts, the handles of doors, and the cool knobs on the tops of pokers, were among the commonest instruments indiscriminately applied for this baby's relief. The amount of electricity that must have been rubbed out of it in a week, is not to be calculated. Still Mrs. Tetterby always said 'it was coming through, and then the child would be herself;' and still it never did come through, and the child continued to be somebody else."

The character of Milly must be dealt with gently and lovingly. Regarded as the personification of tenderness and charity, as the good genius of a Christmas Fancy, with just enough of the material woman about her to enable ordinary mortals to realize and adore: she is a most rare and beautiful creation. For ourselves, convinced that in this spirit was the character conceived, and in this alone should it be treated of, we care nothing for the objections which we foresee will be urged against it, regarding all cavils as to its unreality as just so much false criticism. The design of the work is excellent; no mind but that of a good and clever man could have originated it; none but a master's hand could have executed it.

And it is well that it should be so. There is a fearful responsibility attached to the possession of such talent as that of Mr. Dickens; the amount of influence he may exercise for good or evil is incalculable. In the present instance we have no fear for the result. The readers of the Ghost's Bargain may be counted by tens of thousands; but we should be sorry to call him our friend who does not rise from its perusal a wiser and a better man.

SLANDER.

A BALLAD OF COMFORT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

NEVER you fear; but go ahead
In self-relying strength:
What matters it that malice said,
"I've found it out at length!"
Found out! found what! An honest man
Is open as the light;
So, search as keenly as you can,
You'll only find—all right.

Yes,—blot him black with slander's ink,—
He stands as fair as snow!
You serve him better than you think,
And kinder than you know.
What! is it not some credit, then,
That he provokes your blame!
This merely, with all better men,
Is quite a sort of fame!

Through good report, and ill report,
The good man goes his way,
Nor condescends to pay his court
To what the vile may say:—
Ay, be the scandal what you will,
And whisper what you please,
You do but fan his glory still
By whistling up a breeze.

The little spark becomes a flame,
If you won't hold your tongue;
Nobody pays you for your blame,
Nor cares to prove it wrong;
But if you will so kindly aid
And prop a good man's peace,
Why, really one is half afraid
Your ill report should cease!

Look you!—two children playing there,
With battledores in hand,
To keep their shuttle in the air
Must strike it as they stand;
It flags and falls if both should stop
To look admiring on;
And so Fame's shuttlecock would drop,
Without a pro and con!

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-Desk.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY! Yes, of course, we know it is—
How can we avoid doing so, when Sam (for, like the immortal Pickwick, we too possess a *Samsel*, i. e. no means an unworthy specimen of the class typified by his illustrious namesake), brought us our shaving water, and, ere our eyes were well opened, wished us a happy new year; and every human creature we have since seen has taken the same liberty with us? We hate new things of all sorts—new boots, new faces, new scenes, new fashions; even new books delight us not as do some of our old familiar favourites; and as for a strange, raw, uncomfortable New Year, with its mysterious impenetrable perspective of twelve months

unexplored futurity, the idea is altogether disagreeable to us, and we can conceive nothing of happiness in connexion with it. The very first event to come off in this happy new year, must be, of course, (for 'tis England we are writing in,) a dinner-party. Everybody dines with Somebody on New-year's day. Stay! let us remember, do we on the present occasion feed on our friends, or do they devour our substance? Yes, we recollect, we dine with the Truffles, who live in a kind of crescent bewitched, which has evidently grown out of a mistake of the architect's, who could not make two streets, a square, and a church, fit nicely without it. We need scarcely add where our crescent is situated, such freestone *facetiae* being only to be met with in the new London which is so lovingly embracing Hyde Park in its lath-and-plaster arms. As we are a sort of *ami de famille* of the Truffles, we chanced to be staying in the house during one of these "feeding days," as Fred Truffles (the eldest son and our especial crony) calls them, on which occasion we were let into all the minutiae of the then celebration of new-year's happiness; and the reader shall benefit by our experience.

Scene I.—The Invitations;—the members present being Papa and Mamma Truffles, Julia the daughter of the house, Freddy the elder son, and Tom the younger; the said Tom being *etatis* thirteen last grass, and home from Eton for the holidays.

Mamma *loquitur*.—"Then the two Dentons will just make fourteen."

Truffles *Père* (*sotto voce*).—"And the table only holds twelve."

He had better not have said it, good man; he was verbally rushed at, rolled over, and four indisputable precedents heaped upon his devoted head as he lay; under the weight of which he collapsed into the *Times* newspaper, and was no more heard.

"Precious slow team!" muttered Fred after a pause; "will want double-thonging pretty heavily to get any pace out of 'em, and I don't know who's to do it. I dine with a man at the Parthenon."

Thereupon began a *duetto di rimonstrazioni*, in which Mamma took the contralto, and Julia the soprano part, the theme being "O Frederio!" with variations on the ejaculation. This, performed with much feeling and expression, obtained the vague promise that "he'd see about it." The concession, such as it was, being graciously accepted, the conceder continued,

"Another thing's bad; there is not a single eligible for Ju. Now, if one is to be bored with a lot off of this sort, it's as well to mix a little business with the pleasure,—keep an eye to the cattle-market, eh? So look here, mother, just knock off a brace of old stock, and I'll pick you up a couple of men who can shoot over 3,000 acres, and never step off their own ground—what do you say?"

What could she say? Joyful acquiescence is a mild term to express the delight with which, under a show of maternal indulgence, Mrs. Truffles hailed her son's amendment.

"You will have a few people in the evening, mamma," suggested Julia, with a side glance at her brother, who she knew, "for reasons," would approve the arrangement; "the Dashwoods, for instance, and one or two of that set."

"Say yes, mother, if you want to bag Fred," interposed Tom, grinning; "just ask Miss Arabella Dashwood, that's all."

"Hold your tongue, you young cub, unless you wish me to give you your deserts," returned Fred in high dudgeon.

The reply to this threat was an allusion on the part of the cub to a certain copy of verses beginning—

"O Arabella, ever dear,
There a'nt your feller nor your peer,
Existant in creation's sphere;"

of which Fred was more than suspected to be the author. This produced a collision between the brothers, and thus ended Scene the First.

Scene II. may be entitled "The Day of the Dinner-party." It was New-year's day into the bargain. The servants, consisting of a *ci-devant* footman, who had grown too fat for livery, and was therefore supported by a buttoned boy, called by his patronymic, and believed in as a butler; the boy aforesaid, who was encouraged to give himself airs, and grow into a footman; a cook with the temper of a fiend, but the made dishes of an angel; a much-enduring kitchen maid, who could put up with anything, and came off black upon everything; an affected lady's maid; a haughty housemaid; and a char-woman had in for the day, with a capacious pocket, an elastic conscience, and much practical knowledge of spirituous liquors generally—were one and all in a great state of irritable excitement, and not to be spoken to lightly or with impunity. About twelve o'clock, Hawkins, the brevet butler, invaded and forcibly occupied the dining room, which he immediately fitted up, like a cross between a plate-chest and a glass-closet. Mrs. Truffles was a strong-minded woman; and although deeply and properly interested about everything, bore up wonderfully, smoothed away difficulties, rendered impossibilities possible, endured the kind of speeches from Hawkins with which she herself usually favoured her husband—and, in fact, appeared calculated to do and suffer heroically all that her mission demanded of her—when, lo and behold! late in the day—just, in fact, as, sticky from setting out the dessert, she was about to dress for dinner, she received the harrowing intelligence,—pity her, ye mistresses of families! that—I can scarcely write it—the JELLY WOULD NOT SET! Now this wicked jelly was to have been a great feature in the entertainment. It was rum jelly, ("very rum," Tom said, when Mrs. Tarbut the cook brought it up, looking like soup, to afford them what the young monkey, who had been at the Polytechnic, called a "dissolving view" of it,) made from a famous family recipe, and had been the subject of much anxious thought and confidential colloquy; and Mrs. Tarbut had felt such reliance on its steadiness of character,

that she would have staked her wages on its turning out well; and now look at it! There it was—a mere morass, so to speak, with an imbecile and chaotic *bas-relief* floating on what should have been the gracefully moulded top. It had evidently become intoxicated with its own rum, and was equally unable to set, (excuse grammar) or stand, or indeed assume any other than the degraded position we have already described.

Did space allow, we would willingly relate how in this emergency the buttoned candidate for plush was despatched, as a forlorn hope, to the nearest confectioner's, where, delaying to regale himself with two-penny tarts, he all but made himself too ill to wait at dinner; how Mr. Truffles said just the wrong things to every one, and was overheard doing it, and reproved sternly at breakfast next morning; how one of Fred's landed proprietors failed him, and the other, taking too much wine, was so rude to Julia in the evening, that Fred said he should be obliged to notice it, but didn't; and how the Dashwoods brought a young man with them, who (as Mrs. Dashwood confided to Fred, with a killing smile,) had 1500*l.* a-year, and a beautiful place in —shire, which would soon own dear Arabella for its mistress; a piece of intelligence which completely finished off poor Fred for the evening. All this, and much more, the minutiae of new-year's happiness, we would fain record and dilate upon, but our Postscript has already run to a greater length than we had intended, and we have several new books before us, of which it behoves us to make honourable mention. Reversing the rule *seniores priores*, we will begin with children's books. Of these we have, first,

A Rhythmical Version of our old love "*Cinderella*," that most romantic and fascinating maid-of-all-work. Mrs. Orlebar, who dedicates the libretto to her three children, has told a pretty story prettily; and although she has rather idealized away her fairies into mystic vagueness, and scarcely dwelt with sufficient minuteness on that most exciting incident of the metamorphosis of the lizards, gourd, mice, bulrushes, and other animal and vegetable individuals, into the chariot and *cortège* of a princess, yet her labour has not been thrown away, and will doubtless serve to delight her own and many other children.

"Christmas Eve, and other Poems," by the same lady, evinces some poetic feeling and a fair talent for versification. Both these little books are exceedingly well got up, and reflect great credit on the good taste of their publisher, Mr. Masters.

"How to spend a Week happily," by Mrs. Burbury, abounds in beauties, and has but one fault, which is its name. The feeling inspired by the exquisite yet simple pathos, the humble, unaffected piety, the good sense and right feeling displayed throughout this little volume, may assume a character of happiness—for all that tends to elevate and purify the mind must insensibly render us happier; but this is scarcely the light-hearted happiness of childhood. If, however, these touching stories are not calculated to make children laugh, they are eminently so to make them think and

feel, and that in the right direction. A clear and distinct principle is not merely (as is too often the case) awkwardly attached to, but easily and naturally interwoven with the main thread of each tale; the "*Skating Party*" being intended to illustrate the necessity of obedience, and "*Kate Hamilton*" to prove the importance of self-control. Mrs. Burbury's method of treating these subjects reminds us forcibly of the writings of Miss Sewell; one point of similarity between these ladies being their intimate acquaintance with the inmost recesses of a child's heart. Mrs. Burbury only requires a little more practical knowledge of, and reliance on, her own powers, to secure a very high rank among the religious tale-writers of the day. We cordially recommend this little book to all who wish to make naughty children good, or good ones better.

We see that a certain tale cyclopept "*Frank Fairleigh*," of which the readers of SHARPE may not be entirely ignorant, is about to re-appear on this same first of January, in shilling parts, with two illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, to be continued monthly. Of this we can only say, that the first two plates are highly to the artist's credit, the "booby trap" being perfectly inimitable, and the demolition of the writing desk very good in its way. We shall not attempt to criticize the work itself; authors are proverbially irritable; and nothing would more annoy or confuse us, than the slightest difference between ourselves and the writer of Frank Fairleigh.

The limits of a notice will not allow us to do more than mention the "*Life of Campbell*," by Dr. Beattie. As we hope to give a review of it in our next part, we will merely say that it is an addition to our standard literature which has long been desired, and advise our readers to peruse it.

Lastly, we have "*Two Dogs' Tales*," (do not let it be supposed we have mistaken our spelling): at least one is a tale of a dog; the other, more properly speaking, a treatise on canine education. In "*Pippie's Warning*" Mrs. Crowe has left off spirits, and relinquished the "night side of Nature" in favour of a little dog Pippie, who (his good manners becoming perverted by evil communication) turns out a very sad dog indeed; but misfortune overtakes him, and experience makes him sage, so that he becomes in course of time quite a reformed character, and turns out in the end as jolly a dog as we would wish to meet with.

"Dog-breaking," by Lieutenant Colonel W. N. Hutchinson, 20th Regiment, suggests two things: first, that to educate a dog properly requires something akin to perfection in the character of the tutor; and secondly, that a dog so educated will in itself realise one's preconceived ideas of canine perfection. To all gentlemen wishing to break their own dogs, this book will be invaluable; but while whips and whistles are to be procured, we much doubt any gamekeeper having patience to adopt the subtle refinements recommended by the gallant colonel. The writer has much experience, and writes well and sensibly.



4. 7. 19. 20. 21.

RECEIVED: AUGUST 15, 1978

THE ARMOURY BAZAAR

AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY W. H. BARTLETT.

To run with one's eyes open into a hot-bed of "*The Plague*," even the boldest must admit to be an act of somewhat culpable rashness; and yet that name of terror was sounding in our ears all the way to Constantinople. On landing at Smyrna we found that it had but just ceased its ravages, after decimating the population; and everybody affirmed that it was still raging at Stamboul, and, what was really alarming, in the European quarter of the city, where we should necessarily have to reside. Not even the spectacle of indescribable splendour which opened around us as we anchored in the port of Constantinople could render us insensible to the actual peril; and as we stood on the deck of the steamer, and looked upon the dense and dirty population of Galata, through which we were destined to elbow our way, we felt half disposed to follow the example of a certain traveller, who was so enraptured with the view of the city from the water, that he would on no account weaken his impression by any rash investigation of its interior.

Overcoming this craven reluctance, we got into a caique, and were deposited upon the quay with our goods, which were built up like a waggon-load upon the shoulders of a stout Turkish porter; and pushing through the filthy street, and filthier population, from whom we endeavoured to keep clear, we ascended to the boarding-house of Madame Babiani at Pera. The good lady came out to receive us,—assured us that the plague was still lingering,—enumerated certain dismal and recent casualties in her immediate vicinity,—and urged us to submit to a precautionary process of fumigation. Accordingly, we stepped into a sort of watch-box, at the bottom of which were bars to stand on, and under them a pan of burning charcoal, together with some disinfecting odour, with which, the door being closed, we were more than half suffocated. On walking up-stairs, and looking out of the window, we found the situation, if critical, was at all events "convenient" to a neighbouring cemetery, which had already received very numerous and recent additions, as we perceived from the fresh clods which seemed scarcely to conceal their foul and festering burden. A still more dismal evidence was immediately beneath us. In the court of an unfinished house covered the pale wrecks of a family from which the scourge had swept away more than half its members, the rest looking fearfully wan and attenuated, and as though their recovery were hopeless. They were put into the strictest quarantine, and appeared entirely abandoned to their miserable fate. When we went forth into the street we were furnished with sticks to keep at a respectful distance any reckless passenger with whom we might otherwise come in contact; but there was little occasion to use them; every man seemed alarmed at the approach of his fellow, closely hugging the oppo-

site wall, or, as it might be, darting nervously into the middle of the narrow causeway. A feeling of terror seemed to brood over the infected neighbourhood of Pera.

And thus it continued for some days after our arrival. It was impossible to throw off the contagious melancholy with which every one was more or less infected. At dinner, with the inmates of the boarding-house, indeed, we contrived to be gay, and keep one another in countenance. We passed round the Greek wine, and affected to laugh at our predicament; but, with our retiring to rest would come nightmare visions of horrible ulcers and sores, and pains intolerable—of a death among indifferent strangers, "who would bring your coffin," as some one says, "as unconcerned as your breakfast,"—and a carnival feast over our ill-buried bodies by the hungry dogs of the quarter, which made their loathsome haunt in the contiguous cemetery, and kept up half the night what might well seem, in our nervous mood, a howling for the possession of our remains.

Day after day we heard of some Frank physician who had paid with his life the forfeit of coming rashly into contact with his patients. But one of them seemed to bear a charmed life. He had devoted himself to the study of the disease, and to the alleviation of those afflicted with it during the recent plague at Smyrna, and had received the thanks of the public authorities for his exertions. Whether he had some secret for warding off its deadly contagion, or had no predisposition to take it, or whether he had made a compact with the devil, no one seemed very clear about; one thing was certain—he went fearlessly into the midst of danger wherever his services were required. Yet he could hardly have been a non-contagionist, for to him Constantinople owes the first establishment of a quarantine; a concession he obtained of the late Sultan, whose liberal ideas and numerous innovations, while they procured him the respect of the Europeans, caused him to be looked upon with suspicion and dislike by orthodox Moslems. A building was also appointed him for the purpose of a plague hospital, the "Tower of Leander," standing upon a small island in the midst of the rapid current of the Bosphorus, midway between Europe and Asia. To this spot I occasionally repaired with the doctor, and never shall forget the frightful appearance of certain of his patients as they were carried from the boats into the lazaret-house.

This first establishment of a quarantine at Constantinople is remarkable for one thing,—its practical infringement of the old Turkish principle of fatalism. The Moslems are no metaphysicians, nor do they puzzle themselves about reconciling liberty and necessity. —To them all things are equally from God,—and with this wholesome conviction they have ever displayed the utmost practical resignation to his will, and esteem it a flying in the face of Providence to seek to ward off any of its visitations. This, combined with their natural inertia, lent wings to the pestilence, instead of staying its frightful course. As no sort of pre-

caution was observed in attending the sick, whole families, in their fearless self-devotion, were successively carried to the cemetery. Their infected garments, instead of being destroyed, were taken to the bazaar, and sold; the purchasers, in their turn, became victims, and thus the disease passed on, till, like the raging fires that swept over the hills of the city, it found nothing more to feed upon.

To combat this infatuation was no easy task for the Sultan. It was necessary to put forth a long and curious ordinance, in which all the resources of casuistry were employed to prove to the unwilling Moslems, that to take precautions against the evils that Providence allows is not irreconcilable with a true submission to its will; and that the religion of the Koran was neither advanced nor recommended by this wholesale and voluntary extermination of its professors. The old Moslems were silenced, but not satisfied; they obeyed, but shook their heads, with a feeling, no doubt instinctive, that the introduction of a new system of ideas would be the death-blow of the old; and that the wedge of innovation once fairly introduced, the whole fabric of the Koran would ere long totter to its foundations.

But to return. The sense of danger is soon blunted by exposure to it—we began to tire of this strict precaution; time was, moreover, slipping away, and Stamboul was yet to be explored. One fine morning we determined to cross the harbour, which separates the European from the Turkish quarters. The sun shone out so brightly upon the rippling waters and the flitting sails that animated them, the mosques upon the seven-hilled capital glittered against the sunny sky, the thousand objects that make up the fascinations of this unequalled scene were all so lustrously relieved—such was the multitude of careless passengers that poured over the bridge in endless file, like that of Mirza, that we could hardly realise the fact that “the pestilence that walketh in darkness” had so recently carried off its thousands of victims, and might even now be lurking in the close recesses of its bazaars. Our precautions were gradually relaxed—our sticks were put less and less into requisition—we rubbed first against one and then against another, and, the ice once broken, in a few moments plunged recklessly into the thick of the motley population.

Following the living stream through a succession of narrow streets, picturesque with mosques and fountains, we soon arrived at the entrance of THE BAZAAR. This, in an Eastern capital, is the gathering-place of all the moving population, the seat of traffic, and the depôt of wealth—the centre of flying rumours, and the lurking-place of secret conspiracies. To form an idea of its appearance, conceive of a whole quarter of a city walled round and covered in; a maze of narrow alleys of one story high, with open shops below and vaulted over above—no light being admitted but what falls in fitful rays through certain apertures and domes above, upon the cool and dusky passages beneath. No wheel carriages can enter; a few laden camels or horses pass along the principal avenue, but the remainder is im-

penetrable to all but pedestrians, of whom the crowd is immense, and the murmur incessant. After what one has heard of the seclusion of the oriental women, the number met with is perfectly startling. Muffled to the eyes in their white *yashmaks*, or veils, enveloped in a loose robe, and shuffling rather than walking along in large boots of yellow leather—looking one through with their dark lustrous eyes—they pass boldly along, preceded by a male servant or black female slave, and are heard chaffering and bargaining in those avenues particularly devoted to their wants and pleasures. For them the shawl or embroidery bazaars put forth their brilliant display, “the terror of many an eastern husband:” the shoe bazaar exposes its heaps of vermilion shoes and yellow boots, or delicate pointed slippers of every colour, in cloth and velvet, gilt and embroidered with exquisite richness and taste; or the confectionery bazaar its variety of tempting delicacies and sweetmeats—the delicious *kaimac*, and other sugary compositions, the consumption of which in the harems of the wealthy is almost incredible. These are among the most striking and frequented of these intricate passages; but every branch of trade has a separate one. The Bezenstein is the resort of the jewellers; of little external show, and of which the valuables are all concealed, and carefully guarded in recessed chambers, opened only to customers. The treasure thus locked up is said to be of immense value. Then there is the book and paper bazaar, to the eye duldest of all, with no “last reviews,” or “illustrated novelties.” The tempting tobacco and spice bazaars are redolent of musk and aromatic odours, which almost overcome the sense with a feeling of languid luxury. None, however, is so strikingly picturesque as the Tcharchi, or Armoury Bazaar. It is a heavy, gloomy structure, full of effects in which a Rembrandt would revel; shut in by ponderous doors, carefully closed at night, but flung open during the day, and admitting glimpses into the curious maze of surrounding vaults and columns, and the endless crowd that circulates among them. Here may be seen displayed all sorts of old armour and weapons, so marvellously antiquated and fantastic, that in looking at them, one seems carried back to the romantic ages, and to the feats of half fabulous warriors; or to scenes of the crusades, and the palmy days of Ottoman prowess, when their advancing armies were the terror of the West. Here is the curved scimitar and crescent-bearing buckler which Saladin might have worn, the coat of mail and heavy sabre of the Christian knight, light spears which may have glittered of old in the van of the Turkish cavalry, and weapons which were once wielded by the terrible Janissaries; pistols with richly embossed silver handles, in gorgeous holsters; or long-barrelled guns inlaid with pearl, and richly decorated in arabesque—rather ornamental to a collection than formidable to an enemy. While, intermingled with these weapons of a bygone warfare, are others of more modern construction and of greater efficacy. Ornamented belts and sashes, leopard skins frayed and worn

half bare, housings and trappings—faded, but gorgeous, and a variety of nameless articles, make up the heterogeneous mass, slung from the walls, or piled up upon the benches in picturesque confusion. Half hidden among the musty accumulation appear the grave and turbaned vendors, as antiquated as the rest of the collection; pipe in hand, they recline in dreamy lethargy, from which they are only to be roused by the arrival of some European traveller with his wily dragoon, upon whom all eyes are instantly turned with a twinkle of satisfaction, and every effort made to secure his custom, as a god-send not to be slighted.

The sight of the old-clothes bazaar—the Monmouth Street of Constantinople—with its array of second-hand caftans, jackets, and “very spacious breeches,” which might not improbably have adorned some recent victims of the plague, had a fusty, ominous look about it, that gave us some uneasy feelings as to the possible result of our rash excursion. But it was too late: we had by this time shouldered half the inhabitants of Stamboul. No one could have divined the recent ravages caused by the pestilence, from the crowd in the bazaar: it may be compared to Constantinople itself, to which, as the heart of the sinking Turkish empire, while the population of the provinces is rapidly decreasing, there is a continual influx of fresh life-blood—a succession of new comers. Thus, while the remoter quarters of this great city are gradually thinned by plague and fire, while whole spaces within the walls are assuming the appearance of suburban villages, the bazaar itself exhibits no diminution of its customary throng of busy vendors, purchasers, or idlers.

We returned to our quarters in Pera without having contracted any taint, but were subjected by our nervous landlady to a double measure of the customary fumigation. The plague gradually disappeared; and whether it be contagious or not, this much at least is certain, that since the establishment of a quarantine, this fearful scourge, for which the inhabitants looked almost as regularly as the seasons, has never again made its appearance in the City of the Sultan.

LEWIS ARUNDEL;¹

OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEREIN THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO MISS LIVINGSTONE, AND TOLD WHO IS THE GREATEST MAN OF THE AGE.

“AH! General,” exclaimed Leicester, as he rose leisurely from the arm-chair in which he had been reclining, “I hope they have not disturbed you on our account. I was criticising one of Annie’s sketches *pour passer le temps*—really she draws very nicely—

let me introduce Mr. Arundel, Mr. Frere’s friend, about whom I wrote to you yesterday.”

A stiff bow, acknowledged on Lewis’s part by an equally haughty inclination of the head, was the result of this introduction; when General Grant observed,

“Mr. Frere is a man of whom I have a very high opinion, both on account of his unusual intellectual attainments, and his manly, upright character. Have you been long acquainted with him, sir, may I ask?”

“He was my guide and protector when I first went to Westminster,” replied Lewis, “and we have been close friends ever since.”

“A most fortunate circumstance,” remarked the General, sententiously. “The mind of youth is easily impressible for good or evil, and, unless such establishments are greatly altered for the better since my time, Satan has no lack of emissaries at a public school. Will you allow me a few minutes’ private conversation with you, Mr. Arundel? The library is in this direction.” So saying, General Grant opened the door with frigid courtesy, and signing to Lewis to precede him, followed, with a stateliness of demeanour admirable to behold.

Scarcely had they left the room, when Annie, clapping her hands joyfully, exclaimed, “What a creature! why, he’s as stiff and dignified as papa himself. Now then, Charles, tell me who he is, and all about him; we shall have Aunt Martha or somebody coming, and then I shall never know, and be obliged to die of curiosity. You are asleep, I believe.”

“There you go—that’s always the way with women,” returned Leicester, speaking very slowly, and with an exaggeration of his usual mode of pronunciation, which was something between a lisp and a drawl; “asking half-a-dozen questions in a breath, and resolved to get up a suicidal amount of curiosity if they are not as speedily answered. Why, my dear child, I would not speak as quickly as you do for any amount of money—at least any amount of money I should be at all likely to get for doing so.”

“Now, Charles, don’t be tiresome—Who is the man?” rejoined Annie, half pettishly. Then, seeing that her imperious manner only induced her cousin still further to tease her, she added, in an imploring tone, which no heart of any material softer than granite could resist, “You will tell me—won’t you? I want to know so much, and I have had nothing to amuse me all day.”

“There, do you hear that?” soliloquized Leicester, appealing to society in general. “Trust a woman to get her own way; if she can’t scold you into giving it to her, she’ll coax you. Well, you little torment, I suppose you must know all about it. The man, as you please to call him, is seeking the honourable post of bear-leader to the cub your father has the felicity of being guardian unto.”

“What a tutor for poor Walter!” rejoined Annie, meditatively; “but, surely, he’s a gentleman, is he not?”

“Very particularly and decidedly so, as far as I am a judge,” returned Leicester, hooking a footstool

(1) Continued from page 139.

towards him with his cane, and depositing his feet thereupon: "at least, I dined and spent last evening in his company, and never wish to meet a better fellow."

"But," continued Annie, pursuing her train of thought, "if he is a gentleman, why does he want to go out as a tutor?"

"Because, unfortunately, there is a vulgar prejudice extant in this feeble-minded country, that the necessities of life, such as bread and cheese, cigars, kid gloves, and the like, must be paid for; this requires money, whereof Arundel has little or none. Moreover, Richard Frere hinted at a mother and sister in the case, who likewise have to be supported."

As he spoke, a shade of deeper thought flitted across Annie's expressive features, and after a moment's pause she resumed.

"Now I understand his strange manner; he was mentally contrasting himself (he is evidently a proud man) and his position; it must indeed have been a struggle—and he does this for the sake of his mother and sister. Charles, do you know, I rather admire him."

"Yes, I dare say you do; he's a decidedly good-looking fellow for the style of man; there's a thoroughbred air about him, and he carries himself well."

"Psha! I am not talking of his appearance: except that he is tall and dark, I scarcely know what he is like," returned Annie, quickly. "No! I mean that there is something fine in the idea of a proud mind submitting to degradations and indignities for the sake of those it loves; bearing with a martyr-spirit the thousand hourly annoyances——" Checking herself suddenly, as she perceived upon her cousin's face something nearly akin to a contemptuous smile, Annie continued, impatiently—"Charles, how stupid you are! I hate you!"

"Not possible," was the cool reply. "Moreover, you have really no cause to do so. I assure you I was not exactly laughing at your sudden plunge into the sentimental; it was merely a notion which crossed my mind, that out of the thousand hourly annoyances by which poor Arundel is to be martyred, some nine hundred and fifty would originate in the caprices of a certain young lady, who shall be nameless. In the monotony of life, amid the leafy shades of Broadhurst, even teasing a tutor may be deemed a new and interesting variety, as the botanists have it——Seriously, though, you can get the General to let him teach you German."

"And embellish my water-colour sketches by the insertion of occasional cows, with impossible tails made to order—eh, cousin Charley?" returned Annie, with an arch smile. "Give me my drawing, sir, and let me look at the creature. How well he has done it!—I know a cow at Broadhurst with just such a face!"

"There's a world of speculation in the eye," rejoined Leicester, carelessly, though he was slightly surprised at the extent of her information respecting the "tail" debate; "the animal appears to be rumi-

ating on the advisability of petitioning Parliament against the veal trade, or some other question of equal interest to the 'milky mothers of the herd.'"

Whilst Annie and her cousin thus gaily conversed, a very different scene was passing in the library. During a short delay, occasioned by General Grant's being obliged to answer a note, Lewis had time to recollect himself, and to school the rebellious feelings which his conversation with Leicester and the other events of the morning had called into action. He thought of Rose and his mother, and his determination that they at least should be spared all knowledge of the real evils of poverty; and this reflection was for the time sufficient to efface every selfish consideration. Bringing his strength of will into play, he regained the most complete self-control, and even experienced a sort of morbid pleasure in the idea of voluntarily humiliating himself before the proud old man, whose clear, cold eye was occasionally raised from the note he was employed in writing, to fix its scrutinizing glance on Lewis's features.

Having sealed the missive, and given it to a servant, he slowly approached the spot where Lewis was standing, and after a word or two of apology for having kept him waiting, began.

"I presume my nephew, Mr. Leicester, has made you in some degree acquainted with the nature of the circumstances in which I am at present placed, and of the necessity which renders me anxious to secure the services of some gentleman as tutor to my ward, Sir Walter Desborough?"

"Mr. Leicester informed me that the young gentleman's education had been neglected, and that his mind was singularly undeveloped," replied Lewis, choosing the least offensive terms in which he might express his conviction that the youth in question was rather a fool than otherwise.

"Yes, sir, though it is even worse than you describe," returned the General. "In fact, it depends upon the degree of success which may attend the efforts which must now be made, whether Sir Walter Desborough can ever be considered capable of managing his own affairs, or able to take that place in society to which his rank and fortune would naturally entitle him. You perceive, therefore, that the post of tutor will be one of much trust and importance, and the duties attending it most onerous. Mr. Frere has written so high a character of your various attainments, that I cannot but feel perfectly satisfied of your competency; but you are very young, and as I should, in the event of your undertaking the charge, expect a strict performance of your duties, it is only fair to inform you that I conceive they may be irksome in the extreme. What is your feeling on the subject?"

Lewis paused for a moment in thought, and then replied,—

"I will be frank with you, sir. Were I free to act as I chose, such an office as you describe would be one of the last I should select; but the welfare of others depends upon my exertions, and I have determined to refuse no occupation not unworthy a

gentleman, which will enable me to render the necessary assistance to my family. If, therefore, you imagine me fitted to undertake the charge of your ward, I am willing to do so, and to fulfil the duties of such a situation to the best of my ability, on one condition."

"What is that?" inquired General Grant, quickly.

"That I may be allowed to pursue whatever system I may deem best fitted to attain the desired end, without the interference of any one, and may be accountable for my conduct to you alone."

"Rather a singular request, young gentleman," returned the General, knitting his brows.

"My reason for making it is easily explained, sir," replied Lewis, firmly, but respectfully. "Unless such permission is accorded me, I feel certain all my efforts would prove unavailing; I must have full power to do what I think right, or I could not act at all, and should have undertaken a duty which I should be incompetent to perform."

"Well, sir, there is truth in what you say," replied General Grant, after a moment's consideration. "I like you none the worse for speaking in a manly, straightforward manner. It is my intention to go down to Broadhurst in a day or two: you shall accompany me; and if, after seeing my ward, you are still willing to undertake the task of conducting his education, I shall be happy to entrust him to your care, upon the conditions you have proposed. Your salary will be 300*l.* a-year: this, you are aware, is unusually high, but the case is a peculiar one, and money, fortunately, a very secondary consideration. An entire suite of rooms will be devoted to the use of yourself and your pupil, and a horse kept for you, that you may accompany him in his rides. Do these arrangements meet your wishes?"

Lewis bowed his head in token of acknowledgment, and said, "I have one other request to make. I brought a Livonian wolf-hound with me from Germany—he is much attached to me, and I should be unwilling to part from him."

"Bring him with you, sir," returned the General, his lip slightly curling with a sarcastic smile; "a dog more or less will make little difference in such an establishment as that at Broadhurst: and now, if you will give me the pleasure of your company at luncheon, I shall be happy to introduce you to my relative, Miss Livingstone, who does me the honour to superintend my household. My daughter, I believe, you have already seen:" and as he spoke he led the way to the dining-room, where the rest of the party were already assembled.

Miss Livingstone, who scrutinized Lewis as if she suspected him of belonging to that ingenious fraternity yeleft the swell mob, was, in appearance, a very awful old lady indeed. The nearest approach we can make to a description of her features is to say, that they bore a marked (with the small pox) resemblance to those of Minerva and her owl; the sternness of that utilitarian goddess—the Miss Martineau of Olympus—and the sapient stupidity of the so-called bird of

wisdom, finding their exact counterpart in Miss Livingstone's time-honoured physiognomy. This lady was appareled after a strange and imposing mode, as behoved a spinster of such orthodox station and ferociously virtuous propriety as the General's female commander-in-chief. Minerva's helmet was modernized into a stupendous fabric, wherein starch, muslin, and ribbon of an unnatural harshness, struggled upwards in a pyramid, whence pointing with stiffened ends innumerable, suggestive of any amount of porcupines, they appeared ready and anxious to repel or impale society at large. A triangle of spotless lawn supplied the place of the breastplate beneath which Jove's daughter was accustomed to conceal her want of heart; and a silk gown of an uncomfortable shade of grey, made so scanty as to render at first sight the hypothesis of a mermaid conceivable, completed the costume of this immaculate old lady.

Having apparently satisfied herself that Lewis had no immediate design upon the spoons and forks, she condescended to afford him the meteorological information, that although the sunshine might delude the unwary into believing it to be a fine day, she had received private information that the weather was not to be relied upon: after promulgating which opinion she placed herself at the head, and assumed the direction of the luncheon table.

Charley Leicester appeared to be the only individual of the party insensible to a certain freezing influence, which might be specified as one of Miss Livingstone's most characteristic attributes. Having exerted himself to supply that lady with every possible adjunct she could require, and seduced her into an amount of Cayenne pepper which afterwards subjected her to considerable physical suffering, he began—

"I was present, a day or two ago, Miss Livingstone, where a question was started as to what man of modern times had been the greatest benefactor to his race. It opened a mine of very curious speculation, I can assure you."

"I do not doubt it, Charles," returned Miss Livingstone; "and I am glad to learn that the young men of the present day employ their time in such profitable discussions. What decision did you arrive at?"

"Well, ma'am," resumed Leicester, gravely, "there was of course much difference of opinion. James Watt had rather a strong party in his favour, but an ex-railway director was present who had lost 10,000*l.* on the Do-em-and-Foot-in-it Line, and he blackballed him. Peel was proposed, but a protectionist came down on him with free-trade, which produced such a discussion, that it was quite clear we should never arrive at a unanimous decision in his favour. One man, who is known to be a little bit flighty, not quite accountable, poor fellow! declared for Lord Brougham, but we soothed him, and he had sense enough left to see his error almost immediately. At length it came to my turn——"

"And whom did you mention?" inquired Miss Livingstone, with a degree of interest most unusual for her.

"I had been pondering the matter deeply," con-

tinued Leicester, "to try and hit on some worthy against whom no valid objection could be raised; at one moment, I thought of Moses——"

"I fancied it was restricted to men of modern times," interposed Miss Livingstone.

"He to whom I referred, ma'am," returned Leicester, "was not the Israelitish lawgiver, but the man of the City Mart, that benevolent individual who clothes poverty in 'a light paletot at ten-and-six,' and enables the honest hearts of free-born Britons to palpitate beneath a 'gent's superior vest' for the trifling remuneration of five shillings."

This speech was algebra, or thereabouts, to the lady to whom it was addressed, but she had a sort of instinctive apprehension that Leicester was talking nonsense, and accordingly drew herself up stiffly, completing her resemblance to Minerva by composing her features into a very satisfactory likeness of the Gorgon. No way affected by this transformation, Leicester continued:—

"On mature reflection, however, I discarded Moses & Son, and was going to give it up as hopeless, when, all of a sudden, a bright thought flashed across me, and, springing to my feet, I exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, 'Gentlemen, I have it; the difficulty is one no longer; the greatest modern benefactor to the human race is—BASS!'"

"*Who?*" exclaimed Miss Livingstone, entirely mystified, and a good deal flurried by the narrator's unusual energy.

"Bass," resumed Leicester; "that remarkable man, whose gigantic intellect first conceived the project of regenerating society through the medium of pale ale! The idea was hailed with enthusiasm; we immediately sent for a dozen; and, ere the liquor was disposed of, there was not a man present but would have staked hundreds on the soundness of my opinion."

CHAPTER VIII.

LEWIS RECEIVES A LECTURE, AND A COLD BATH.

LEWIS, after a solitary walk, during which he was revolving in his mind the step he had just taken, and striving to discern in the dull lead-coloured horizon of his future one ray of light which might yield promise of brighter times to come, was ascending Frere's staircase, when the door of the room above opened suddenly, and a voice which he thought he recognised, exclaimed,—

"Then I may depend upon you; you'll be with me by eight at the latest, and bring your friend, if possible. Ah! here he is! Mr. Arundel, delighted to see you—none the worse for last night, I hope—wasn't it glorious? Grandeville has got such a face on him, he won't be able to show for a week to come; and Meeking of the pallid features is so seedy this morning, that I was forced to burthen my conscience by inventing a fictitious fall from his horse, on the strength of which I sent his mamma to nurse him. We must book that to the pious fraud account, and let the

charity absolve the lie. Rather shaky divinity, eh, Frere? Well, *au revoir*; I'm off."

So saying, Mr. Tom Bracy—for he it was, and none other—dashed down the stairs, and having deeply scandalized Frere's ancient domestic by an anxious inquiry how it was she did not get a husband, took his departure.

"Frere!" exclaimed Lewis, throwing himself into a chair, and coldly repulsing Faust, who never could imagine himself otherwise than welcome, "I've done it!"

"So have I, man," was the reply; "and pretty considerably brown, too, as that nice youth who has just left me would call it. But what have you done to make you so doleful?"

"Sold myself," returned Lewis, bitterly.

"Not to the old gentleman, I hope," rejoined Frere, "though your black looks would almost lead one to imagine so."

"What weak inconsistent fools we are!" pursued Lewis.

"Speak for yourself, young man," observed Frere, parenthetically.

"How vacillating and impotent," continued Lewis, not heeding the interruption, "is even the strongest will! I have done this morning the thing I believed I most anxiously desired to do—the thing I came here hoping to accomplish—I have secured a competence for my mother and sister. I have done so on better terms than I had deemed possible. I have met with consideration, if not kindness, from—from my employer." He pronounced the word firmly, though his temples throbbled, and his lip quivered with suppressed emotion as he did so. "All this should make me contented, if not happy. Happy!" he repeated, mockingly. "Frere," he continued, with a sudden burst of impetuosity, "it has not done so—I am miserable!"

He rose from his seat, and began pacing the room with impatient strides. Faust followed him for one or two turns, wagging his tail, and gazing up into his face with loving eyes; but finding his efforts to attract attention unavailing, he uttered a piteous whine, and, retreating to a corner, crouched down, as perfectly aware that his master was unhappy, as if he had been a human creature, and could have "told his love" in words. Frere would have spoken, but Lewis checked him by a gesture, and continued his rapid walk for some minutes in silence. At length he spoke:—

"You think me selfish and ungrateful, and you are right; I am so. I have schooled myself to bear all this, and I *will* bear it; but bitter thoughts arise, and at times overpower me—I am very young," ("True for you," muttered Frere, *softo voce*), "and I am so unfit for such a life as lies before me, a life of tame and ceaseless drudgery, in which to indulge the high aspirations and noble daring that win men honour, becomes misplaced folly—to live with people whose equal, if not superior, I feel myself, in a semi-menial capacity; to obey when I would command; to forfeit all that is bright and fair in existence—intercourse

with the higher order of minds, the society of pure and refined spirits,—and above all to lose the only thing I really prize on earth, my independence.—Well," he continued after a pause, "the die is cast, and re-pining is worse than useless. I will give this experiment a fair trial; it may be the harness will sit easier on me than I imagine; and should it become unbearable, I can but cast it off and start afresh—there is such a thing as to compel one's destiny."

"Now listen to me, Lewis," observed Frere; "what you have just said is no doubt true enough,—you are about as unfit in tastes and habits for the life that is before you, as a man well can be, but for that reason it is exactly the very best thing for you. For what purpose do you suppose we are sent into this world? Most assuredly not only to please ourselves, and, by following out our own desires and caprices, create a sphere for the exercise and increase of our natural faults—no: the only true view of life is as a school, wherein our characters are to be disciplined, and all the changes and chances, sorrows, trials, and temptations we meet with, are the agents by which the education of the soul is carried on."

"And a low, wretched view of life it is," replied Lewis bitterly; "a seventy years' pupillage under the rod of destiny. The heathen sage was right who said, that those whom the gods love die early. If it were not for Rose and my mother, I would join some regiment bound for India, volunteer into every forlorn hope, and trust that some Sikh bullet would rid me of the burthen of life without my incurring the guilt of suicide."

"In fact, you would die like an idiot, because you lack moral courage to face the evils of life like a man," returned Frere: "but wait a bit; your argument, such as it is, is founded on a fallacy, or on that still more dangerous thing, a half-truth. Granting that life were one scene of bitter experiences,—which would be granting a very large lie,—for what is this discipline intended to fit us?—that is the question. You are ambitious—how would you regard obstacles in your path to greatness? You would rejoice in them, would you not, as opportunities for bringing out the high qualities you fancy you possess; fortitude, courage, indomitable perseverance, ready wit, aptitude to lead and govern your fellow-men, and fifty other magnanimous attributes; and deem the greatness unworthy your notice could it be obtained without a struggle. But what is human greatness? A triumph for the hour, bringing its attendant cares and evils with it,—mark that—a bauble, which some other ambitious genius may possibly wrest from your grasp, which old age would unfit you to retain, of which death must deprive you in a few years more or less. Now take the true, the Christian's view of life—obstacles to overcome, demanding *all* our strength of mind, and then proving too mighty for us without the assistance of a Power superior to that of man, but which will be given us if we seek it properly. And the victory won, what is the prize we shall obtain? A position, according to our advances in righteousness, among the spirits of

just men *made perfect*; intercourse (with reverence only be it spoken) with the source of all good, Omniscience our teacher, Omnipotence our only ruler, Perfect Justice our lawgiver, Perfect Wisdom our director, the Powers of Heaven for our associates, and our own souls freed from the trammels of mortality, fitted to appreciate and enjoy these inestimable blessings; and all this, not for time but for eternity. Lewis, you are a reasonable being, and to your own reason I will leave the question."

There was silence for some minutes: at length Lewis raised his head, revealing features on which the traces of deep emotion were visible, and stretching out his hand to his friend, said in a voice which trembled from excess of feeling, "God bless you, Frere; you are indeed a true friend!" He paused; then added suddenly, "Frere, promise me one thing,—promise me that whatever I may do, whatever rash act or evil deed my feelings may hurry me into, you will not give me up; that while we both live you will act by me as you have done to-day—that you will preserve me from myself, stand between me and my fiery nature; then shall I feel that I am not utterly deserted—you will be the link that shall still bind me to virtue."

"Well, if you fancy it will make you any happier, or better, or more reasonable, I will promise it," returned Frere; "more particularly as I should most probably do it whether I promise it or not."

"You promise, then?" asked Lewis, eagerly.

"I do," replied Frere.

Lewis once more wrung his friend's hand with such eagerness as to elicit a grimace of pain from that excellent individual, and then continued:—

"A conversation of this nature regularly upsets me; I must go out and walk off this excitement before I shall be fit for anything. Come, Faust, good dog! I spoke up for Faust to-day, Frere, and the General accorded a dignified assent:—'A dog, more or less, will make little difference in such an establishment as Broadhurst.'"

"Did he say that?" inquired Frere.

"Word for word," returned Lewis.

"Well, I thought better things of him!—'What fools folks is!' as my old lady down-stairs says. Are you off?—Mind you are at home in good time for dinner, for I have been seduced into accepting another evening engagement for us."

"Any more fighting?" asked Lewis anxiously.

"No, thank goodness for that same!" returned Frere.

"I wish I could meet that long Chartist," continued Lewis, shaking his fist; "not that I bear him any ill-will, but it would be such a relief to me, just now, to knock somebody down. Mayn't I set Faust at a policeman?"

"Not unless you prefer Brixton to Broadhurst, and the treadmill to the tutorship," returned Frere.

"Well, good-bye till dinner-time," responded Lewis, leaving the room; "I won't punish your carpet any longer:—Come, Faust!"

"That is a most singular young man," soliloquized Frere, as he took down and unrolled a Persian manuscript; "very like an excitable steam-engine with an ill-regulated safety-valve, in disposition; I only hope he won't blow up bodily while I have the care of him. He is a fine fellow, too, and it's impossible not to be very fond of him,—but he's an awful responsibility for a quiet man to have thrust upon him."

Meanwhile Lewis, walking hurriedly up one street and down another, with the design of allaying the fever of his mind by bodily exercise, found himself at length in the neighbourhood of Hyde-park, and, tempted by the beauty of the afternoon, he continued his stroll till he reached Kensington-gardens. Here, stretching himself on one of the benches, he watched the groups of gaily dressed loungers, and listened to the military band, till he began to fear he might be late for Frere's dinner; and retracing his steps, he proceeded along the bank of the Serpentine towards Hyde-park-corner. As he arrived nearly opposite the receiving-house of the Humane Society, his attention was attracted by the lamentations of a small child, whom all the endearments of a sympathizing nursery-maid were powerless to console. The child being a fine sturdy boy, and the maid remarkably pretty, Lewis was moved by a sudden impulse of compassion to stop and inquire the cause of the grief he beheld. It was soon explained:—

Master Tom had come to sail a little boat which his grandpapa had given him; the string, by which the length of its voyage was to have been regulated, had broken, and the boat had drifted farther and farther from its hapless owner, until at last it had reached a species of buoy, to which the park-keeper's punt was occasionally moored, and there it had chosen to stick hard and fast. In this rebellious little craft was embarked, so to speak, all Master Tom's present stock of earthly happiness; thence the sorrow which Mary's caresses were unable to assuage, and thence the lamentations which had attracted Lewis's attention.

"Don't cry so, my little man, and we'll see if we can't find a way of getting it for you," observed Lewis encouragingly, raising the distressed ship-owner in his arms, to afford him a better view of his stranded property. "We must ask my dog to go and fetch it for us:—Come here, Mr. Faust. You are not afraid of him?—he won't hurt you—that's right, pat him; there's a brave boy; now ask him to fetch your boat for you. Say, 'Please, Mr. Faust, go and get me my boat!'—say so." And the child, half-pleased, half-frightened, but with implicit faith in the dog's intellectual powers, and the advisability of conciliating its good will, and imploring its assistance, repeated the desired formula with great unction.

"That's well!—Now, nurse, take care of Master—what did you say?—ay, Master Tom, while I show Faust where the boat is." As he spoke he took up a stone, and, attracting Faust's attention to his proceedings, jerked it into the water just beyond the spot where the boat lay, at the same time directing him to fetch it.

%. With a bound like the spring of a lion the noble dog dashed into the water, and swam vigorously towards the object of his quest, reached it, seized it in his powerful jaws, and turned his head towards the bank in preparation for his homeward voyage, while the delighted child laughed and shouted with joy at the prospect of regaining his lost treasure. Instead, however, of proceeding at once towards the shore, the dog remained stationary, beating the water with his fore-paws to keep himself afloat, and occasionally uttering an uneasy whine.

"Here, Faust! Faust! what in the world's the matter with him?" exclaimed Lewis, calling the dog, and inciting him by gestures to return, but in vain; his struggles only became more violent, without his making the slightest progress through the water.

Attracted by the sight, a knot of loungers gathered round the spot, and various suggestions were hazarded as to the dog's unaccountable behaviour. "I think he must be seized with cramp," observed a good-natured round-faced man, in a velvet jacket, who looked like one of the park-keepers. "The animal is suicidally disposed, apparently," remarked a tall aristocratic-looking young man, with a sinister expression of countenance, to which a pair of thick moustaches imparted a character of fierceness. "Anxious to submit to the cold-water cure, more probably," remarked his companion. "It will be kill rather than cure with him, before long," returned the former speaker, with a half laugh; "he's getting lower in the water every minute."

"He is caught by the string of the boat which is twisted round the buoy!" exclaimed Lewis, who, during the above conversation, had seized the branch of a tree, and, raising himself by his hands, had reached a position from which he was able to perceive the cause of his favourite's disaster; "he'll be drowned if he is not unfastened. Who knows where the key of the boat-house is kept?"

"I'll run and fetch it," cried the good-natured man; "it's at the receiving-house, I believe."

"Quick! or it will be of no use!" said Lewis, in the greatest excitement.

The man hurried off, but the crowd round the spot had now become so dense—even carriages filled with fashionably-dressed ladies having stopped to learn the catastrophe—that it was no easy matter for him to make his way through it, and several minutes elapsed without witnessing his return. In the mean time the poor dog's struggles were becoming fainter and fainter; his whining had changed to something between a hoarse bark and a howl, a sound so clearly indicative of suffering as to be most distressing to the bystanders; and it was evident that if some effort were not speedily made for his relief, he must sink.

"He shall not perish unassisted!" exclaimed Lewis, impetuously; "who will lend me a knife?"

Several were immediately offered him, from which he selected one with a broad blade.

"May I inquire how you propose to prevent the catastrophe?" asked superciliously the moustached gentleman to whom we have before alluded.

"You shall see, directly," returned Lewis, divesting himself of his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth.

"I presume you are aware there is not one man in a hundred who could swim that distance in his clothes," resumed the speaker, in the same sneering tone; "Do you actually—I merely ask as a matter of curiosity—do you really consider it worth while to peril your life for that of a dog?"

"For such a noble dog as that, yes!" replied Lewis sternly. "I might not take the trouble for a mere puppy;" and he pronounced the last two words with a marked emphasis, which rendered his meaning unmistakable. The person he addressed coloured with anger, and slightly raised his cane, but he read that in Lewis's face which caused him to relinquish his intention, and smiling scornfully he folded his arms and remained to observe the event.

This was Lewis's introduction to Charles Leicester's elder brother, Lord Bellefield, the affianced of Annie Grant.

Having completed his preparations, Lewis placed the knife between his teeth, and, motioning to the crowd to stand on one side, gave a short run, dashed through the shallow water, and then, breasting the stream gallantly, swam with powerful strokes towards the still struggling animal. As he perceived his master approaching, the poor dog ceased howling, and, seemingly reanimated by the prospect of assistance, redoubled his efforts to keep himself afloat.

In order to avoid the stroke of his paws, Lewis swam round him, and supporting himself by resting one hand upon the buoy, he grasped the knife with the other, and at one stroke severed the string. The effect was instantly perceptible; freed from the restraint which had till now paralyzed his efforts, the dog at once rose higher in the water; and, even in that extremity his affection for his master overpowering his instinct of self-preservation, he swam towards him with the child's boat (of which, throughout the whole scene, he had never loosened his hold) in his mouth.

Merely waiting to assure himself that the animal had yet strength enough remaining to enable him to regain the shore, Lewis set him the example by quitting the buoy, and striking out lustily for the bank; but now the weight of his clothes, thoroughly saturated as they had become, began to tell upon him, and his strokes grew perceptibly weaker, while his breath came short and thick.

Faust, on the contrary, freed from the string which had entangled him, proceeded merrily, and reached the shore ere Lewis had performed half the distance. Depositing the boat in triumph at the feet of one of the bystanders, the generous animal only stopped to shake the wet from his ears, and then plunging in again swam to meet his master. It was perhaps fortunate that he did so, for Lewis's strength was rapidly deserting him, his clothes appearing to drag him down like leaden weights. Availing himself of the dog's assistance, he placed one arm across its back, and, still paddling with the other, he was partly dragged, and

partly himself swam forward, till his feet touched ground, when, letting the animal go free, he waded through the shallow water and reached the bank, exhausted indeed, but in safety.

Rejecting the many friendly offers of assistance with which he was instantly overwhelmed, he wrang the water from his dripping hair, stamped it out of his boots, and, hastily resuming his coat and waistcoat, was about to quit a spot where he was the observed of all observers, when Lord Bellefield, after exchanging a few words with his companion, made a sign to attract Lewis's attention, and having succeeded in so doing, said, "That is a fine dog of yours, sir; will you take a twenty pound note for him?"

Lewis's countenance, pale from exhaustion, flushed with anger at these words; pausing a moment, however, ere he replied, he answered coldly, "Had he been for sale, sir, I should scarcely have risked drowning in order to save him—I value my life at more than twenty pounds." Then turning on his heel, he whistled Faust to follow him, and walked away at a rapid pace in the direction of Hyde-park Corner.

Amongst the carriages that immediately drove off was one containing two ladies who had witnessed the whole proceeding; and as it dashed by him, Lewis, accidentally looking up, caught a glimpse of the bright face of Annie Grant!¹

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO SACKVILLE COLLEGE.

BY G.

READER, did you ever go to Sackville College? Do you know where it is? I shall take for granted the negative answer to both these questions, which I am afraid will, in many cases, be the true one. Sackville College, then, is situate in the pleasant town of East Grinstead in Sussex, easily accessible (as what is not between us and the Antipodes?) from London. It is an eleemosynary establishment, in which six old men, and an equal number of venerable members of the gentler sex, find a comfortable refuge and maintenance. That all honour, however, may be given to the weaker vessel, six widows beside are accommodated with rooms in the college, but derive no further advantage from it. The original foundation inverted the preference, being for twenty poor men, ten poor women, and a warden, resident; and two assistant-wardens, non-resident: but the sale of the Dorset property by Richard, third Earl, involved the rent charge paid by that property to the college in confusion; and, during the Great Rebellion, the most pitiable petitions were presented to the Lords' Committee in favour of Sackville College, setting forth the absolute starvation of the inmates, and ornamented with a kind of border of texts, denouncing the oppressors of the poor. The case

(1) The foregoing scene is founded on fact, the author having been present when a dog nearly perished in the Serpentine, about three years ago, and was saved exactly as he has described; the interesting trait of the half-drowned animal returning to meet his master being also true.

was not heard till after the Restoration. Pepys tells us that it was very finely argued; and that the ladies of the Dorset family took a lively interest in the proceedings. Finally, Clarendon's decision cut off rather more than a third of the college revenue. At present, therefore, the college is such as I have described it, and is governed by a warden and two assistant-wardens, householders, resident in or near the town. It has a singularly collegiate aspect. The style is Elizabethan. It was founded in 1609 by Robert Sackville, second Earl of Dorset, an ancestor of the present Lord De la Warr, to the liberality of which latter nobleman and of Lord Amherst, the patrons, and to the taste of the Rev. John Mason Neale, the warden, (a name well known in literature) it owes the extensive restorations which are now proceeding. It was chartered by King Charles I. in the year 1631; a corporate seal was granted; and the statutes, drawn up after the death of the founder by Lord William Howard and Sir George Rivers, were confirmed and authorized by Act of Parliament.

The Lords' Committee met for the first time, April 15, 1624; and among those of whom it was composed, Archbishop Abbott stands first. It thus, very probably, suggested to him his own foundation at Guildford. But to return to the spot itself. You enter a quaint grey quadrangle, in which the hall and chapel are immediately conspicuous. Directly before you is the escutcheon of the founder, quarterly, or and gules, a bend vair, supported between two leopards, with his motto, "*Aut nunquam tentes, aut perice*,"—encouragement at once and warning to the diligent restorer. The walls are clothed with flowering creepers, and in a corner of the court is a well, encased in a most tasteful framework, the design of Mr. Neale, covered with flowers, and surrounded by two inscriptions in uncial letters, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst:" and, "O ye wells, bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever." The hall, which the late warden, a respectable tradesman of the parish, made his lumber-room, is now in course of becoming completely collegiate. The old open oak roof has been exactly restored, with its three bays, with collar, collar-brace, strut, and spandril, with pendants, as in Eltham Palace. Oak panelling is placed along the walls, which were formerly white-washed; the hearth, which is capable of holding the whole establishment, some of the older or infirmer members being accommodated with seats in the ample chimney, is floored with ornamental encaustic tiles, (a present from the Marchioness of Salisbury,) and a handsome gothic stone chimney-piece is in preparation. The old fire-place had been blocked up: but now the good "collegians" may keep Christmas after the olden fashion. There is room on those old "dogs," and in front of that noble old cast-iron escutcheon of the Sackvilles, for the stateliest yule log that ever warmed body or heart. Here the worthy ancients may relate and compare the adventures of their youth, and recite

the legends of their several districts; and perhaps Christmas-tide is no where spent more in character than within the walls of Sackville College. Lord De la Warr, whose bounties to the college have been, and are, most noble, at that season not only contributes to the festivities, but delights to share them; and on Michaelmas-day, when the anniversary of the college is kept, he always dines in the hall. On every Sunday, and at the principal festivals, the brethren and sisters, and five or six poor people from the town, dine with the warden and his family in this hall: these dinners are given by voluntary contribution, the reduced funds of the college not extending to this object, and they are a heavy expense to the warden. The good warden is not forgetful to season all with Scripture; and accordingly the hall is graced with texts, in illuminated letters. At the wall tie, at the east end, we read, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb;" on the screen is, "The poor shall eat, and be satisfied, and they who seek the Lord shall praise Him." Over the founder's portrait, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." These are in Latin, according to the practice of the time when the college was founded: but they are explained to the inmates.

The chapel is in course of perfect restoration: the chancel walls are graced with encaustic tiling, and hangings in the style of the period; a handsome rood-screen has been erected, and good open oak seats put in. Instead of a deal dome and a cracked bell, an oaken belfry, to contain three musical bells (two of which are given by the warden, and the other re-cast at his expense), is in course of erection, to be surmounted by a leopard carrying a banner of the Sackville arms. I mention the belfrey there, as being especially connected with the chapel, though, in fact, it is to be placed over the hall. In the chapel, as might be expected, there is, and is to be, abundance of Scripture.

Among the curious things preserved in the college, are,—a Pass, signed by Prince Maurice, then with the Western Army, to John Culleford, father of a subsequent warden, 1643; an autograph of Lord Clarendon's, fixing the day for hearing the Chancery suit in which the college was interested; and a good many letters written by the Earl of Dorset, the wit of Charles II.'s court, to the then warden. But the charm of every part of the establishment is its exceeding completeness. The spectator is carried back to the age of the founder; nothing, at least, occurs, as in almost every building we have seen beside, to mar that illusion. The restoration is in the most perfect taste; and it is not a mere restoration of timber and stone,—it is a true resuscitation of the simple and kindly feelings and habits of our forefathers—the day devoted to that lawful repose which honest and diligent old age has earned by labour and usefulness, and consecrated by daily religion after the sober and sublime ritual of the English Church.¹ Then we have

(1) The following was the order of the services; (there were also prayers every day at 10 p. m.)—

friendly association, innocent mirth, temperate festivity at due times and high occasions, cordial intercourse of high and low, rich and poor, pastoral affection and oversight. These are things which we rarely find together in these days, and are surely no less beautiful than rare. Whoso will see them, let him go to Sackville College, and, unless he be very insensible indeed, or very prejudiced, he will not, I opine, turn away without a grateful prayer for the noble patrons and the pious warden; nor will he pass the memory of the good founder without a grateful recollection; nor will he, I apprehend, be unvisited with some thoughts, which, at all events, appeared to me to arise so spontaneously from what I had been witnessing, that I felt they must be obvious to any spectator. But as spectators are, I believe, not numerous, I will offer my meditations to the reflection of those who may be disposed to enlarge them on the spot.

Amidst all our improvements, then, in locomotion, facility of intercourse, scientific discovery, and many other boasts of the age, which I would ungrudgingly yield to it, we are surely the inferiors of our ancestors in some points, and those even of no mean importance. If we surpass them in the external and material, and even the intellectual, we are greatly behind them in the spiritual. We have strangely lost sight of the most important fact connected with man's nature—his spirituality; and the most important connected with our own destiny—our responsibility. Not that we are without societies, or speeches, or even subscriptions—all good in their way; but the personal contact of soul with soul,—the individualizing, if I may so speak, of charitable operations, is a thing little known in "our enlightened times." We hear of tribes converted, of spiritual deserts reclaimed; but we see not the effects of our bounty, if such we may name it, in comparison of what elder times were wont to do. Such a place as Sackville College is perhaps wholly unlike any establishment that has arisen in the present century, with the exception of Mrs. Partis's college at Bath; and even that differs from it in the essential distinction of the station of its inmates: "Jubilee Almshouses," and "Reform Almshouses," and institutions innumerable deriving their names from special occurrences, have no affinity with Sackville College. They are raised by the subscriptions of persons who never know anything afterwards either of the institution or the inhabitants; nor have they any other than temporal provision. We hear nothing—we should be but too glad to hear—of landed proprietors expending a portion of their wealth on asylums where the poor who have cultivated their lands may spend

the ebbing hours of life in peace, comfort, leisure to prepare them for the impending eternal change, and means to improve their leisure effectively—where the warden is required to be in holy orders, a man of simple, earnest mind, "apt to teach," affectionate, and "an ensample to the flock;" or where, at least, a chaplain of such a description is provided, and the warden must be a man of sound education and integrity.

The amount of blessings diffused by an institution of this kind it is not easy, perhaps it is impossible, to estimate. It is one of those things of which no idea can well be formed until the time when "there is nothing covered which shall not be revealed, neither hid which shall not be known." Yet we may hazard some conjectures about it. We would presume that the generality of persons to be benefited by such establishments would be such as had passed life, or, at least, the greater part of a long life, in quiet respectability. Alms-colleges ought not to be penitentiaries, in the ordinary sense of the word—they ought not to be retreats for aged criminals and exhausted reprobates. They should be tokens of approval for services rendered while strength subsisted, and means of improving leisure for those who showed they needed the means only. In this point of view, how much honour would result to diligent life and devout old age! how much encouragement would be afforded to the laborious and faithful! Few, no doubt, would attain the prize: but the advantage of prizes is, that, for one individual rewarded, there are innumerable encouraged and benefited. No person conversant with the poor can fail to remark how much they descant on the disposition prevailing among the wealthy to reward poverty rather than merit—to look at distress rather than to investigate its cause: and nothing can be more frequent than the observation, "If I had been as drunken and wretched as —, I should have found friends; but, because I have lived hard, and laboured honestly, and my poor cottage has a flower or two without, and a clean chair and table within, and I wear clean and entire apparel, I am thought well off, and they pass me by." And is there no truth in this? Is not squalid and importunate wretchedness often an effective claim to compassion, when it is the very testimony of crime?—while the poor peasant, who is toiling unremittingly day by day, and pinching himself and those dearer to him, that he may eat an independent crust, and enjoy clean attire and a clean habitation, is thought too comfortable to be interfered with by charitable intrusion. This is not only grievous injustice, but it is a direct stimulant to discontent and criminality, and a proportionate discouragement to virtuous industry. Whatever operates against such a perversion must be beneficial; and this is eminently the case with almshouses such as have been described. And then, let us look within them.

I have said, almshouses ought not to be penitentiaries, *in the ordinary sense of the word*. But where is the life—the long life, especially—that needs not penitence? Even the *respectable* labourer may have

Sundays	Holy Communion	9½ a.m.
" "	To Parish Church	11 a.m.
" "	Prayers and Sermon in chapel	6 p.m.
Saints' Days	Morning Prayers	9 a.m.
" "	Holy Communion	11 a.m.
" "	Prayers and Sermon	6 p.m.
Wednesdays and Fridays—	Morning Prayers	9 a.m.
" "	Litany	11 a.m.
" "	Evening Prayers	6 p.m.
Ordinary Days	Morning Prayers	9 a.m.
" "	Evening ditto	6 p.m.

thought little of religion; his education has been very imperfect—his time has been very much employed: he has attended, diligently, the services of the Church, nor have they been without their blessings; but he has not sounded the depths of her services, or been able, through want of intellectual cultivation, to appropriate all her instructions. He needs, and often desires—but needs most where he desires least—some man to guide him. It is a glorious work, well worthy an immortal labouring for brother immortals, to supply the aged labourer with the means of knowledge, guidance, penitence, and consolation; and the comfort which is really experienced in this respect can only be estimated by those who have witnessed the feelings of the almspeople in regard to the daily service. The Church, it has been well said, is the poor man's library. It is this, as well as much more. We cannot search the heart—but, surely, it is but charity to conclude that the appearance of devotion implies the reality, where there is no presumption to the contrary. The week-day prayers of Sackville College, thus tested, vastly distance the well-frequented Sunday services of those fashionable chapels, whose votaries would revolt from extra-sabbatical religion as from Baalim and Ashtaroth. The shepherd of the little flock, thus constantly brought before his charge, knows his sheep, and is known and loved of them. Each feels that he has a friend, to whom, if he has a question to propound, he may have recourse with perfect confidence in his knowledge and affection—each feels that the most trying of hours will come to him amid instruction, support, and intercession; and that his bones will await the resurrection under the prayers and blessings of the Church. It is impossible that such feelings and such anticipations should not be in the highest degree favourable to the kindest affections. They lead the poor man, through the love of his pastor, his patron, and his fellow almsfolk, to that of "all human race,"—the love of whom in the abstract, and unembodied in that of our "neighbour," is worse than a chimera. Nor is this sentiment confined within the walls. Such institutions are living witnesses for the rich to the poor, and speak with a testimony which no sophistry can undermine in the plain and guileless heart.

It is in institutions like Sackville College that the true equality of mankind is most visibly and beneficially upheld: a principle as sacred as the spurious equality contended for by some unhappy nations is wild and impious. The consistency of unequal ranks with the equal regard of all in the eye of the Creator of all, before whom there is no inequality but that which results from the demeanour of each individual in the station wherein Providence has placed him, is never more truly or more engagingly exhibited than when the heir of generations and titles finds happiness in sitting down at the table and the hearth with the nameless sons of the soil—coheirs, however, with him in titles which shall be eternal; and when the poor man delights in the sympathy of an honoured aristocracy, whom none are so forward to honour as they

who are of the truest independence of spirit; and where both see more of each other, and that under the most favourable circumstances. The diffusion of feelings like these would ameliorate all classes. Our great men would feel that, even for the pleasure realized to themselves, it would often be more prudent to expend their time and money on the comforts of the deserving poor, than to waste large sums in foreign travel and domestic luxury: while the poor would be predisposed to regard with a kind of filial reverence those against whom, because they know them not, they are now readily incited by any mischievous and ignorant declaimer.

Among the many and obvious advantages which the institution of manorial almshouses would bring to the nobility and landed gentry, we should not lose sight of some which, though less obtrusive, are not less substantial. The sympathy with other classes of mankind—the tie of affection hallowing that of interest, in binding them to the people among whom their domains lie, and whose labour is their wealth—these things are at once moral improvements, and extensions of happiness—things, indeed, in their nature inseparable. "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." And when the treasure of our great men, like that of the Church of old, shall consist of Christ's poor, there too will their hearts be; and residence on their estates will be rest and blessedness. Nor should the prayers of the poor, or their blessings on his memory, be undervalued by any Christian. God is daily praised in Sackville College for the memory of its founder, and prayer is daily offered for its present patron. The blessing of such prayer is not an object of human computation; but it is not less true or ample for being above that.

I am not writing a dissertation on the poor-law—a subject quite unsuited to these pages; but it is impossible for any observer of Sackville College not to contrast it with the Union Workhouse—not to contrast the simple and sufficient meal for each, with the regulated dietary for all—the college weekly festival, with the slight variety of the workhouse Sunday board; to say nothing of other festivals, even Christmas itself, scarcely recognised in workhouse walls—the quiet separate college apartments, with the crowded workhouse wards—the handsome chapel, aiming in all its arrangements to be as little unworthy as possible of its most exalted destination, with the slovenly unhallowed room, adapted at a few minutes' notice for worship—the hall with—but all the rest is beyond even contrast. Union-houses may be, sometimes doubtless are, all that can be reasonably expected from the proceeds of a compulsory rate—particularly from a rate levied to relieve the most undeserving as well as the opposite class—neither should workhouses be objects of desire to the poor; but still they do, by their very contrast, afford us some measure of ascertaining the vast inferiority of compulsory provisions to those of pure voluntary charity.

Thoughts like these, which I have endeavoured to class and analyze, were the fruit of one visit to Sack-

ville College; but there are some feelings which defy classification and analysis, simply because they belong to that part of our nature which waits its development—which at present sees “through a glass darkly,” and must be content to feel without the ability to depict. But I have never breathed an atmosphere more charged with such feelings, than that of the courts of Sackville College. All about me seemed to tell of vanishing time, of coming eternity, of calm, patient, hopeful waiting. There was a symbolism in the very walls, grass, and flowers; and, lest the spectator should miss it, a deep and pious mind had brought it out everywhere in the very words of inspired truth.

One thing now alone remains to be said. It is a bold wish, but nothing impossible—(the centenarian oak sprang from an acorn, and imperial Rome from a few mud cottages)—that these rambling observations may induce one reader to rear a *Sackville College*. It would be a good work, and good works are suggested by Him who can employ this weak pen to suggest them no less efficaciously than the eloquence of the most highly gifted. And, next to the privilege of being the founder, would be that of the promoter of a new Sackville College, or a supporter of the old—for it needs support—the liberality of the patrons and warden are taxed in addition to its other resources. But, reader, “AUT NUNQUAM TENTES, AUT PERFICE.”¹

REMARKABLE LITERARY IMPOSTURES.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

No. III.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

IN devoting this paper to an examination of the most remarkable literary forgery of modern times, the writer cannot but feel that he is in a situation of some embarrassment. The genius of Chatterton has found so many admirers, and so much has been written respecting every incident of his life, that it becomes a task of no ordinary difficulty, from the abundance of accessible material, to construct and condense a satisfactory sketch of his singular career and world-famous imposture. By the side of the Rowley poems, all other literary fabrications shrink into insignificance; and the more attentively they are examined, the more vehement will be our feelings of admiration and astonishment.

The leading features of Chatterton's life may be condensed into a short compass. He was born at Bristol—educated at the Free-school there—apprenticed to an attorney—became disgusted with his profession—sought his fortune in London, and after a short and miserable career as a literary hack, died—by his own hand. It is true that this apparently

uneventful life is full of incidents painfully interesting and instructive: and few who have directed their attention to the study of the human mind—its innate principles and secret workings—would pass it by without serious and solemn reflection. The precocious developement of his faculties imbued him in early youth with the feelings and aspirations of manhood. His character was full of incongruities. He was at once wilful, arrogant, and obstinate—amiable, gentle, and affectionate. From his childhood he lived, and moved, and breathed in a world of his own. A brother apprentice has related that there was “generally a dreariness in his look, and a wildness, attended with a visible contempt for others;” and an old female relation, according to Warton, has stated that “he talked very little, was very absent in company, and used very often to walk by the river side, talking to himself, and flourishing his arms about.” Some of his biographers have not hesitated to affirm that there was the taint of insanity in his constitution; thus, as Mr. Southey remarks, “affording a key to the eccentricities of his life, and the deplorable rashness of his death.”

At the time of his death Chatterton was but seventeen years and ten months old. But what were the results of this short life? He had not only produced a collection of poems, which exhibit a ripeness of fancy and a warmth of imagination far beyond any effort of the frigid age in which he lived, but by a skillfully executed fraud had given rise to a controversy in which the keenest intellects eagerly engaged. Nor can it be said that the depth and variety of antiquarian information and research displayed in this memorable dispute—by Warton and Malone especially on one side, and Jacob Bryant on the other—were entirely thrown away. If the exhibition of learning and the zeal of the combatants appear disproportioned to the importance of the subject, it must, at any rate, be admitted that the Rowley controversy roused for a time the dormant spirit of literary inquiry, and facilitated the introduction of stricter canons of criticism, and more rigid principles of analysis.

Chatterton's *first* forgery, although of the nature of an innocent hoax—a mere schoolboy's trick—is deserving of some little attention, as illustrating in a striking manner not merely his profound skill in the art of deception, but his ready insight into human character, and quick perception of individual weaknesses and peculiarities. A pewterer of Bristol, named Burgum, had taken some notice of him, and, whilst treating him as a mere boy, had encouraged a degree of intimacy which gave Chatterton an opportunity of practising on his credulity. He soon found that Burgum was a vain man, and just the person to be tickled and inflated with the pride of ancestry: so he set to work and deduced his pedigree from one of the companions of the Conqueror. From documents which he pretended to have discovered in the muniment room of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, he compiled a history of the “De Bergham” family; and furthermore produced a poem, entitled “The Romaunt

(1) Since the above was written, the hall of Sackville College has been publicly opened, with much rural and characteristic festivity. A band of music attended, and about 100 persons dined in the hall. There is a good account of the ceremony in the “Churchman's Companion” for last November, and a good engraving of the College itself in the December number of the same work.

of the Cnyghte," written by one John De Bergham, who flourished in the fourteenth century. As Chatterton had suspected, the worthy pewterer was too well pleased to permit himself to doubt the authenticity of the documents which conferred on him such an amount of ancestral dignity; and thus auspiciously commenced the course of fraud which ended in the production of Rowley.

A short time after this, a new bridge was opened at Bristol, with the usual ceremonies, and the same week there appeared in Felix Farley's Bristol Journal a curious account of the manner of opening the old bridge, prefaced by the following letter:—

"Mr. Printer,—The following description of the Mayor's first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript, may not [at this time] be unacceptable to the generality of your readers. Yours, &c.
"DUNHELMUS BRISTOLIENSIS."

Then followed, in curiously antique orthography, a circumstantial account of the procession. The communication was read with avidity and astonishment: but who was Dunhelmus Bristolensis? Inquiries were made, the handwriting examined; but Chatterton kept his secret, and remained undiscovered. Emboldened by success, however, he presented another paper for insertion, and was recognised. He was now closely interrogated about the discovery of the documents, and after some little demur, invented a tale, which, however plausible, was anything but satisfactory.

A surgeon of Bristol, named Barrett,—a learned and painstaking man,—was at this time writing a history of Bristol; and to this gentleman, Chatterton was introduced by a Mr. Catcott, the partner of Burgum the pewterer, as a likely person to furnish some information respecting the antiquities of the place. This was too good an opportunity to be lost; Chatterton eagerly embraced it, and soon produced an Ancient Account of Bristol, by Turgot or Turgotus, "translated by T. Rowley, out of Saxon into English." This is perhaps the least excusable of Chatterton's frauds; it was falsifying the information of a really valuable work, and injuring the reputation of a learned and estimable man, to gratify an idle and certainly not very honourable caprice. But we pass the question of morality by to proceed with our narrative. In December 1768, Chatterton wrote to Dodsley the bookseller, to state that he "could procure copies of several ancient poems, &c. written by one Rowley, a priest in Bristol, who lived in the reign of Henry VI. and Edward IV." The bookseller returned no answer; and after waiting two months Chatterton wrote again. This letter—whether answered or not is doubtful—also led to no result, and some other channel of publication was sought for. Horace Walpole at this time occupied a high position in the world of letters. From his private printing-press at Strawberry Hill had issued many remarkable works, and his reputation as a man of taste was already European. In addressing such an august personage, Chatterton saw the necessity of conforming to his particular tastes, and assum-

ing a most respectful deference. He accordingly forwarded a paper, entitled, "*The Rape of Persephone in England, written by E. Kholmia, for Master Canguge,*" with the accompanying note:—

"Sir,—Being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you, in any future edition of your truly entertaining '*Anecdotes of Painting*.' In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the notes, you will greatly oblige,

"Your most humble Servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

This short note, it will be observed, is another striking example of Chatterton's miraculous perception of character and knowledge of the world. Never was an epistle more adroitly worded. Walpole, who was at once pleased with his correspondent, and evidently imagined him a very different person from the humble Bristol apprentice, forwarded a prompt and polite reply, containing, among others, these complimentary expressions:—"What you have already sent me is valuable and full of information; but, instead of correcting you, Sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes, should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text." So auspicious was Chatterton's introduction to Walpole!

Believing that he had at last secured an influential patron to present his "discoveries" to the world of letters, he lost no time in forwarding some additional anecdotes and fragments of ancient poetry. But his eagerness excited suspicion. Walpole submitted the documents to his friends, Mason and Gray, and took other steps to ascertain their authenticity. At the same time inquiries were instituted at Bristol, and as soon as Walpole had learned that his correspondent was a mere boy, in a humble station of life, a marked change took place in his manner. Too cautious and sensitive to become the dupe of a lawyer's apprentice, he now drew back, and wrote the young enthusiast an edifying homily on the danger and disgrace of forgeries, and urged him to stick to business, and relinquish his poetical aspirations. This conduct in Walpole is not surprising—from one so totally deficient in warmth of heart and generosity of disposition what else could have been expected?—but it does excite resentment to find this dandy *littérateur*—the author, be it remembered, of the "*Castle of Otranto*," which was said in the preface to have been discovered "in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England, and printed at Naples, in black letter, in the year 1529"—thus insultingly speaking of Chatterton when the wonderful enthusiast was no more: "All the house of forgery are relations; and though it is just to Chatterton's memory to say, that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest, or more enriching branches, yet his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and, I believe, hands, might easily have led him to those more facile

imitations of prose, *promissory notes*." Chatterton took his revenge on Walpole, and expressed his resentment in some spirited lines, which have been published in a recent memoir. We select a few couplets as apropos to our remarks :—

"Thou may'st call me cheat;
Say did'st thou never practice such deceit?
Who wrote Otranto!—But I will not chide;
Scorn I'll repay with scorn, and pride with pride;
Still, Walpole, still thy prosy chapters write,
And twaddling letters to some fair indite,
Laud all above thee, fawn and cringe to those
Who for thy fame were better friends than foes."

Although, perhaps, we are not called on to argue in these pages the broad question of morality involved in the Rowley forgeries, we cannot help making a slight reference to it in this place. A short time after Chatterton's death it was not an uncommon thing to speak of him as a mere vulgar impostor. There were not wanting biographers like Mr. Alexander Chalmers, who, in the words of Southey's celebrated article in the "Quarterly," related "the history of the Rowley Papers just as a pleader would have told it at the Old Bailey if Chatterton had been upon trial for forging a bill of exchange." Posterity, however, has passed a more lenient judgment—a judgment which is thus admirably summed up by Thomas Campbell: "The Rowleian forgery," says this kind-hearted and excellent man, "must indeed be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all falsifications of history; but it deprived no man of his fame; it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius." The following remarks from the same source are eloquent and touching. "When we conceive the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination back to the days of his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character, and giving to 'airy nothing a local habitation and a name,' we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity." In a more exaggerated strain Mr. William Howitt, in one of his recent works, exclaims, after noticing this charge of forgery and falsification: "O glorious thieves! glorious coiners! admirable impostors! would to God that a thousand other such would appear, again and again appear, to fill the hemisphere of England with fresh stars of renown!"

Having said so much respecting the circumstances of the forgery, it is time for us to make a few remarks on the poems themselves. The first in the collection is the "Bristowe tragedie, or, the dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin," which Jacob Bryant *naïvely* says "is written too much from the heart to be a forgery." It is a simple and touching ballad, which few who are fond of such productions will read without interest, and which records the fate of a zealous adherent of the house of Lancaster, who was executed at Bristol in the first year of the reign of Edward IV. Although it is stated by Milles, a zealous champion for the authenticity of Rowley, and president of the Royal Antiquarian Society, to contain a greater number of

internal proofs of antiquity than any poem in the collection, it is so decidedly modern in style, tone, and sentiment, that we cannot help quoting a few stanzas divested of their antique orthography.

"Soon as the sledge drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare:

"Thou see'st me, Edward, traitor vile!
Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man,
I'm greater now than thee.

"By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die,
By power not thine own.

"Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow;

"Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand."

"King Edward's soul rush'd to his face;
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say:

"To him that so much dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring.
Behold the man! he spake the truth,
He's greater than a king!"

The tragical interlude of "*Ælla*" is the most celebrated of the Rowley poems, and the most thickly studded with poetical beauties. One of the sweetest lyrics in our language is the well known "*Mynstrelle's Songe*" or rather dirge, of which we transcribe one or two stanzas, in modern spelling, just to bring it to our readers' minds.

"Oh! sing unto my roundelay,
Oh! drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holy day,
Like a running river be;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

"See the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's abroad;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree."

Although it is, perhaps, unnecessary to multiply examples, we cannot refrain from quoting, in the original orthography, another "*mynstrelle's songe*" from the same interlude, which is as remarkable for its graceful and melodious versification, as for its dissimilarity to the style of our early poets.

"As Elynour bie the green lesselle¹ was syttynge,
As from the sone's hete she harried,²
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was
knyttynge,
'Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!'

"'Mie husbunde, Lorde Thomas, a forrester bouldre
As ever clove pynne,³ or the baskette,⁴
Does no cherysauncys⁵ from Elynour houldre,
I have ytte as soon as I aake ytte."

"'Whann I lyved wyth my fadre yn merrie Cloud-dell,
Though 'twas at my liefes⁶ to mynde spynnyng,
I still wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulede telle,
Mie lorde fadre's barbde⁷ haulte⁸ han ne wynnyng."

"'Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes,
Somme to spynn, somme to curdell,⁹ somme
bleachynge,
Gyff any new entered doe aake for mie aidens,¹⁰
Thann swythynne¹¹ you fynde mee a teachynge."

"'Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
And nothyng unto mes was nede ynge,
Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
In sothen¹² 'twoulde be wythoute rede ynge."¹³

"Shee sayde, and Lorde Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the fatte derkynnes¹⁴ was chacyng;
Shee putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym wente shee:
So wee leave them both kyndelie embracyng."

It is stated by Warton, that in Dufey's "Pills to purge Melancholy," or some other book of pills for the same salutary purpose, he remembered an old Somersetshire ballad, which exhibited, as he believed, for the first time, the same structure of stanza.

"Go find out the Vicar of Taunton Dean,
And he'll tell you the banna was ask'd;
A thumping fat capon he had for his pains,
And I skewered her up in a basket."

Besides the Interlude of *Aëlla*, these celebrated forgeries comprise a fragment of "Goddwyn, a tragedie, by T. Rowlie," an unfinished poem on the Battle of Hastings, said to have been written by Turgot the monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by T. Rowlie; "The Parliamente of Sprytes; a most merrie Entyrlyde, bie T. Rowlie and J. Iscamme," and several shorter poems. This Thomas Rowley was said by Chatterton to have been a priest of Saint John's, at Bristol; and, as a *prose* specimen of the Bristol boy's inventive genius, we quote the following passage from Rowley's account of his friend and patron, William Canynge:—

"I gave master Cannings my Bristow tragedie, for which he gave me in hands twentie pounds, and did praise it more than I did think myself did deserve; for I can say in troth, I was never proud of my verses since I did read master Chaucer; and now haveing nought to do, and not wyllyng to be ydle, I wente to the minster of our Ladie and Saint Goodwin, and then did purchase the Saxon manuscripts, and sett myselfe diligentlie to translate and worde it in

English metre, which in one year I performed, and styled it the Battle of Hastings; master William did bargyin for one manuscript, and John Pelham, an Esquire of Ashley for another. Master William did praise it muckle greatly . . . He gave me 20 markes, and I did goe to Ashley, to master Pelham, to be payd of him for the other one I left with him. But his ladie being of the family of the Fiscamps, of whom some things are said, he told me he had burnt it, and would have me burnt if I did not avaunt. Dureing this dinn his wife did come out, and made a dinn, to speak by a figure, would have oversounded the bells of our Ladie of the Cliffe; I was fain content to get away in a safe skin."

Although the history of the Rowley controversy has now lost much of its interest, we cannot conclude this article without a brief reference to the most celebrated combatants and their prominent arguments. Of the authenticity of Rowley, the ablest and most successful champion was the learned Jacob Bryant. Some of his arguments, backed as they were by the authority of his potent name, appeared at the time unanswerable. For instance, of Chatterton's explanations of the obsolete words in Rowley, he thus speaks:—

"The transcriber has given some notes in order to explain words of this nature. But he is often very unfortunate in his solutions. He mistakes the sense grossly; and the words have often far more force and significance than he is aware of. This could not have been the case if he had been the author." And he thus amusingly illustrates his position: "I lay it down for a certainty, if a person in any such composition has, in transcribing, varied any of the terms through ignorance, and the true reading appears from the context, that he cannot have been the author. If, as the ancient vicar is said to have done in respect to a portion of the Gospel, he for *sumpsimus* reads uniformly *sumpsimus*, he never composed the treatise in which he is so grossly mistaken. If a person, in his notes upon a poem, mistakes *Liber*, Bacchus, for *liber*, a book; and, when he meets with *liber*, a book, he interprets it *liber*, free, he certainly did not compose the poem where these terms occur. In short, every writer must know his own meaning," &c.

A number of instances are then given in which Chatterton is said to have mistaken the sense of Rowley. Further, Mr. Bryant argues that the acknowledged poems of Chatterton furnished conclusive evidence that he *could not* have written the poems ascribed to Rowley. "It may appear," he says, "an invidious task, and it certainly is not a pleasing one, to decry the compositions of an unfortunate young man, and expose his mistakes to the world; but, as there are persons who rank his poems with those of Rowley, and think them equally excellent, we have no way to take this prejudice, but by showing in this manner their great inferiority. Though he was pleased to say of himself that he had read more than Magliabecchi, yet his reading was certainly scanty, and confined, in great measure, to novels

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| (1) Arbour. | (3) Hastened. |
| (2) Terms in archery. | (4) Comforts. |
| (5) Choice. | (6) Hung round with armour. |
| (7) Hall. | (8) Allurements. |
| (9) Curd. | (10) Assistance. |
| (11) Immediately. | (12) Truth. |
| (13) Wisdom, deliberation. | (14) Young deer. |

and magazines, and the trash of a circulating library." Examples are then cited, and Mr. Bryant triumphantly concludes: "A person may write volumes in this style and taste and never be a Rowley!"

On the other hand, Warton and Malone satisfactorily proved from internal evidence, that the compositions were modern, and must have been forged by Chatterton or some one else. It was well observed by Warton, that "the lines have all the tricks and trappings, all the sophistications of poetical style, belonging to those models which were popular when Chatterton began to write verses." The poems which he produced were too perfect and too polished to have proceeded from a priest of the 15th century. It was here, perhaps, that his prudence was at fault. "His aim," says Warton, "was to dazzle and surprise by producing such high wrought pieces of ancient poetry as never before existed. But to secure our credulity he should have pleased us less. He has shown too much genius, and too little skill."

In looking back upon the opinions of Chatterton's contemporaries, we cannot help referring to those expressed by the literary giant of those days, Dr. Samuel Johnson. In his wholesome horror of precocious genius and juvenile prodigies, Johnson had ventured to declare his unmitigated contempt for the Bristol poet. "Don't talk to me of the powers of a vulgar, uneducated stripling," he said to Boswell; "no man can coin guineas but in proportion as he has gold." Yet, when prevailed upon to look into the volume, he retracted his opinion, in language equally characteristic: "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things."

It is not our province to write a biography of Chatterton, or to linger on the "last scene of all, that ended that strange eventful history." It is enough to say that, having perished by his own hands, his corpse was interred, with scanty honours, in the pauper burial-ground in Shoe-lane. Mr. Chalmers, in his notice of Chatterton, in the Biographical Dictionary, remarks, that "there could not be a more decisive proof of the little regard he attracted in London, than the secrecy and silence that accompanied his death. This event, although so extraordinary—for young suicides are surely not common—is not even mentioned in any shape in the Gentleman's Magazine, the Annual Register, the Saint James's or London Chronicle, nor in any of the respectable publications of the day." Notwithstanding the indifference of contemporary journalists, and the silence of the "respectable publications," the Life and Death of Thomas Chatterton, his career of misfortune, and death of ignominy, have since become world-celebrated, and the creator of Rowley is ranked with names that the world will not willingly let die.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

THE breeze had sunk to rest,
The noonday sun was high,
And ocean's breast lay motionless
Beneath a cloudless sky.
There was silence in the air,
There was silence in the deep;
And it seem'd as though that burning calm
Were nature's final sleep.

A noble ship there lay
Upon the quiet sea,
Her keel had ploughed for many a day
The paths of ocean free:
She had braved the storm and battle,
She had faced the booming gun,
And 'midst a thousand foemen,
Had struck her flag to none.

And many a noble heart
That gallant vessel bore,
And many a sigh and many a prayer
Had wafted her from shore;
But now that breathless calm
Was round her like a chain,
And helplessly for many a day
Beneath it she had lain.

Her canvass all was spread,
To catch the lightest gale;
But spread in vain, for no breeze was there
To ruffle the loftiest sail:
The shadow of her masts
Chequer'd the deep below;
You might trace the line of her slenderest spar
On that azure mirror's glow.

The mid-day watch was set
Beneath that blaze of light,
When there came a cry from the tall masthead,
A sail! a sail! in sight:
And o'er the far horizon
A snowy speck appear'd,
And every eye was strain'd to watch
The vessel as she near'd.

There was no breath of air,
Yet she bounded on her way,
And the dancing waves around her prow
Were flashing into spray.
She answer'd not their hail
Alongside as she pass'd;
There were none who trod her spacious deck,
Not a seaman on the mast:

No hand to guide her helm;
Yet on she held her course;
She swept along that waveless sea,
As with a tempest's force:
A silence, as of death,
Was o'er that vessel spread;
She seem'd a thing of another world,
The world where dwell the dead.

She pass'd away from sight,
The deadly calm was o'er,
And the spell-bound ship pursued her course
Before the breeze once more:
And clouds across the sky
Obscured the noonday sun,
And the winds arose at the tempest's call
Before the day was done.

Midnight, and still the storm
Raged wrathfully and loud,
And deep in the trough of the heaving sea
Labour'd that vessel proud:

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There was darkness all around,
Save where lightning flashes keen
Play'd on the crests of the broken waves,
And lit the depths between.

Around her and below
The waste of waters roar'd,
And answer'd the crash of the falling masts
As they cast them overboard.
At every billow's shock
Her quivering timbers strain;
And as she rose on a crested wave
That strange ship pass'd again.

And o'er that stormy sea
She flew before the gale,
Yet she had not struck her lightest spar,
Nor furl'd her loftiest sail.
Another blinding flash,
And nearer yet she seem'd,
And a pale blue light along her sails
And o'er her rigging gleam'd.

But it showed no seaman's form,
No hand her course to guide;
And to their signals of distress
The winds alone replied.
The Phantom Ship pass'd on,
Driv'n o'er her pathless way,
But helplessly the sinking wreck
Amid the breakers lay.

The angry tempest ceased,
The winds were hush'd to sleep,
And calm and bright the sun again
Shone out upon the deep.
But that gallant ship no more
Shall roam the ocean free;
She has reach'd her final haven,
Beneath the dark blue sea.

And many a hardy seaman,
Who fears nor storm nor fight,
Yet trembles when the Phantom Ship
Drives past his watch at night;
For it augurs death and danger:
It bodes a watery grave,
With sea-weeds for his pillow:
For his shroud, the wandering wave.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTER-PRESS OF THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS

MADE AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, EDINBURGH.

THE ingenious author of the "Stars and the Earth" has been at infinite pains to convince us that "Time is only the rhythm of the world's history;" and having, as he conceives, "irrefragably" proved his point, and fairly put an end to Old Father Time, he proceeds to perform the same kind office, and finish off his venerable coadjutor, "Space."

Now, without saying whether we have, or have not, been convinced by the aforesaid assertion, we may at least maintain that there never was a period at which greater efforts were being made than at the present moment for the admeasurement of both.

The progress of scientific research in England and in Europe generally, must not be judged of by the startling theories or amusing paradoxes which are occasionally put forward with the *implied* sanction of well-known names; as little might we judge of the

general education of English girls by D'Israeli's clever satire. "It is all development," says the fair drawing-room *savante*, referring to a well-known modern book; "I was a fish, and I shall be a crow!" The answer seems to be "*j'ai aimé autant descendre d'un poisson que d'un singe.*" Apart, however, from such publications, we have brought before us in every department of science, quietly and almost without notice, the unobtrusive results of years of labour; and such is the book from which we have extracted the following narrative, which, we trust, will prove not without an interest peculiarly its own; giving, as it does, a simple and truthful account of the great efforts made by those gentlemen who founded the Edinburgh Observatory, and the many difficulties which presented themselves before the propriety of the present site was established beyond doubt:—

The most natural idea, and one which seems to have obtained at first in the question of securing the very utmost degree of stability for astronomical instruments, was to go to the proverbially sure foundation of rock. But in proportion as the optical power of such instruments was successively improved, many causes of disturbance, which were of no importance before, now not only became of noticeable effect, but proved even more prejudicial than some of the older ones. Thus, minute and rapid vibrations of the soil, when occurring in consequence of the neighbourhood of a large town, and continuing, as they do there, through nearly all the twenty-four hours, may almost prevent a powerful telescope from being used at all: though they would have offered no impediment to the employment of one of the older astronomical instruments with plain sights. And as stone transmits vibrations much more readily than gravel or sand, an astronomer in the present day, in such a locality, would perhaps avoid the former material, and rather build on a looser one, though he might be occasionally plagued with a subsidence of the piers.

Besides the more obvious disadvantages of rock as a foundation for astronomical instruments, an unnecessary prejudice was created against it from considering, *theoretically*, the effects of expansion by heat in deranging the position of the instruments. Though these are to a certain extent *vera causes* of disturbance, yet they are quite imperceptible in most situations; but having been first brought into notice by reason of the wonderful advance of modern practical optics,—an advance, too, which promised to be continuous for a length of time to come,—their influence was rather overrated, and an opinion was very generally entertained that rock was not suitable as a foundation for astronomical purposes, and in the case of a Royal Observatory, not very long ago, built on a rocky hill, where no expense was spared to make the piers as perfect as possible (testified by the carriage alone of one of the enormous blocks having cost 500*l.*), the builders were so deeply imbued with the prevalent feeling, that they were at infinite pains to neutralize the effects of the stony matter on which they were by necessity founded.

The plan adopted was to cut out of the solid rock a hole several feet deep, and rather larger than the intended pier; the bottom was carefully levelled, and then a quantity of wet clay was thrown in and well trodden down. The object proposed by these measures being to destroy vibration.

While, however, the effects of heat might be guarded against, by thus removing the pier from actual contact with the rock and its irresistible expansions, a much more dangerous element was introduced in the shape of moisture. Heat penetrates with such difficulty and so very slowly into stone, and so equally on every side at that depth, and so quickly and partially through a porous soil, as to produce, in an absorbing substance below, lawless and unexpected effects, to which a hygrometer or pluviometer on the surface would afford no clue.

The comparative importance of temperature and moisture, when the disturbance of large masses is concerned, has been well exemplified in the case of the recent examinations into the formation and motion of glaciers. Charpentier, Agassiz, and others, maintained the complete efficacy and the sole agency of the former cause; but Professor J. D. Forbes showed, that through the whole winter the glacier is never frozen more than as it were skin deep; that the cold, so to speak, does not penetrate more than two feet in freezing the water which is mechanically mixed with the glacier ice both winter and summer, and rather retards the onward motion of the ice than accelerates it,—as was supposed, by the dilatation which the water experienced on freezing making it swell up and force for itself a passage wherever resistance was least. But the water produced by the melting of the ice in rain, or by sunshine, runs down into the snow hundreds of feet deep; friction and pressure then convert the compound mass into the peculiar form of glacier ice, and the fluid still filling all the pores keeps the whole in motion. Thus temperature of itself, *i.e.* by means of the expansion or contractions which it may cause by its presence in greater or less degrees, has no effect on the creation or motion of the glacier: though, through the agency of water, it may be the powerful cause of both.

When the gentlemen who subscribed for the building of the Edinburgh Observatory commenced their important labours, they gave, as might have been expected of them, much and serious attention to the weighty matter of the foundations of the instrument piers; and uninfluenced by the prejudices of the time, and better acquainted with the properties of rock, from having more frequently to deal with it, than the inhabitants of most other countries, they proceeded under the direction and advice of their honorary architects and engineers, Messrs. W. H. Playfair and J. Jardine, in the following manner—

The Calton Hill attains the elevation of about 349 feet above the sea; the western end, which is the highest part, consists of porphyry and trap-tuff in alternate beds, the former being from 100 to 150 feet in thickness, and the latter varying from 2 feet at the

top of the hill to 18 feet at the bottom, with a mean dip of perhaps 20° towards the N.E. The eastern parts are composed of numerous strata of sandstone, wacke, bituminous shale, and clay ironstone, and the whole affords a remarkable exemplification of the "Crag and Tail" phenomena of the geologists.

To the west, rises almost perpendicularly from the plain, a precipitous front of trap rock, worn bare and naked on all its prominent parts, but still preserving its sharp angles, and but thinly covered with mould anywhere; while on the other side, to the east, is a long sloping ridge of soft earth and rubbish, which appears to have been collected under the lee of the protecting crust of porphyry, or to have been saved by it from being carried away, with the similar material of which the rest of the country was composed, during some tremendous rush of water from the west, as Sir J. Hall thought; or, according to the more probable explanation of Mr. M'Laren, under the continued action of westerly oceanic currents, during the long period that this country undoubtedly formed part of the bottom of the sea. There are many hills of the above character in Scotland with their "tails" invariably in the same direction; and their western ends still tower so high on account of the pre-eminent hardness of the material of which they are composed.

On such positions were established the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, and other ancient strongholds, whose peculiar geological features so signally assisted our forefathers throughout those gloomy ages of war and rapine, in the successful performance of many a prodigy of patriot valour; and on such a position, but in happier times, did the members of the Astronomical Institution of Edinburgh found their observatory.

The choice of the site was certainly a most fortunate one, and the tale that the hill so plainly told of the triumphant manner in which it had acquitted itself in all the mighty rubs it had undergone in primeval ages, was the best earnest that could be given for the future stability and permanence of the astronomical instruments to be mounted on its summit.

The smaller peculiarities of the case, too, were extremely favourable; for while one of the principal streets of Edinburgh, and a valley in which a railroad has since been constructed, wind close under the steep south-western side of the hill, (the very part on which the building is erected, and therefore apparently dangerously close, on account of the vibrations that might possibly be produced in the soil by the neighbouring traffic,) the thin beds of the softer and friable trap-tuff between the strata of porphyry have a powerful damping effect; and all luckily dip to the north-east *away* from the region of disturbance; so that before the particular seam on which the observatory is built, has come perpendicularly under any of the roads on that side of the hill, it is then so far below the surface of the ground as to be effectually protected by several hundred feet in depth of mould and sandstone, and shale.

The hill originally terminated in a somewhat pyra-

midal summit; and the operations were commenced by blasting away the crown, so as to leave a level area;—on this the observatory was built, the foundation stones of the walls being laid at once on the general surface of the rock. The intended site of each pier was next cut away, until a sound part of the live rock was arrived at, for which purpose there was never any occasion for going more than six or nine inches deep. The exact size of the lowest stone of the pier (they were made without any vertical joints) for a breadth of three inches inwards from the edge of the stone was well polished, the centre parts being (technically) dived, and in such a manner, that a straight edge being laid across the area and touching either border, just cleared the central portion. The lower surface of the foundation-stone was similarly prepared, and the two polished borders being connected together, the stone rested not on its centre but on its circumference, the condition best established for stability. The cement used being merely "milk of lime," rather served to fill up scratches and produce truer surfaces than to form a substantial stratum between the two bodies, in the usual manner in which mortar is applied. Every successive stone employed to heighten the pier was similarly prepared; and all the piers were built in like fashion. They had no foundations in the usual sense of the term, but sprang at once from the almost level general surface of the rock.

Transit instruments have usually one large subterranean pier, from which there spring through the floor of the room, for the support of either end of the axis, two distinct pillars, but which nevertheless may be looked on as integral parts of the same piece of masonry with the great mass below. But with the transit on Calton Hill there is one separate pier for one end of the axis, and another for the other; the place of the lower large connecting pier being occupied by the stony hill itself. It only remains to be said, that the material employed for all the piers in the observatory is the best "liver" rock that the Craig Leith quarry could produce; and, in case of the transit in particular, extraordinary care seems to have been taken to have the two pillars made of as similar stones as possible; they appear indeed to have formed parts of the same block. Here, then, was an admirable opportunity for severely testing the merits or demerits of a hard stratum for meridian instruments. Many persons, however, would not wait for the proof, and condemned the building off-hand. Even the British Association joined in the general opinion, the more important objections assigned being vibrations and expansions. But Professor Henderson never perceived any tremor in the mercury caused by carriages passing below, and the same negative effect has been found since the recent opening of the North British Railway, which passes at a depth of about 200 feet below, and at a horizontal distance in one place of about 500 feet. A tap, however, with a book, or even a pencil, on the pier, would make the mercury vibrate (a pencil bearing a greater ratio to the pier than a carriage to the whole hill), which shows the necessity

for an astronomer first looking well about in his own immediate neighbourhood for the lurking cause of any unexpected disturbance, before he impugns any great and extensive laws of nature.

As time wore on, however, Professor Henderson noticed a remarkable annual fluctuation of level, which he was induced to attribute to the expansion of the rock, and this idea was strengthened when it became subsequently discovered that there was also an azimuthal disturbance sufficient somewhat to interfere with the accuracy of the observations. There was, therefore, much necessity for endeavouring to discover the manner or the means by which temperature acted on the instrument, and to endeavour to correct, or at least reduce them within the power of calculation. For this purpose six thermometers were chosen, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, were buried in the rock at depths varying from twenty-four feet under the surface, while the sixth thermometer was under the floor of the observatory, resting on the stone of the trigonometrical station, and exposed freely to the air.

In order to obtain a clearer idea of the results obtained from these thermometers than could be gained from the table of numbers, all the quantities were projected on paper, together with the times, and curves were drawn through the observations of each instrument to show its various changes.

A glance at the projections so formed plainly showed that the deeper thermometers had nothing to do with the matter, on account of the extreme uniformity of their increase and decrease, and the absence of anything like violent daily variations. These were exhibited, in a certain small degree, by the thermometer under the floor, but still more strongly by No. 5, with its ball just covered by sand; indeed, it seemed almost to equal the azimuth in its wildness, and corresponded in the times and character of its fits to an extraordinary degree.

With the ascertainment of this leading fact came the solution of many difficulties. Further experiments were now made, and persevered in with a zeal and ability which cannot be too much imitated and admired. All these curves were weighed in a most delicate balance, after having been projected upon paper, until at length there resulted the conclusion, "*that the body or bodies disturbing the instrument must be very small, and must be good conductors of heat, therefore most probably metallic.*"

We have not space to follow this most interesting inquiry to its close; we shall, therefore, merely state that, guided by this fact, Professor Henderson immediately entered upon a minute examination of the transit instrument itself, and discovered a slight difference in the adjustment of the brass bearings at one side, sufficient, as he believed, to account for the variations which had been observed.

The screws in which the unequal expansion took place, have since been altered with the most satisfactory results, and in the forthcoming volume of the report, the manner in which this has been effected will be detailed, proving how necessary it is at all

times to search diligently for those small causes of failure which are close at hand, before we enter upon the investigation of those which are less obvious, and more remote.

We cannot close this brief notice without the expression of our deep regret that the indefatigable Professor Henderson, whose labours are thus recorded, should have passed from the scene of his usefulness, and that another hand should have to make these "Extracts" from his observations, which he might have looked forward, without presumption, to having given to the world himself.

Professor Henderson has departed, and others are following the same track of patient investigation which he pursued. Knowledge has increased, and step by step we press onwards, each man helped more and more upon his road by the labours of him who has, perhaps, fallen, almost unheeded, by the way. The increase of knowledge is, however, the increase of responsibility, and, perhaps, there never was a time when the noble words of Lord Bacon had more need to be impressed upon our minds:—

"Knowledge is not a couch whereupon to rest a searching or an anxious spirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a fort on a commanding ground for strife and contention, or a shop for profit or sale, but a *rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.*"

A FEW WORDS ABOUT NOVELS.

SOLOMON has said, "There is a time for every thing." If he were alive now he would certainly say, "this is the time for Novel-writing."

Our fathers used to speak of the Minerva Press as something prodigious in its day. It launched forth its hundreds of novels yearly: Novels of High-Life; novels of Low-Life; novels à la Monk Lewis; novels à la Charlotte Smith; novels Radcliffean; novels Rosa Matildaish.—"Good heavens!" exclaimed our fathers, "where will all this end?" And echo at the present time, in Hibernian style, repeats, "Where, indeed?" Not in universal novel-reading will the end be found; for that point we have reached already, and the end is not yet come. It seems probable that cultivated society in England will come to universal novel-writing, at last. Even now, it is almost as great a distinction for a man or woman not to have written a novel at all, as to have written a very good one. Our fathers had their annual hundreds from the Minerva Press, but we have thousands and tens of thousands from Colburn, and Bentley, and Chapman, and all "the men of the Row;" not to mention scores of other men in the metropolis and all the large towns, who send forth their novels in quick succession, strewing our houses with them "thick as leaves in Valombrosa."

Do not think me impertinent, dear reader, if I venture to offer you a word of advice *en passant*. If you have not yet written, or are not now writing a novel, and do not like to be called singular, eccentric, and unlike other people, you had better begin writing one forthwith. Once get it on the stocks, and let it be believed that you work at it occasionally, and you will be safe from the remarks of Mrs. Grundy in respect of your setting up for an oddity. We shall attain to a Chinese pitch of universality in fictitious composition before very many years. Meanwhile, it is no easy matter to write a novel that shall be conspicuous among the multitudes that issue from the press in the course of one short season. We question whether even Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen would hold their present high rank in public estimation had they published their best works within the last five years. Could we divest "Patronage" and "Emma" of the prestige which accompanies the name of each distinguished authoress, and of the halo which encircles all our earliest love,—could we read each of those works for the first time to-morrow, published by Mr. Colburn, as "A Novel; by a Lady," it is within the bounds of possibility that we should pronounce the one to be "formal," "deficient in warmth and elevation of tone," and the other to be "common-place" and "without brilliancy or point." When few and foolish novels only existed, works so full of beauty and merit as those of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen would be hailed on their first appearance as perfection; and it is quite natural that people should hold sacred the memory of these books so beloved in the days of youth, books that all the world delighted to praise. But a new generation of writers and readers has arisen, and the old favourites are gliding away from the "giddy height" of supreme popularity. I am no iconoclast, and am far enough from desiring to shatter idols so fair as those above cited; on the contrary, I have a fanatical, not to say superstitious, reverence for them; I merely hint at the possibility that the public of the present day may find some fault even in these works. The said public has grown very critical and fastidious and *exigeant*, in consequence of the abundance of novels and light literature with which it is indulged; and by this hint we mean to insinuate that it is not every one who can write a novel that shall be "good," "striking," and "remarkably successful."

A modern novelist is, in some respects, in the same predicament with the professors of the histrionic art. One prejudice against both is, that they must be frivolous and unprofitable, because their avowed object is to amuse and unbend the mind. Jeremy Taylor spoke far more respectfully of St. John's favourite relaxation of "sporting with a tame partridge;" which can scarcely be considered a very elevating or a very earnest occupation. "Oh! but"—say some folks, "that was an *innocent* amusement." Very true; and I am not of the same mind with the French lady, who declared her hatred of all innocent pleasures; but I must protest against the other great popular

prejudice concerning novels and plays; viz. that the amusement they afford is not innocent but injurious. Abandoning the school of Thespis for the present, let us endeavour to rescue modern novels from the horns of this dilemma. If they are not deemed simply frivolous and unprofitable, they are pronounced to be positively injurious and corrupting, by those large classes who forbid novel-reading to young people; classes who are for the most part educated, respectable, sensible, and very influential in society. If any one venture to protest against their sweeping, indiscriminate denunciations, a saving clause is sometimes allowed in favour of the works of a few authors; such as Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth, &c.; partly in virtue of intrinsic excellence, and partly in virtue of prescriptive right. Very frequently, too, an exception is made in favour of some living author, who is worshipped as a household "lar" within certain parallels of mental latitude. Thus we find families in which Mrs. Ellis is invoked to make "women of England" of all the girls, and Mr. G. P. R. James is allowed to "charge with all his chivalry" through the minds of the boys. But even those who are more liberal in their allowance of light literature to young people hold to these three degrees of comparison;—much novel-reading is bad, little is better, none at all is best. This is not a just judgment, I believe; because it disregards the natural craving of youth for the romantic and ideal; which craving, in its pure unvitiated state, is identical with the aspiration after all virtue,—true goodness, true love, true nobility. It is a craving which should not be crushed and vilified, but which should be carefully gratified in the best way the spirit and institutions of the age and country permit.

It is curious and interesting to note the progress of refinement and civilization in any nation, as indicated by the changes in the nature of the amusements of the cultivated classes. For instance,—let us contrast the age of chivalry with our own time in this respect. The favourite recreations in the former, were jousting, masques, mysteries, and the songs of the minstrels; among us, they are clubs, newspapers, fashionable artistic and scientific assemblies, and fictitious literature. Just what the bards and troubadours in the olden time were to dames and youthful knights and squires, the novelist is to the same class of persons in our own day. The bard penetrated into every sort of circle; he might be met with in the king's palace, and in the baron's castle; in the abbey, and in the burgher's house; in the farm and in the cottage; staying generally the longest where the women were most numerous; and thus it is with the modern tale-tellers and dealers in romance. Let them look well to the use they make of the extensive power which is in their hands: they are the companions and directors of the women and the young generally, in their most impressionable moments, the *leisure* moments of life. They have higher duties to perform than the excitement of laughter, or merely pleasurable sensations: they ought to strengthen and purify while

they delight the mind, like all other true artists, whether of high or low degree. The good novelist, let it be remembered, is always an artist and a moralist. He lays the foundation of his work in the region of the familiar and the real, but its highest pinnacles reach into a brighter and purer region, into the clear air of philosophy and eternal poetry, whence those who ascend may look down with a strengthened vision upon the extended prospect of the familiar and the real; and there they may learn the lesson of wisdom, which teaches the significance and beauty of common things and every-day life. If I am right in assigning the task of this instruction in part to the modern novelists, my reader will not accuse me of having said too many words in their favour, though they are assuredly not the most effective that could be said on the subject.

J. M. W.

HARRY SUMNER'S REVENGE.¹

BY POLYDORE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"With only such degree of sadness left
As may support longings of pure desire;
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the grave."

The Excursion.

AFTER the first pangs of separation from her lover, Lady Agnes Clifton found moving about from place to place, and the distraction of external objects, essential to enable her to rid herself of the sin of idolatry of a creature. In gazing on the suggestive splendour of the ecclesiastical structures still undemolished on the European continent, in attending as a spectator the services celebrated within them, in musing on the most eminent of those the remembrance of whose sanctity still lingers about their shrines, in constant readings of the mundane destinies in which their lives formed no inconsiderable threads, she hoped gently and gradually to lead her human love up to a higher sphere. Nobly she strove. Like an ætherial being she was to be seen haunting unwearingly the solemn edifices. Through aisles and antechapels she glided pale, wan, and abstracted; noiseless as a spirit. Anon in the lowliest part of the church she would wring her hands, raise her eyes to heaven, and remain for a half-hour at a time with her head bent downwards, until her long black hair almost touched the pavement. A presence accompanied her that exacted homage even. When in the company of other worshippers, those nearest to her would interrupt their devotions to gaze on the fragile graceful form that seemed so tearful and so sad. The vergers addressed her in a subdued tone; and followed her with wondering eyes, as she glided amongst the clustering columns, or became lost in contemplation before the storied windows. Many a devout peasant and pauper, who observed her in the lowest places of the congregation, but oftener still when the sounds of divine worship were hushed, and the throng of worshippers was away, imagined her, with pious credulity, to be a heavenly visitant.

How far different was that heroic girl's estimate of herself from that formed of her by others. Never had her sense of her own weakness and imperfection been brought home to her so powerfully. At the end of two years she found her heart still full to overflowing of human love. To herself all her struggles appeared to have been in a great measure unsuccessful. Diligently

(1) Concluded from p. 155.

as she had striven, for five-and-twenty months, to disengage her love from its human object: regardless of all the anguish it occasioned her bodily and mental; she had not learned to be happy, nor even undistracted. Her health had been gradually sinking under the protracted anguish of her heart-struggles. Her dark eyes flashed with an unnatural brilliance. Her lips were colourless, and an ominous streak of colour-like lingering life, tinged in one bright spot cheeks otherwise wan and bloodless. Her frame was attenuated: her hands almost transparent. She had now become conscious that her love had combined with her mortal life, and that *both* must be *resigned* at once. The greatest happiness she had known since she had said farewell at Windlebourne, was when she met her first settled conviction of this truth with a cheerful and grateful submission. Her choice was made: she was steadily advancing to the sacrifice.

Sumner remained a month at Oxford, after his elevation to the Diaconate. At the expiration of this time, he proceeded to Bribeworth and entered on the duties of his office. He had not been long there, before it appeared that his brother-in-law was bitterly offended with his uncle for appointing him to the cura. That a clergyman must be appointed by the rector to assist him in the charge of his own parish, without his permission, appeared to that individual little less than ecclesiastical chartism. He showed his high displeasure, by scarcely recognising his aged uncle when he met him, and banishing him from the honours of Pendlebury table. He complained to the bishop of the diocese that a deacon had been appointed assistant curate of so large and important a place as Bribeworth; and demanded the withdrawal of his brother-in-law's license. Sumner laid the whole case before his Oxford counsellor. By him he was advised to represent to his lordship that Bribeworth was his home; that his mother resided there alone, save himself; that the rector and his predecessor in the curacy wished him to remain; that Mr. Perigord's objection arose from an unfortunate aversion towards himself; that his own sister was that gentleman's wife; and that circumstance, joined to a conciliating demeanour on his own part, might probably enable him to moderate the dislike in question. He was earnestly urged likewise to do everything within the limit of compromising truth or of betraying his high trust, to conciliate his brother-in-law. It ended in Sumner's remaining, to the infinite joy of his sister and mother, to the great contentment of the rector, and satisfaction of the greater number of the parishioners.

The premier was not a man to be balked in a scheme easily. It was evident that no decent pretext could be found for getting rid of Sumner immediately. But a ready mode soon occurred to him of rendering his sojourn intolerable. Until now, he had been too much taken up with the (*to him more important*) affairs of civil government, to trouble himself about the ecclesiastical concerns of Bribeworth. All on a sudden, he discovered that there had been strange doings in the parish lately.

"Who authorized all these Popish alterations and decorations in the church?" he demanded of the Rector.

"I did," was the curt information he received. He wanted to know what business prayer had to be said at church every day, and how it was the services were so differently celebrated to what he had been accustomed to all his life! An answer came to him from his uncle, "By my direction!"

"O ho!" said the Squire within himself, "this is it, is it! We shall see!"

In the course of a month the hitherto quiet town of Bribeworth was in convulsions. It was edifying to hear the Premier's sudden burst of theological knowledge. He spoke with such unction and dogmatism about disputed points of doctrine, one would have imagined him to be a deeply read divine. The dissenting tradespeople of Bribeworth were suddenly taken out of disgrace, and

were astonished to find themselves in the full swing of the Pendlebury patronage. This move of the Squire was a decided hit. It put the finishing stroke to his popularity. He became the man of the multitude in his own town; where he had not been hitherto honoured. The Rector and Sumner retained a larger following than is usual under these circumstances. The latter was really loved by the Bribeworthians generally. And not all the insinuations of the Squire could cause them to have other feelings towards him. Indeed, his manner and conduct were infinitely more attractive now than even before. The poor saw and *felt*, that he laid himself out for their service. Always accessible to them, he addressed them as his equals, rather than as inferiors and subordinates. Those who did not seek him, he sought; he interested himself in their affairs, counselled them in their difficulties, procured redress for their wrongs, and administered to their wants; and all was done with the affection of a brother, and the refinement and mildness of a christian. But the usual noisy, vulgar, and irreligious class of a country town were against him to a man; and poor Bribeworth was shaken to its centre with theological feuds. This state of things had been skilfully effected by the Premier, without his making scarcely an appearance at Bribeworth. Taking advantage of every opportunity afforded him, in Parliament or out of it, to utter sneers at the whole class of principles with which his brother-in-law was infected, he lay in wait, like a spider in its hole, ready to pounce on any slip that should place him in his power.

Thus passed a year very miserably to the curate of Bribeworth. The hindrances and annoyances which his brother-in-law had the opportunity of throwing in his way seemed to be almost endless. Do what he might, he found he could not contrive to avoid his brother-in-law's displeasure. He toiled and worked night and day, in the midst of ill-will and hatred, instead of love. Racked with anxieties, of walking wisely along a course so intricate—of doing his duty firmly without casting a stumbling-block in the way of others—of behaving charitably towards all, without affording any countenance to sin and schism—much of his time inhaling impure and contaminated atmosphere in the abodes of want and disease: added to anxieties of a nature more private and personal—his strong frame began slowly to succumb. The caution, consideration, respect, and goodness, he exhibited towards his brother was misunderstood by the latter. The idea of a person behaving thus because he conceived it to be his duty, never so much as presented itself to his understanding. He supposed it to be his brother-in-law's writhings under the torture he was inflicting. He concluded that he was laying himself out to conciliate the powerful squire. And so he was indeed. But it was in obedience to the precept of the Gospel of which he was a minister; not from self-interested motives—as his brother-in-law surmised. The great man, however, was not to be conciliated. His will must be done. Sumner must withdraw. Until that concession had been extorted, he must be unbending and relentless. Wearied and sick at heart of this state of ceaseless discord, which nothing he could do seemed able to put an end to, or even to mollify, Sumner at length resolved to open himself to his sister on the subject, and through her instrumentality to make more direct efforts at reconciliation. He did this with deep reluctance. Her state of health was not one of his least anxieties. And the cause of it, of which he scarcely entertained a doubt, made the performance of his duty in his conduct towards her husband unspeakably more difficult. Her heart was evidently breaking; and he was all but certain that her husband was the cause. Whatever doubt he might have before entertained, however, was wholly resolved by the look of despairing anguish with which she replied to her brother's request, that she would try and influence her husband to a happier demeanour towards the clergy in the parish in which he resided. Lucy Perigord

invariably kept her feelings under such rigid restraint, whilst in her brother's presence especially, and up to this very moment had laboured so successfully to conceal the misery that was preying upon her life, that although he suspected much, he was anything but fully aware of the havoc and the ruin that were going on within. The present conversation, however, was one the nature of which placed it beyond the power of human effort to retain a complete concealment of the real state of her feelings. It took place at the cottage. Her little boy was with her, George Harry—a bright—rosy lipped—fair haired—blue eyed child.

She kept a fixed melancholy gaze upon him, throughout the conversation. She was timidly fearful of betraying to her brother by an involuntary look or gesture some indication of the real state of her heart. The child's manner was singularly subdued: probably there was an instinctive sense of the gravity of the conversation, and perception of the earnestness and melancholy of the speakers. In general, those who were with him heard little else than his merry prattle and ringing laugh. The movements of his exquisitely shaped infant figure, his gestures, the very intonation at times of his little vivid sentences, combined the refinement and polish of the most finished acting with the artless grace of innocence and childhood. No misery so complete but smiled in his presence. Souls the most bound down were transported heavenward by the winning music of his merriment. Nor were such only occasional ebullitions: they were his general mood. When sleep came to his succour at mid-day and at nightfall, he appeared almost to have gone to meet it; so quickly did he sink into its embrace, as if fairly wearied out with joy. People used to remark, as their fascinated gaze followed him hither and thither through his gambols, that "he was not long for this world." There was an instinctive feeling that mirth so free, so gentle, so blithesome, was not for this sullen earth. To all he conveyed an impression of the celestial.

At the present moment the blithe joy of guileless childhood was held in suspense. He stood leaning against his mother as she sat, and, fondling in an abstracted manner her hand with his tiny fingers, kept a fixed and mournful gaze upon his uncle. He had not uttered a sound throughout a conversation of some five-and-twenty minutes; but now and then he would rapidly transfer his gaze from his uncle to his mother, and with his clear blue eyes search her countenance with an anxious scrutinizing expression.

Sumner had proposed to himself a twofold object in this interview. He wished to satisfy himself of the real state of his sister's feelings. What that was he was all but certain. More he could not be: for she held each look and word and gesture in such vigilant control, that her brother, in spite of all his solicitous observations, was unable to detect the betrayal of one emotion corresponding with her actual state of heart. Yet under some secret grief her life was manifestly sinking. When he compared the bright gleeful girl who was his sister four years ago, with the stricken care-worn woman who still responded to the name of Lucy, he felt emotions rising within him, of which his sister's husband was the object, such as cost him no little effort to repress. He looked to this conversation to remove his suspicions if they were unfounded; to advance them to certainty if they were not. In this he was disappointed: the very vividness of the consciousness of her own state of heart, which the peculiar subject of the conversation caused her to experience, led her to conceal it the more carefully. And so successfully did she effect this, that she contrived to inform her brother of the inutility of any interference on her part, and of the hopelessness of any change on her husband's, without casting even the faintest imputation on the latter. "George invariably employs so much deliberation and prudence," she said, "in deciding on any course of action, that, when once he has resolved on any such, he never swerves. This

gives him at times a semblance of hardness and pertinacity." Gentle judge! How mistaken an estimate! Inexorable to the weak and his enemies, he was pliable to inconsistency where popularity or influence were at stake. And yet he was capable of better things. But, destitute of one fundamental principle, from which to judge of all subordinate truths—moral or intellectual—the medium through which he looked at questions that came before him took its colour from contemporaneous events, and his most trustworthy testimony were logical inferences.

The other object Sumner had in view in this conversation, was to induce his sister to be the medium of a direct communication from himself to Mr. Perigord, with the view of promoting some relaxation, at least, of the inveterate hostility which the latter so perseveringly waged against him in the discharge of his parochial duties. He was ready to make any concession short of a compromise of higher duties. The result he so fondly desired, however, appeared to him to be even more hopeless than it was before. Upon the other subject of his interview, he was resolved on obtaining more satisfactory information. To suspect that the demeanour of his brother-in-law towards his sister was gradually undermining her health as well as happiness, without being able to be quite certain of it, was intolerable. Accordingly, when he found that in no other way was there a possibility of his arriving at a definite conclusion on the matter, he determined to obtain what he wanted by plainly and pointedly demanding it of her.

"Lucy, you are not happy?" he commenced with intentional abruptness. There was a slight pause. If he had been close enough to his sister to have heard her repressed breath as it struggled sobbingly through her lungs, or if he had held the trembling hand in his own which her child was then pressing to his lips, he would have needed no distinct answer to his inquiries. The little fellow came opportunely to his mother's relief. Looking up into her face, with eyes filled with tears and lips trembling with emotion, "Mamma not unhappy; is mamma?" he asked coaxingly. Utterance was impossible to Lucy Perigord. She gazed long and fixedly at her child, and trembled visibly.

The little fellow quickly perceived that something was wrong with his mother, and that that look was not the one she usually wore. The transparent complexion of his cheeks and forehead were in a moment flushed with colour. Turning short round, and frowning heavily, "I can't bear you, naughty uncle!" he said passionately; at the same time throwing out his tiny hand in an attitude of deprecation, "How dare you say mamma unhappy! Mamma isn't; is you, dear mamma?" And he wreathed around her his tiny arms, and clung to her as if to protect as well as love her.

Lucy Perigord had no self-control at command adequate for an emergency such as this. She lifted her boy upon her lap, clasped him to her bosom, and burying her face amidst his clustering locks, broke into an agony of tears.

Sumner was touched to the heart's quick. Those tears conveyed the distinctest information as to his inquiries he was likely to obtain from his sister. Thinking it to be the kindest course under the circumstances, he maintained silence for some minutes. It was broken only by his little nephew, who intermingled his embraces of his mother with alternate exclamations of "Poor mamma!" and "Naughty uncle!" At length, when the first violence of his mother's weeping was in a degree assuaged, he suddenly slipped down from her knees, and, running up to his uncle, commenced a violent assault upon him with his active little hands. When he had accomplished this feat of vengeance to the best of his ability, he ran back to his mother, and attempted to resume his place. She would not however suffer this until he had returned and kissed his uncle.

"I don't want to kiss uncle Harry!" he objected,

with pouting lips, "I want to kiss dear mamma and papa."

"For shame, Georgy!" said his mother. "What, beat good uncle Harry, who is so good and kind to little Harry, and to papa, and mamma! For shame! Go and kiss him directly."

"He isn't good. He said mamma unhappy. Naughty uncle made mamma cry. I won't kiss uncle Harry," the little fellow persisted.

"What! will Georgy make mamma unhappy by not doing what she bids him?" she continued.

Instantly he turned round, and running up to Harry Sumner, who stooped to receive him, he threw his arms round his neck, and covered his cheeks with a profusion of such kisses as belong only to the lips of childhood.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Consigned to heaven her cares and woes
And sunk in undisturbed repose."

The Lady of the Lake.

"Let her sleep!
False and cruel Love,
Weeping—she hath ceased to weep!
Let her die!
All her hope beneath the sky
Was in her mortality."—S. M.

ABOUT eighteen months had now elapsed since Sumner entered on his ministerial duties in the parish of Bribeworth. The hostility of his brother had been unremitting and successful. Up to the present moment it had not suffered the smallest abatement. The principles he professed, in spite of the forbearance and meekness with which he urged them, experienced that peculiarly envenomed opposition which only truth can provoke. Many of the parishioners, who before had regarded him with affection, on account of his unassuming kindness of disposition, and unaffected simplicity and affability of demeanour, now viewed him with something like repugnance. But one or two families remained staunch in their adherence. They were however the choice spirits of the town, and that in a measure compensated for the smallness of their number.

The squire succeeded to the popularity which his brother had forfeited: he was indeed in the very zenith of fame and success. He still retained the chiefdom in the councils of his sovereign. His hostility to Sumner was unremitting. Beneath the weight of his powerful influence the poor curate was well nigh extinguished. Very miserable was Harry Sumner in consequence. To be the cause, however involuntarily, of so much discord and ill-will distressed him, at times, beyond endurance. He could not, however, think it to be his duty to retire before an opposition of such a nature. He felt that he should only be gratifying the bad, and affording a triumph to the enemies of truth, in doing so. And therefore he resolved, cost him what it might, so long as the rector wished him to remain, not to desert his post or the faithful few who supported him. But a grief even more heavy was awaiting him. With sorrowful heart, and many a desponding misgiving, he had watched his sister's failing health. He could not but observe that the vital flame was rapidly sinking to extinction. Each day it seemed that he could detect a perceptible difference in her appearance. She had, however, contrived to conceal the symptoms of the disease that was in truth consuming her hourly, with such a heroism of self-command, that not until her bodily powers on a sudden absolutely failed her, was Sumner made fully aware of the real state of her health. One day her wonted visit to the cottage, accompanied with little Georgy, was omitted. A note written in a trembling hand reached Sumner by a messenger, in which the writer requested him to make some excuse to her mother for her non-appearance that day, and to pay her a visit at Pendlebury as soon as he could be spared from his parish duties. He instantly proceeded thither, after satisfying Mrs. Sumner's eager inquiries. When he arrived he was told that Mrs. Perigord was not able to

leave her bed. The waiting maid showed him to her apartment.

What does he see? A sight that curdles up every drop of blood within his veins. He musters up all the nerves at his command to repress the emotion kindled by that sad spectacle. "My poor sister!" he groaned inwardly, and in obedience to that attenuated hand beckoning him to the bedside, he approached and seated himself close to her. A full, and dry, and bursting sensation in his throat choked his utterance for a time; and he found it necessary, if he would articulate at all, to avert his gaze from the invalid. The uncomplaining patience of her endurance of such an extremity of suffering was very touching. Her eyes, once so brightly blue, drooped with a languid and lack-lustre appearance. The emaciated fingers of one hand lay faintly upon the coverlid, colourless as marble, save the faint blue of the veins which streaked their surface. Her cheeks and lips, which not long ago glowed with the brightest bloom of youth and happiness, were colourless. The roundness of her oval-shaped countenance was exchanged for a pointed and sunken appearance. Her richly brown hair hung about the pillow in matted and dishevelled tresses. She strove very hard to raise her voice to something like its natural tone in speaking to her brother, but failed; and was unable to utter a word for a few seconds through the exhaustion occasioned by the effort. When she did speak, it was in a whisper; and that so feeble, that her brother was compelled to bring his ear very near to her in order to distinguish her articulation.

"Harry dear!" she whispered, "I think I am about to be parted from my dearest husband, and you all—and from this—" (languidly placing her finger upon a tiny arm which wreathed around her neck as she lay in the bed) "whom I feel I love too much. I have no feeling resembling despair, God be praised! Rather—and this is very mysterious—I am conscious of a cheerfulness, less fitful, but more intense and real, than I ever before experienced. God grant this be not presumption."

"My sweetest Lucy!" interrupted her brother in a trembling voice.

"If I could receive the last consolation of religion in your company, the rector's, and my husband's, I should count the moment to my departure hence."

Her brother covered his face with his hands, and was wholly unable to articulate a reply. At length even his fortitude gave way—big tears rolled down his cheeks: looking upwards with an expression of supplicating agony—"And is it thus, in truth—in truth! My sister! O my sister! Great God, thy will be done!" Then placing his face near to hers, he said, in a tone of voice subdued to calm and most soothing gentleness, "Nay, my Lucy, you have been dispensing with medical aid too long; I trust that the terrible state of weakness and prostration into which you have allowed yourself to sink alarms you unnecessarily."

"I hope not, Harry—for my own sake," she interrupted him, "and as for others—for others—" here her voice failed her, and she was obliged to be silent for a while. Her brother was listening to each syllable with a beating heart. "For others," at length she continued, "I do not think. Break it to mamma, Harry—nay, it is beyond a doubt—send for George to-day."

"I will."

"Oh, pray do!" Lucy Perigord interrupted, with impassioned earnestness.

"You must let me send, also, another personage to you immediately, whom you stand much in need of," continued Sumner.

"Oh, you mean that good, kind doctor," she whispered in reply. "Very well, if you think it best, I shall be glad if he can find a means of sustaining my failing strength until these last solemn acts are performed. More is beyond his, or any human physician's art."

Sumner instantly despatched a note to a very eminent physician who practised at Bribeworth, pressing his

immediate attendance. He was at home when the messenger arrived, and promptly attended the summons. Her feelings had not misled her. The state in which the doctor found his gentle patient was one which only admitted of the relief of opiates. These, then, he judiciously administered; and, with the help of the artificial sleep they procured, together with whatever description of nourishment her state of weakness allowed him to throw in, he was so far successful as to feed for a day or two the flickering vital flame.

By that evening's post Sumner wrote to his brother-in-law. On the morning of the second day following, Mr. Perigord arrived, accompanied by two of the most eminent physicians in London. In obedience to her husband's wishes, she consented to admit them to an interview.

"Thank you, gentlemen," she faintly whispered, "for kindly coming so great a distance. My case is beyond the reach of even such skill as yours."

It was impossible for them not to assent to this opinion. No prolonged consultation was needed to assure them that the patient had but a few days more to live, at most. Everything had been done for her that could be done. With a liberality not unusual in the profession to which they belonged, they refused, under the circumstances, a larger fee than would defray their travelling expenses and loss of time, and taking a kind and feeling farewell of the patient, they returned homewards.

On the following day Sumner brought his kind rector to his sister's bedside, and immediately left the room. There was a smile, calm and bright, and of angel softness, upon his features, when the good man looked upon his dying niece. Yet his eyes filled with tears; and he inwardly longed that he might be taken hence in her stead. He remained with her upwards of an hour—he then left her. Exhaustion, and the assistance of the opiates administered to her, procured her a long and refreshing sleep. The Premier and the household retired to rest. Not a sound was heard that night throughout the mansion of Pendlebury save by the dying slumberer. She heard all night long holy chaunts, surpassingly melodious, and saw visions glorious and bright. There were two watchers who retired not to rest—the good old rector, and Harry Sumner. All night long they prayed: nor did their fragrant incense cease ascending heavenwards until the light of morning dawn aroused the sick, and announced the time for preparing to celebrate the holy communion. The rector was the celebrant, Sumner assisting him. Mr. Perigord and Mrs. Sumner communicated, and old Millisant and his daughter. The rector prepared to commence the service: first, however, he advanced to his nephew and extended his hand. The latter took it, and shook it warmly. Sumner then advanced close to him, prayed his forgiveness of whatever he might have done from a sense of duty in opposition to his wishes, and entreated that this solemn moment might witness a reconciliation with his dying wife's brother. "You cannot give her back her *broken heart*," he said solemnly, in a whisper, "but you can cease to pursue with hatred her own flesh and blood."

"I bear you neither hatred nor ill-will," said the Premier, proudly; "but I am unable to swerve from a course which I deliberately adopted. If I decline your hand, it is not from the smallest feeling of ill-will."

"Oh, sir, you deceive yourself," remonstrated the rector, in a tone of persuasive gentleness. "Believe me, you deceive yourself. Turn not a deaf ear to an old man's entreaties, for your own soul's sake. Profane not these holy mysteries by sharing in them in malice."

"Let the service proceed," replied the individual addressed. "I assure you, sir, that such a feeling has no place within me."

The rector shook his head mournfully, and the holy office commenced.

The power of will displayed by Mrs. Sumner through-

out this short, sharp illness of her beloved daughter was almost superhuman. Her heart was rent asunder with excruciating agony, yet she suffered no evidence of it, beyond that of an ordinary mourner, to reach her daughter. As long as she could master the expression of her feelings, she talked to her with the utmost cheerfulness and resignation. When this was no longer in her power, she retired to a private apartment, and then gave vent to the pent-up agony of her soul. A short soft slumber, which came to the succour of her daughter's exhausted strength, shortly after she had partaken of the last and sublimest aids of religion, afforded her the last opportunity she was to have of seeking this temporary relief. She had just returned to the sick room; Lucy Perigord was still in sleep: but, as her mother entered, she extended her arms from the bed clothes, and reached them out as if in search of proffered hands. Then gently raising her lids, her eyes glistening with supernatural lustre, gazed from side to side of the bed, as though she missed some object or other.

"What is it, my sweetest Lucy?" inquired her sobbing mother, as she showered kisses on her white, white cheeks and forehead.

"Where are they?" could just be detected by the wretched parent's listening ear; "those—in white—where?" she murmured faintly.

Then, by a sudden accession of strength, she raised herself in the bed to a sitting posture; her mother supported her. The old hue and glow of health overspread her countenance: her bright blue eyes shone as of yore.

"George!" she said, beckoning to her husband, "my dearest husband!"

He drew near, took her hand in his, and pressed it warmly and affectionately. The short rekindling of the flame of life was now beginning to subside.

"My child—my child!" she exclaimed.

Some one immediately hurried away to fetch him.

"Love me, George!" gasped the dying wife, "love me, when I'm gone!" and she vainly essayed to kiss his hand.

Just then the child was brought to her. He uttered not a word nor syllable, but cast his little arms around his mother, and, as he covered her with kisses, wept and sobbed piteously. She made an effort to raise her arms, as if to embrace him; it was in vain. Gently leaning back upon the pillows, a warm smile gathered on her features, her eyelids gradually closed; her breath grew fainter and fainter, until it had imperceptibly ceased; the icy whiteness of death placed its seal upon her countenance, and fixed there that sunset smile. So, on a still spring evening, the shadows lengthen on some blue mountain lake. The sun appears to have withdrawn—on a sudden, a burst of radiance illuminates the extreme verge of the heavens—then all is calm, subdued, and deepening shade. Thus went down Lucy Perigord's sun of life below its limitable horizon.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Haste me to know it; that I with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love
May sweep to my revenge."—*Hamlet*.

WHATEVER love it was in the power of George Jones Perigord, Esq., of Pendlebury, and First Lord of the Treasury, to bestow upon a fellow creature, he had lavished upon his wife. So minute was that affection, however, as to have been imperceptible to others. Acquaintances and friends could not see it—his deceased wife was unable to see it, nor could her relatives. And yet so uncomplaining had been the suffering of the departed, so completely did she hide from all observation that her husband's unloving coldness was freezing up her heart's life-blood, that her dearest and most anxious relations even were never able, as we have seen, to arrive at any certainty on the matter: whilst her husband's delusion was so complete, that up to the present moment not a suspicion had troubled his mind that

Mrs. Perigord had not been all along the most enviable of human beings and the happiest of wives.

All doubt, however, was finally dissipated in Sumner's mind by those dying accents of his sister: "Love me when I'm gone, George!" rung in his ears from morning to night. The tone, so supplicating, so forgiving—in which they were uttered haunted him. He could not rid himself of their echoes. His own existence was not more clear to him than that his sister had died of a *broken heart*. Now indeed he found the duty of forgiveness difficult and painful. It seemed at times as though it lacerated every feeling of his bosom to regard that compound of successful egotism and selfishness with a single kindly emotion; but the spiritual triumphed over the natural, and he *forgave*.

Meanwhile Mr. Perigord observed the interval of deepest mourning with becoming gravity. He maintained a rigid seclusion, and in every accustomed manner manifested a most decent regret for the loss he had sustained. It must not, however, be concealed that the bereaved husband found an alleviation to his grief in an instinctive perception which, for the present, he kept in a passive dormant state, down in the shallow bottom of his desolated heart, "that the tie which had so inconveniently connected him with the ruined curate of Bribeworth was now broken." Henceforth he should be deterred by no decent restraint. Henceforth himself and the Sumners were strangers. "And so now, my young friend," mused the Premier, "we will see whether we cannot snap the reed of your impertinent opposition." The *truth of fiction* requires the admission, that the Right Honourable statesman spent no inconsiderable portion of his mourning retirement in maturing plans for crushing his former relative. The following were some of the steps decided on: to propitiate, if possible, his uncle, the rector; by shop patronage to retain a firm hold on the dissenting population of the town, as well as of that far more obnoxious and turbulent herd whose adhesion to the Church was a matter to them of respectability or perverseness rather than of faith, or even conviction.

He resolved, moreover, to express and conduct himself upon principles of the most *enlarged liberality* towards the remaining small section of the church-going people, a class to whom his countenance or his hostility was a subject of indifference, save as concerned the injury done to himself by the latter course, which the principles of their holy religion would induce them to regret with unfeigned sorrow and compassion. He then resolved to watch every movement of the young curate, and he little doubted to be able in a very short space of time to discover instances of intemperance and indiscretion, or of what might easily be represented as such to an ignorant and credulous rabble. Then the interposition of the bishop might be invoked with effect to remove the unpopular curate to a spot where he would be less known, and where his proceedings might not call down such extensive disapprobation. Mr. Perigord hoped to effect this very speedily. And, as he expected he would be applying for the higher orders in a few months, he looked forward to that event quite confidently as likely to afford a favourable opportunity for applying to the bishop for his removal.

A week had now elapsed since the decease of Lucy Perigord. The solemn service for the departed was read over her mortal remains. The sad procession returned. The trappings of mourning were laid aside. Pendlebury was re-opened. The premier was seen once more to smile. "How fond he was of his wife!" said the spinsters. "What a beautiful funeral! so simple and so unpretending!" said the county gossip. "He's terribly cut up!" said the shopkeepers and the sympathizing housewives. The newspapers announced "the afflicting and sudden bereavement experienced by the premier;" and spoke in penny-a-line raptures of the fortitude with which he bore up under a stroke as unexpected as it was severe. Altogether, the death and

the funeral added to the premier's extensive popularity.

Higher claims now demanded his thoughts and attention. He must shake off his *sorrow*, and proceed to business. A few matters remained to be arranged: which would detain him another week at Bribeworth.

Now without going so far as to state that he deliberately set about to irritate, worry, and provoke Harry Sumner, it is nevertheless the fact that such was the direction his proceedings immediately assumed. It might have been, and probably was, the mere natural consequence of the plan of action he had resolved upon. It became evident to Sumner that if the parish was to enjoy another hour's peace he must seek another sphere of duty. He wrote to his clerical friend at Oxford, and asked for final advice how he should act. The Doctor was still of opinion that he should stay on, redoubling his care to give no pretext of offence. "It is a sharp trial," he added, "but your course will be made clear for you at last." Thus advised, Sumner applied himself the more laboriously to his onerous duties—resolved to concern himself no more about results, and to be careful only to keep a clear conscience from day to day. The typhus fever happened to be desolating the more squalid quarters of the town, and afforded him ample employment. In spite of this accumulation of bodily labour, he had experienced sensations of rest, and calm, and recreation, ever since he had ceased to torment himself about the squire's inveterate and shameful hostility.

During the last few months that one deep feeling which most of any distracted and humbled him, his love for Lady Agnes, had somewhat succumbed. He hoped he was about to be permitted to gain the mastery. But it had only wanted occasions for its importunities. Every moment and every thought were pre-occupied, surcharged. The more exacting affairs of the trying period which had just elapsed kept it in the back ground, and limited its sway. It returned now with renewed force. Some natures would have given way before a trial so searching. It must not be asserted that Sumner's never tottered to its fall. But higher succour came to his rescue. He imagined he was able himself to perceive the good accruing to him from a crisis so perilous. It *humbled* him. He had been, it may be, without it, inclined to pride and confidence. He might have presumed on his attainments, neglected precautions, and fallen before some future trial far less severe than the present. As it was he felt his weakness, applied to his active duties more resolutely, and left the result *elsewhere*.

The day on which the premier is to leave for the metropolis has arrived. Sumner learns to his astonishment that his departure is postponed to the next day. The next day he hears that Mr. Perigord is indisposed, and that he is delayed at Pendlebury still. Several days elapse. Each day Sumner receives intelligence that the squire is worse. He meets the physician. From him he learns that he has just advised the premier to keep his bed. Two London physicians are sent for—typhus is evidently threatening—London is in a ferment. The city princes "wonder whether he will die." The newspapers convey the affecting intelligence that the premier has been seized with a critical illness brought on by grief at the loss of his young and beautiful wife.

So long as Mr. Perigord's illness did not assume a threatening form, Sumner was content to ascertain indirectly the state of this relative's health. So soon as it took a threatening and dangerous form, he ventured to make constant and assiduous inquiries at the house. Once or twice he earnestly solicited to be admitted to an interview with the invalid. These offers were unavailing. A peremptory refusal was the invariable reply. The last was accompanied with a request that Mr. Sumner would cease his inconvenient molestations. The next intelligence the latter received was from his friend the Bribeworth doctor.

"It is bad typhus," he said. "Mr. Perigord is de-

cidedly in danger. He was seized with intermittent delirium to-day. And the worst is, that any chance he might have of recovery is destroyed by the person who is nursing him. He requires the exactest attention. Stimulants and nourishment should be administered in small quantities every hour, night and day. The room should be kept perfectly cool; he should be humoured in his ravings. These and other such unremitting attentions afford, humanly speaking, his only chance. But the person who nurses him appears to me to be completely indifferent to the recovery of her patient. She is a mere hireling; she is rough and selfish."

"Doctor!" exclaimed Sumner eagerly, "do you think he will suffer me to wait upon him?"

"You!" echoed the doctor, half incredulously, half musingly. "He named you once or twice to-day in his ravings," he continued. "He will soon become wholly insensible. You might. It is his only chance. If he observes you, and becomes irritable, you can but give up. I shall be there again this afternoon, and will let you know."

When the doctor paid his next visit to his patient, he found him in the state he had expected. He was in raving delirium. Sumner, acting under the doctor's advice, dispensed with the nurse's services for the present, and took her place at the patient's bedside. For three weeks, the fever raged with unabated fury. The sufferer had scarcely a lucid interval throughout that period of time. Sumner watched by and waited on him with the patience and assiduity of a parent or a brother. With scrupulous exactness he observed every direction of the physicians. Every hour—not seldom, oftener—something was to be done. For four weeks he did not take off his clothes, nor recline upon a bed or couch. What little sleep he took was snatched in a hurried manner, at distant intervals, as he sat in his chair; and not then without a second person being in the room, to prevent his sleeping beyond the time when the patient next required his assistance. Regardless of contagion, without once taking a meal or a night's rest; scarcely, indeed, allowing himself enough food or sleep for the exigencies of his bodily frame; Sumner watched the progress of the terrible disease. It was commonly reported in the town that Mr. Sumner wanted to curry favour with the premier. His church patronage, it was hinted, "was not to be lightly forfeited." It was against this view of things that when Mr. Perigord was given up by the doctors, and his case pronounced hopeless, Sumner's attentions redoubled in intenseness and assiduity. Instead of sleeping, he prayed for the sufferer. When he seemed to have sunk to the lowest stage of bodily weakness compatible with existence, and his ravings grew faint, indistinct, and almost imperceptible, his affectionate nurse would stand by his bedside, by the half-hour together, his head bent, his anxious ear listening intently; longing to detect amidst those faint murmurings if it were but one accent of penitence, one prayer for pardon. Not one such ever fell upon his ear; and he betook himself with still increasing fervour to intercede for one who was now too far gone to be made sensible of new impressions. He heard only such incoherent ravings as these, and they took much the following order as to their general character in the course of the disease:

"The King! May it please your Majesty! Mr. Harry Sumner cannot form a ministry. Ah! who is that I see? Go out of my chamber—I will have no cabals here. Hence, I say! Thwart me indeed? Me! me! Ha! ha! My uncle, may it please you, madam—my uncle! A very worthy archbishop. He will crush that worm—that—that"—and here his strength appeared to fail him, and he sank into a state of insensibility.

At another time:—

"What are those hideous faces? Take them out, I say. Another majority! Pretty well that—a decided hit! Take them out, I say—I cannot bear them. What do they stare at me for? Away with them!"

On another occasion:—

"Sir—sir—no whispering there to your sister. These state secrets are not to be revealed. You will never be prime minister. You are too frank and open—never—never."

One night he tried to get out of bed. Sumner gently quieted him. "What is that hurly-burly?" he asked, with an affrighted look. "I hear bells—I say I do. Those horrid church bells, ding-donging away night and morning. No such thing—I won't permit it. Ah! leave me! Am I dismissed? Othello's occupation's gone! So short a reward! Such toil! Ah! well-a-day! well-a-day! I say I will be prime minister yet."

The last words he was able to articulate were as follows:—

"What is that light? Not a candle? No, I say. No, not a lamp—no Bude light. It is fading. Where is it? See! Look at that beautiful angel! How glorious! There! there! No, there!—Pray! I can't. I'm too weak. May it please your Majesty! if the burden of the taxes be removed from all the classes who are likely to be disaffected, and placed—you see I can't. Lucy! Lucy! Lucy! don't go. I pray! Angel!" Here his voice failed. Upon this occasion the physicians were standing at his bedside. In a few seconds they perceived that their patient had fallen into a deep sleep. "There are hopes!" both at once exclaimed in a low voice.

"God be praised!" ejaculated Sumner, with fervent emotion.

"Amen!" the sick man rather breathed than spoke in his sleep.

From this moment there was at least no exasperation of the patient's symptoms. The following day, there was a manifest improvement. The day after, the doctor who felt his pulse looked at the other in attendance, and at Sumner, as he marked its beatings, with an expression of face which left no doubt as to its meaning. "It has fallen from 200 to 85!" he exclaimed, as he gently replaced the attenuated arm within the bed-clothes. "There are hopes?" then asked Sumner eagerly. "His only danger now is from weakness," replied the doctor, "and with care I hope we shall be able to manage that. But we really must get another nurse, Mr. Sumner, or we shall have you taking Mr. Perigord's place."

"God's will be done!" he replied. "I do not leave him until he is out of danger, or insists on my doing so."

At first, the sick man did not exhibit any decided symptoms of rallying from the tremendous shock he had suffered. The fever, indeed, had left him. It had struggled long and hard to destroy its victim. It had now been bidden to depart. The superinduced weakness, however, threatened for some days consequences as fatal as that terrible epidemic itself. The unceasing, vigilant care and attendance, however, of Harry Sumner began after the lapse of about eight days, under God, to tell. The patient began to mend.

In the first interval of returning consciousness, he was utterly unable to comprehend his position. There were well-known features constantly about him; he had remembered them, in spite of his delirium, throughout his protracted state of dangerous fever. He had been, in a measure, sensible of the ceaseless attentions of the individual they designated. For a long while after the fever had left him he went on passively receiving the wonted ministrations. Even when a healthy consciousness returned to his enfeebled frame, he could not at first be quite sure who it was who was thus with such self-denial performing the part towards him of a sister or a brother; yes, even of a mother. Surely it was Harry Sumner! Yet he was not that pale, wan, ghastly, dishevelled being, who now glided about his room with noiseless steps, attentive to the smallest movement, even to every look of the invalid.

All doubt on the subject, however, was very speedily dispelled. At first, and for some while, he was far too weak even to realize such a state of things. Much less

could he find reason for it, or decide on his own proceedings with reference to it. So he quiescently submitted for the present. He was too feeble, both in mind and body, to wish even for any alteration yet a while. The instant after the doctors pronounced their patient "out of danger" Sumner resigned his charge, and disappeared from Pendlebury. They gave an opinion to this effect earlier than they were quite justified in doing, for Sumner's sake. For they saw that he was imperilling his own health and life. Mr. Perigord became very speedily sensible of the change of nurses he had experienced. Once or twice he inquired where Mr. Sumner was. He even expressed an anxiety about his health. He hoped he had not taken the fever.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"There is in us a superfluity of soul, which it is sweet to consecrate to the beautiful, when the good has been accomplished."

MADAME DE STAËL.

"For truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation."

The Pleasures of Imagination.

"Ye happy souls,
Who now her tender discipline obey,
Where dwell ye?"—*Ibid.*

MR. PERIGORD gradually recovered. He saw no more of Sumner; but he heard from many mouths, and with much exactness of detail, the extent of his obligations to that obnoxious individual. In the first self-congratulation and exhilaration of returning health, he was disposed to acknowledge and yield to them; but as the old feelings returned and the topics of life began to thicken around him again, he became keenly alive to a sensation of defeat such as he could in no way brook. There was for some time a struggle in his mind, between the opposing inspirations of his own and a better nature. What most obstructed the latter, was the consideration that he was no longer quite free to choose his course in future. The open and relentless hostility with which he had pursued Harry Sumner before his illness was no longer practicable. He might have endured to abandon it as a matter of concession; but to have been disarmed of it, and by the very individual who had had the temerity to brave his opposition, was unendurable. It was a *defeat*—and by Harry Sumner. On the other hand, he could not be insensible to the fact, whilst he owed *his life*, humanly speaking, to one who was indebted to him only for provocations. The object of these conflicting emotions did not present himself; they were not therefore likely to be called into action for the present, and were allowed to remain in a state of equipoise and mutual neutralization. In one particular, however, there was a slight predominance of the better influences. His little boy had been removed, at the first threatening of the typhus, to Bribeworth Cottage; there he still remained, and his father issued no orders for his recall. Each day the dreaded summons was expected at the cottage; each day that passed without it was a reprieve. The little fellow had become endeared to the two inmates of that peaceful dwelling by ties of unusual force and tenderness. In addition to his natural attractions, whose winning fascinations it must have been a cold heart that could altogether resist, he was a lovely image and remembrance, to Mrs. Sumner, of a daughter, the pang of whose bereavement time could not alleviate; to Harry Sumner, of a sister, from whom it had cost him a martyrdom to part.

Mrs. Sumner yearned but to be permitted to sink down into her grave gazing upon her Lucy's boy. Sumner marked his artless ways, and listened to his innocent prattle, and felt himself the nearer to that place, to reach which he was prepared to welcome all he might be called upon to suffer here. Little Georgy pined piteously for his lost parent. "Where is dear mamma?" he would inquire twenty times a day.

"Uncle Harry, how long mamma is gone! Will she never come back—never—not for a long while, at all! Shall I go to her? But I can't go if she be so far away, because I'm only a little boy. Poor grandmamma! Why are you so sorry, grandmamma! Poor grandmamma! Don't cry—Georgy doesn't cry—Uncle doesn't cry." Thus would he prattle on.

One morning, when Mr. Perigord was now completely restored, and was able to take his ordinary amount of horse exercise, the rector was breakfasting at Bribeworth Cottage. Little Georgy, who had become a great favourite, dressed in deep mourning, was seated on the old man's knee. Mrs. Sumner, in a similar attire, was gazing on her beautiful grandchild. Sumner too was gazing fondly at his little nephew.

"Sumner!" said the rector, with sudden abruptness, "I am going to resign the living."

Sumner started at this unexpected intelligence. "I am indeed sorry to hear it," was the reply that first came to his lips. But he checked himself—thought a moment or two, and added, "This is a recent determination, sir, is it not?"

"It is a resolve six weeks old," replied the rector.

"I scarcely know whether to regret or rejoice," Sumner continued. "To terminate my ministerial connexion with you, can occasion me only unmixed regret. Of course, I shall immediately resign the cure; and, all things considered, I do not think I ought to regret that!"

"I mean you to resign the cure," said the rector; "and I mean you to succeed to the rectory!"

"What do you mean, sir?" inquired Sumner, who was fairly puzzled at this announcement.

"Why, I mean, that you are at present *rector de facto*—you do all the work—have all the odium—all the responsibilities—are saddled with all the quarrels. I am too old to shake off my constitutional indolence, were it even otherwise in my power. So I have come to the conclusion, that at least I can resign the temporal advantages I derive from an office I am not able to discharge adequately. Neither is there any great merit in it; but the reverse. My means will not be straitened, nor a single comfort diminished thereby. However, that is my determination. The next presentation is in my gift; and I mean to offer it to my curate."

Sumner used every persuasion in his power to dissuade the rector from this step; and succeeded in delaying at least its fulfilment, by announcing his fixed determination not to accept the preferment.

It was about a week after this occurrence. The breakfast things had been just removed; and little Georgy was impatiently tugging at his uncle's coat, with the view of dragging him into the garden to play with him, when the postman arrived with the letters. The handwriting of the direction of one of them instantly caught Sumner's eye, and occasioned an exhibition of emotion so palpable as to attract the observation of the child. He did not utter a word, but suddenly desisted importuning his uncle. Running quickly to his grandmother, he threw himself into her arms. She had stooped with extended arms to receive him, and raised him upon her lap. The little fellow threw one arm around her neck; and leaning his head with its long clustering tresses against her bosom, placed his forefinger on his lips, and kept his bright blue eyes fixed with an inquiring gaze upon his uncle.

The latter had turned from the hand-writing of the direction to the seal; it was impressed with a coronet. He tore open the cover, and read the signature. He read it and re-read it. It was "*Clifton*." He could not immediately prevail on himself to peruse the contents of the letter; but kept for some seconds turning it over in his hands, and inspecting the direction and the seal—the seal and the impression. At length, with beating heart and quickened pulse, he read as follows:—

"MY DEAR SUMNER,—It is now something more than three years since we have met. I am going to take an

unusual step, it must be admitted; but I feel quite sure of you—and I am more sure of my own motives than one is ordinarily able to feel. I am going to confide in you, with a frankness at least equal to that with which some time ago you behaved towards me. My communication has reference chiefly to my sister and yourself. At the time when your highminded resolution was first taken, concerning the termination of an engagement which I looked upon with unfeigned pleasure, it was impossible for me, for many reasons which you will readily understand and appreciate, to offer any decided opposition to that step. It seemed to be my part to accept the course of events and lay myself out to the support and comfort of Agnes, under what was at the time to her a great trial ———”

“At the time!” Why does Sumner, as he reads those words, change colour? why does the letter tremble in his hands? His little nephew, carefully and silently observing all the while, looked up into Mrs. Sumner’s face with an inquiring glance, as though he would ask, “What is the matter with uncle Harry?”

“Upwards of three years have now elapsed since that event. Throughout that period I have never left Agnes. I have accompanied her to incessant changes of scene and climate; I have watched her heroic efforts at the mastery of herself. Not one complaining word has ever issued from her lips. The few times that your name was mentioned she entertained the topic without the betrayal of an emotion. Bitterly has she striven to overcome the excessive importunities of a human love, which a higher will appeared to forbid her. She has succeeded, to all outward appearances. No observer—not even one so intimate and anxious as myself—could detect a sign of the presence of such an emotion. But her health has given way under the struggle. If it proceed thus, it will cost her her life. She is but the shadow of what she once was. You would not know her. I cannot bring myself to believe that considerations such as influenced you in your resolution are sufficient to justify it in circumstances such as the present. I can perfectly enter into them. They were highly honourable; but there is a limit to them. I am as indifferent as Agnes even, to the worldly rank of the individual on whom she bestows herself. To both our thinkings, the lowest order of the ministry is more honourable than the most exalted natural birth, or the most prosperous worldly circumstances. It is a slight proof of this that I could have accompanied this letter with an offer of a living of 8,000*l.* a-year. Without flattery, I know no one else to whom I would rather have given it. I have, however, placed it in the hands of the bishop of the diocese. I mention this to convince you how absolutely needless is that obstacle which first determined you to pursue a course so creditable. Agnes is of course in profound ignorance of my having written to you on such a subject; and I should wish her always to remain so. But I shall be glad, supposing you to have no other reasons to the contrary, if you are able to feel that there are such phenomena as ladies who think the decent to no conventional position in society, however depressed, a condescension or a sacrifice, when it is to that of one whom they have been able to love; and as brothers who participate to the full in these sentiments.

“I remain, dear Sumner, your affectionate friend,
“CLIFTON.”

We will not weary the reader with a description of the various emotions which the perusal of this letter excited within the breast of Sumner. His own determination was rapid and decisive. But in a matter of so much moment, and where his own feelings were so intensely compromised, he resolved not to trust entirely to his own judgment. He made a journey to Oxford, and consulted his venerated guide and counsellor. That good man’s advice had been *already sought* in precisely the same affair. This he did not, of course, communicate to Sumner; but he counselled him accordingly.

“God be praised!” exclaimed Sumner. “The higher state is beyond such as I. My weakness could not reach it; and this indulgence is thus lovingly conceded me.”

“I have another little communication to make to you,” added Dr. ———. “It is of small moment, except in so far as it will afford you a *permanent* sphere of duty. The rectory of ——— has become vacant. The individual to whom it belongs has placed it in the hands of the bishop. The bishop has condescended to request me to name to him a priest to fill it. I have named you; and I hope you will accept it.”

That night Sumner returned to Bribeworth. The next day he sent off the following letter to Lord Clifton:

“MY DEAR CLIFTON,—Many words after such a letter as yours would be misspent. Will you kindly interpose your good offices with your most dear sister in my behalf, and implore of her a discontinuance of an estrangement which has been to me one prolonged agony. If I could have anticipated such terrible results as you hint at to one I so devotedly love, I fear that not even the considerations you so generously approve would have been strong enough to influence me as they did. Do you really think she will admit me again to a hope of that relationship I imagined I had forfeited for ever?”

“Forgive my not writing at greater length; I am unable to do so. Words fail me. Indeed I am scarcely able at once to realize my position.

“Ever, my dear Clifton,

“Your attached and affectionate friend
“HARRY SUMNER.”

Sumner next called upon the rector: there was a triumphant twinkle in the eyes of the latter.

“You won’t have such an old fellow as I am for your assistant curate, will you, Harry?” he asked alily.

“I wish, my dear rector,” replied Sumner, “that you would have been prevailed upon to permit me to remain in that relation to you until an event which I hope may be long delayed.”

“Ah well, never mind,” replied the rector; “old men are obstinate. You must allow others to have a conscience; even us old fellows of the old school—eh, friend Sumner? You have taken your revenge—”

“How do you mean, sir?” Sumner interrupted.

“Why, I mean,” said the old gentleman with deliberate, slow and lingering enunciation, “on our friend there at ‘the house.’”

Sumner smiled, and was silent.

“You have wreaked a *revenger* that nearly cost you your life on my nephew, for the considerate and engaging manner in which he has smoothed the pathway of your onerous duties in his neighbourhood. And now I have my revenge on you for your careless neglect of my parish, ever since I promoted you to what my nephew contrived to make to you so enviable a cure.”

The purport of Lord Clifton’s answer to Sumner’s letter may be conjectured. Not long afterwards, Windlebourne was again tenanted by its rightful occupants. Some months intervened; in the course of which one by one the bright hues of health again came with cautious progress upon the countenance of Lady Agnes Clifton. Disciplined by affliction, unutterable gratitude for results so unlooked for possessed either soul. Still as the calm surface of unfathomable, rock-secluded water depths, was their profound contentment. The joint aim of the life of each was that it should be a daily record of thankfulness. Thus one strove to make her human love help her onwards to the intense realization of one more spiritual and transporting. The other was far too grateful to permit his solemn duties to be ever interfered with by the enticing pleasures of his returned existence. The day of marriage union came, and the Rev. Harry Sumner (now Rector of Bribeworth) and Lady Agnes Clifton were pronounced, by that authority which no terrestrial power can gainsay, man and wife.

FINIS.

L'ENVOI.

I know not, reader, if we shall ever meet again: if not, farewell. The nature and limits of a periodical have prevented my fully working out the original design of this imperfect work. As it stands, it is little better than a mere "Sketch." Yet, if in the course of your perusal of it you have conceived one notion of the essentially true and beautiful, as contradistinguished from the empiric mimicries of rationalism and *liberal* unbelief, Polydore will not have laboured all in vain.

THE VIGILANT MISTRESS.¹

THE picture of the Vigilant Mistress from which our engraving is taken is by Arnold Van Maas, a painter of the Dutch school, and well known as a successful imitator of the style of Rembrandt. There were three painters of the name of Maas: Arnold, the elder of the three, who painted weddings, dances, and such like festive scenes, with much humour and originality; Nicholas, who was a portrait painter of some note in his time, and Dirk, who excelled in painting market scenes, fruits and flowers. This last spent some years in England, where he painted for the Earl of Portland the Battle of the Boyne.

Of Arnold Van Maas little more is known than that he was a disciple of David Teniers the younger, from whom he probably acquired a taste for imitating nature in her simplest forms, unadorned and unassisted by those poetic feelings and vivid imaginations which gave so much grace and beauty to the productions of Italian artists. The style of Maas, and indeed of all the painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, is no doubt of a lower description, but still it is excellent in its kind. Whether the subjects of their pencil be figures, landscapes, flowers, or any other realities, great or small, strong characteristic expression gives interest to them all, and nature is brought vividly and unmistakably before your eyes, with all the picturesque refinements of colour and grouping, and all the striking effects of light and shade, which consummate skill and science can confer.

Arnold Van Maas was born at Gonda in 1623. Having early acquired some distinction by his art at home, he was desirous of extending his fame, and accordingly travelled into Italy, with the intention of studying the best models which that country could afford him. He remained there several years, but he was not destined to exhibit to his countrymen any specimens of the improvement in taste, or skill, which he might have derived from his Italian studies, for he fell sick on his way home, and died at the early age of forty-one. Maas excelled in clear and brilliant colouring, and is fond of the strong contrasts of light and shade which distinguish Rembrandt and his followers, but he never equalled that great master in his management of the *chiaro-scuro*, nor Teniers, or even Jan Stein, in their soft and brilliant touches. He had, however, a peculiar talent for representing scenes which

required spirit and humour, and has obtained a lasting reputation among the artists of his school for simplicity of conception, and vivid representation of nature. Among his works, which are not numerous, the Vigilant Mistress is one of the happiest specimens of that quiet, sly humour, which was his peculiar merit. The story is told with the utmost plainness and simplicity. The scene is laid in the interior of the dwelling of a person in the middle rank of life, probably in a Dutch farm-house. A cellar door stands on one side of the picture, barrels of home-brewed beer are ranged along the walls. Two servants seem to have been sent to tap one of these, but they have loitered on their errand, having apparently been unable to resist the temptation of tasting the liquor; for one of them has a glass at his lips, and is enjoying the bright brown ale as it runs slowly into his mouth, while the other is carrying on a rather violent flirtation with a maid-servant, who, having been allured by the joint fascinations of good liquor and good company, has left her broom on the floor, and joined the pleasant party. A lantern placed on the top of a barrel sheds just sufficient light upon the faces of the happy group to enable us to distinguish them amid the general obscurity of this part of the picture. Meanwhile the Vigilant Mistress, surprised by the unusually long time which her servants have taken to do her bidding, begins to suspect that something is amiss, and stealing softly from the upper room in which she has been sitting, she descends the stairs with noiseless steps, her finger upon her lips, while her eyes and ears are wide open, and quickly discovers the delinquency of her domestics. Another step and she will be amongst them, another moment and she will (to borrow Miss Bremer's emphatic phrase) "come down upon them like the day of judgment." If we may trust, however, to the cheerful expression of her countenance, her anger will be rather warm than lasting. She looks as if she thoroughly appreciated the fun of the scene, while she determines to punish them for wasting at once her time and her good ale, and we are induced to hope the merry party in the cellar may suffer no further penalty for their fault than the scolding they richly deserve. The pictures of Arnold Maas are scarce, and, like all rare things, fetch high prices when exposed to sale. That from which we have copied our engraving belongs to the collection of her Majesty.

THE RESTLESS SPIRIT'S WARNING.

BY ST. GEORGE.

"Go, lay thee on a soft and balmy bed,
Rest, rest, thou weary head;
Dew-spangled curtains of o'er-shadowing air
Hallow thy slumber there;
Thy dreamings shall not weep.
Doth not God give to his beloved sleep!"

"I cannot lay me down and be at rest,
I cannot hush my breast.
How can I wrap me in immortal airs,
Thus torn with raging cares?
My dreamings all will weep—
I am not His beloved; how should I sleep!"

(1) Vide Illustration.

"Rest, living spirit, from thy weary fearing,
 Be dull—unhearing—
 Lay down within a dark and narrow bed
 Thy pale unconscious head;
 There shall be no more strife,
 Life gives thee death, so death shall give thee life."

"Oh, hush! the moment is not yet at hand
 To seek that far-off land;
 Upon my cheek lies yet a worldly tear,
 And life is very dear.
 I may my watchings keep:
 God only gives to his beloved sleep."

"Yes 'tis too fair a gift for thee—blest boon,
 It shall not glad thy noon;
 And when thy noon into cold evening dies,
 It shall not seal thine eyes.
 Thy watchings thou shalt keep:
 God only gives to his beloved sleep."

"In vain thou shalt invite it as a guest
 To soften thine unrest;
 The loves of life shall all depart from thee,
 As leaves fall from the tree;
 But live thou on and weep,
 Till God shall hear thy prayer, shall give thee sleep."

AN OLD WOMAN'S IDEAS UPON ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

BY MRS. BURBURY.

"And Stranger is a holy name."
Lady of the Lake.

I ONCE heard it very gravely asserted by one of those now obsolete patriots, who about the time of the Waterloo and Nelson victories use to declare in the face of all history that Englishmen never *had* been beaten—that these said English were the most hospitable people on earth. I was a very little person at that time; I do not like to say how little, because age is a point about which I am rather sensitive, and my size then might form a data from which inquisitive folks might discover a matter with which they have certainly nothing on earth to do. Let it suffice to say that I was very little, but I had then, as I have now, a wonderfully quick ear for all sorts of marvels, and it did strike me that the hospitality of which I heard belonged to that class of history called the imaginative. I have since pondered long upon the subject, and after much study and reflection am obliged to give as the result a deliberate opinion, that never was any character obtained under such false pretences as that borne by "merrie England" for hospitality. "Merrie England!" there again: what a misnomer; is there a square mile in all the land that can thus vindicate its right to the protection of our patron saint, and establish its proper part in the old battle-cry, "St. George for merrie England!" If ever the name was deserved, the people like the times must have changed sadly. It would be curious to trace the starved weaver or over-tasked mechanic back to his "merrie" ancestor, and find out whereabouts the change began; for my own part, I have serious doubts whether it is not altogether a fable, and that, except "Robin Hood and his merrie men all," for

whose memory I have an especial reverence, there ever were any people in this Western Isle whose warm hearts and frank blithe manners could win for it the gay sobriquet it bears in Froissart. *Certes* one thing is clear, that whatever good deeds they performed in the olden time to merit the old Chronicler's praise for being the most hospitable people on earth, the practice of them went out with the Morris Dance, and left no trace behind. I do not say one single word respecting our national generosity to foreigners; heaven knows in that respect there is no fault to be found—only be a National Guard, a patriot Pole, or an exiled Italian, and English gold and English welcome are yours of right; but just be an Englishman and no more, settling in, or visiting a strange place, and, like the weary dove of old, you may wander far and wide and find no rest for the sole of your foot. What can be the reason that English people are so afraid of each other? In scarcely any other country is there such difficulty in making friends and acquaintances. There are some places in the world where to be a stranger is to be the object of every one's civilities, courteous language, and manners belonging to the station of life in which you present yourself, being all that is needed to ensure frank cordiality—not friendship, for that is the growth of time and experience, but that dearer, because readier thing, kindness in a strange place, the little attentions which speed you on your way, and make new places seem like home. Be it always understood, that by hospitality I do not mean giving good dinners, and being, as you often hear it said of the most bearish and repelling people of your acquaintance, "hospitable in their own houses, and affording you the best of everything;" *that* is not hospitality, at least not in *my* sense of the word, for self-love, ostentation and vanity have a great deal more to do with such feasts than Christian charity, and of these qualities there is, alas! no lack in England: but that for which I contend is a kind open manner, a willingness to be civil, even to the putting oneself out of the way a little, and, above all, the not looking upon "new people" as necessarily impostors, rogues, or cannibals in disguise, and to be avoided accordingly.

After all, I believe the great fault is in the national and individual self-conceit of the people, and in that unfortunate craving after higher places, which forces us all into false positions, alike destructive to peace, virtue, and dignity—I mean the unhealthy system of aspiring to greater things than by any right we can claim, the incessant struggling and scheming to out-do and surpass our neighbour. Ah! what heart-burnings, what jealousies, what empty purses and ruined homes such evil follies bring, and how rapidly and imperceptibly do they grow upon us! Mr. Brown and Mr. Green, with their respective wives and families, are the kindest of neighbours and most obliging of friends, till Mr. Brown makes in his profession the acquaintance of Mr. White, who, being richer than himself, has retired from practice, and lives in the second great house of the place. Upon this inauspi-

cious event Mr. Brown gives a "little party," at which the new friends are paraded, and to which the Greens are invited. Now begins the mischief; the civility must be returned, and to prevent any appearance of patronage upon the part of the Browns, the Greens struggle and plot—use expedients that, if the very folly were not so sad, would be ridiculous, to out-do them, and establish their own superiority. They succeed: thence ensues triumph on their part and mortification upon the other; jealousy, rivalry, and envy are now awakened—on goes the contest, until by-and-by all the town is involved in it, and people dare not notice one another unless they happen to be of unquestionable country-town position, and, even if they would, *dare* not be civil to strangers. Here, then, is the root of all the mischief,—a craving to appear greater than we are—a false seeming that costs us the real graces of truth and courtesy; we have not courage to bear the inquisitive stare and slighting laugh of Mrs. White, by being hospitable in the Christian sense to strangers. Ah, how little we are! what tiny minds and microscopic charity we have! how formidable to us is the opinion of our Mrs. White—for we all have one—and how entirely we forget that she, like ourselves, is utterly *unknown* beyond our fragment of the world! Let us then enlarge our hearts, and with them the kindly charities and courtesies of life; let us, in the Apostle's sense, "be hospitable," and, abandoning all self-conceit, all contempt of those whose only fault to us is that we do not know them, return to the practice of those duties which if righteously performed would go far to make this earth an Eden. And let us, by way of making a beginning, think less of ourselves and more of other people (a golden rule upon most occasions); so shall we escape a ludicrous moral resemblance to uncomfortable porcupines, constantly irritating themselves lest some unfortunate and unconscious offender should run against their ready quills. I never hear people express a doubt as to "how they shall do" with respect to certain other people, without being reminded of a ridiculous circumstance which happened in my own experience many years ago. The little anecdote I am about to relate occurred in a beautiful and quiet village in Devonshire. The place was very small, and out of the way; it had neither hot wells nor mineral waters; yet it was in itself a miniature world, with its sovereign, nobility, and commons, very much the same as in the outer world: and "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"—the thought ever present in the mind, or that which did duty for it, of everybody.

A friend of my father's, who in some unaccountable way had wandered so far out of the beaten road as to reach this place, fell in love with the rector's daughter, and married her: how he managed the introduction he never told, and I have always looked upon that part of the business as a most convincing proof of the extraordinary talent for carrying "all before him," for which his friends gave him credit. The result of this marriage was his settling in T—, and the consequent occasional visits of all his friends;

amongst others, my father and I, being on our way home from Exeter, spent a fortnight with him the summer after his marriage. We arrived on a Saturday, and on Sunday went with our host and hostess to church. The pew in which we sat was one of those large square monopolies which, thanks to the operation of a better taste than existed in former times, are being fast numbered with other graceless things of the past—it would have held at least a dozen people. Most of the pews were of the same kind, and had but two or three occupants in each, who looked round upon their territories with a sort of Alexander-Selkirk-like gaze, which seemed to say—"This is all mine!" The one door of the church was nearly opposite to our pew; and, soon after we got in, a lady and three gentlemen, evidently father, mother, and sons, came into the aisle. There was nothing particularly attractive about them, except a quiet unassuming manner, which, as they stood hesitating at the entrance, was apparent to all. At first, I thought they were lingering to be joined by some friend who had loitered behind; but in a moment after the truth flashed upon me,—they were strangers, and waiting to be shown into a seat. As soon as the idea was formed, my hand instantly found its way to the door of the apartment in which I occupied a seat; but before I could throw it open, my pretty hostess started forward on her seat, and, with many frowns and nods, and shakes of the head, she made me to understand that, somehow or other, I was about to commit an enormity of the highest degree. Of course I desisted, marvelling exceedingly what description of wickedness could have been perpetrated by these mild looking people, which rendered them unfit to fill the unoccupied seats in our pew, especially as I saw that everybody fought equally shy of them; so that at last they were fain to open for themselves the door of a high narrow pew, which was most unfavourably placed for hearing, being just behind the charity-children, who were certainly the most refractory urchins of that proverbially unmanageable race that I ever had the misfortune to meet with.

As soon as we left the church, I anxiously sought an explanation of the mystery:—

"Mrs. A—," I said, "who were those people?—What have they done?—Who *are* they,—are they plague-smitten?"

"Hush! hush!" she replied, as, turning off the gravel road upon the grass, to avoid the discourtesy of pushing by us, the very people we were speaking of passed by, talking to each other in a gay and laughing tone: "We don't know who they are; they are the new people."

"Haven't you called on them?"

"Called? my dear Cecilia!—You are certainly very young; but I really should not have expected such imprudence even at *your* age. We never call upon strangers."

"Strangers!" said I; a new light breaking in upon me. "And was it for that reason I was not to open the pew door this morning?"

"Of course."

I believe I was a very naughty child, and a very strange "young person;" and, I suppose, at that time I had not grown any better, for I remember that I laughed heartily to see the very little mouse brought forth by the mountain.

The next day we met the "new people" at the stationer's shop, and my pretty friend's little person, and not very large eyes, grew quite immense in their efforts to carry out the haughty contempt of their mistress. What she might have intended to accomplish by her majestic looks I don't know, but if it was to overawe the party, she certainly and signally failed, for the only expression upon their countenances was that of perfect indifference,—they did not even appear to know that anybody at all unusual was present. During my short visit to T—— many opportunities were offered for the exercise of hospitality to these "new people," but the Mrs. White of the place had set them down as "nobodies;" and every one, even the medical man who had been called in to prescribe for the lady's cough, avoided them in all possible ways. If they had come direct from Constantinople when the plague was raging there, and had carried about with them a small stock of the malady for the private use of their friends, they could not have met with less civility:—"What could they want there?" T—— was not a watering-place, not a manufacturing town, nor the scene of a fashionable murder, nor the site of a picturesque ruin, nor even the birth-place of a celebrated man, but a quiet little town without anything to account for the visits of strangers; and as the inhabitants were quite satisfied with their own society, and did not want to break through their quiet ways, why—they did not mean to say anything against these people—they *might* be respectable, certainly,—only they would rather not commit themselves by knowing them! Ah, dear, what a number of Little Pedlingtons there are in the world! Heaven help the dear simple people!—the fly riding upon the coach-wheel and apologizing for the dust he made, was not a whit more innocent of the mischief, than they were of doing, by their countenance and notice, the tremendous injury to society which they sought so carefully to avoid!

Mrs. White of T—— might have patronized all the itinerant vagabondage of England, without one creature out of T—— ever being the wiser. When I left the place, things were much in the same state as when I had first arrived there, except that the "new people" had apparently given up all attempts to be social, and appeared sufficient to themselves. Six months after, the inhabitants were awakened by the merry bells pealing from all the churches in the neighbourhood; and about mid-day a chariot, drawn by four horses with coronets upon their harness, and cognizances upon the sleeves of the post-boys, whirled along the little street from the London road, and stopped at the house of the "new people." The whole place was aroused; and when, after a little time, a similar carriage followed, and the new lady

and gentlemen entered and drove off, the popular excitement was at its height. The whole business was explained in the evening by the arrival at the inn of a London upholsterer, who told the mortified landlord that the "new people," so carefully shunned by the town, were no other than the Earl and Countess of —, with their sons, to whom, as he knew very well, most of the property in T—— belonged, and who had, during the tedious chancery suit which had been pending for so many years, chosen to sink a title they had not then the means to support, and call themselves by the surname of the family. Upon the favourable decision of the chancellor, they had resumed the title, and entered upon possession of the estates, of which one of the principal, was the castle, park, and farms, situated a mile from T——, and he was now come down to refit the castle for their reception. Poor dear T——ites! how crest-fallen they were! How blank and foolish looked their Mrs. White! And if anything could have made the matter more ridiculous, it was the indifference with which the apologies they had the bad taste to offer, were received. The "new people" had just returned from the continent, and, accustomed to the courteous and easy manners of the south, were surprised at the strange ways of their own land. They had tried to conciliate their neighbours, but, finding it useless, very soon gave up the attempt, setting down the people as harmless egotists then thought no more about them.

This little occurrence in my life may be matched with many a similar one in the experience of most of us; and, although all mysterious strangers do not turn out to be Earls and Countesses, yet, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand, they *do* turn out decent, respectable people, quite as worthy and quite as knowable as ourselves; and we should, in common justice, try to remember, that when they are willing to know us, they take us *exactly* as much upon trust as we do them, and have at least as much at stake as ourselves in a new acquaintance. We owners of houses, and holders of county-town dignities, *may* be unexceptionable, but we *may not*. Dear English people, why, then, cannot you be more kindly disposed to your own countrymen? Why must the Arab still afford you an example of hospitality? Why will you dance all night long at a Polish ball, and walk out your gutta percha shoes in getting up subscriptions for the famishing Irish, and yet treat your "own people" as if they were convicted swindlers, or suspected "familiar?" There must be something woefully wrong in the constitution of your minds, needing a keen eye to discover, and a resolute will to cure. Do, pray, set about this work at once, or, crying out, as you all do, for reform abroad, you will be laughed at for not seeing the want of it at home—and "Physician, cure thyself," be the contemptuous reply to all your expostulations and advice. And, surely, no time in the year can be more appropriate for the formation of new and good resolves than this, when the joy bells of the whole

Christian world have been welcoming the blessed Christmas time, and the glad new year has scarcely yet died in echo among the hills, and ought to have left upon our hearts the holy memories of those lessons of love and goodwill to all mankind, the earthly advent of which their stirring music strove feebly to commemorate. With the memory of a Saviour born into a world of sin, fresh in our minds, how shall we dare to be churlish to our fellow-men? This commandment has he left unto us,—that as He has loved us, so should we love one another.

GROWTH AND CHANGE.

J. M. W.

"I well consider all that ye have sayd,
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate,
And changed be; yet being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their first estate,
But by their change their being doe dilate,
And, turning to themselves at length again,
Doe work their own perfection so by fate:
Then over them change doth not rule and raigne,
But they reign over change, and doe their states maintain."

Faerie Queen.

If the other cantos of Spenser's "*Faerie Queen*" had ever been published, or even written, the world would probably be in possession of a first-rate philosophical disquisition upon the essential difference between *Growth* and *Change*; a disquisition which, we venture to say, would be none the less subtle and philosophically true for being in the highest degree picturesque and intrinsically poetical. Spenser had fairly entered upon the subject in the two cantos appended to the sixth book, which are numbered VI. and VII, and are entitled "Two Cantos of Mutabilitie, which both for forme and matter appeare to be parcell of some following book of the *Faerie Queene*, under the Legend of Constance." There are likewise two stanzas of a third, in which the subject is continued. It is more than probable that this book of the Legend of Constance would have continued Spenser's speculations on the fixed laws of Change throughout the universe. In these cantos upon mutability, indeed, the subject is begun to be laid out in all its vastness. In the stanza which we have taken as an introduction to our few words on a minor point of the subject, the grounds of the whole argument are summed up. Dame Nature addresses the gloomy goddess Mutabilitie "in speeches few," that is to say, in the above-quoted stanza, and in part of the following—

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be ruled by me,
For thy decay thou seek'st by thy desire:
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change shall see!
So was the Titaness put downe and whist,
And Jove confirm'd in his imperial see;
Then was that whole assembly quite diamist,
And nature's self did vanish, whither no man wist."

Tempting as this great question of the seeming sovereignty of Change throughout the universe is to all speculative thinkers and contemplative poets, it is one which seldom suggests itself to the generality of men,

except when it is thrust upon their notice by their passions or affections. The growth or change of their own bodies, hearts, and minds, and of the bodies, hearts, and minds immediately connected with them, in their mortal state, is all that most people see or care about in this great argument. This is by no means an unimportant branch of it, on that very account. From it may be evolved a theory of human life and conduct, which would occupy a great metaphysician half his life to construct and elucidate; and therefore it is not possible for an ordinary person to do more than glance at the subject in a short article like the present. We would merely offer a few words indicating the practical importance of marking the nice distinctions between Change and Growth in our daily conduct and judgment in this life.

Upon taking a general survey of our immediate friends and acquaintances, as well as of that wider field of human nature offered to our investigation by means of books, most thinking persons will be inclined to assent to the following proposition—There are among us minds which are stationary; minds which are progressive; and minds which are neither progressive nor stationary, but changeable. With the minds which, for want of a better word, we here call *stationary*, we have, at the present moment, nothing to do.

Concerning the other two classes of mind, then—What is the difference between a progressive and a changeable mind? Both change: both are apparently one thing to-day and another thing this day twelve months. Both are open to the charge of being never the same; of being

"Everything by turns, and nothing long."

Can it be true that progress, i. e. *growth*, is identical with mere change and fickleness? Are they even very closely allied?

Let us try to consider the nature of what we have called the progressive mind. What do we mean by the term *progress*, as applied to the mental and moral nature of a human being? A movement forward or onward. But how does it move onward? It cannot (no finite being can,) go on beyond its sphere of the finite. *Progress* is a somewhat deceptive and ambiguous term, when substituted, as in the present case it so often is, for *development* or *growth*. Progress, as applied to a human mind, does not mean a shooting forward in one direction like the flight of an arrow. Rather is it a gradual expansion in all directions from its centre of life, like the radiation of light. This centre of life, or the absolute vital principle, is as yet hidden from human science; but it exists, because we see its effects, and have learned somewhat of the laws by which it works. Perhaps the real life-principle throughout all creation, whether in vegetable, in brute, or in human nature, moves and works in the same ways, i. e. by an inward effort towards an outward expansion or free development of all its powers. It is this effort towards expansion, and the success in the effort, which constitute *life*. The effort to expand is, *ceteris paribus*, always equal to the expansion

achieved: the outward development shows the amount of inner vital power. Favourable or unfavourable circumstances may facilitate or retard this development, but they are accidental and not essential to it.

Now the works of God are not uniform, in any kind, but multifarious. As "one star differeth from another star in glory," so does one human mind differ from another in amount and intensity of vital power—in strength, extent, and beauty of development. Take two seeds from the same plant, and throw them into the earth at the same time, and side by side in the same field, and you will find that one will be before or after the other in springing up, and one greater or less than the other in the stalk produced; that is to say, one has a stronger, fuller vital power than the other; the same in kind, it may be, but certainly greater in degree. In such a case you say, "*This plant grows faster and better than that.*" So it is with human minds. Those among them which attain by gradual development to the maturity of all their powers, are minds of the highest class; they are the finest sort of progressive minds.

By gradual development we do not mean precocious or unusually rapid development; on the contrary, that is generally indicative of disease, and disease is not the manifestation of life, but of its absence, or rather of its inversion. Now, precocious development, irregular growth—a shoot put forth now in this direction and now in that—blossoms expanding on one branch while leaf-buds are scarcely visible on another and a third is withering for want of sap—a crooked stem, and root that lies merely beneath the surface instead of striking down deep into the earth; these things in the vegetable world are analogous to what may be seen among human beings, in those minds which are neither progressive nor stationary. These are what may be called *changeable*, and not *progressive*. They take a start now in this department and now in that; they are greedy of novelty, are blown about by every wind of doctrine; they have no fixed principles; if they lay hold on a right principle, it is by accident, and by another accident they will let it go again. Their vital principle seems to act without law; they are without stability, as well as without regular motive power. These minds are often brilliant and clever; they are sometimes spasmodically strong; and they have been in all ages the great *misleaders* of the human race. These are they who run away with half-truths and deify them, while they carry on a vehement crusade against whole truths; who let one idea monopolise their minds, and tyrannize over it, and then relinquish the one idea or the half-truth in favour of some other "*Cynthia of the hour*," which they in turn abandon for another. Knowledge is powerless for good with them; experience does not make them wiser; and they reach the termination of their earthly career without any clear insight into their own nature, or that of the duties it was given them to fulfil. With them, indeed, it seems true that

"Nought shall prevail but Mutability."

In some respects the merely changeable and the

really progressive minds have a superficial similarity; and to incompetent observers in certain stages of their career the two seem identical, for this reason—that both *change*. It is true that all growth is change, but it is not true that all change is growth, at least in the *moral* acceptance of the idea; for with us here below, much change is decay. The successive changes which constitute growth are gradual and continuous, one naturally enclosing the preceding, as the annually formed rings in the trunk of a tree. The progressive mind never rests or can rest in the present, but is for ever straining after a higher and larger state; that is, seeking to develop itself in an atmosphere of truth, in which atmosphere alone can there be life,—and this consciously or unconsciously to itself.

It has been said that all growth is painful. The growing pains of the mind, be sure, are more acute than those of the body. The effort to *live*, to expand on all sides, is a combat of our higher vital nature with our lower earthly and material nature, and it is a combat which *must* go on most fiercely in the largest minds. But let such minds remember the exhortation, "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." Now, by the largest minds we mean those not only of the most active and capacious intellect, but also of the most active and capacious heart. A great mind does not consist of much brains and little heart. We firmly believe that wherever there is a deficiency in the sympathies and affections, there is a corresponding deficiency in the intellect, however efficient it may be in some respects; and *vice versa*. If this be the case, it follows that the most intelligent spirits have the most loving hearts; and hence one cause of suffering to men who are endowed with eminently progressive minds. A French proverb says "*A longue vie longue enfance*." This is very often true; and human beings destined to *longue vie*, i. e. to a great growth, remain in a *longue enfance*, and form many ties and friendships during that mental infancy, which in the very nature of things must pass away from them when the law of their being impels them outward into that long life which is their destiny. Perhaps the greatest pain experienced by such a mind in its progress is caused by the perception of *change* in its relative position to other minds, upon which it leant once for support, or to which it once looked up in admiration. The progressive mind loves stability and repose more than all things but truth. Painful indeed is it to find that the early loves, the early rocks of defence, the early idols, have been outgrown. Doubly painful to feel that the early loves and early idols look coldly upon you, believing you to be heartless and disloyal because you have withdrawn your allegiance. Can you make them understand that the memory of them and of your early feelings is still dear to you, but that they can no more fill your soul now, than your body could wear the baby clothes of its first year? Both parties at first feel the change deeply; the one with a degree of bitterness mixed with its regret, the other, whose course is widening every year, with regret, and it may be with somewhat of

unjust self-reproach, but without bitterness. Both parties at first murmur mournfully within themselves those sad words "*Verloren ist verloren*." But the progressive mind at length arrives at a stage in its progress where it sees clearly that nothing good is ever lost. Those old affections, thoughts, and actions, those old loves and idols, all that was good of them still lives for it; and though it gazes steadily forward, it "casts sometimes a longing, lingering look behind," while Faith and Hope sing sweetly *Verloren ist nicht verloren*, and Charity teaches it to bear patiently the evil thoughts and false accusations of those who know not its true nature, and that the law of that nature is painful continuous growth, not easy disjointed change. As we said at first, Spenser could have done justice to this point; and perhaps we cannot do better than conclude these few merely suggestive remarks, with another glance at the length and breadth of the whole argument as given in the following beautiful stanzas, the last that we have of one of the longest poems in the world, "*The Faerie Queene*."

"When I bethink me on that speche whiter
Of Mutability, and well it weigh;
Me seems, that though she all unworthy were
Of the heaven's rule; yet very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest away:
Which makes me loathe this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vain to cast away;
Whose flowering pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle!"

"Then 'gin I think on that which Nature said
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
And steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contrair to Mutability:
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth light:
Oh! that great Sabaoth's God grant me that Sabaoth's sight!"

STORY OF A FAMILY.¹

BY S. M.

AUTHORESS OF "THE MAIDEN AUNT," &C.

CHAPTER XII.—MADLINE.

PERFECT quiet was the doctor's prescription; he said there was excitability of brain—great nervous irritation; he administered sundry tranquilizing doses, directed that the patient should be put to bed, and took his leave. From the moment in which Madeline aroused from the state of insensibility into which she had fallen, she spoke not a word; but her eyes wandered incessantly about the room with a plaintive, wistful expression, as if seeking somewhat which they could not find. At length the tardy opiate had its effect, and she slept; Ida watching beside her. The night wore slowly away—a sultry summer night, palpitating with the daylight warmth so lately withdrawn, so soon to be renewed. There was no moon, but the heavens were gorgeous with stars, and a pale green lustre lingered about the horizon, telling where the day had gone down. The massy, motionless woods

oppressed you with the idea of their close and breathless recesses; the odours of the flower-beds seemed to have actual substance, and almost to become visible; the parched turf was one sheet of silver dew. Ida sat at the window, awake, but with her young heart full of dreams. How much unhappiness would be taken out of life, if that one faculty of dreaming were withdrawn! It is not so much that events are in themselves afflicting, as that we have dreamed of a possible future so different, that what actually befalls us has all the bitterness of a disappointment. And this is the same, whether we have faith in our own anticipations or not. Experience may have taught our reason utterly to disregard them, but still, Fancy paints her pictures, and though we know well enough that they have no real existence, we cannot help comparing them with the reality. This is weakness—perhaps sin—but the utter eradication of it would seem to be the last triumph of self-discipline. Looking back, we see how narrowly we have oftentimes escaped happiness; looking forward, we see a hundred bright possibilities almost within our grasp, yet, perhaps, never to be reached. Oh! let us remember that the shadow of an awful Presence is upon us, and, safe and still within that guardianship, let us look upwards only!

Ida had watched long, and, as she leaned her forehead upon her hand, weariness overcame her. The multitudinous stars began to blend with each other, and with her thoughts, in a strange, unnatural, bewildering manner; the burden of some monotonous old melody seemed to be ringing softly in her ears, and asserting some inexplicable connexion both with stars and thoughts, as though they were slowly waltzing in time to its rhythm; the inner and outer life seemed to be melting into each other, and producing a compound most harmoniously inconsistent, while the soul superintended this mystical chemistry in a mechanical sort of way, only half conscious what it was about. She was in the state in which poets see their most celestial visions, and painters drink in their purest ideals, and musicians listen to strains which afterwards they can neither remember nor forget, but must needs reproduce after some poor fashion of their own. A movement in the room startled her: awake in an instant, and guiltily conscious of having neglected her charge, she looked up—the bed was vacant, and the door ajar, but trembling as though some hand had just hastily and ineffectually essayed to close it.

Ida was frightened, though she scarcely knew why, and she hurried out into the passage just in time to see the gleam of Madeline's white drapery, as, carrying a lamp in her hand, she passed through the door of a bedroom at the further end. Ida followed, and, looking into the room, beheld her friend on her knees beside the bed in which their little visitor of the preceding evening was sleeping the calm, happy, healthful sleep of childhood. Madeline's face was pallid, and her eyes bathed in tears; she wrung her hands repeatedly with an expression of passionate grief, and vainly struggled to restrain her audible sobs. Presently she

(1) Continued from p. 168.

arose, and, stooping over the bed, kissed the child's lips very softly, and with an expression of terror; then she stood for some minutes gazing upon it, comparatively calm; then moved from the bed, as if to go, but by a sudden impulse returned, cast herself once more upon the ground, and burying her face in the curtain, wept without restraint. Ida stole gently to her side, and winding her arms around her, endeavoured to lead her from the room; she looked up, then bowing her face upon Ida's shoulder, yielded without a word to her silent persuasion, and they returned together. When the door was closed behind them, Madeline again broke forth into a passion of tears and sobs; and Ida, supporting her, wept for sympathy, though quite ignorant of the cause of such bitter and overpowering anguish. It is a very penurious and sceptical love which must understand before it sympathizes.

"My darling! How I must have frightened you!" murmured Madeline, as soon as she could speak, putting back Ida's curls with both her hands, and looking into her pale, tearful face, with an expression half wild, half tender.

"Oh! do not think of me!" cried Ida, "think of yourself. You must come to bed, and let me get you another of those composing draughts. Oh, how you are shivering! you are very, very ill. What has it been, dear Madeline? Were you delirious?"

"No—no—alas, no!" replied Madeline. "It was all real; and it has been a happy, happy night—because, you know,"—smiling strangely at Ida,—"*I* never thought I should have seen him again." While she spoke she was getting into bed, and she now lay down, and drew the coverlet closely around her shaking limbs. "What a comfort sleep is!" she added, speaking in an odd, uncertain tone, and with eyes wandering about the room. "*I* wonder what *I* shall dream of. Do you know, I almost think *I* am going to die."

There was something positively fearful in the contrast between the hurried familiar voice and the solemn words. Ida shuddered as she poured out the double dose which the physician had left, labelled "*To be given in case of great excitement.*" She brought it to the bed-side. "Who was it you thought you should never see again?" asked she, with a half idea that the question might stimulate the invalid to collect her thoughts.

"Stoop down; come close—quite close. Let me whisper!" replied Madeline. She drew Ida's face close to her own, and, putting her lips to her ear, said, in a low, hoarse, nearly unintelligible voice, "*My son!*"

Ida shook from head to foot, and her agitation was not diminished when Madeline, suddenly releasing her, struck her hands wildly together, and exclaimed, almost with a shriek: "*My child! my baby Arthur!*—oh, let me get up and go to him again! He will never know it; nobody will ever tell him that it was his mother who came and looked at him in the night. Let me go to him!—Let me go to him!"

Ida was now more than ever convinced that this

was a very frenzy of delirium. With all the energy of terror, she compelled her friend to swallow the opiate, kissed her, spoke soothingly to her, persuaded her to lie still; calling to her aid all the arguments she could muster, and seconding them by the tenderest caresses.

Madeline yielded after a little resistance, and lay for a while motionless and silent, clasping the cold trembling hand of her young nurse between both her own. Presently she spoke, and, this time, with a sort of desolate tranquillity in her voice, very touching to hear:—

"Ida, dearest!—you are mistaken in thinking that I don't know what *I* am saying."

"It is this fever!" replied Ida, persuasively; "it will pass away again, please God! Only try to go to sleep, dear Madeline!"

"The opium is working," answered Madeline, heavily; "but I have no fever, Ida; and there is no delirium—only bitter, bitter sorrow; an unhealed wound suddenly stricken. Take that little key off my watch-chain, and open the dressing-case."

She signed impatiently with her hand, and Ida nervously obeyed her, bringing the dressing-case and placing it upon the bed beside her. She opened a secret drawer, and drew out a small clasped book, which she placed in Ida's hands. "There," she said, "read that; you must know all now. Oh what a storehouse of miserable thoughts!" And her fingers played with the cover of the volume. "Read it, Ida; read it. I shall soon be asleep."

Ida received the book; her eyes, dilating with wonder, and tearful with pity, fixed earnestly upon her friend's face.

Madeline looked wistfully at her, and, suddenly raising herself upon her elbow, exclaimed: "*Ida!* promise me that you will make *no* conjecture—none at all—till you have read my history. You *cannot* guess the truth. It is impossible. Whatever you are thinking now, is a mistake. Promise me this!"

Ida hurriedly gave the required assurance; and Madeline sank back again, and turned her face downwards upon the pillow, with a quick, impetuous movement. Gradually, the powerful narcotic subdued the excited frame, and stilled, or rather numbed the throbbing nerves, and she slept a dull, unrefreshing, lethargic sleep. Ida scarcely drew her breath; she was overcome with fear, sorrow, confusion, disbelief. She knelt down, and her agitated spirit offered itself to God in a vague, scarcely-conscious prayer. The mere action brought her comparative tranquillity; and seating herself, she opened the mysterious volume. It was closely written in Madeline's hand-writing, and seemed to be a record of her life, at first in the form of a narrative, afterwards in that of a diary, and interspersed with letters laid between the pages. We shall give it entire; those of our readers who may feel no interest in the subject, having our cheerful permission to pass it over unread:—

MADELINE'S DIARY.

"This record is only for myself and one other. I may as well address you at once. I cannot put it into

any form. You know much; and if I retrace before your eyes even what you know, it is for a purpose. Yet, no;—I cannot speak to you calmly. Surely, I can put you out of my thoughts; that is, what you *have* been to me, and what you *might* have been to me; and write as if to a stranger. Indeed, in what do you differ from a stranger, except in the power of crushing my soul? Oh, these *words*! They seem to me like a tolling-bell,—so meaningless and monotonous,—and yet involving in their utterance the beginning, the misery, and the end of a life.

"You know nothing of my childhood and early youth. Thank God for that! There is a place in remembrance where you are not,—but what a chilly, dark, repulsive place! I have no alternative save the fire which consumes, or the ice which freezes. *I?*—It is not I—not myself—not the proud, joyful, sarcastic, resolute, fearless woman. Was I ever so?"

[There was here a pause, and it appeared that the writer had determined to abandon the agitated and incoherent style in which she had commenced, and to constrain herself to adopt that of narrative; a determination to which she afterwards strictly adhered, with few exceptions.]

I was not a happy child. My life was spent between two extremes of restraint and indulgence. In the schoolroom I was made to labour with an earnestness and continuance which must surely have been perilous for the young and tender brain; out of it I was suffered to run wild as an unbroken colt. I do not remember my mother. She died before I was three years old, and there was no vigilant affection about her child to foster a dream till it should grow into a memory, and be believed in as such. My father was proud, but not fond, of me: I never remember to have received a caress from him. His care of my education, such as it was, was entirely directed to developing the genius and beauty which I was supposed to possess, and the heart and temper were left to cultivate themselves. I was indeed utterly unconscious that I had a heart, though I must own I took good care that no one who came near me should long preserve a similar unconsciousness as to my temper. I was naturally violent and overbearing; and had it not been that my quickness enabled me easily to master the tasks appointed me, and in music and some other studies to outstrip the capacity of my masters, I suppose my schoolroom existence would have been one unintermitted course of punishment. As it was, though Mademoiselle Edouard pronounced me to be the "most troublesome young lady possible," she was content to endure my insolence for the sake of the credit I did her.

My second music-master, a German and a genius, engaged when the powerlessness of the first to conduct me any further was honestly confessed by himself, did me vast mischief, but, as I have afterwards thought, no little good also. He spoiled me thoroughly. He would arrive, perhaps, when I was in the midst of a battle, and, holding his sides, would laugh with the

most flattering appreciation of the quiet sallies with which I answered Mademoiselle's vehement admonitions; then, as the Frenchwoman grew shriller and shriller, and I more and more imperturbable, (though, but for the desire to maintain my superiority before him, I should probably have been in as great a fury as herself,) he would seat himself at the piano and begin to improvise—*phantasien*, as he called it. The first few chords invariably brought me to his side, and Mademoiselle might scold her fill after that: the tongue of Xantippe herself could not have engaged my attention or provoked my wrath for an instant. Whatever there was of hunger after goodness and beauty in my undisciplined nature banqueted upon this, the only divine aliment suffered to come within its reach. While those notes yet swelled upon the air I was transformed. I became gentle, submissive, spiritual, fervent, devout—but alas! all this was only like the transitory glow which sunset might cast upon the features of a corpse, clothing them for the moment with fictitious life, only to leave them, when it departs, cold, inanimate, and soulless as before. This man I loved, and he is the only human being in the whole of that waste of memory, whom I can recall to myself as having awakened such a feeling in me. And it is in this that I suppose he did me good; for what hope could there have been for me had I grown into womanhood without ever having felt affection? Would not a blindness so long enforced have become habitual and irrevocable? Must I not needs have sunk for ever into that lamentable vacancy of heart, whose only (and far preferable) parallel is idiocy of intellect?

My father I saw daily for half an hour. How I dreaded those visits! It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the intense pride of my nature. Even now it is unsubdued, and yet, what a discipline of humiliation has it undergone! To me those half-hours of inspection seemed like prolonged insults. A little physical nervousness—for I had no reverence—alone prevented me from telling him how well I knew my superiority to himself in all those studies into the progress of which he was inquiring; and when he rebuked me, as he would not unfrequently do, for an error in French or Italian, carefully explained to him beforehand by my governess, or for an ungraceful gesture observed by himself, I could scarcely restrain the sarcasms which trembled on my lips. Yet, surely, even then I might have been moulded into something better. It was the hollowness of all around me that forced such hardness upon myself; I saw nothing but unreality, and I took refuge in scorn. Yet, intellectually proud and self-sufficient as I was, and unconscious of my own miserable destitution, I believe that I could have loved the veriest simpleton who had loved me and shown himself to me as he was without feigning. That merciful blindness which ever accompanies an extreme state, whether of good or evil, preserving in the one case from presumption, and in the other from despair, seems to me now to be the only thing that saved me from insanity. Had I seen myself and my position *then* with the eyes with which I *now* contemplate them,

reason must have given way. But I lived on, self-centred and arrogant, and, knowing no other life, guessed not as yet that I needed any other. My father was a merchant, and enormously rich. I grew up amid an extravagance of luxury, which was in itself injurious. He possessed that peculiar kind of pride which is sometimes, though rarely, to be found in his class: he was a radical in politics, and the aristocracy of wealth was to him the only nobility. In religion he was a rationalist, more nearly approaching to the Socinian than to any other type. I was taken duly to church once on the Sunday: I even learned my Catechism, and had my stated portion of daily Bible reading—a desecration which now I shudder to think of; but though I was only eight years old when I heard him say, as he pompously instructed Made-moiselle Edouard in her duties, “These things are quite necessary for women”—it was a lesson which I never forgot. The seed sank deep, and bore most bitter fruit.

And so I grew up to eighteen, the time fixed for my *début* and presentation—a Woman, without faith or love. I was highly accomplished, without shyness, with much conversational talent, carefully formed to elegance of manner and deportment, and (so they told me) strikingly handsome. No murmur of admiration—no compliment implied or expressed, was lost upon me; I felt that my position was triumphant, and I delighted in it. Yet, with all my inexperience, I was quite aware how much influence my reputation as a great heiress had upon those who courted me; and when at the end of my first season I refused my eighth offer, the courteous terms in which the note was of necessity worded, thinly concealed the utter contempt which I felt for the writer. Indeed, I may say, contempt was the ordinary attitude of my mind. But by this time I had become unhappy. I read—I thought—I became dimly conscious of unknown capacities and unsuspected depths in my heart. A mighty craving, a vast want, was awaking within me. It was not the question so natural to the sensitive, “Shall I ever be loved?” that I asked myself—it was one even bitterer, “Shall I—*can* I ever love?”

I remember very well how this thought first came upon me. I had been reading Schiller and Wallenstein, and enjoying (in the shallow unreal manner in which those who know nothing of Nature are able to enjoy Art) that matchless portraiture—indeed, that only portraiture, in any adequate fashion—of the perfect ideal of human love, pure, passionate, spiritual, identical with virtue, because dependent on virtue as the very condition of its existence. Suddenly it was, so to speak, revealed to me that this creation was not a thing apart, lifeless, unsuggestive, impossible, but the type of a great class of realities, which were to be judged and tested by their comparative degrees of approach to, or departure from, this their true though invisible standard. The manifold forms of life seemed to group themselves anew before my eyes under the light of this dawn; many, nay, perhaps most, shrank and withered under it—mere shells, having neither

substance nor spirit; while some, and those not unfrequently the meanest and least considered, were able to reflect some faint spark of the divine lustre, and so to assert their communion with it. A flood of beauty seemed to pour in upon my soul. I shut my eyes, and beheld Thekla, appareled in the light of her own purity; so full of life, fervour, gentleness, genius, yet existing only in and for the soul for whose especial service she was created; like one of those Etruscan mirrors, which, graceful in form and rich in ornament, are yet made only to reflect the face that looks upon them. And, truly, the aspect here presented is one for which all hearts might be well content to make themselves mirrors, happy if they are able to give any the faintest presentment of that perfect vision of strength and tenderness. There is nothing in all art—there could be nothing in all nature, were it not by God's grace in-dwelt by the supernatural—comparable to that moment wherein he, abdicating his proper sovereignty by a voluntary and noble self-despoilment, the very weakness of which best proves his strength, makes her his will and his law; and she, becoming for the time his conscience, who is by habit and in order the very conscience and angel of her spiritual life, sacrifices without hesitation, and by an impulse which has all the constancy of deliberation without its coldness, both her own happiness and his. Her own? We can scarcely say this; she had no self; it had long since exhaled and been annihilated in the upspringing steam of light.

*“Being faithful
To thine own self, thou art faithful too to me!”*

I threw down the volume, and, as was my wont when anything excited me, went for relief to the piano, and began to “phantasiren.” Gradually and almost unconsciously I broke into a song—an old simple melody, the “Coolin” of the Irish bards, so expressive of entire yet gentle devotedness. A low sob disturbed me. I looked round, and saw a young lady, a kind of half-humble friend, who was then staying with me, and who spent her life in worsted-work, quietly weeping over her eternal embroidery-frame. She was an uninteresting person, neither elegant, witty, nor sentimental, and I held her in utter contempt; nevertheless, I was not even then hard-hearted enough to behold real sorrow without attempting some kind of sympathy.

“My dear Fanny, what is the matter?” inquired I.

“Oh, nothing at all,” she replied, stammering and abashed; “it is very foolish, and I am quite ashamed of myself. I never can hear that tune without crying: my poor dear brother, who is in India, used to sing it so beautifully.”

I was in a humour to be touched, and I made a few inquiries about this “poor dear brother.” The stupid girl became positively eloquent. He was so clever, so good, so charming; they had sung, studied, lived in everything together. All her opinions (and till that moment I never knew she had any) came from him; all her thoughts had reference to him, and were not recognised as having any existence of their own



THE GIRL ON THE STAIRS.

till he had set his seal upon them. He was evidently the sun of her moral and mental world, and was so in more senses than one; for certainly, till that sun shone forth, the aforesaid worlds lay in such thick darkness, that nobody could have guessed their existence. Here is a discovery, thought I. Here is evidently a true, deep, genuine affection, by which a higher nature has moulded a lower one into some assimilation with itself. I am curious to know more about this brother.

"Do you know Captain Preston?" asked I that evening of Mr. Angerstein, a habitual visitor at our house, a quiet, gentlemanlike and satirical person, who was so determined *not* to see the world through a Claude Lorraine glass, that he always looked at it through slate-coloured crape, and piqued himself on the clearness of his eyesight.

"Oh, perfectly well," he replied, "he was a brother officer of mine before I sold out."

"What sort of person is he?"

"Do you wish me to tell you in all sincerity, or am I to condemn that valuable quality to its ordinary *civil* death?"

"I want to know your real, honest, undisguised, unmitigated opinion."

"Well, then, he is a prig and a simpleton; a tiresome little red-faced man, who thinks it the height of literary polish to say 'inasmuch' and 'moreover,' and the perfection of wit to talk regimental slang to ladies. When, after many hard struggles, he had achieved a proper fit of gloves, and learned to bow without scraping, he reposed upon his laurels ever afterwards, thinking no further qualifications necessary to complete his ideal of a gentleman."

"I lifted up my hands and eyes, and felt sorely mortified. This, then, was an illusion. I was given to generalizing. Is *all* love illusion? asked I of myself. I hastily ran over in my mind the names of relations, friends, acquaintance: as each presented itself, it was a fault, a foible, or an absurdity which stood out in bold relief, enabling me to grasp the idea of the person, which, indeed, had no other tangible points for me. I began to long for an illusion.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

ANNABEL C.—

"ONCE upon a time!" What words possess such power to carry one away out of the matter-of-fact world around us as these four? They take us into the dream-land of our childhood; we mingle instantly with other beings than the mere men of our degenerate days; we have other skies above us, and beneath our feet a greener earth; in the very air there is a freshness never felt but in that mysterious land that existed "once upon a time." We are drawn by dragons instead of steam-engines, and have seven-leagued boots instead of Gutta-percha; and the soft beauty of a summer night is no longer wasted on poachers and housebreakers. We see the "tender-

personed" elves dancing on the moon-lit grass of some old park, while the oak-branches wave above them. Such oak branches! such green grass! and such bright moonlight! broader, greener, brighter than were ever seen, except "once upon a time." The air is animated with beings more beautiful than we may ever behold here; there are realms beneath the earth, and beneath the water,—under the earth, where the light comes from a burning, blazing carbuncle—

"The living carbuncle,
Sun of the lofty dome,"

which throws its beams on silver walls and gardens, where the trees are loaded and glitter with gems instead of leaves,—realms peopled with dark gnomes and the genii of the mines. And who has not travelled under the water with some desperate prince, who, to break a spell, has thrown himself into the tranquil, treacherous waves of some clear fountain in an old black forest, and found himself, after sinking, sinking, fathoms down, not drowned, as he would have been in these days, but standing in an unknown but glorious region, where the sky above was like a polished mirror, where the broad white water-lily crept among the strangely waving trees, and where a spirit fairer than the fairest of earth's daughters came forth to meet him, and led him to a happy home in her dwelling built upon a lake, where—

"The waters were its floor,
And here its walls were water arch'd with fire,
And here were fire with water vaulted o'er,
And spires and pinnacles of fire
Round watery cupolas aspire,
And domes of rainbow rest on fiery towers,
And roofs of flame are turreted around
With cloud, and shafts of cloud with flame are bound."

But this was all "once upon a time." Till those magic words are uttered, that "Open, Sesame," which unlocks the doors of our dream-land, the world is common-place as ever; people have no earth but the visible one, see only what broadly lies before their eyes. If a tale of wonder is to be told of witches and goblins, ghosts, charms, and philtres, of sorcerers and the evil eye, how could you preface it but with "once upon a time?"

* * * "Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven,—
We know its woof and texture; it is given
In the dull catalogue of common things:
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine,
Unweave a rainbow."

And philosophy, with its practical scepticism, has, to all appearance, banished those children of mystery that long ago were such familiar visitants, and taken away our power often to look into their wonderful homes. After all, there are still some spots in old England where the fairies dance yet, where witches are still believed to exert their malicious influence, where the power of the evil-eye is felt and feared, and where charms and philtres are used to kill or cure; and this, not in the land of "once upon a time," but lingering still in some odd nooks and corners of

enlightened England. Existing, however, in these utilitarian days, they cannot boast the bright or romantic colouring that was theirs once; over whatever would in other times have been a fearful tale there now must always hang a veil of the prevailing common-place. Witches no longer, although feared and hated, have much dignity to interest the imagination; they never now shine forth with some of the beauty of a fallen angel about them, like the witch who stood—

"Her darkening eyes,
Her fine face, raised to heaven,
Her white hair flowing like the silver streams
That streak the northern light."

Neither can they boast an appearance so awe-inspiring as hers, the fearful witch, who shone forth in the darkness, whose

"Flaming hair curls up,
All living, like meteor locks of light;
Her eyes are like the sickly moon."

The witch of the present day is more like the description we have of the witch of Wookey before the holy water of the priest turned her and her familiars into stone, always herself to remain the imperishable monument of her own crime—

"Her haggard face was foul to see,
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to be,
Her eyne of deadly leer;
She nought devised but neighbour's ill,
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly cheer."

But change as they may in outward appearance, their doings remain the same in all ages, although there, too, the common-place again prevails in the manner, though not in the action. See what that same witch of the "meteor-locks" did in her day, and we can relate a tale of the present time the same in substance, though we must frankly own not so romantic in colouring—

"In a cavern of the wood she sits,
And moulds the wax to human form;
And as her fingers kneaded it,
By magic accents, to the mystic shape,
Imparted with the life of Thalaba,
In all its passive powers,
Mysterious sympathy.
With the mandrake and the machineel
She builds her pile accurst—
She lays her finger on the pile,
And blue and green the flesh
Glow with emitted fire—
A fire to kindle that strange fuel meet.

"Before the fire she placed the imaged wax,—
'There waste away!' the enchantress cried,
'And with thee waste Hodeirah's son!'"

This happened, it is true, "once upon a time;" we cannot give any exact date in which it took place, but such a belief has prevailed through all ages, from the time of the Greeks and Romans down to our own days, although perhaps many would be loth to acknowledge that such ignorance remained. Eleanor of Gloster well knew how to rid herself even of a king when he stood in her way, when she resolved that Henry VI. should fall a victim to her magic power and that of her accomplices. Rapin says,

"She was accused of making, with these two persons," (Roger Bolinbroke and Margery Gurdemain, or Jordan, as Shakspeare calls her,) "the king's image in wax, and that, placing it before a gentle fire, she intended the king's strength should waste insensibly as the image was all dissolved." Stow's "Annals of England," published in 1601, gives an account of "certain instruments with which the said Roger should use his craft of *negromancy* against the faith," which consisted of "a chayre, painted, wherein he used to sit, upon the four corners of which chayre stood four swords, and upon every sword an image of copper, hanging, with many other instruments, holding a sword in his right hand, and a sceptre in his left, arrayed in a marvellous attire"—these "instruments" being certainly very mysterious, but scarcely very awful. And now again, in this present day, in this most unbelieving age, the same story may be met with; but instead of having to deal entirely with a magic land, or with the witches of classic antiquity, or with spells practised against the life of kings, we must make a long stride, and reach the quiet cottages "bosomed high in tufted trees" of a country village, far away from the strife and trouble of cities, where peace and goodwill ought to exist if anywhere; but unfortunately, in just such quiet nooks the witches make their strongholds, and the evil passions of man's nature, hate and revenge, will spring up, however beautiful the scene around may be, whatever sights may lie before the eyes, to raise the mind to higher and better thoughts.

There were in this village two women, one young and the other old. The younger one came as a rival in trade, and the matron looked indignantly upon the intrusion; while, as she found her own business decrease, and her neighbour's increase, she knew rest: neither day nor night till she might compass the destruction of the young girl. For this end she made herself ready to overcome every difficulty, and to bear all fatigue. There were high hills all round her home, but these were allowed to be no barrier to her wishes; and starting one fine summer morning, she crossed their fresh heathy summits, her evil designs against her rival in no way softened by the beauty around her; but, as when they have a bad purpose in their hearts people only too often do, she proceeded on her way steadily and doggedly, looking neither to the right nor left. It is very strange how much more steadily people pursue a bad object than a good one,—how immovably their eyes are fixed upon their goal; nothing distracts, nothing turns them. The path was long, but the journey was soon over; when the woman stopped at the door of a hut, wherein dwelt one of those powerful beings formerly denominated a witch, but now more commonly known as a *cunning woman*. Entrance was soon given, and after remaining for some time in close consultation with the sibyl, she started again on her homeward journey, armed with a spell by which she could ensure herself against any further trouble or annoyance from her unfortunate young rival.

It is to be supposed she met with no adventure on the broad lonely hills as she recrossed them in the evening twilight, had no meeting with spirit of good or evil; for certain it is she returned in safety with her spell, which she immediately proceeded to use in the following manner. She took a large nail that had never been used, and a powder she had received from the witch, which she placed at the foot of a myrtle tree, driving the nail through it, and at the same time repeating the following somewhat rude verse :—

"It is not this powder I mean to stick,
It is Mary Wilson's heart I mean to prick :
May she never have rest nor peace,
So long as she do bide in this place !"

The witch had evidently not received a first-rate education; but, however rude the language of the spell, it answered its purpose, for as the powder melted away and mixed with the earth, the poor in-offensive rival faded away and died. That she did so actually fade and die, from the moment of the powder's melting, in spite of another witch who was summoned to her assistance, is a fact, though for the cause of death we will not vouch. It is highly probable the knowledge of the charms employed against her would so act upon a timid and sensitive mind, that the victim would work out the completion of the spell against herself, although she herself denied its having any effect upon her. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Demonology and Witchcraft," gives a very similar story, where a Scotch witch devotes the sons of a gentleman, against whom she bears some grudge, "to wasting sickness," by the following lines, placing at the same time in the fire figures composed of clay mixed with paste to represent the object :—

"We put this water amongst this meal,
For long dwinling and ill heal;
We put it in into the fire,
To burn them up stook and stour—
That they be burn'd up with our will,
Like any stikkle in a kiln."

The witches' mysterious powders are sometimes used for the cure of friends as well as the destruction of enemies. A "cunning woman" gave one to a poor woman suffering from some severe illness, with the direction that it was to be burnt on the hearth as the clock struck the hour of midnight, and she would recover; it being supposed that the sickness was caused by the evil power of a witch exerted against her, and therefore of course no cure could be effected in the ordinary way. This powder, however, did not seem to have the desired effect, the woman still continuing ill, and declaring that all her suffering was caused by a neighbour who was a witch, and who learnt her spells from some "ould ancient books" that she had in her possession. A gentleman in the neighbourhood thinking it a nervous illness, and that, if once the impression of the bewitching could be removed from her mind, her health would soon regain its tone, went to the witch, and obtaining possession of the mysterious books, told the sick woman what he had done, and returned home. As might be supposed, the books, to other eyes at any rate, contained nothing very

dreadful; and being out of the witch's hands, the woman recovered. But let this be a warning to others "how in a conjuror's books they read," for in a short time falling sick again, she declared that she was again bewitched, and that by the gentleman who then had possession of the magic volumes!

The power of the witch is almost always exerted against mankind, to whom, from time immemorial, the whole race has borne an unaccountable hatred. Let any one who wishes to be satisfied of it only give half-an-hour's study to Glanvil's "Sadducismus Triumphatus," and see the accounts he there gives of their malice; yet, sometimes, especially where it happens to suit their own interest, they can be very strong in their assistance. It is sometimes well to have a witch for a wife, as a certain bricklayer found, who having lost his trowel, and not having the slightest idea as to what had become of it—whether it had been stolen, and if it had, who was the culprit—came to his powerful wife, and told her his misfortune; upon which she instantly bade him disturb himself no more about it, she knew who had stolen it, and before the sun rose the next morning, the thief should himself bring the stolen property, and restore it to its rightful owner. Accordingly, in the morning early the good man was waked from his sleep by a loud knocking at the door, and there stood a neighbour whom he had little suspected as being the delinquent, with his clothes hanging wet and tattered about him, his face and hands torn and bleeding, looking the picture of exhaustion, shame, and misery; having been compelled to make his way straight to the cottage of the injured man over every obstacle that lay in his way—high thorny hedges, pointed fences, deep streams—nothing being allowed to stay the headlong course that the unseen power of the witch compelled him to follow.

But it is not always that the power of the witch is exercised on so legitimate an object as the restoration of stolen property to its rightful owner, at the same time dealing appropriate punishment on the offender. On the contrary, her power is far oftener directed towards the accomplishment of some evil to mankind, either for the gratification of her own private revenge, or merely for the pleasure of causing distress and pain; an occupation which from time immemorial has been acknowledged as an enjoyment of the highest kind for any of the order.

One of the chief amusements of a certain well-known witch was to hang her unlucky victims by their hair to a beam in the roof, there to be suspended till she permitted their descent; and it is a *well-known fact* that there was one family especially persecuted by her, where the goodman and his wife would continually be raised from their quiet seats by their own fireside, and without an instant's preparation be carried up the broad chimney, and suspended there till it should be the witch's good pleasure to allow their descent; and for the truth of this, and numberless other such freaks, it is no hard matter to find most determined and sturdy vouchers, by whom a bare smile at the recital would be held as a most unpardonable affront.

The days of the were-wolf are gone by, but doubtless only because wolves no longer exist in our favoured land; for it can scarcely be imagined that the power of self-transformation that witches have enjoyed as far back as there are any records to tell of their doings, can, in these enlightened days, be entirely lost—and we have present proof to the contrary, the only change being in the animal chosen for the temporary abiding place of the sorceress. There are numberless accounts of the transformations that took place some centuries back, given in the before-quoted "Demonology and Witchcraft." In one instance, the witch being sent by her lord and master on some message to her neighbours, adopted a favourite disguise of the sisterhood—that of a hare—and proceeded on her way, when she was unfortunately met by some labourers and hounds, who immediately sprang upon the disguised witch: and then, in her own words, she tells us, "I ran a very long time, but being hard pressed, was forced to take to my own house, the door being open, and there took refuge behind a chest." But the hounds came in, and the witch only escaped by getting into another house, and gaining time to say the disenchanting rhyme:—

"Hare, hare, God send thee rare;
I am in a hare's likeness now,
But I shall be woman even now;
Hare, hare, God send thee rare."

We are not told how the enchantment was in the first place produced, whether it was by daring, with Spenser's sorcerer—

"To call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night,
At which Cocytus shakes, and Styx is put to flight;"

or by what equally unknown power they effected their transformation; but, whatever the secret was, the witches of the present day still retain it, and often show greater wisdom and courage in their use of it under much the same circumstances, than this poor timid member of the weird sisterhood. In one part of the west of England, where the hounds were in the habit of meeting, on every field-day a young man invariably came forward, and offered his assistance in starting a hare for the hunt, which, in an astonishingly short time, he always succeeded in doing. The hare was a very fine one, and very strong beside, invariably giving them a splendid run, leaving the swiftest dogs of the pack far and far behind; and at last, when many a mile of rough country had been crossed, entirely distancing huntsmen and hounds, and disappearing bodily. This went on time after time, till the huntsmen began to grow impatient, and one day they resolved, come what would, not to be conquered in this manner again. The fleetest hounds were in readiness, the swiftest horses were mounted, the hare was again started, and away they went, over hill and valley, rough field and broad stream, with the mysterious hare well in advance. Whether the hare was foot-sore from its many runs, or whether the hounds were more than usually eager in their pursuit, is not recorded, but

gaining upon it by degrees, they followed closer and closer in its track, until they came within a few feet of their victim, giving it no way of escape except through the open window of a little cottage that stood exactly in its path, and accordingly, through this with one high bound it leapt. The huntsmen, delighted at the prospect of capturing at last the *ignis fatuus* that had so long danced them in its train, sprang from their horses, and pushed open the cottage door, where, instead of the panting hare, lay an old woman extended on the floor in the last stage of exhaustion and want of breath. Nothing was to be done; no hare could be discovered, and the disappointed huntsmen were obliged to return, their prey having again escaped them. But from that day forward, the young man never presented himself again with his offers of assistance; and when a hare was started it ran an ordinary course, and was quietly killed by the gallant dogs, as a mere natural, every-day, inoffensive hare ought to be; and it was discovered beyond all doubt that the old woman in the cottage was a witch—the young man, her son, whose mother, in the "hare's likeness," ran this rather fatiguing race for the sake of the money the youth obtained by finding a hare for the hunt.

This witch certainly showed considerable cunning in her use of this disguise; but many of the sisterhood having, as Glanvil assures us, a great delight in all kinds of freakish tricks with no purpose whatever to answer, assume it for the mere sake of amusement, at any rate as far as uninitiated eyes can perceive. There was one old woman, well known to be a witch, who made her dwelling on the summit of a chain of hills, often with no roof above her but the bright one that the heavens afforded, but whose mind was too much shadowed by the *evil influence*, like a dull pool with a tree across it, to reflect their light back again. This hag exercised her power in unmercifully "overlooking" her neighbours. Her age was a riddle; she certainly was more than eighty, and yet her step was as strong as ever; miles were nothing to her, and her long hair had not one single grey line to mix with its masses of raven black. She was an "eerie" creature to meet, especially in the twilight, if you stood by the stile close by the little church, with its old grey tower looming mysteriously; while the steep cliffs of her hills formed a wild background to the stooping figure that advanced towards you, with head bent down, and hands moving restlessly about, and ever muttering something to herself as she walked along; and then, when she came close, she would raise her sharp black eyes suddenly, fix them piercingly on your face—ay, and keep them there too, look as you would, with a glance that seemed to see a great way farther than other eyes, let them be the brightest and clearest that any mere man or woman ever boasted. There were plenty of proofs that she was a witch, but one (and that one surely most conclusive) was her having been known to assume the witch's favourite disguise. One poor victim of her malice and power whom she had "over-

looked," or, in the more usual phrase, bewitched, was sitting one winter evening moping over her cottage fire, when opposite to her, from under some large piece of furniture, she perceived two fiery eyes glaring at her through the dim light; after remaining a few moments stationary, to the distraction of the trembling woman the eyes began to move slowly and fiercely towards her, till in another moment a huge hare made a bound across the room, and sprang through the open door. And now comes the wonderful part of the story. This she knew to be the witch, from its having on its head the *black silk bonnet* which her persecutor was constantly in the habit of wearing: doubtless, the witch, being anxious to witness the working of her spells, had stolen into the cottage in the twilight, having assumed a form in which she was not so likely to be recognised; probably, in her hurry and excitement, forgetting to pull off the unlucky bonnet, which had been the means not only of revealing her identity, but her real character as no mere mortal woman.

We might multiply instances, but we have already quoted enough to prove that—

"Despite the schoolmaster,
And going a-head faster,
The arts and the science,
And all their appliances,"

superstition is not entirely banished from the cottage homes of Merrie England.

THE YOUTH OF GOETHE.

BY E. O.

ON his return to Leipzig, Goethe devoted great part of his time, with fresh enthusiasm, to etching and engraving; but whether or not the aquafortis which he used during the latter process, or the cold-water system, which was then coming into fashion, injured his health, or the Merseburg beer and strong coffee had the same effect, he became under alternate regimens so ill, that he was forced to go back once more to his paternal roof, to be nursed by his mother and sister—greatly to his father's vexation, who seems to have had an especial horror of everything approaching to bad health. He found that after his departure his father had concentrated all his fondness for teaching on the luckless Cornelia; and in a house completely shut up, and in a state of peaceful security, had denied her every kind of out-door recreation. Besides compelling her to practise on the harpsichord the greater part of the day, and to write and study French, English, and Italian, he had converted her correspondence with her brother into a medium for his own exhortations. That must have been a curious set of letters over which they now looked and laughed together; for Goethe had been almost equally instructive, transferring to his epistles whatever had struck him most in the lectures of Gellert, and the other professors of Leipzig, without at all considering whether Cornelia stood in need of the advice bestowed upon himself and his fellow-students. "My sister," he says, "was and still continued to be an undefinable creature, the most singular compound of

strength and weakness, of pliability and stubbornness; which qualities at one time operated in unison, while at another they were separated by inclination and affection. Thus she had turned the hardness of her character against her father, in a manner which seemed to me fearful; but as she was as love-needy as any human being can be, she turned her affection wholly upon me." His mother, whose education was now supposed to be finished, had taken refuge from the *ennui* of her home in what was then the Evangelical school in Frankfort: at the head of the pious ladies of her acquaintance stood the Fraulein von Klettenberg—the same person whose conversations and letters suggested the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," which are found incorporated in Wilhelm Meister. She was an interesting and elegant woman, who had suffered ill health from youth to middle age, with unfailing patience and resignation: she was a zealous disciple of Count Zinzendorf, and a great teacher in her way; and she found in Goethe exactly the character that suited her, with his ardent and powerful mind, and his vacillating opinions upon all spiritual subjects: and now she told him plainly and truly, that his unrest, his impatience, his strivings and longings and doubts, proceeded from his not being at peace with God; but as she thought that disease of the body in his case accompanied and increased that of the mind, she set herself to find remedies for both.

The physician and surgeon who prescribed for the whole of her circle were "pious Separatists," or Herrnhutters; the former was, besides being very abstruse, a sly-looking, friendly-spoken man, who had gained the greatest confidence in the course of his practice; it was only to the select few that he disclosed somewhat of its more hidden mysteries, and ventured now and then to talk of a wonderful salt which might only be had recourse to in cases of the extremest danger, and whose effects no one had yet experienced: these, however, Goethe was destined to prove in a state so nearly bordering on death, that his gradual recovery, after taking a dose of the universal medicine, filled the sisterhood and himself also with the liveliest faith, and enhanced his industry to make himself acquainted with so great a treasure. Fraulein von Klettenberg had already established a little air-furnace, alembics, and retorts of moderate size, in an apartment of her own house; and, in accordance with the hints of Welling, and the significant winks of the physician, she operated principally on iron, in which the most healing power was supposed to be concealed, if only one could get at it. Scarcely was Goethe sufficiently recovered, when, in the same gable chamber in which had once stood his altar, he also laid in a little apparatus, and began experiments in alchemy.

"Strange and disconnected," continues he, "as these operations were, I yet learned many things from them. I paid strict attention to all the crystallizations that occurred, and became acquainted with the external forms of many natural substances; and, inasmuch as I well knew that chemical subjects were treated more methodically in modern days, so I wished to gain a general idea of them, though, as a half-adept, I had very little respect for the apothecaries, and all those who operated with common fire." "Time," says Goethe, "is infinitely long, and each day is a vessel into which much may be poured, if one will actually fill it up:" he employed his in an endless variety of occupations and pursuits, amongst which drawing continued to be his favourite; but it was with great joy that he found his health and youthful

(1) Continued from p. 162.

spirits once more returning, and left the occult science and theological discussions for the student-life of Strasburg, where his father intended that he should take his degree. On alighting at the Ghost Tavern in that town, he hastened at once to satisfy his most earnest desire, and to approach the Minster, which had been before his eyes for a great distance. He felt unable to analyse the impression it made upon him, and he therefore made no delay in ascending the building, so as not to lose the glorious sunshine which was to disclose to him all the region in which he was come to fix his abode. It lay before him in its rich and varied beauty, like an unwritten tablet, on which no personal joys or sorrows were yet recorded; but a presentiment of the future disquieted his heart, and an unsatisfied craving seemed to demand in secret what it was that should or might come, and what character the place would assume from it, whether for good or for ill.

When he had descended, he still tarried awhile before the face of that venerable pile; he could not help regarding it as a monster which must have terrified him, if it had not at the same time appeared comprehensible by its regularity, and even pleasing by its finish. "Yet," he continues, "I by no means busied myself with meditating on this contradiction, but suffered a monument so extraordinary quietly to work on me by its presence."

Goethe's associates at Strasburg were chiefly the professors and students of medicine, to the pursuit of which science he devoted great part of his time with the utmost enthusiasm. His most influential acquaintance, however, was the one he formed with the celebrated Herder, who was detained at Strasburg by the necessity of undergoing an operation to remedy a complaint in his eyes, at which Goethe was enabled to be present by his previous exercise in the power of witnessing surgical operations with composure. Herder was then only five years older than his friend, but he had already gained a high reputation by his critical works, and had won a place by the side of the most eminent men in Germany: he found him a useful but not altogether a congenial companion. "I most carefully concealed from him my interest in certain subjects which had rooted themselves in me, and were by little and little moulding themselves into poetic form. These were Götz von Berlichingen and Faust. The biography of the former had seized my inmost heart. The figure of a rude well-meaning self-helper, in a wild anarchical time, awakened my deepest sympathy. The significant puppet-show fable of the latter resounded and vibrated many-toned within me. I also had wandered about in all sorts of science, and had early enough been led to see its vanity. I had, moreover, tried all sorts of ways in real life, and had always returned more unsatisfied and troubled. Now these things, as well as many others, I carried about with me, and delighted myself with them during my solitary hours, but without writing anything down. But most of all, I concealed from Herder my mysticocabalistical chemistry, and everything relating to it, although at the same time I was still very fond of secretly busying myself in working it out more consistently than it had been communicated to me. Of my poetical labours, I believe, I laid before him 'Die Mitschuldigen,' but I do not recollect that on this account I received either correction or encouragement on his part. Yet with all this he remained what he was; whatever proceeded from him had an important if not a cheering effect, and even his hand-

writing exercised a magic power over me. I do not remember having ever torn up or thrown away one of his letters, or even a mere envelope from his hand." "How far I must have been behindhand in modern literature, may be gathered from the mode of life I led at Frankfurt, and from the studies to which I devoted myself; but Herder, with his great knowledge, brought many other aids besides the later publications; among these he announced to us the 'Vicar of Wakefield' as an excellent work, with the German translation of which he would make us acquainted by reading it aloud to us himself." This delightful romance produced, as might be expected, a great effect on his audience; but its immediate consequence on Goethe was that of making him see the family circle of the worthy Dr. Primrose, in one which bore only a very slight resemblance to that which Goldsmith has described; and his admiration of the clergyman's youngest daughter, whom he chose to consider the image of Sophia, led him into the inexcusable error of seeking and winning affections he had no serious intention of returning with more than a high degree of poetic homage. He thus describes his impression on first seeing Frederica in the country parsonage of Sesenheim, at some distance from Strasburg. "At this instant she really entered the door, and then truly a most charming star arose in this rural heaven. Both daughters still wore nothing but *German*, as they used to call it, and this almost obsolete national costume became Frederica particularly well. A short, white, full skirt, with a furbelow not so long but that the neatest little feet were visible up to the ankle; a tight white bodice, and a black taffeta apron—thus she stood on the boundary between a country and a city girl. Slender and light, she tripped along as if she had nothing to carry, and her neck seemed almost too delicate for the large fair braids on her elegant little head. From cheerful blue eyes she looked very plainly round, and her pretty turned-up nose peered as freely into the air as if there could be no care in the world; her straw hat hung on her arm; and thus, at the first glance, I had the delight of seeing her and acknowledging her at once in all her grace and loveliness."

In the course of the day Frederica sang her Swiss and Alsatian songs in the open air; and the whole family, who regarded Goethe as a poor scholar (for he had assumed a threadbare garb for the occasion), were charmed by his conversation and merry flow of spirits. "His mother," he observes, "had thoroughly qualified him for social intercourse, and he was so near slipping out of his pretended character, that the friend who had brought him to the parsonage proposed a walk by moonlight, in which pleasant ramble he had an opportunity for ingratiating himself still further with both the girls." The following morning he appeared in more becoming attire; and from that time he was a constant and welcome guest at Sesenheim.

"There are women," he says, "who especially please us in a room; others who look better in the open air: Frederica belonged to the latter. Her whole nature, her form, never appeared more charming than when she moved along an elevated footpath; the grace of her deportment seemed to vie with the flowery earth, and the indestructible cheerfulness of her countenance with the blue sky. This refreshing atmosphere which surrounded her she carried home; and it might soon be perceived that she understood how to reconcile difficulties, and obliterate with ease the impression made by little unpleasant circumstances."

When he saw her afterwards at Strasburg, on a visit to some relations there with her mother and sister, he found her still unaltered. "She acted here as she had acted with the society in the country; she knew how to animate every moment. Without creating any disturbance, she put all in motion; and exactly by this pacified society, which is only really disturbed by *ennui*. She seemed to give me no other preference but that of communicating her desires and wishes to me rather than to another, and thus recognising me as her servant. One evening, at her request, I read through the whole of 'Hamlet' without interruption, entering into the sense of the piece as well as I was able, and expressing myself with liveliness and passion, as is possible in youth. I earned great applause. Frederica drew her breath deeply from time to time, and a transient red had passed over her cheeks. These two symptoms of a tender heart internally moved, while cheerfulness and calmness were externally apparent, were not unknown to me, and were indeed the only reward I had striven to obtain. She joyfully collected the thanks of the party for having caused me to read, and in her graceful manner did not deny herself the little pride of having shone in and by me."

This passage so closely resembles that in "Waverley," in which the conduct of Rose Bradwardine under similar circumstances is described, that it appears to have been its original.

Goethe had gone to Strasburg to take his degree, but he treated this material business as a mere collateral affair; all anxiety as to his examination he had put aside in a very easy fashion; but he had now to think of the *disputation*, for, on leaving Frankfort, he had promised his father, and resolved within himself, to write one. "Ecclesiastical history," he says, "was almost better known to me than the history of the world; and that conflict in which the Church—the publicly recognised worship of God—finds itself in two different directions, had always highly interested me. I chose the following theme: That the legislator was not only authorized but bound to establish a certain worship, from which neither the clergy nor the laity might free themselves."

He took his degree with great honour on the sixth of August, 1771. During the remainder of his abode at Strasburg, he made frequent excursions through Alsace, and amused himself by writing to Frederica, whom he now went seldom to see; and when he returned to Frankfort, he wrote to take leave of her. It is some comfort to find that her answer rent his heart. "It was the same hand, the same tone of thought, the same feeling which had formed itself for me and by me. I now for the first time felt the loss which she suffered, and saw no means to supply it, or even to alleviate it. She was completely present to me; I always felt that she was wanting to me; and, what was worst of all, I could not forgive myself for my own misfortune—for the first time I was guilty. I had wounded the most beautiful heart to its very depths; and the period of a gloomy repentance, with the absence of a refreshing love to which I had grown accustomed, was most agonizing, nay, insupportable."

The only further mention of Frederica is the following very curious one:—"Now, as I was riding along the forest-path towards Drusenheim, there came over me one of the strangest forebodings. I saw myself, not with bodily but with spiritual eyes, on horseback in the same path in a dress such as I had never worn: it was pike-grey mixed with gold. As soon as

I tried to rouse myself from this dream, the form vanished. But it is strange that, eight years afterwards, I found myself on the same way once more to visit Frederica, and in the very costume of my dream, worn, too, not from choice, but by accident. However it may be with these things, this wonderful phantom gave me no slight consolation in those moments of separation."

"The wanderer had now at last arrived at home, more serene and in a better condition than the first time; but yet there was a kind of exaggeration in his whole being, which did not indicate perfect inward health. At the very beginning, it was necessary for my mother to busy herself in regulating daily events, and bringing them into a kind of medium between my father's legal love of order and my multifarious eccentricity: he led a peaceful life with his long-loved hobby-horses and occupations, and was in an agreeable mood, as he was carrying out his own plans, in spite of all hindrances and postponements. I had now gained my degree, and the first step of my ascending course in civil life was taken. My sister had collected around her a circle of intelligent and charming women; without being dictatorial, she was the dictator of them all, from the breadth of her understanding and her kindly disposition, but especially because she was always more ready to play the confidante than the rival." "There was besides, at Darmstadt, a society of highly cultivated men: how greatly this circle inspired me and carried me forward, could not be told. They liked to listen to the reading of my finished works, or of those just begun; they encouraged me when I told them freely and in detail what I designed to do, and found fault when, on every new occasion, I laid aside what I had before commenced. Faust was already far advanced, Götz von Berlichingen was gradually forming in my mind, the study of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries occupied me, and the Cathedral had left behind in me a deep and serious impression, which formed for these things an appropriate background."

We have seen that Goethe, with all his love of present enjoyment, seldom lost sight of the great aim of his existence, that of excelling as "an artist of language:" all things around him and within him were made conducive to this one object. With his boyish passion for Gretchen, we take leave of the more natural and unselfish emotions of a youthful heart; and thenceforth he must be considered as a mighty man of genius, rejoicing indeed to run his race, but unscrupulously using whatever seemed to promise aid, and casting aside all that threatened to impede him in his onward course. "The resolution," says he, "to preserve my inner nature according to its peculiarities, and to allow outer nature to influence me according to its qualities, led me to the strange state in which Werther was designed and written. I sought to free myself from everything foreign; to regard what was without with love, and to permit all creatures, from men downwards, as far they could be comprehended, to work upon me, each in its own way. Thus arose a wonderful affinity with the individual objects of nature, and an intimate accord, a harmony, with the whole; so that every change of places and of regions, of the times of day or of the year, or whatever else might happen, affected me most inwardly." Such was the mood in which Goethe found himself at Wetzlar, whither he had gone during a season of great interest in the proceedings of the court of law, to improve himself in the study of his profession. Far

different, however, to the dry discussion of technical difficulties was the course of life he entered upon, while he indulged it to the uttermost at a country house belonging to a family, the eldest daughter of which was betrothed to one of his friends. "After the death of her mother she had displayed a high degree of activity as the head of a numerous young family, and, alone, had sustained her father in his widowhood. Her future husband had therefore reason to hope for an equal blessing for himself and his descendants, and expect a decided domestic happiness. Every one confessed, and without any personal view to that end, that she was a woman to be wished for: she was one of those who, if they do not inspire vehement passion, are formed to excite a universal pleasure. A lightly formed symmetrical figure, a pure healthy nature, and the glad activity of life which thence arises; an unembarrassed care for daily necessities—with all these she was endowed.

"The bridegroom, (for so we were accustomed always to call him,) with his thoroughly upright and confiding disposition, soon made every one whom he prized acquainted with her, and was pleased, while he himself devoted the greater part of the day zealously to his duties, when his betrothed, after the completion of her domestic labours, found recreation in the society of others, and engaged with friends of both sexes in country walks and rustic parties. Lotte (for so we will call her) was without pretension, in a double sense; because her nature was more inclined to universal kindness than to special attachments, and because she had destined herself to a man who was worthy of her, and would gladly at that moment have united his fate to hers for life. The most cheerful atmosphere surrounded her. The new comer, free from all ties, and without care in the presence of a maiden who, already betrothed, could not consider the most polite attentions as acts of courtship, and thus received them with the more pleasure, let all go quietly on, but was soon involved and engaged; while, at the same time, he was treated with such friendship and confidence by the young pair, that he no longer knew himself.

"Indolent and dreamy, because nothing satisfied him, he found what he himself had not, in the fair friend, who, while she lived for the whole year, seemed to live only for the moment. She liked to have him as her attendant, and soon he could not do without being near her, for she was to him the medium of the ordinary world." "They three thus lived through the splendid summer, a genuine German idyll, to which the fruitful earth gave the prose, and a pure friendship the poetry; one ordinary day followed another, and yet all seemed festival days; the whole calendar should have been printed in red. I can say here but little, though perhaps as much as may be necessary, of a young man whose name afterwards was but too often mentioned. It was Jerusalem, the son of the free and delicately-minded divine: he belonged to the circle of young lawyers at Wetzlar, was handsome and pleasing, and had a taste for art, but he was especially fond of all those drawings in which the quiet character of lonely landscapes was caught and represented. A decided passion for the wife of a friend was spoken of, though they were never seen publicly together." While Goethe was idling away his time at the farm, his sister Cornelia had consoled herself for his absence and comparative neglect by an attachment to Schlosser, one of their mutual friends. He now came to see his intended brother-in-law, and

earnestly endeavoured to persuade him to return to Frankfort. Merk, also, who appears to have afforded many hints for the character of Mephistopheles, was urgent with him to leave the dangerous society of Wetzlar, and to make a tour with him on the Rhine.

"When he had gone, I separated from Charlotte, with a purer conscience, indeed, than from Frederica, but yet not without pain. This relation, also, by habit and indulgence, had become on my side more passionate than it ought; but she and her betrothed had borne themselves in a cheerful unembarrassed manner, which could not have been more beautiful and charming; and the security arising from this very source caused me to forget all danger."

Goethe joined his friends upon the Rhine, sketched, and conversed, and wrote poetry, and all the while employed his secret thoughts with visions of the life he had been leading, which he longed to reproduce in writing. His first work, however, was *Götz von Berlichingen*, which he began soon after his return home, and finished in six weeks. This play, with its beauty and power, did not exclusively occupy its author; but while it was conceived, written, rewritten, printed, and circulated, many other images and plans were moving in his mind. Those which were to be treated dramatically gained the preference, in being most often thought over, and brought towards execution. At the same time there was developed a transition to another mode of writing, which cannot be reckoned dramatic, and yet has an intimate relationship to that. This transition took place chiefly through a peculiar habit of the writer of changing soliloquies into dialogues. He was accustomed, when alone, to summon his friends in spirit before him; he invited one or other to sit down, walked backwards and forwards before him, stood still, and discussed with him the subject that happened to be uppermost in his mind. "The letters of Werther have still such a manifold attraction because their various contents were first uttered in such ideal dialogues, while in the composition itself they appeared to be directed only to a single sympathizing friend."

At the same time Goethe meditated much on suicide, and used to lay a highly polished and valuable dagger, which he chose from his collection of weapons, every night by his bed-side, and before he put out the light tried if he could succeed in forcing the sharp point a couple of inches into his breast; "but," says he, "as I never could do this, I at last laughed aloud at myself, flung away all hypochondriac nonsense, and determined to live. But to be able to do this with cheerfulness, it was necessary that I should complete a poetic task in which all I had felt, thought, and fancied on this weighty point, should be put into words. I collected for this purpose the elements which for the few years before had been moving around me; I brought to mind the things which had the most vexed and pained me: but it would not come into shape; an adventure, a fable was wanting, in which all could be embodied. At that moment I heard of the death of Jerusalem, and immediately after the report we received the most minute details of the event; the plan of Werther was instantly formed, the whole came together from all sides, and became a solid mass, just as water at the point of freezing is changed into solid ice by the slightest agitation." "I had already outwardly isolated myself entirely; I had even refused the visits of my friends: and so too I now laid aside everything internal which did not immediately belong to the matter in hand.

On the other side I brought together everything which had a direct connexion with my plan, and went over the life I was then living, of which I had not till then made any artistic use. In such circumstances, and after such long and ample secret preparations, I wrote Werther in four weeks, without putting before upon paper the plan of the whole or the treatment of any part."

Goethe ventured to show his manuscript to a few of his young friends, upon whom it produced an effect far surpassing his expectations. Merck scolded at his design of re-writing it in his usual style, and insisted on seeing it printed just as it was. "Accordingly a clean manuscript was prepared, which did not remain long on my hands. By accident, on the same day in which my sister married George Schlosser, and the house was illuminated and astir with joyous festivity, came a letter from Weygant of Leipzig, asking me for a manuscript. I sent him Werther, and was perfectly satisfied when the compensation I received for it was not entirely consumed by the debts I had been forced to incur on account of Götz von Berlichingen. The effect of this little book was great, nay immense, and for the reason that it exactly touched on the impulses of the time. As it needs but a little match to hurl into the air a powerful mine, so the explosion which followed its publication was mighty from the fact, that the youthful world had already undermined itself. The commotion was so great, because it brought extravagant demands, unsatisfied passions, and imaginary griefs to an eruption. From the public it cannot be demanded that it should receive an intellectual work intellectually. In fact, only the contents, the materials were regarded, as I had already experienced with my friends; and together with that the old prejudice sprang up, arising from the dignity of a printed book, namely—that it must have a didactic purpose. A true exhibition of life has no such purpose. It neither justifies nor blames, but unfolds ideas and actions in their connexion, and thereby teaches and enlightens."

Goethe had now become famous, and speedily reaped the penalty as well as the honours of his success. "There lay before him works already commenced, enough to have busied him for several years, could he have devoted himself to them with the old passion; but he was drawn forth from the quiet, the twilight, the obscurity, which alone can favour pure creation, into the clamour of the daylight, where one is lost in others; where by sympathy as well as by coldness, by praise and by blame, he is led astray, because outward contact never coincides with the epoch of our inner culture, and therefore, as it cannot aid us, necessarily does us harm."

We now take leave of our hero, in the first flush of the literary triumph which extended over the whole of his long life: if our readers wish for farther information, they must seek it in his *Annals*, or *Day and Year-book*; in his *Italian Journey*, and in his voluminous correspondence; but we have presented them with the most interesting portion of his biography, and that on which he ever looked back with the greatest pleasure; and we close it with one of his favourite maxims, not because we agree to it, but because it was one peculiarly characteristic of himself:—"A good work of art can and certainly will have moral results, but to require moral aims of an artist is to destroy his profession."

Reviews.

SURREY.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER,

AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY," &c.

WANDSWORTH, "the shore of the Wandle," ought to be mentioned, if only to speak hereabouts of Henry Smith, the greatest benefactor Surrey ever had: his princely gifts of a thousand pounds apiece to every town therein are broadcast over the whole county; Croydon, Kingston, Guildford, Dorking, Farnham, Reigate, Richmond, and Wandsworth, equally share this bounty, besides five pounds a-year for ever to almost every parish of Surrey. The poor, who even now liberally feed upon Smith's bread doled out after service on Sundays, may well bless the name of this noble man of Wandsworth. The hamlet of Garrett is noted for its mock mayoralty. Putney gave birth to Edward Gibbon. Roehampton abounds with goodly villas. At Wimbledon, (*Wandle's dune* or hill,) the parliamentary general Lambert, after he had been sent to the right-about by Cromwell, amused himself by cultivating tulips and gilliflowers: likewise, for lack of employment, and by way of perpetuating their evanescent beauties, he painted those his flowers; and specimens of his industry, or idleness, are still said to be extant in the neighbourhood. There is an old British camp at the south-west angle of Wimbledon-common.

At Barnes; Secretary Walsingham entertained his queen; Jacob Tonson collected those portraits painted by Kneller, called the Kit-kat Club, from Christopher Kat, the former landlord of the house; and Edward Rose still reposes among his roses: that worthy citizen (whether from a poetical or a punning taste doth not appear,) having for now two hundred years made such pleasant care incumbent on the sexton by leaving him a salary "therefor."

Mortlake,—possibly signifying a stagnant pool, a *mortuus lacus*,—has an old church and an old gothic font in it: Dee and Partridge the astrologers lie buried there.

Tooting means, in Saxon, "base land," from *theon*, a slave, and *ing*, a meadow: probably it was held by some servile tenure.

Merton is historically known by the murder there of King Kenulph, and a battle royal between the Danes and Saxons: its church is of very early date, but has no monuments of interest. The Statutes of Merton were concocted A.D. 1236, within the few remaining fragments of old walls which now enclose the premises of a silk-factor, a cotton-printer, and a leather-dresser. Merton-place was bought by Lord Nelson, as a retreat wherein to pass the quiet evening of life; but as Lady Hamilton laid out the grounds, and the "walks represented, in miniature, the windings of the Nile, to compliment the hero," we suspect neither memory nor conscience could have there found peace.

(1) Continued from page 177.

And now let us gather up a few unravelled skins about and concerning Southwark; touching, at our discursive leisure, upon whatever points of interest occur to us, though sometimes out of order. We do not profess to be at home hereabouts; and gleaning from books is always much less fruitful than reaping by the eye. Not but that we have seen externally, as all have, Bedlam, where Cromwell's gigantic porter is immortalized in madness; and the King's-bench-prison, now swept of its lazy swarm by the power of Brougham; and the divers other philanthropic retreats, Magdalens, theatres, almshouses, and charity-schools dotted about the neighbourhood of St. George's-fields; where also we entertain a reminiscence of Wat Tyler, King Charles II., and Lord George Gordon, and have a prospective view of Popery triumphant. Through dingy Kent-street once rode Henry V. returning from his victory of Agincourt. At the Globe theatre, on Bankside, "one Shakspeare, a player," began to try his wings, and soon, eagle-like, flew into the sun of immortality. In High-street stands the Tabard Inn, now corrupted into Talbot. Surrey Chapel is still redolent of the airs from heaven wafted thither by Rowland Hill, and its organ is said to be one of the most powerful in the kingdom. Who can do justice within a sentence to those noble foundations, St. Thomas's, and (we were almost going to write St.) Guy's? or who can exhaust, without a volume, the beauties of St. Mary Overree?—ill-changed, as Salmon remarks, for the name St. Saviour's; for assuredly the Saviour is scarcely to be termed saint. Clustered columns, lancet windows, pointed arches, a carved oak vaulted roof, the magnificent altar-screen, the beauteous ladye chapel, (all the more precious for its rescue from destruction,) the fine old Norman doorway, Gower's altar-tomb, and Fletcher's, and Philip Massinger's "a stranger," among many other monumental and architectural notabilia, may be stated as principal features. But we gladly hurry out of town again: our pleasanter boasts as concerning Surrey abound in its greener, and quieter, and more sweet-aired districts.

Croydon and Wallington have continually contended for the honour of naming a hundred: in ancient times Wallington, the "*wale-ton*" or walled town of Domesday, gave the name; in the day of Aubrey and Salmon, Croydon had priority: and now we find Wallington again in all the glory of capitals across our modern maps.

Croydon, (*crave-dune*, or chalk-hill,—not that it is one, but, say etymologists apologetically, because it is near one,)—is a largish well-built town, mainly of a mile-long street; whereof the most noted feature in these days is its comprehensive railway station; the echoes of Croyd'n—Croyd'n—Croyd'n, more and more receding, linger in our ears while we think of it: but for many ages it had a higher boast in its fair archiepiscopal palace. There, Archbishop Parker gave a whole se'nnight's entertainment to Queen Elizabeth and her court. Arundel, Laud, Wake, Herring, and, in chief, the munificent Juxon, had severally enlarged

and adorned it; yet, in 1780, it had, from neglect, become so ruinous, that, with fourteen acres round it, the whole building was sold for no more than 2,580*l.*: the hall and chapel are still in being, and are of imposing appearance both as to size and architecture. In lieu of this ancient palatial residence, Addington-park in the neighbourhood was purchased for our modern Lord Primates, where his Grace the late Archbishop used to spend many months in the year: it is a pleasant country-seat, but not a palace. In the vicinity are several primitive sepulchral tumuli; and the church contains sundry old monuments of the Leigh family. Croydon church, also, regarded as "one of the finest examples of ecclesiastical architecture in the county," is rich in such memorials: one, that of "Egidius Seymor," as early as 1390. Here are the splendid tombs of several archbishops, and of others honoured in their deaths. Whitgift's Hospital, an Elizabethan building, is to be commended; as also the Archbishop's distich on his pious work:—

"*Fecit quod potui; potui quod, Christe, dedisti;
Improba fac melius, si potes, Ividia.*"

The military college of Addiscombe was originally built by Vanbrugh, and decorated by Thornhill. Haling, and Shirley, and Coombe, are goodly mansions all. The lord of the manor of Addington holds it by the tenure of presenting a dish of "dilligrout," or "maupygernon," to the king at his coronation. When George IV.'s long-delayed hour of glory revived all such obsolescences, this obscure and delicate dish was duly offered; it was found to consist of an herb-pudding boiled in a pig's caul: "and wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a king?" Couldson may be mentioned for its memories of perpetual Rome; Stane-street, three dykes, and some barrows, evidence such antique military occupation. Purley is noticeable for Horne Tooke and his Diversions. At Woodmansterne, Lord Derby's sporting place "The Oaks" has "lately been purchased by two gentlemen, Joseph Smith, Esq. and John Jones, Esq., who, at considerable expense, have placed the mansion in a state of complete repair. Having married two sisters, they have converted the house into distinct residences, but without in the slightest degree injuring its effect, either *en masse* or in detail."

Beddington is prolific of Roman urns and other ancient relics; near it is one of the many sites where antiquaries look for Noviomagus. In the church are several curious and costly monuments of the Carew family; and, in the near distance, their mansion; the great hall whereof constitutes "an admirable specimen of the domestic architecture of the Elizabethan age."

And now pass we on to pleasant Carshalton, "*Carew's auld-town*," famous for its trout and walnuts, its brightly flowing Wandle, Anne Boleyn's Well, and some curious brasses of the buried dead. Thence to Sutton, "*South-town*," where Earl Talbot and some others have their monumental marbles; and James Gibson, a citizen of London, has erected over

his grave in the churchyard "an enormous rude mass of Portland stone, with rustic work at the corners, and an urn at top, enclosed by iron rails."

Not far from Sutton is a place positively noted in the maps as "Little Hell!"—it is astonishing that native patriotism has not arisen in wrath to wipe off so odious an appellation. Forward, to Cheam, where, as usual, records of the dead form the principal attraction to a tourist: the splendid tombs of the noble house of Lumley are here presented to us; and Mr. Brayley (p. 82,) calls upon "the Earl of Scarborough to attend to the honours of his house by preserving these memorials, which are falling to decay."

Cheam has to boast of many rectors translated into bishops—no less than five out of six in succession: Lancelot Andrews, who was conversant with fifteen languages, was one, and John Hacket, another; whose motto is one of the best we know,—"*Serve God, and be cheerful.*" Mitcham intends a *michelham*, or "great dwelling;" in Saxon times it may have been considerable: Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Julius Cæsar, have had residences there. Mordon (Great-hill) church possesses a large stained-glass east window of some pretensions; and presents its quota of brasses and other monuments. And thus, with the constant protest of the impossibility of mentioning everything, and so pleasing everybody, we take our leave of Wallington or Croydon.

Tandridge hundred comes next in rotation, a tract large as to extent, but inferior as to interest: nevertheless, we will endeavour to array some of its memorabilia in somewhat of a galaxy. Blechingley once had a castle, but "fuit:" likewise members of parliament, but "fuerunt;" Lord Palmerston was the last representative of this very rotten borough. Salmon tells us that the paramount "interest of the great Earl Warren with the barons when the commons were made a part of the parliament," constituted the sufficient reason why "three places which send members to parliament are so near together, as Reigate, Gatton, and Blechingley." Thus then it would appear, that it never was from former magnitude or merit that such places influenced the legislature, but simply from the potency of local magnates. Crowhurst has its memories of Henry VIII. who used regularly to stick in the mud there on his amatory "progresses to Hever Castle: we are well aware that the dirt of this district is all but bottomless. The Gaynesford family possess interesting old brasses in Crowhurst church; and a yew tree near it measures "ten yards nine inches in girth at five feet from the ground." Godstone has its Roman road, its "Castlehill," a fortification, its now forgotten mineral water, and some good Evelyn monuments in the church: In the parish of Horne, occurs

"Harwardesley, supposed to have been at one time in the possession of King Harold, and to have been then known as '*Harold's legh*,' a tract of land of about five hundred acres, separated as mentioned above from the rest of the parish, and surrounded by the parishes of Burstow and Horley. Within this tract is the spot named Thunderfield-castle, the site, according to tra-

dition, of an ancient fortified structure. It is added, that a battle was fought here, when the castle was razed to the ground, and the inmates killed or buried in the ruins. Corroborative of this tradition, it appears that a Mr. Smith, who held the farm about twelve or fourteen years ago, in making some clearance, discovered a considerable quantity of human bones, and in repairing the moat, at the same time, some large pieces of timber were thrown out, nearly black, and partially charred. Portions of this timber are still preserved in the neighbourhood."

Lingfield presents to us St. Peter's cross, with a picturesque old oak adjacent, the reminiscence of its college, and some costly and noble memorials of the departed dead; among which the magnificent full-length brass of Reginald Lord Cobham deserves particular distinction. Oxted has its barrow, its old Pilgrims' Road, and the usual share of churchyard interests: Tandridge, its whilome Priory, its old Hall, some modern mansions, and a vast yew tree: Chelsam, its Battle-hill; and doubtless these, as well as other parishes little known to fame, can boast several other local celebrities, and magnates, with their pleasant sylvan seats for this world, and their stately marble resting-places after their hour of life has passed.

Reigate is next presented to us. Its castle was once famous: beneath the site where it formerly stood, are some large excavated galleries and apartments; one of which, yecept The Barons' Cave, is traditionally reported to be the place where those stout creators of our liberties used to meet, before they confronted King John at Runnymede. Reigate also had its Priory; but that which goes by so ancient a name is now "an elegant modern structure" occupying part of the old site, the residence of Lord Somers. The church, like most others in Surrey, has much to interest us in the monumental way; but these perpetual allusions to brass and marble become tedious. In Betchworth church lies Anacreontic Morris, who lived and sang at Brockham Lodge hard by, until he died a nonagenarian. John Flamsteed, the astronomer, died rector of Burstow as he had lived. Gatton has reminiscences of Danes and Romans, as well as of Schedule A; Lord Monson's fine place here can show many good pictures, statues, and other works of art, besides great natural and horticultural beauties: the church is full of elaborate old oak carvings, painted windows, and so forth. Merstham boasts its firestone, its tunnel, and the usual church sights, with a mansion or two. Nutfield produces fullers' earth and Roman coins. And so this hundred hath an end.

Pass we on to Coptthorne in co-partnership with Effingham. Banstead, and Bergh, and Tadworth abound each with its beauties; so doth fair-prospected, but unhistoric Nork. But let us come to *Ebba's Ham*, notorious Epsom, famed alike for purgatives and races. Wherever water is nastier than usual, thither at some time or other the Circean queen of fashion is sure to drive her hogs to be drenched: so did Prince Bladud with his lucky pigs at Bath: neither will those erudite persons who are now doing duty as canals at Cheltenham or Harrowgate, marvel to be told that Epsom salts have had their day. Fresh from Nature's vase

bubbled up the hideous combination; and thousands flocked together in public to be purged. "Prince George of Denmark," we are told, "was accustomed to visit Epsom, and drink the waters, (!) and his presence contributed to draw together the nobility and gentry, with many persons of all ranks." They had their early matin walk to the treacherous well; "thence," as Mr. Toland tells us, "they made their cavalcade in family coaches, sometimes sixty in the ring;" after which they regaled their elegant minds with "displays of cudgel play and wrestling," and recreated their exhausted bodies by "chasing a soaped pig:" at even-tide the viol and tambour held divided sway with King Faro and Pope Joan. But now arrived a crisis and a change in the history of Epsom; and let every such place, from Tunbridge Wells to Buxton, take warning by what next befell. Fraud and covetousness, in the shape of an apothecary, finding Nature's laboratory too sluggish, dared of her mysteries most villainous imitation: he concocted in a pit his drugs and other sorceries, led a pipe of water through them, built above a showy well-room, advertized his find, and waited the event. They came, they saw, they were conquered: human nature could not stand the poisonous mess; the water-bubble burst, Epsom was blown up, and Mr. Livingstone was ruined. Take ye heed from this, O Montpellier and Pittville; forge not upon nature's dewy banks; let mother-earth well up whatever cleansing waters she will, and her children drink it gratefully and uninquiring; but if novercal doctors fabricate polluted streams, our free-born antipathies arise, and bid us "throw the physic to the dogs." Epsom still has two days in the year to call its own—the Derby and the Oaks; then, and there, had Pindar still survived, he should have sung of mettled steeds, "with the names, weights, and colours of the riders." Possibly, on the allowed principle of village Hampdens, there may be extant Epsom Pindars still, and we are not sure but that we have seen one such at least, in a cocked hat and motley-military un-uniform: May not his be called *δρακίφορ-μύγες ὕμνοι*? At all events "fervet, immensusque ruit profundo ore;" for the Pindar we speak of is generally very hot, and both in his peculiar hymns and their libations immensely deep-mouthed. Round about Epsom—as, indeed, circumventing every other Surrey town, occur several charming seats. Let us mention Garlands, and Durham, and Woodcote, Ashted and The Elms, Hookfield, Pitt Place, and Abele Grove. About what continental third-rate town find you parks and mansions such as these? And is not Surrey thickly set with them? Ewell,—At-well,—a neat townlet at the head of a small stream, hath a bastard castle to boast of; at Walton-on-the-Hill dwelt Anne of Cleves; and old Rome too has left there her usual footmarks, in coins, pottery, and tesserae of pavements; its church has a highly curious leaden font: that of Ashted possesses a good east window of Dutch extraction, and many fair monuments. Cuddington retains its memories of Nonesuch palace, whereof Leland war-
bles,—

"*Invidâ Minerva,*

*Hanc quia non (!) habent similem, laudare Britannî
Sæpe solent, nullique parem cognomine, dicunt."*

Camden, in his *Britannia*, as translated by Gough, tells us—

"About four miles from the Thames inland, all surrounding buildings are eclipsed by Nonesuch, a royal retreat chosen by the magnificent monarch Henry VIII. for his pleasure and retirement, in a most healthy spot before called Cuddington, and built with so much splendour and elegance, that it stands a monument of art, and you would think the whole science of architecture exhausted on this building. It has such a profusion of animated statues and finished pieces of art, rivalling the monuments of ancient Rome itself, that it justly receives and maintains its name from them. The house is so surrounded by parks, so full of deer, delicious gardens, artificial arbours, parterres and shady walks, that it seems to be the spot where Pleasure chose to dwell with Health."

Alas for the evanescence of all sublunary glories! this "Nonciutz, c'est à dire Nonpareil," this "fayer, strong, and large structure of freestone, turreted and embattled," fell into the evil hands of Charles the Second's Lady Castlemaine, who ruthlessly pulled it all down and sold the materials. Its modern representative is one of Sir Jeffrey Wyattville's patent castles; and the chief glory of Nonesuch Park consists in some fine old timber of unusual size, among which the "Queen's Elm" stands pre-eminent. Lethered means "sloping;" though the tan-pits thereabouts might have suggested for the steep town the modern appellation, Leather-head. "Elinour Rummyng's cabaret," made famous for its "Tunnyng" by Skelton, is still extant in the Running Horse. The church has some brilliant painted windows, besides the frequently seen piscina, sedilia, &c. &c. and a fair sprinkling of monuments. Mickleham, famous for nightingales and other rustic delights, was doubtless once a "great dwelling," dating from Stane-street of the Romans: its Norbury Park is famous for scenery and yew trees. Camilla-Lacey is the pleasant home of Lady Caroline Cavendish, the sponsor whereof was Madame D'Arblay's novel, there indited. Polesden is a fair spot, and the engraving of it constitutes one of the numerous artistic triumphs of Thomas Allom, abundant in these volumes. Burford Lodge is a pretty bit of fairy land, well known to many a young couple who have spent their honeymoon at the Hare and Hounds. Boxhill has been at all times famous for its pic-nics, and the appetite its height and air enjoin; moreover, the box-trees so rife there, and so flourishing on the mere chalk, make a botanical mystery; and a madman is buried on the top, characteristically enough, head downwards. Mickleham church is picturesque without and imposing within, and presents its fair proportion of respectable monuments; but these things delight the eye in vision or in picture better than in printed words. Great Bookham church is an ivy-mantled pile, hoar with the rime of ages, and, like most others in our thus rich Surrey, is full of consecrated brass and marble.

Wootton, (the *woods-tone*, or woody district,) is our next hundred, sometimes known by the name of

Dorking. It is a very beautiful neighbourhood, presenting "that picturesque intermixture of hill and vale, cultivation and wildness, which delights the artist and the traveller." Abinger and Ockley have their mansions and monuments, and the like, "decies repetita;" but we need not stop until we get to fair Wootton itself, where Evelyn so truly preaches from his tomb the "wisdom of honesty," and so patriotically served his country by encouraging the breed of—trees. He wrote a vast deal besides the celebrated *Sylva*, as on Architecture, Sculpture, Earth, Etching, and Lucretius; and a few unpublished manuscripts of his have, somewhat remarkably, escaped the honours of print to this hour. The mansion at Wootton is a brick-built, large, and irregular pile; has its terraced cut hill, temple, fountain, conservatories, woods, and waters; within are the average amount of ancient and artistic objects common to the many fine seats of Surrey: an earthen vase of gold coin found within the manor, and some personal reliques of Sylvan Evelyn, may be particularized. The church is small and rude, serving in chief as a mausoleum for the reigning family. We may do well here to reproduce and send to the ends of the earth "the truth which, pursuant to his intention," is sculptured on the monument of Evelyn,—“All is vanity which is not honesty, and there is no solid wisdom but in true piety.” Let the double-faced and canting-tongued lay these words to heart. And what need is there to tell of the glorious panoramic scene so world-beknown as

“Where the landmark tower of Leith
Sentinels its purple heath;”

or of Richard Hull, “armiger,” who whimsically fancied to be buried there; or of the several pleasant seats overlooking the Wealden, as Hill Place, Jayes, and Tanhurst? And then, to retrace one’s steps a little, how picturesque a dell is Lonesome, with its cabinet cascade; how wild a heath is Holmbury, with its Roman hill, and the blackcock birring in its hurtwood; how suggestive of the lituus and the tuba is Stane-Street causeway; and how full of modern cheerfulness is Dorking! Who has not heard of the Deepdene, a princely pile, combining art’s museum with the paradise of nature; or of Betchworth Castle, where Abraham Tucker’s “Light of Nature” first blazed forth, and all those its mighty chestnuts; or of Denbies, the far-seen nest of Mr. Denison? These are but a sample of the pleasant spots near Dorking. And then, among such other and mightier remains as Anstiebury and Ermine Street, let us draw antiquarian attention to Dorking fowls and Dorking snails, as being legitimate descendants of Latin ancestry. With respect to the latter, indeed, it is doubtful whether or not some two hundred years ago “Lord Marshall Arundel,” of marble fame, did not introduce the large white snails (“luscious” is the epithet for those who like them, and “my lord had them *in deliciis*,”) from Italian shores for his consumptive lady; but as they (the *helices pomatia*, to wit,) are sometimes found near other Roman stations,—we may instance Bignor, and the villa north of Oxford,—we can refer them as fairly to the ancients, as Colu-

mella does like service for the fowls. Doubtless these both are to be classed as reasonably among living antiquities, as the Wandering Jew, or mummy wheat. Bury Hill, and Shrub Hill, and The Rookery, are goodly seats enough; at the last, “Population Malthus” was born, and the first was a stronghold of old Rome. Winterfield produced for our cabinets “a wooden box of 700 Saxon coins dating from 726 to 890.” Mag’s Well, at Meriden, yields a water likeliest to the Malvern. Rousseau had a cottage not far off, where he gnawed, nodoubt, his misanthropic heart. And, by way of being very discursive in our information, Dorking once bred a hog as big as a rhinoceros: the monster measured twelve feet long by eight wide, and was thirteen hands high. Its skin stood for many years stuffed at the Wheatsheaf, but “Tempus omnivorax” has probably swallowed up this, as the bulk of other marvels, whether they come to us in the guise of pigs, or only of philosophers.

Blackheath hundred suggests that a town may once have existed where now only a long tract of dusky moor lends its fitting name to the locality; and, in fact, we know practically of more than one site where pottery, bricks, coins, and other remains of human occupation, are traceable. However, “periere funditus:” and their memorial has perished with them: excepting in so far as regards the evidence supplied by coins, which in one spot upon Farley-heath have been found ranging over a period from Nero to Honorius. Let us pass in rapid review what other interests remain to us. Alfold Park was once a capital moated mansion, and was tenanted by Henry de Clifford, who has been decided by Mr. Brayley (in an article contributed to Brydges’s *Censura Literaria*) to have been the author of that pretty and pathetic ballad, the “Nut-browne Maide.” Old Tangley Manor-house is small, but picturesquely panelled. Dunsfold church has a piscina and sedilia. Hascomb’s beechy knoll, and Castlehill, are prominent features in the pleasant landscape; and Cicero Middleton was rector of the former. And now, following our labyrinthine guide, whose first law is anything but topographical order, we find our feet upon St. Martha’s. Who knows not Martyr’s Hill for many miles around? and who has not mourned over the shameful negligence which so long suffered that time-honoured old church to rot away and perish as we looked upon it? who, as now, is not rejoiced at the restoration of this, one of the most primitive memorials of Christianity in the land? Until very recently, St. Martha’s had within its chancel, near the torn-down altar-piece, a curious chalk figure, now all broken to pieces and dispersed, of a recumbent knight in armour, by name Morgan, with a fairly poetical inscription, as thus,—

“Sleep on thy marble pillow, worthy Sir,
Whilst we, as pilgrims to thy sepulchre,
Visit thy happy Virtues, with a flame
As hallow’d as thy dust, to sing thy fame;
Whose sacred actions with such will are strung,
They give the speechless stone a speaking tongue.
If virtue that makes men to seem divine,
If all those glorious beams that sweetly shine
Upon gentility, and deck her crest,
Like fixed stars in orbs, mov’d in his breast,

Then, in these senseless character of stones
 New life gives honour to his lifeless bones.
 The soul's a harmony which beat doth sound
 When our life plays the mean, our death the ground.
 Take from thy name but *M*, even Morgan's breath
 Stopt sweetly as an *organ*, at his death :
 And with his swan-like tones did singing die,
 And dying, sang out his mortality.
 Then sleep on still ; whose life did never jar,
 Can ne'er be less, may more be, than a star.
 Good ends of men are like good ends of gold,
 Whereby we may make Angels ; in which mould
 Thy virtues cast thy bliss ; for sure, in heaven,
 Angels weigh more than ours stamp for Eleven."

We give these lines because they now are not, and are intrinsically fair, ingenious, and Quarlesish: the "mean" must be the tenor, and the "ground" the bass. The last line is a riddle, but numismatists will easily detect how an "angel" might have been "stamp for eleven." All this, then, and much more, has now within a year or two past disappeared. St. Martha's, however, has some imperishable interests, exclusively of its christianities and their decayed memorials in stone; it has a few primeval antiquities to boast of. The summit on the eastern side is curiously ridged by many parallel banks and ditches, much effaced, but which were probably, in early times, intended to keep off attacking enemies on horseback. Also, to quote our author,—

"On the southern side of St. Martha's Hill are two distinct but small circles; each formed by a single bank and ditch: one of them is about thirty yards in diameter, the other, twenty-eight yards. Whether these circles were ever connected with Druidical rites, or not, must remain questionable. They have not hitherto been noticed in any published work; and the same may be stated with respect to a large barrow, enveloped in foliage and obscured by large trees growing upon it, which is situated about three-quarters of a mile from the hill, in the approach from Guildford.

"Nothing has yet been said of the glorious prospect from St. Martha's Hill, which the most fervent pencil of picturesque enthusiasm would fail to depict in apposite colours. On every side, a rich and almost unbounded view presents itself, intermingled with every charm which landscape scenery, in all its diversity of character, can exhibit. Towards the south, the prospects extend across the weald of Surrey and Sussex to the south downs and the sea; and on the north, the eye ranges over a portion of the valley of the Thames, as far as the high chalk-ridge of Oxfordshire, near Nettlebed, from which the summit and chapel of St. Martha are distinctly seen."

Gladly do we add another tribute of admiration to a prospect so truly superb—

"Lo, the glorious landscape round !
 Tread we not enchanted ground ?
 From this bold and breezy height
 The charm'd eye sends its eagle sight
 O'er the panoramic scene,
 Undulating, rich and green;
 And with various pleasure roves
 From hill and dale to fields and groves,
 Till the prospect, mingling grey
 With the horizon, fades away,
 Shutting in the distant view
 With fainter lines of glimmering blue."

Shalford House has a few good pictures, some of which came from the Orleans gallery: the church latterly taken down had a stained window of the Ascension, and some respectable family monuments. The new one is a picturesque specimen of a truly

English village church. Cranley church has some remains of an ancient and memorable character: its stained glass in particular is of Saxon times, and highly interesting. Baynards, and Knoll, and Womersh Park, and some other places, are well noticeable in their several ways as seats of elegance and luxury: in particular the first of these, where the only drawback to an otherwise most covetable and princely abode is the sea of mud in which its oaks are floating.—But we feel that these things pall from their very sameness; churches and mansions are too much the staple of the theme: let us make an effort to diversify it by mentioning a case for Mr. Ferrand, to match his "Devil's-dust." Womersh, (Ognersh,—the *hog-mareh*.) now an inconsiderable village, was once a place of note for its cloth manufactures; chiefly a species of blue baize, delighted in by the Canary Islanders. But it was ruined,—ruined even to what it is now, (hear ye this, Leeds and Paisley!)—by the fraudulent practice of stretching pieces originally eighteen yards in length to a false and flimsy two-and-twenty. Let us thence, passing Farley heath, and picking up a Roman coin or two by the bye, ramble through the beautiful vale of Albury, a place of note in several ways. Ashmole the antiquary in old times grubbed there: and mathematical Oughtred delved for impossible roots: and Hugh Mc Neile there first plumed the *ἄνθρωπος* of his sacred eloquence. Albury is also theologically famous for its convocation of the prophetic students some years ago, under the presidency of Mr. Drummond; for the conversion of the old church into a family mausoleum, decorated by Pugin; and for the elegant cathedral-like structure appropriated to the followers of Mr. Irving. The Park-house contains some curious old portraits, an extensive library, and some fair pictures. The gardens were laid out by Evelyn; and, for its size, the park is one of the most diversified as to natural beauties in the kingdom.

The boast of Shere is confined to the venerable memory of Mr. Bray, the all but centenarian antiquary: whose labours, as concerning the history of Surrey, were doubtless to our present author, after his own personal inquiries throughout the country, the principal founts of information. For all else, there are Netley Park, and several minor pretty places, with a few of the usual interests in a large old village church; some being monumentals of the fifteenth century, and one a Norman doorway with the zigzag ornament.

Godalming hundred has its first notable in the name of Manning, who began the great county history which Bray so ably completed: he died at the age of eighty, in 1801. Godalming town is well known to be mainly a long red street, once all alive with Mr. Moon's post-horses: but the railway has changed all that; its chief celebrities now, beside dullness, are confined to what may be found in the large imposing church, the market-place, and the memory of Mary Toft's wonderful rabbit-breeding. This was a sly woman of Godalming, who gained a great deal of money in 1796 by pretending to be delivered of live

rabbits: Whiston believed it; Hogarth painted it; and the very accoucheurs of those wise times were duped. Eashing is a fair mansion, the ancestor of which is mentioned by name in Alfred's will as Æsching; and Busbridge contains some capital Morlands. At Haslemere, a considerable place, there is little to mention but traditions of the Danes, regrets for the Reform Bill, and some painted glass in St. Bartlemy's chapel. Compton and several other villages have picturesque churches, and curious Sussex-marble fonts, with each its tribute of interest in the mansions both of dead and living: but the principal seat in the hundred is Lord Middleton's. Pepperharrow is a name neither euphonious nor aristocratic: and yet etymology redeems it from both imputations. Ignorance might have imagined that it was so named from some ancient duke's ideas of plebeian agriculture; at least there is a modern one whose panacea for poor husbandry is literally "peppering the harrow:" *O dura messorum ilia!* doomed by mere benevolence to fatten upon curry. But knowledge, routing such ideas, announces that this ancient park was "Piper's-arow:" the "arow," or plough-demesne, of some so-named Saxon magnate. Whether or not the venerable nursery rhyme of Peter Piper, who with so much difficulty picked a peck of pepper, is by any confusion referable to this locality, must be left for the decision of Mr. Hallowell, and other pundits in such dulcet strains. More reverently, though, the mansion at Pepperharrow Park is worthy of much praise for finely proportioned rooms, hung with some capital pictures; and the domain is abundantly watered and wooded, and replete with the usual attributes of a Peer's residence.

Farnham hundred comes at the close of our task: and though small in dimensions, it has a few respectable celebrities. We enter it by that remarkable ridge, the Hog's Back, from either side of which natural terrace we look down upon fertile vales, bounded only by the horizon. Of course, in entering Farnham we cannot help uttering the word hops; for the bristling poles abound, and would have given Homer a new simile for his long-lanced Achæans; but, having thus once given substance to the thought, our conscience is sufficiently delivered. In old times the quantity of *fern* native to the soil originated the name that Farnham now retains. The place is largish, long, and dull; has (if rightly we remember) such outlandish names as Xerxes and Caesar, in gilt capitals, over some of its shop-windows, and is overcrowded by the brick-built episcopal residence. Books, and portraits of former bishops, are the principal adornments of the castle, beside the gardens (one of these being up two pair of stairs on the keep,) and other accessories to peace and pleasure: exteriorly it is an embattled mansion, with an offset square tower to the west, having hexagonal turrets at the corners. The old castle, its predecessor, rebuilt after an earlier edifice of the time of Stephen, was a fortress of some strength and consequence during the civil war of Charles; and Sir William Waller, having wrenched it with difficulty from the loyal hands of Sir John Denham, blew it up with gunpowder, and

shortly afterwards it was systematically destroyed. On the Restoration, Bishop Morley restored it to much about its present appearance, which has the merit of being useful, if not in all points ornamental. Farnham church, once an outpost of Waverley Abbey, is extensive, well adorned with tracery, and well furnished with monuments: the altarpiece, a painting of the Lord's Supper, of some merit, is by a local artist, Elmer, a name unknown to fame. Within an easy walk of Farnham, about two miles to the south-east, we may visit for a moment Moor Park, a place consecrated to literary recollections as the seat of Sir William Temple, who lived, and died, and without a metaphor left his heart, there: it is said to be "buried in a silver box under the sun-dial in his garden." Swift, then secretary to the statesman, also has sowed there the memories of departed genius; more especially as the far-famed Stella, Swift's first love, was daughter to one of Sir William's dependents, and as at Moor Park the future Dean did his best to win her. Nigh at hand is Mother Ludlam's Cave, a paved irregular excavation, dug by the monks of Waverley in search of a spring which had suddenly failed them: in due course Lud-well [the name Lud was elsewhere attributed to water, e.g. Ludgate,] easily became the property of an ideal witch, who also took possession of a large cauldron in a neighbouring church, which the hospitality of old times had commanded to be used for a parochial distribution of soup, at the wedding of poor maids. Thus are the lying legends of darkness shone away by the lamp of knowledge. To the south-west of Farnham about two miles, occurs Waverley Abbey: we may pass by the pleasant modern mansion, to come and contemplate the ruin. It is a miserable fact, that there is now left to us only, "what not alone time and Puritan iconoclasts have spared, but sundry former brute-proprietors also, who within a score or two of years have torn down the structure for the sake of its materials. At present, scattered over three or four acres, have survived a few ivy-mantled walls, and remains of columns and arches, sufficient to prove that a magnificent pile had once stood there: almost within memory, it is said, the old stained glass was jewelling the windows. The name Waverley imperatively calls up that of Scott; and it is an interesting fact that the Great Unknown adopted the title merely as a taking one, whilst on a visit with his friend the late Mr. Poulett Thomson at the modern abbey. Another noticeable literary feature hereabouts, is that Cobbett was a native of Farnham; and that his fresh and healthy "Rural Rides" have made classic ground of many a fair spot in the neighbourhood of his birth-place.

In conclusion, let us not be so ungrateful as to have gleaned the chief part of our knowledge from Mr. Brayley's handsome volumes, without thanking him for the industry and ability which their compilation has evinced. It is true that we are practically at home in many of the places we have noted, and needed thus no leading strings; but this affords the better

opportunity of stating that we have seldom detected an inaccuracy, nor often had to supply an omission. It is thirty years since an edition of our county's history was published; this generation may well have demanded a new one, forasmuch as the volumes of Bray and Manning are both scarce and costly; and the present publication, coming in a serial form, copiously illustrated, and of convenient dimensions, has well supplied that want, having added to drier matter the popular zest of anecdote and pictures. We trust that an extensive local patronage has fallen to the lot of "Brayley's Surrey."

THE ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.¹

IN our notice of the preceding volume of this work we gave a general account of the author's mode of treating his subject; showing that it is purely and strictly historical and biographical; and that there is nothing fictitious in Mr. Craik's "Romance of the Peerage." The word *romance*, as he here uses it, means that portion of the lives of men and women of rank which is wonderful, extraordinary, or full of the heroic or poetic elements. He neither embroiders facts, nor weaves prettily-coloured webs of fiction for his readers. During a long course of historical reading he has become thoroughly master of his subject; that is say, as much as a man can be master of a limitless subject. He knows in what quarters to make the proper researches for the investigation of this or that branch of it; and he has a clear, sound, mature judgment, to probe and sift doubtful matters, weigh contrary evidence, and see through the disguises of historic misrepresentation and popular fallacies. In addition to these qualities, he has one, without which they would be of little use in such a shoreless sea as the "Family History of the British Peerage;"—he has great skill in the arrangement of his subject. He disentangles and clearly unravels the many cross threads of genealogy which, of necessity, run through every portion of it, and he keeps his family groups well together, not allowing one to mingle with another, more than is required in order to show how they are connected by marriage. These points concerning the author and his book might have been gathered from the first volume only; but they are still more apparent in this new one, of the contents of which we will now proceed to give some account.

The narratives in the present volume are more numerous than those in the first. We have here eleven; the chronology of them being, with trifling exceptions, within the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. By giving their running titles we shall enable the reader to see at a glance the nature of the ground gone over in the volume.

The kindred of Queen Anne Boleyn.—This chapter may be considered as a sort of conclusion to the story of "Lettice Knollys," and gives an account of the rise and rapid extinction of the Boleyns and Knollyses,

and is one of countless examples of the instability of earthly fortune.

The Lady Dorothy Devereux.—This lady was the younger sister of Lady Penelope Devereux, afterwards Lady Rich, who has been immortalized by Sir Philip Sidney under the name of "Stella." Dorothy seems to have been inferior to her sister in mind and in personal beauty; although of the last she had probably a very large share. *Stellas* are not to be met with every day; or perhaps it would be truer to say, that it is the *Sidneys* that are wanting; and that, to an unloving or an unpoetical eye, Astrophel's incomparable star might have seemed no brighter than any other pretty glittering court spangle. But whatever were the Lady Dorothy's claims to live in men's hearts and wear away their brains, her external history is much less remarkable than that of her famous sister. At the age of seventeen or eighteen she achieved a runaway marriage with Sir Thomas Perrot. Notwithstanding the objections raised against this match at the time, it appears to have turned out well. After the death of her first husband, Lady Perrot, *of course*, married again, (all the ladies in those days married twice, thrice, and sometimes four times.) Her second husband was Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland. Mr. Craik thinks it pretty clear that Lady Perrot's large fortune was the earl's greatest inducement in seeking her hand, and that they did not live very happily together; although the countess seems to have forgiven much. Northumberland's hatred to the whole Essex party was so strong, that he told Cecil once, in a moment of confidence, "that he had much ado to love his own daughters, because they were of that generation." When the earl was imprisoned in the Tower on the accusation of having assisted in the contrivance of the "gunpowder plot," he and his wife seem to have gone on very well together. "Sweet are the uses of adversity!" The countess died, however, in 1619, at the age of fifty-three or four—before her husband was released from the Tower. She was "the mother of Dorothy, Countess of Leicester, and of Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, and the grandmother, through the former, of Dorothy, Countess of Sunderland (Waller's Sacharissa), as well as of Algernon Sidney."

Next comes the history of "*The old Percies*," in which Mr. Craik begins from the beginning, or a little earlier, and ends with the ninth Earl of Northumberland, who married Dorothy Devereux, as just now stated. We quote the following remarks from the conclusion of this interesting chapter:—

"It seemed the order of nature that a Percy should always die a bloody death. And these men may be said to have all lived, as well as died, in harness. They and their predecessors, for at least three more generations—comprehending above another century—had stood pillars of the state, and been ever foremost in one or other department of the public service. It is remarkable, however, that the four who were slain in battle, all fell fighting on the side which was at the moment the wrong, or the losing one; and the same unhappy destiny continued to pursue the race after they came to die in another fashion than with arms in their hands. About half a cen-

(1) "The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History." Vol. II. By George Lillie Craik. Chapman & Hall.

tury passes, divided between the magnificent prosperity of the fifth, and the inglorious wretchedness of the sixth earl; and then, within another term of about the same length, are recorded three more violent deaths—that of the father of the seventh earl, that of the seventh earl himself, and that of the eighth earl—all three charged with rebellion or treason. Thus, in the two centuries, we have only two earls who died in the ordinary course of nature, and no fewer than eight heads of the house suddenly and violently cut off—four of them in battle, two on the scaffold, the other two lawlessly murdered. Nothing can set before us in a more striking way the convulsed or troubled condition of English society throughout those two hundred years. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries stand by themselves, and make a cycle in our history. The time between the dethronement of Richard II. and the accession of James I.—between the era of the Plantagenets and that of the Stuarts, formed a transition period from one state of things to another, both in the social and in the political constitution of the country. The Lancastrian and Tudor domination was something superinduced over the worn-out fabric of our original institutions, an interruption of the natural course of events, a new and foreign element thrown into our national system. It served the purpose of stirring the half-exhausted mass into new life. But it necessarily operated by originating and maintaining a process of fermentation, which, so long as it lasted, kept everything in what may be called an abnormal or unnatural condition. In the height of its activity, law and order were utterly overthrown; and even in its stage of subsidence, there continued to prevail a nearly complete eclipse of all constitutional security and freedom, the necessary consequence of the danger of renewed convulsion that still existed, and of the constant state of apprehension, suspicion, and uneasiness in which the government—and it may be said the community in general—were thereby kept. It was not till after the accession of the Stuarts that Englishmen began to remember again that they had, or once had had, a constitution; or ceased to be afraid even to talk or think of their ancient liberties."

The next story is that of "*Earl Henry the Wizard*." He is this same ninth earl, and was supposed, in his own day, to have had some supernatural knowledge. Mr. Craik speaks of him as "a person in whom there was evidently much good." This may have been the case; but, from aught that we here learn, the facts of his life tell much against him. The "good" in him was neither good feeling nor good sense, for his conduct is, for the most part, selfish and foolish. To our thinking, he was very nearly good for nothing. He might pass for a "wizard" in the seventeenth century; but we do not think he would be taken for a conjurer now. This chapter concludes with a brief account of the descent of the earldom to his grandson, the eleventh Earl Percy, and its subsequent transmission in the female line to the present Duke of Northumberland.

"*The last of the Ruthvens*" is full of interesting matter concerning the remarkable family of the Ruthvens. The Gowrie Conspiracy occupies some space here; and Mr. Craik, in speaking of the original letters of Logan of Restalrig, shows in a very satisfactory manner that the plot must have been planned by the Earl of Gowrie and his brother, and not by King James, as many persons believed until the discovery of these original letters by Pitcairn. The last Ruthven was a woman, Maria Ruthven, who was

brought up at the court of Henrietta Maria, and who was married to the great painter Vandyck. Her portrait, by her husband, is now at Hagley, the seat of Lord Lyttleton. She was a great beauty.

"*The last Lord Cobham*" and "*the last Lord Grey of Wilton*" contain much curious and interesting matter; but we must pass them over, and come to the four concluding stories, which are all, more or less, connected with the public history of the period, and involve the important disputes concerning the succession to the throne of England. These narratives are entitled, "*Mary Tudor, the French Queen*," "*The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey*," "*Margaret Tudor, the Scottish Queen*," and "*The Lady Arabella Stuart*."

The portrait of Mary Tudor, prefixed to the volume, is that of a very lovely woman, made up of frankness, sweetness, and dignity. Her story is briefly this:—In infancy she was half betrothed to the baby Prince of Castile, afterwards Charles V.; but, the matter never went much farther. Before she was sixteen she fell in love with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, a man no longer in *sa première jeunesse*, and she was far, very far, from being his *first* love. But Brandon was handsome, brave, gallant, and amiable; and—*que voulez-vous?* as the French say—she loved him; and he thought the beautiful princess a capital match, and had hopes that his royal master Henry VIII. would give him his sister. But, unfortunately, good, gouty, old Louis XII. asked her hand for himself; and Henry could not refuse the crown of France for his sister. So the poor child was sent over to Boulogne, and thence conducted to her lord. He was very kind to her while he lived, but that was only a few months; and after his death she returned to England and married Brandon. Her descendants by Brandon, the Ladies Jane, Catharine, and Mary Grey, laid claim to the succession to the English throne *before* the Stuarts, who were descended from Margaret Tudor, Mary's elder sister. This claim was founded on an Act of Parliament passed in the year 1536, which empowered Henry VIII. to make a will postponing the right of Margaret's descendants, and giving the priority to those of his younger sister, Mary, failing the lines of his three children, Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward. In the section entitled "*The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey*," their claim to the crown is discussed, and their stories given. The Lady Catharine Grey was an interesting and unfortunate woman; her history is mournful, and it is well told here. The parents of these distinguished ladies, the Marquis and Marchioness of Dorset (Frances Brandon), were by no means of the over-indulgent school, if we may trust their daughter Jane's account of them:—

"Sir John Hayward characterises the Marquis of Dorset as 'a man for his harmless simplicity neither disliked nor much regarded.' On which Strype annotates, 'A disparaging character given of a great man, without much if any ground for it. This character I can give of him, that he was a great friend to the Reformation, and a patron of learned men.' Dorset appears to have been a man of a higher order of mind than Hayward's splanetic account of him would lead us to

suppose. He was, evidently, a person of very considerable literary accomplishment, as we might expect to find the father of Lady Jane Grey; his letters are capitally written; and he had, probably, many estimable qualities. Nor, where his character was defective, would it seem to have been in the way of simplicity or weakness; but rather in that of conceit and pertinacity, the produce of a narrow, not a soft, understanding. This is the impression made by his daughter's report of him. Lady Jane described both her parents, to Roger Ascham, as almost beyond endurance sharp and severe: 'When I am in presence,' she said, 'of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them), so without measure disordered, that I think myself in hell.'

As the Lady Catharine Grey was the representative of Mary Tudor, and was looked upon suspiciously in consequence by Queen Elizabeth, so was Lady Arabella Stuart the representative of Margaret Tudor (in default of the issue of James I.), and she was in consequence jealously watched by that monarch. The position of these two women was very similar; but Lady Arabella led by far the pleasanter life, and she was certainly not the most interesting person. Mr. D'Israeli has given a curious and entertaining, but not very accurate account of her, which is probably in the memory of our readers. The present history is very carefully written, and every authentic source of information seems to have been consulted in order to give a full and correct statement of the facts of this lady's history. Singular enough it is, that the person whom the Lady Arabella married secretly should be a grandson of the Earl of Hertford, whose secret marriage with Catherine Grey brought upon them a fate similar to her own and that of her husband.

"It was William Seymour, Lord Beauchamp's second son, with whom she was discovered to be in treaty in February, 1610. His age could not be more than two or three and twenty at the most, while she would by this time be four or five and thirty. Upon being brought up before the Council, they both declared not only that they were not married, but that they had never intended marrying without his majesty's consent. Mr. D'Israeli gives part of a written communication which Seymour addressed to the Lords of the council, detailing every thing that had taken place between them. He says, that upon its being generally reported, after her ladyship's last being called before their lordships, that she might, without offence, make her choice of any subject within the kingdom, he, being a younger brother, alive to his own interest, of moderate estate, and so having his fortunes to raise by his own exertions, —while she was a lady of great honour and virtue, and, as he thought, also of great means—conceived the plan of honestly endeavouring to gain her for his wife; and with that view had boldly intruded himself into her apartment in the court on last Candlemas-day, and imparted to her his said desire, to which she had readily assented. This is certainly all prosaic enough. They had only had two other meetings in all; the first at one Brigg's house in Fleet Street, the second at a Mr. Baynton's.

"Upon giving these explanations and assurances, they were both set at large. That followed which might

naturally have been expected. The two lovers took the first opportunity of getting married; the ceremony was privately performed in Lady Arabella's chamber in the palace at Greenwich. The fact was discovered in the early part of July. It is mentioned in a letter of Carleton's to Sir Thomas Edmondes, dated the 13th of that month, in terms by no means complimentary to the lady. She was immediately ordered into close custody at Sir Thomas Parry's house, at Lambeth; her husband was sent to the Tower, where the learned and intrepid Presbyterian divine, Andrew Melvil, recently shut up for an irreverent expression he had dropped touching the altar in the Royal Chapel, welcomed the new comer with the well-known epigram, which would alone have sufficed to fix the accepted form of the Lady's name:—

*"Causa mihi tecum communis carceris; Ara
Regiæ bella tibi, regiæ sacra mihi."*

"Thus matters remained for eight or nine months; but although prevented from meeting, the husband and wife found means to hold some intercourse by writing. Mr. D'Israeli has given one of the Lady Arabella's letters from the original, preserved in the Harleian Collection. It was probably upon their correspondence, being discovered that it was determined to separate them by a greater distance."

In consequence of this marriage, the Lady Arabella underwent persecutions and imprisonments which shortened her life. She died at the age of thirty-nine or forty, in the Tower, 1615.

"The Romance of the Peerage," if it be continued in the same spirit of impartial investigation, and with the same ability and thorough mastery of the subject (and those who are acquainted with these two volumes can scarcely doubt this), promises to become a standard authority. The genealogical details which here and there impede the general reader's progress through the book, are among the most valuable portions in the eyes of the historical and biographical student. It is impossible to read these unvarnished records of a past age without making many reflections upon the changes in social morals and a thousand things dependent upon them, which have taken place in England since the Reformation. But we will spare the reader our moralizing, as every right-minded person may easily become his own moralist while reading such records of reality as the "Romance of the Peerage."

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.¹

BEAUTIFULLY are we told in the first announcement recorded as having been made from the Creator to the creature, in the opening verses of the revealed word, that "God said, Let there be light; and there was light;" and as certainly as that command was followed by immediate obedience, so certainly has it been renewed in varied forms, as some new emanation of immortal spirit has been sent from time to time to enlighten the darkness which was in the world.

Towards the close of the last century, was a period

(1) "The Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell," Edited by William Beattie, M.D. one of his Executors. Moxon.

particularly distinguished in our land; for increase of mental illumination; and amid the bright galaxy which adorns the period embracing the termination of the one century and the commencement of the other, the name of Thomas Campbell occupies in our estimation a proud position.

Born and educated among intellectual giants, it was his good fortune to enjoy, as doubtless he well deserved, the society and affection of many of the most eminent men of the day. James Watt had applied to the affairs of the world a power, in steam, to the rapid progress of which, as the human mind could not have foreseen it, sooner, even in conjecture, can it now set limits. Thomas Telford had, by devoting the high gifts of science to the art of making roads and bridges, of spanning the mighty arch, and penetrating the formidable hills, paved the way to some of the most splendid triumphs which steam now presents to an astonished world. James Thomson, of Clitheroe, was one of the earliest and most successful founders of those colossal factories, which have given to millions bread, and to their country almost inexhaustible wealth. With all of these, and with many more such men, it is delightful to have in these volumes such testimony of the poet's friendship, continued with them or with their families from his earliest to his latest years.

Nor can we doubt, when we find them one after another so generously and so readily holding out to him, not only the hand of friendship, but the hand to aid, when his less practical knowledge of worldly things exposed him to occasional difficulties, not in themselves so formidable, as formidable to his sensitive mind; we cannot doubt, we say, that in all this, these master minds often felt richly repaid, amid the severe labours to which they devoted their lives, by the brilliant coruscations of their friend's genius, and the soothing influence of those noble sentiments which it was the aim of all his pure and classical poetry to press home upon the heart.

But it was not only with these cultivators of the sterner realities of life that we find him the associate. To Walter Scott—whose astonishing narratives both in prose and verse leave us only one sensation at all allied to discontent; namely, a fear lest the charms of his eloquence should bewilder our historical faith—he was the faithful and attached friend. The same may be said of Dugald Stewart, and Thomas Brown, who adorned and elevated the study of the human mind. And Campbell was one of that brilliant association, who, headed by Horner, and Jeffrey, and Brougham, and Sidney Smith, first led the way in that bold and independent spirit of criticism, which, whatever party spirit, in its wrath, may say, did much to raise both the literary and political intellect of the country. That the intimate breathings of such souls as these—and the list of the gallant band might be widely extended—should have furnished matter for the most interesting volumes now made public, we could not reasonably have doubted; but upon some, who in the turmoil and toils of this busy world may have

almost forgotten the amiable and unobtrusive bard of hope, these delightful revelations may come as a surprise; if so, a pleasant one it must be.

The idea may seem fanciful, but when we recall to mind the numerous names of the great and good whom we find forming the society of this period, we cannot help viewing them as raised up to be ministers of happiness and encouragement to each other in their several careers, as well as to be the means of counterbalancing the evil influences of the times, when men's minds were more than enough occupied with the necessity of making money, and when the clang of the trumpet and the roaring of cannon sounded through the world. We can imagine with pleasure the wearied statesman, Fox or Pitt, or the care-worn merchant, or the harassed warrior, enjoying a few moments of gentle pleasure over the pages of the poets, their cotemporaries, and probably their friends; to say nothing of the delight conveyed to thousands of the working men of the earth, to whom the stream of song trickled as rills of delight, affording refreshment and gladness amid their toil;—and this as well in our own population as in many a far distant land, into which the names of Rogers, and Scott, and Campbell, and many more, had penetrated—wherever an Englishman (as where has he not?) had planted his foot.

Some such idea seems to have passed through our poet's own mind when he penned these lines—

"Oh! deem not, in this worldly strife,
An idle art the poet brings:
Let high philosophy control,
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,
The nobler passions of the soul."

When our poet's last hour was come—when he lay on a death-bed—(in a foreign land, it is true, but not unattended by affection)—when his eyelids had been closed by the hand of a friend—a soldier's widow, who had been employed as an attendant, was found in the chamber of death placing a chaplet of laurel on his head, and having also, as her companions, a bible and a volume of *his* songs, whose voice was now silent for ever. His noble martial lyrics had found a response in her heart, and opened a fountain of tears; but she wept not altogether in sorrow, but turned for consolation to the word of God.

When we follow Mr. Campbell into the more sacred scenes of private life, we are struck with the warmth of his domestic affections; with the noble self-denial with which he provided for an aged parent's wants, and aided his somewhat dependent sisters, and persevered, in his very dying moments, in his endeavours to promote the interests of his younger relatives.

In the playful, and what perhaps a severer critic might call trifling, notes he was so often addressing to those who had thrown the charm of wit and beauty over his heart, we find much to admire; particularly in the series to the Mayow family, scattered through these volumes.

When Shakspeare put into the mouth of the heathen orator that severe sentence on human kindness,

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;"

he hardly did justice to that more extended charity of feeling which pervades, in general, his portraitures. How many instances could be given of the reverse of the sentence, where the good only has been gladly remembered! Indeed, in such instances as the memory of the man before us, it would be difficult to do otherwise; for, in the long career here faithfully recorded of him, we find so much to admire, to rejoice in, or to sympathize with, that, should any spot or blemish appear, we may well say, "Let it be interred with his bones." And when it is added, that Dr. Beattie has discharged his duty with the manly freedom of the historian, the tenderness of a Christian friend, and the faithfulness of the chronicler, we can assure our readers that they will find placed before them, in the volumes now under notice, ample materials thoroughly to know both the history and nature of that once warm heart which now lies cold in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

The limits of our magazine will necessarily restrain our inclination to quote, and our willingness to give our readers the means of judging for themselves of the value—of the high opinion we have formed, of the work before us. Such specimens as we can select, will give those to whom time and opportunity may for the present be wanting to enable them to peruse the whole work, some idea of the treasures they may anticipate.

THE FAMILY AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF CAMPBELL.

It matters little, perhaps, where we begin; but, for the sake of order, we may commence with the family of Campbell, and his domestic character. Leaving out of view the genealogical history of the Campbell family, we may state that the poet was the eighth son and the youngest and eleventh child of Alexander and Margaret Campbell. He was born at Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777; and the exact place of his birth, we can inform the curious in literary antiquities, is now occupied by a large and more modern building, forming the south-west corner of the crossing of George-street and the High-street.

His father was a wealthy American merchant, but lost his all during the war of independence with that country. Mr. Campbell was at this time about sixty years of age, and unable by any further exertions to retrieve his affairs. He retired, therefore, into private life, with what little remained to him, and seems to have left the management of his household and numerous family to Mrs. Campbell, a woman of a cultivated mind, and warm heart and temper.

The young family received all of them excellent educations. The boys, as they grew up, went with manly independence to different quarters of the world in search of fortune; and had, in after life, varied, but none of them very signal success. The sisters, in the same spirit, refusing to burden their parents, sought every opportunity of acting as governesses—a resource,

however, so limited, that in after life they frequently became dependent on their brother. Thus our poet, who had received the name of Thomas from the eminent moral philosopher Dr. Thomas Reid, became almost the sole object of the cares and affections of the family—and amply did he repay them all. His school and college career are fully detailed: they were both brilliant; but we cannot help thinking that in some respects, like many other noble boys, he over-exerted himself, or, at least, did not enough concentrate his powers; and that thus originated some weak points in his subsequent character.

By his conduct at college he won the esteem of all his professors, at that time most of them men of general, and some of them of European fame; and he seems to have been as great a favourite, as their fellow-student, of the boys of that day, as he became of their sons and grandsons when Lord Rector at a future period. By his own family he was entirely beloved. His youngest sister, Elizabeth, in a letter to an uncle, after mentioning with pride his college honours, says:—

"His personal accomplishments keep pace with those of his mind; and the sweetness of his manners render him a most endearing relation indeed. Judge then what my happiness is in having such a brother; one, too, who loves me as much as it is possible."

Thomas was then eighteen.

An affecting incident occurred to him when a boy. Walking with his sister Isabella on the river side, they came suddenly on the dead body of a brother a few years older, who had been drowned while bathing. This impressed him deeply, and he alludes to it in the lines in "The Pleasures of Hope":—

"Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?"

His eldest sister, Mary, seems through life to have been his friend, and often his adviser; and as there is no mention made of his being at any school until the age of nine, when he was sent to the public grammar school, under an excellent teacher named Allison, it is to be inferred that these estimable ladies taught his earliest letters to the young poet—for even then his young muse had tried her wing. To this sister, on one occasion when he had to bid her farewell, he addressed verses breathing affection, and concluding—

"And fare thee well, whose blessings seem
Heaven's blessing to portend;
Endear'd by nature and esteem;
My sister and my friend."

The mother was justly proud of her boy, but having, in one sense, become the head of the house, she did not permit her affections to guide her judgment. When Thomas was a boy of fifteen, he was seized with a desire to be present at the trial of Gerald, for treason. Under pretence of wishing to see an aunt who had invited him to Edinburgh, he asked his mother, in her melting mood, for permission, and three shillings to defray charges, proposing to walk the distance (forty-six miles) in a day, and return in the same manner.

To his surprise, he tells us, he received a ready sanction, but five instead of three shillings, and orders to rest a night by the way on each journey.—“He could sleep for sixpence at the half-way house.”

“She then gave me, I shall never forget the beautiful coin! a king William and Mary crown-piece. I was dumb with gratitude; but sallying out to the streets, I saw at the first bookseller's shop a print of Elijah fed by the ravens. Now I had often heard my poor mother say confidentially to our worthy neighbour Mrs. Hamilton, whose strawberries I had plundered, that in case of my father's death, (and he was a very old man,) she did not know what would become of her. But she used to say, ‘Let me not despair, for Elijah was fed by the ravens.’ When I presented her with the picture, I said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment.”

But his affections were soon to be put to a different trial from these amiable little tokens of love. The trial was a severe one, and nobly he stood it. When he had published “The Pleasures of Hope,” at the age of twenty-two, and risen suddenly into fame, he was irresistibly attracted to visit Germany. On his return the following year, on reaching London he received the news of his father's death. He hastened to his mother. He found her surrounded by her daughters, all in indifferent health, and deprived of the means of living—for Mr. Campbell's annuity had died with him. The poet had spent all, even the mighty sum of 60*l.* he had received for “The Pleasures of Hope.” The other brothers, if indeed able and willing, were all beyond the seas. Thomas buckled on his armour, obtained literary labour, and divided with his bereaved relatives every penny. From this time forward he continued to aid his family, even to a second generation, until his dying hour. Some of his friends calculated that at least 100*l.* yearly was set aside for this purpose; and it was often on the same account that he asked temporary aid, never denied, from his richer friends.

On this subject Dr. Beattie says:—

“It is only by a plain statement of the difficulties that now beset his path, that the reader can form a just appreciation of his character. The favourite of the Muses, but the step-child of Fortune, his whole life was a struggle with untoward circumstances; and though it met with only partial success, it was always maintained with honour. These little points of family history I desire to notice with all possible delicacy; but to pass them over in silence would be an act of injustice to all parties. His conduct at this trying period is worthy of imitation; and others who may be similarly placed on the shifting stage of life, may learn from his example the manly virtues of courage and perseverance. His kindness to his mother and sisters was that of a most affectionate relative, and with them he shared his still scanty earnings.”

The next event in the poet's domestic history is his marriage. But ere this took place he had removed to London. We ought here to explain that Campbell had chosen no profession. This we deem most unfortunate; nor are the causes assigned at all satisfactory to our minds. Had he been in any profession—even *nominally* a lawyer—it would have been

easy for his friends or the Government to give him some office of moderate leisure and some emolument; but in a nation of shopkeepers, to provide for a man who is nothing but a poet, is no easy matter even for a Government. They had made Burns an exciseman, it is true, but the success of the experiment was not such as to invite repetition.

Campbell, therefore, had no resource but literature, and London was found to be the widest field for his talents.

He had not been long there when he fell in love with his second cousin, Matilda Sinclair; and she, very naturally—for at this period he was not only a genius and amiable, but remarkably handsome—fell in love with him. They married in spite of the grave shakings of the head of some of their elder friends, and enjoyed a tolerably long life of happiness together, not unchequered by some severe trials. He soon afterwards took a house at Sydenham, where, for many years, he seems to have enjoyed as much felicity as falls to the lot of man. He thus announces his married happiness to John Richardson, a prosperous member of the legal profession, and one of the most judicious and warmest friends a man could be blessed with:—

“Pimlico, Nov. 8, 1808.

“Now that the public astonishment has a little subsided, and the nation at large grown familiar with contemplating my unhappy marriage, I picture to myself the precincts of Edinburgh; be sure a cottage, as the best compromise one could make between town and country Edinburgh; John Richardson and Jemmy Grahame shaking their heads like two mandarins at my fireside, moralizing upon the folly of early wedlock: Mocha coffee—my wife has been in Geneva, and makes it in perfection; she is besides a very mild body, and, except in points of consequence, would give us leave to make as much and talk as much as we liked: such are the scenes, I trust, not in distant perspective. I cannot tax myself with either misapprehending or changing my opinion of the *summum bonum*. It is precisely what is now before me. I see the book of life opened: the characters written upon it are, mental employment, such as to amount to industry without swelling to fatigue; a friend to be always with, and a friend to have for ever, although met with only in the gay moments of leisure. I have a little too much industry, I own, at present; for the constant consciousness of what I have now to answer for beats an alarm-bell in my heart when I detect myself indolent, and my hours of writing are now from morning to night.

“The worthy being who stands first on my list of blessings is such, that if I asked my affections, Did they ever find her match? they would say, upon oath, Nay, never! And now for my friend, John. It was no compliment for a dreary forlorn pilgrim in Germany to wish for your society, and to think that it would be better than solitude; but it is now a pledge how dear I hold you, when I think how blest, how supremely blest I should be, if I had the sum of God's gifts made complete, by having the friend who wishes me most happy to come and see me happy.”

A young lady, a distant relative, thus describes his family happiness:—

“I spent a short but delightful visit with my amiable and talented cousins. They were greatly attached. Mrs. C. studied her husband in every way. As one proof, the poet being devoted to his books and writing

every day, she would never suffer him to be disturbed by questions or intrusion, but left the door of his room a little ajar, that she might every now and then have a silent peep of him. On one occasion she called me to come softly on tiptoe, and she would show me the poet in a moment of inspiration. We stole softly behind his chair—his eye was raised, the pen in his hand, but he was quite unconscious of our presence, and we retired unsuspected."

About this time it occurred to Miss Campbell that she might better her circumstances by becoming a governess in an English family of rank; and she applied to Thomas, now a companion, as she heard, of the great. What an opportunity for a heartless man to stave off a poor relation! What! bring his sister as a governess into a noble family where he might have to act the lion? Never! Not so thought Campbell. The following letter we deem a model of good-heartedness and manly feeling; and for common-sense business views, it rivals even Walter Scott:—

"Sydenham Common, 25th Feb. 1805.

"My dear Mary,—I shall be as ingenuous as possible in speaking of the subject you propose to me. I cannot pretend to much interest among the great: I would not be right in saying I have none. How near to much or none my interest is, I cannot exactly say. One has no exact measure or standard of a thing so dependent on accident or the feelings of others. I shall tell you how many people of the above sort I know in London. I know Lord Minto, the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Webb Seymour, Lord Henry Petty, and some others of that rank. I lived with the first, and still make friendly calls on him. The Marquis of Buckingham has also said he would be glad to see me at Stowe. Lord Webb Seymour once interested himself to get me a small appointment, and failed. Lord Henry Petty has lately failed in another. These men speak highly of my literary character, and have been heard to lament that I was not provided for. I have been introduced to others of the nobility, but acquaintance with them I never could keep up. It requires a life of idleness, dressing, and attendance on their parties. I exhausted a good deal of time and money in one London campaign: I got no object attained that I desired. I acquired certainly a very genteel circle of acquaintances; but having now my bread to make by industry, I could not possibly occupy my hours in forenoon calls and lovees. I have still retained acquaintance with one or two families, but not in the highest rank. I think they are better hearted than the high gentry, and enter into one's affairs more in earnest. . . . I shall now state a short list of my *can do's*. I can write to Lady Charlotte Campbell, or, rather, cause my friend Scott to write; I can speak to the Lords Seymour and Petty, to interest their female relatives; I can speak to a son of Lord Dudley Ward, who knows many fashionable ladies. . . . I have some hopes from two intimate friends, a Mr. Weston, in the city, and Sydney Smith, the preacher. I wish to God you had a situation here. If it can facilitate the plan, I shall have a snug little apartment for you at Sydenham, and there you are close to the great city. . . . I have all my early and equal friends still attached to me, and I have reason to think, very truly. The great and the rich have been kind to me, and have said such things as would have made you believe I was to be amply provided for. As to intimacy, I never could even wish it, with them: it is got by sacrificing independent feelings. I have never parted with the best part of my character. The things I have mentioned you may rely on my doing eagerly. I shall write to-morrow to Walter Scott."

It is gratifying to know that this brotherly-kindness was rewarded with all the success that could be desired.

The next event, the source of bliss and woe, he thus announces to Mr. Richardson:—

"Upper Eaton-street, Piccadilly, July 1st, 1804.

"My dear John,—A son was born to me this morning. I hope he will live to regard you with the same affection as yours,
T. CAMPBELL."

He had now, in the words of Dr. Beattie, given hostages to society for his own good behaviour, and speaks of the new relationship as the sweetener of his existence, and the sacred motive to cheerful and persevering industry.

In a letter to Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, whose friendship he valued much, he thus dilates upon this joyous event; and if the extract seems long, we are sure that all women, and all fathers, whatever may become of the bachelors, will thank us for it.

"August 7th, 1804.

"This little gentleman all the time looked to be so proud of his new station in society, that he held up his blue eyes and his placid little face with perfect indifference to what people about him felt or thought. Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe, in spite of my partiality, that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep. I durst not waken him, but ventured to give him one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. Since that time he has continued to grow in grace and stature. I can take him in my arms, but still his good-nature and his beauty are but provocatives to the affection which one must not indulge—he cannot yet stand a worrying. Oh that I were sure that he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth! My poor boy! shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far. At present his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature that she has given to infants, a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me there seems to be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy, which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood, especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous train of anxiety we feel for a candle newly lighted, which we dread going out."

Campbell seems now to have been at the summit of his happiness, and it beams forth in his correspondence. Another son was born to him in little more than a year after the first. This was named Alison, after the friend of that name, the eldest being named from Mr. Telford. His letters from the nursery are full of almost infantile joy; but it was by no means a life of ease which he led. It required all his exertions to meet his expenses; and upon any attack of illness in himself or his wife, or upon any disappointment in his affairs, he seems to have given way to despondency to an extent unworthy of him, and for

which there was no justifiable cause. But these clouds speedily passed over; and among those who contributed, next to his own fireside, to dispel his occasional fits of gloom!—which, it appears, are the penalty the poetic temperament pays for its refinement of pleasure at other times—stand pre-eminent the family of Mayows, who were his near neighbours at Sydenham. The father sat for the picture of Albert in Wyoming. To the three young ladies, he had amusingly proposed himself as their tutor in Greek and Latin; and, doubtless, he gave these lessons with more goodwill than when the tutor, from stern necessity, at Glasgow, Mull and Downie. On one of these occasions, having been more than usually successful, the playful pedagogue thus addressed his pupils:—

"To be instructed by the Graces
Let other bards their favour sue;
But when I view your beaming faces,
Dear Mary, Fanny, Caroline,
A more delightful boast is mine—
I teach the Graces while I'm teaching you."—
Vol. II. p. 189.

It is pleasanter to be a teacher from choice than upon compulsion; but upon one occasion was our poet obliged to act upon compulsion as a fencing-master. Let us have the story in his own words.

(To be continued.)

MY OWN PLACE:

A RHYME FOR ALL GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER, AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY," ETC.

WHOMVER I am, wherever my lot,
Whatever I happen to be,
Contentment and Duty shall hallow the spot
That Providence orders for me;
No covetous straining and striving to gain
One feverish step in advance,—
I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain
To hazard a change and a chance!

I care for no riches that are not my right,
No honour that is not my due;
But stand in my station, by day or by night,
The will of my Master to do;
He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,
And set me my business here,
And whether I live in His service, or die,
My heart shall be found in my sphere!

If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King,
If poor, as the friend of my Lord,
If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring,
If stalwart, my pen or my sword;
If wisdom be mine, I will cherish His gift,
If simpleness, bask in His love,
If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift,
If joy, I will throne it above!

The good that it pleases my God to bestow,
I gratefully gather and prize;
The evil,—it can be no evil, I know,
But only a good in disguise;

(1) He felt the poetic blessing and curse at the same time. One Beattie foreshadowed the feelings which another Beattie came to soothe.

Dr. James Beattie, the beautiful writer of the "Minstrel" says:—

"Fancy enervates while it soothes the heart,
And while it dangles wounds the mental sight!
To joy each heighten'd charm it can impart
But wraps the hem of woe in tenfold night."

Dr. William Beattie became the soother.

And whether my station be lowly or great,
No duty can ever be mean,
The factory-cripple is fixed in his fate
As well as a King or a Queen!

For Duty's bright livery glorifies all
With brotherhood, equal and free,
Obeying, as children, the heavenly call,
That places us where we should be;
A servant,—the badge of my servitude shines
As a jewel invested by heaven;
A monarch,—remember that justice assigns
Much service, where so much is given!

Away then with "helpings" that humble and harm,
Though "bettering" trips from your tongue;
Away! for your folly would scatter the charm
That round my proud poverty hung:
I felt that I stood like a man at my post,
Though peril and hardship were there,—
And all that your wisdom would counsel me most
Is—"Leave it;—do better elsewhere."

If "better" were better indeed, and not "worse,"
I might go ahead with the rest,
But many a gain and a joy is a curse,
And many a grief for the best:
No!—duties are all the "advantage" I use;
I pine not for praise or for pelf,
And as to ambition, I care not to choose
My better or worse for myself!

I will not, I dare not, I cannot!—I stand
Where God has ordain'd me to be,
An honest mechanic,—or lord in the land,—
HE fitted my calling for me:
Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,
With honour, or sweat, on my face,
This, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,
I stand, like a star, in MY PLACE.

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT.

From our Writing-desk.

THE LAST TIME! What magic is there in those three simple words! what strange power do they possess over our minds!—power completely to transform the aspect of things familiar to us, even from our childhood upwards. Let us take one of the commonest examples we can select—some household duty performed mechanically till it has become matter of habit, and we do it instinctively, as it were, without bestowing a minute's thought upon it from year's end to year's end—till at length some change takes place which renders it unnecessary, and we do it for the last time; but no longer mechanically: it has now become matter of deep, and often painful reflection; memory recalls old associations connected with it; some loving speech, some glance of kindly sympathy—heart-treasures of which even death may fail to deprive us—these throw a halo around it; and as we do it for the last time slowly and musingly, we feel that many a greater sorrow has pained us less, than the knowledge that we shall never be called upon to do it again.

And if this be so in trifles, how much more strongly does the feeling influence us when the occasion is one really calculated to excite it! when, as years roll on, the loved things of life are taken from us one by one, and for the last time we gaze on some dear familiar face, and know that after a few short minutes we shall see it again no more, till time shall

have lapsed into eternity. We may display no outward signs of woe—the firm voice may not falter—no drop may tremble in the steadfast eye, for those who have suffered know there is a grief too deep for tears; but, when the last farewell has been spoken, and the bitter hour has passed away, the heart is conscious of an aching void, a loss which no earthly affection can ever replace.

Reader, would you know what has suggested these reflections to our mind at this particular period? 'Tis soon told;—we are writing our last Postscript! Yes, dear reader, the pleasant bond which we would fain believe has existed between us is about to be broken. With the February Part, which concludes the Eighth Volume, FRANK FAIRLEIGH resigns the editorship of SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE. Various considerations have led to this determination; but the two which have exerted the most powerful influence upon us—for we will not anticipate our abdication by discarding the regal *we* of office—that comfortable pronoun, which lessens individual responsibility by wrapping the editorial unit in an impenetrable mystery, suggesting the united wisdom of, at least, a general council—the two reasons which have mainly induced us to take this step are—first, the discovery which many a literary man has made before us, that the labours of editing and of composition are not only incompatible, but diametrically opposed to each other; the latter requiring a mind in

"Studious meditation, fancy free;"

the former necessitating a ceaseless routine of active business. This conviction, at which we have arrived by painful experience—coupled, secondly, with the fact that the confinement consequent on the double duty was proving injurious to *our* health—has induced us to cede the conduct of "SHARPE" to other, and, we have every reason to believe, fully competent hands. Our intercourse with the readers of the Magazine will therefore, for the future, be regulated by the degree of favour they may be disposed to accord to their new acquaintance, LEWIS ARUNDEL.

Lest, by prating more about *ourselves*, we lay ourselves open to the charge of (Irish?) *Egotism*, we will, in conclusion, offer our best thanks to the Contributors and Subscribers to the Magazine, for the kindness and courtesy with which, during the year and a half we have held the office of Editor, they have on all occasions come forward to meet our wishes. To the former we can only say, that, in the difficult task of selection and rejection, it has been our aim so to act, as to unite the "*suaviter in modo*" with the necessary "*fortiter in re*;" and if at any time we have failed in accomplishing our intentions, we now beg them to believe the fault has been one of execution rather than of design. At the same time let us assure our indulgent friends, the Public, that the favour they have shown us as Editor has not a little tended to lighten our labours in their behalf. It is our earnest hope that we may still continue to enjoy that kind consideration as Author; and if in either capacity we may have influenced some "to avoid the evil, and choose the good,"—if, by hav-

ing rather more "method in our madness" than may have at first sight appeared, we have directly or indirectly strengthened the hands of those good men who are working zealously in their Master's cause—we shall never regret the many toilsome hours we have devoted to SHARPE'S MAGAZINE. And so end we our last Postscript.

Amongst the books which have come under our notice, we may mention—

The third and concluding volume of "*Laneton Parsonage*," by Miss Sewell; which, as it more fully develops the various characters of the children, excites a deeper interest than the two preceding volumes. One of the peculiar excellences of this lady's writing, is her unequalled power of individualizing character by small traits. Her young ladies wear frocks, eat bread-and-butter, and talk small conversation, with the most common-place uniformity; and yet a sentiment of Ruth's could no more be mistaken for one of Madeline's, than a corn-law speech of Sir Robert Peel's for a Young-England rhapsody of Mr. D'Israeli's. Miss Sewell has written nothing since Amy Herbert which has afforded us more pleasure than *Laneton Parsonage*.

"*The Winds and the Waves*." A pretty Christmas tale, very nicely got up. The writer occasionally imitates Dickens, and that in one of his peculiarities which, having been a virtue, has degenerated into a vice,—we allude to his interminable picturesque descriptions of things inanimate, whereof the "thousand-and-one" *whens* at the beginning of the "*Haunted Man*" are a lamentable instance. The writer of *The Winds and the Waves* inculcates emigration as the first duty of man, and paints Australia as a "valley of tranquil delights." Probably when this little book was written, that jewel of a country, California, had not been discovered to be set in gold, or our author would doubtless have laid the venue of transatlantic felicity in that modern Tom Titler's ground; still the book is a good little book, and as such we recommend it to our readers. The wood-cuts of the ornamental initial letters are designed with taste, and are very well executed. The other larger cuts are inferior.

Cruikshank's illustrations in the second number of Frank Fairleigh are worthy his reputation as a comic artist. The ejection of Lawless from the window of the pupil's room is perfectly inimitable.

"*The Lancashire Witches*." A very clever novel by Mr. Ainsworth, in which the agreeable and the frightful are judiciously blended. The Lancashire Witches are not beauties, but quite regular old-fashioned witches of the time of James I., whose famous (and very heavy) work on Demonology is often referred to as a test for detecting them. This is the best novel Mr. Ainsworth has written for some time.

"*Dr. Birch and his Young Friends*." Clever sketches, with proportionate letter-press, in Mr. Thackeray's lightest style; worth much, but not so much as 7s. 6d., when the cuts are so odiously coloured into the bargain. The uncoloured ones are, in our opinion, much more desirable than the coloured.

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